



# on second thought

—Peter Outhit

VOICE OF THE TURTLE

Now that you're calcified in a comfortable, hidden wedge in the last seat of the last row from the professor, and that warm Spring sun is simmering the back of your neck, open the *Gazette* and see if you can recall—

1950. Perhaps earlier. Spring then wasn't a thing, it was a feeling; a scuffed toe, knee breeches-and-wet-socks feeling. The character of rain: pelting, steady, sticky, splashing into the schoolyard mud and into the blue-brown mounds of streetcorner snow, gushing in rivulets from gutter to a torrentious drain, then magically reappearing and on to the next gutter . . .

Spring was the crack of a baseball into a too-thin mitt. The sharp tang of pain in the catching palm was far outweighed by the good feeling that the hand will toughen again . . . groups and gangs sitting on steps walls, hanging from trees, fences, running in fields, streets, painting bicycles and "who'll play me alleys" . . . sticks to be broken, stones to be thrown, jumping contests, spitting contests, trading cards.

Everything look dreariest and felt best in March. The noonday sun bursting through a schoolroom transom . . . restlessness, thoughts, imagination, daydreaming . . . and later on, girls. That hollow ache in the stomach at the thought that she might walk by across the street, or that she had stood on this very spot only yesterday . . . stirrings of feeling, deeper than mere emotion and incomprehensibly serious . . .

Spring skitters under the veranda like a sodden field-mouse. In the vernal silence two sparrows suddenly squall on a chimney-side. The wind which so long had blasted icily around the corner of the campus library no longer stings. A sophomore slides to his knees in the slush, curses, plunges off across a field again to classes.

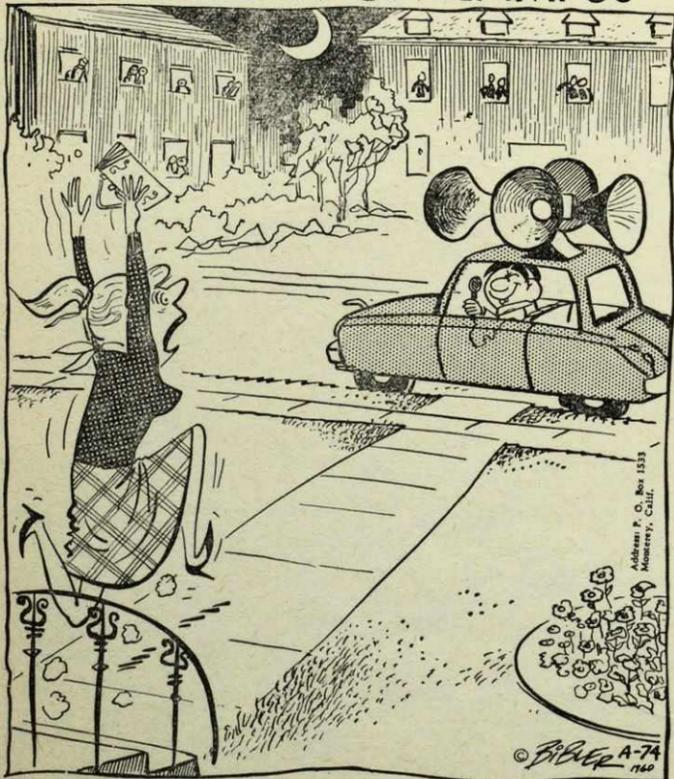
The student worries about—what? Not about girls, exactly, or even exams . . . the anxiety is of a life-is-at-stake kind, a formless, hungry anxiety. Impatience. Determination.

Above all Spring is an empty wallet, and an uneasy mind. Wanting to belong to something and not knowing what—then choosing to be alone when company offers itself. Nobody owns me! And Spring, if I were to define it, is the annual irritant that indicates the end of security. Glad winter is finished. Wishing summer were here.

