

spades down

by Tom Murphy

What is a student? I remember seeing one a long time ago, but it is difficult to recall all his characteristics. My parents and elders regarded him as a phase of life, something which filled the gap between adolescence and adulthood. My employer regarded him as a trainee, a receiver of facts. My peers thought of him as a bit of a fool, playing the same little game that they were playing. I don't know if anyone thought of him as a searcher, an explorer of the truth (in invisible quotation marks). But certainly . . . that was a long time ago.

I don't know whatever became of him. Someone said that he committed mental suicide. Someone said that he was gobbled up by society. Someone else said that there was no difference. And there was no, Difference.

In any event, I was certain that he was a student since he was registered. How could one possibly conceive of being a student unless one had hand-stamped his name, rank and serial number a hundred times over on a variety of cards and forms and slips and papers. Oh! to legitimize the search for the truth. And what better way for the registrar to spend his time than undertaking a diligent and thorough search of all roster cards to ascertain if there is a person or persons registered by the name of . . . and discovering that there is only one. Tch, tch.

As classes filled by, bodies going from one little box to another, I could not forget the expression on his face. Shaggy hair. Tired, obviously sleeping much of his last class. Rolling on like a person on a one-way moving sidewalk ever closing in on the substance of that great motto: THE BA AND THE END ALL.

Dead. It happened so quickly, so gradually. As if he had found the right path, as if he had found that which he was looking for was not within the brick buildings, the stuffed classrooms, the noisy stacks, or the coffee room, as if all this were irrelevant to his needs . . . he didn't know. He could not know here.

He was taught in psychology about normative sexual patterns. But his problem was that he knocked up a girl. In sociology, he discovered that most university students were of middle class background. But he had to work part-time, and felt the sting. English and history and classics all taught him, his other self, but little reached him, his struggling relevant self.

Disheartened, he melted down candles in the basement of his attic. Candle after candle became molten lava in the great black cauldron. He wanted to discover, to reach the sun and the stars. So wings of wax he constructed, so unique, so perfect, so original. (Daedalus was a myth.) From rooftop to rooftop he shouted his message. Windows smashed, bricks shattered, chunks of blue sky fell everywhere. Over and over, the enflamed words rung out: UNIVERSITY IS A KNOW-KNOW. He smashed into the wall of YES-YES MEN. (A blacked-gowned spectre repeated a thousand times over.) Screaming UNIVERSITY IS A KNOW-KNOW. Called it quits, died and lived.

Students disrupt meeting

MONTREAL (CUP) - McGill University's troubled system of university government was shaken again Wednesday when the senate cleared its council room of spectators following an angry presentation of demands to it by a group of militant students organized into a Radical Students' Alliance.

The RSA demands, printed in the McGill Daily Wednesday morning, dealt with radical transformation in five areas: Democratization, Research and Orientation, Housing, Education and Library.

At first, the senate refused to consider the demands and referred the matter to its steering committee for later consideration. The RSA remained quiet for a half hour while senate proceeded with its business, but then one spokesman jumped in and began reading the demands.

After a bit of shouting, senate ordered the meeting closed. It later recanted - after 45 minutes - but not until two student senators stormed

from the session, saying they would not participate in a closed meeting. The RSA at this time was meeting in the student union to plot further action. Apparently fed up with disruptions, the senate later refused to allow its nominating committee to open its sessions. That committee two weeks ago recommended to senate that its sessions be open following a disruption of its deliberations by 100 students demanding it open.