What is a cynic? Basically, a person who is compelled to shield himself from the buffetings of larger emotions with verbal artifices. A cynic is to be seen, for whatever truth he may divulge, but not to be imitated. All of us (except, possibly, *Gazette* readers) carry a grain of cynicism in us, which is a helpful thing. To satisfy those who harbour no doubts that this column is armed though not dangerous, I've compiled a brief dictionary of some of the sharper cynicisms of our time.

- ABSURDITY. A belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion.
- ADMIRATION. Our polite recognition of another's resemblance to ourselves.
- ADULT. A person who has stopped growing—except in the middle.
- BACHELOR. A cowardly, cruel, and wholly selfish man who is cheating some nice woman out of a profitable divorce.
- COMFORT. A state of mind produced by contemplation of a neighbour's uneasiness.
- HUSBAND. A man who never knows when he is well off—because he never is.
- JURY. A group of twelve men selected to decide who has the better lawyer.

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



OK, OK, I'M COMING! — BUT WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BLOW YER HORN LIKE TH' OTHER FELLOWS?!!

# Lady Slutterly Returns To Zetan Place

by ROLF J. SCHULTZ

Behind closed doors a small group of white-bearded, semi-baldheaded psychological realists had gathered to revive the ideas of Dr. Sigmund Freud which had seriously been neglected and caused a sudden dip in the sexual revolution that world had been promised by dear Mr. Malthus. It was the objective of these broad-minded Aristotles of the 20th century to revive the intimacy of making love and to assist the psychologists of our modern industrialized society in bringing to the attention of students the long lost art of reproducing the mammal species.

"Let us create a character," began Sir Tommy Lawrence, a wealthy English aristocrat, who had recently retired at the ripe young age of 52 to enjoy the benefits of others' social security. "Perhaps," he continued, "an overpainted harridan in a long flannel nightie, a horrible red wig, with a big bulge around her middle, would be appropriate for a start to spoof the highbrows and the hipsters." Loud bellows of coy laughter sounded forth from behind the archway which had been adorned with a solid front of mahogany centuries ago. There were moments of great bliss in Londontown that evening as the followers of Freud constructed "Lady Slutterly's Ladder." But the annals of history tell also of another story.

Somewhere on the rock-garden of the Atlantic one balmy Saturday afternoon, we find a union of intimate eccentrics, obviously with some weight over the wishes of others, meeting in a palace protected by a fluttering Union Jack, whose power is as strong as the ties that exist between South Africa and the Commonwealth. They had just finished sipping their 4 o'clock tea, and with uncouth smiles they watched

Alex, the butler, dispose of the remains.

They had been approached to consider the adaptation of "Lady Slutterly" for the stage, adding to the enjoyment of a young and tender audience which was to witness the spectacle that evening. Slowly the eyes of Doug browsed over the material before him and by the end of the afternoon snickers filtered from beneath the dull-brown plywood door which would have well matched the actions of Boris Karloff about to strike another dainty delicate damsel.

The description of Lady Slutterly by Swellers, the bum-boy of the estate, of having lost her character as the wifely broad she once used to be and now possessing a skin as rough and sealy as a codfish, would certainly meet with objections from the social elite, while the suggestion in erecting a ladder to let one's eyes catch a glimpse of youth in the flesh would certainly be a disgraceful thought to the occupants of an all female colony.

And then, one must also remember that the council desires to graduate, but it would be very desirable to establish a pretence which would hide this secret fact. Although the night of abortive performance has

long past, one group of liberty-loving freedom fighters still has its trap set in front of a small mouse-hole, still awaiting a reply, while on the inside, separated only by a small, dull-brown plywood door, the mice are becoming leaner and hungrier.

"Hurry up, please; it's time."

A similar story may be told about "Zetan Place," a short extraction of city life after dark, involving an encounter between Private Eye Peter Rum and callgirl, strip-teaser, and nightclub entertainer, the sophisticated Miss Wanda Strip, who has been trying to get up in the world more often than even the busiest tom-cat could imagine. The fact that "Zetan Place" was withdrawn by its author from being presented to a sex-starved audience before the mice could nibble it to shreds marks the only difference in the two tales.

And so, to the memory of those unfortunates who have not seen either of the two plays privately and were thus deprived of the chance to criticize the plots and the quality of the actors (which was obviously the sole purpose of both skits), may it just be pointed out that the actions of certain female "dancers" dressed in unsightly black tights and wailing their bellies to the tune of "Peter Gun" is a form of art far more demoralizing than poking fun at sex by means of the spoken word. It is ironical that these belly-dancers should win first prize in any revue, and far more ironical that the choreographer be one of the judges.

Perhaps the rock-garden of the Atlantic will one day enjoy the liberty extended to other colleges, but so long as narrow-mindedness persists or is encouraged in our future leaders, Lady Slutterly will remain in Zetan Place.

Rumour has it that both have also been banned in Boston.

- LIFE. A continually failing attempt to foresee the unforeseen.
  - LOVE. The delusion that one woman differs from another.
  - MARRIAGE. An arrangement which takes two people to complete: a girl and her mother.
  - MEETING. Where minutes are kept and hours are wasted.
  - PESSIMIST. An optimist who tried to practice what he preached.
  - POSITIVE. Mistaken at the top of one's voice.
  - WIFE. The one who first picks her husband's clothes and then his pockets.
- . . . and so on. Be able to distinguish between (a) cynicism (b) realism (c) practicality, mailing all answers to the Postmaster General, House of Commons, Ottawa.

I've enjoyed filling this space. Hope it made (at times) intelligible reading. See you later.

## Lack of Help for Overseas Students Criticized at WUSC Conference

LONDON—The Canadian attitude towards overseas students studying here was criticized last week during a WUSC regional seminar by an expert in that field of student relations. "Present arrangements for the reception and welfare of overseas students are regrettably poor," Lewis Perinbam, associate secretary of the Canadian National Commission of UNESCO told delegates to the two-day discussion. Mr. Perinbam has been connected with WUSC for the last 10 years, eight of them as general secretary for WUSC.

"Overseas students don't expect special privileges," he said, "but they do have special problems." He criticized the tendency to mistake activities such as teas for the basic needs of overseas students in Canada.

Mr. Perinbam said that although there is some work done on the local level, there is little co-ordinated effort to assist the students at the national level, other than WUSC. He said it had always surprised him "that Canada which at present spends \$100 million annually on various international assistance programs, has not found it possible to finance and provide adequate arrangements for the reception and welfare of those who come to Canada."

The main purpose of overseas exchange is education and all the rest is just valuable by-products, he said, and added that the international exchange of scholars is forging strong links in the chain of international co-operation. However, he said, to

neglect the academic standards of the students would be a grave injustice.

### Government Dept. Under Fire

Meanwhile, a number of overseas students attending the seminar attacked the Department of Citizenship and Immigration for its lack of help before or after their arrival here. One of the main issues was summer employment. Casual employment is forbidden to these students by law although government officials often turn their heads the other way.

John Manion of the department explained that the regulations state

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that a student may take a job only if it is directly connected with his line of study, and if there is no Canadian to fill the job. He added that difficulties have arisen out of the present employment crisis

The students also felt that information supplied to them before they arrived was inadequate. They claimed it was difficult to obtain information about the universities in the country, basic information about the country itself other than geographies and statistical analyses, and many small bits of information such as what types of clothing to bring, and how bus stops are designated. A former president of NFCUS suggested that Canadians overcome their general indifference to overseas students, and proposed the setting up of a Foreign Student Year to help accomplish this.

Jacques Gerin told the delegates to the seminar that "No amount of national organizations can replace the good will shown by one Canadian student towards a foreign friend." He warned that no amount of organization could undo the harm done by neglect and indifference of Canadians towards their guests.

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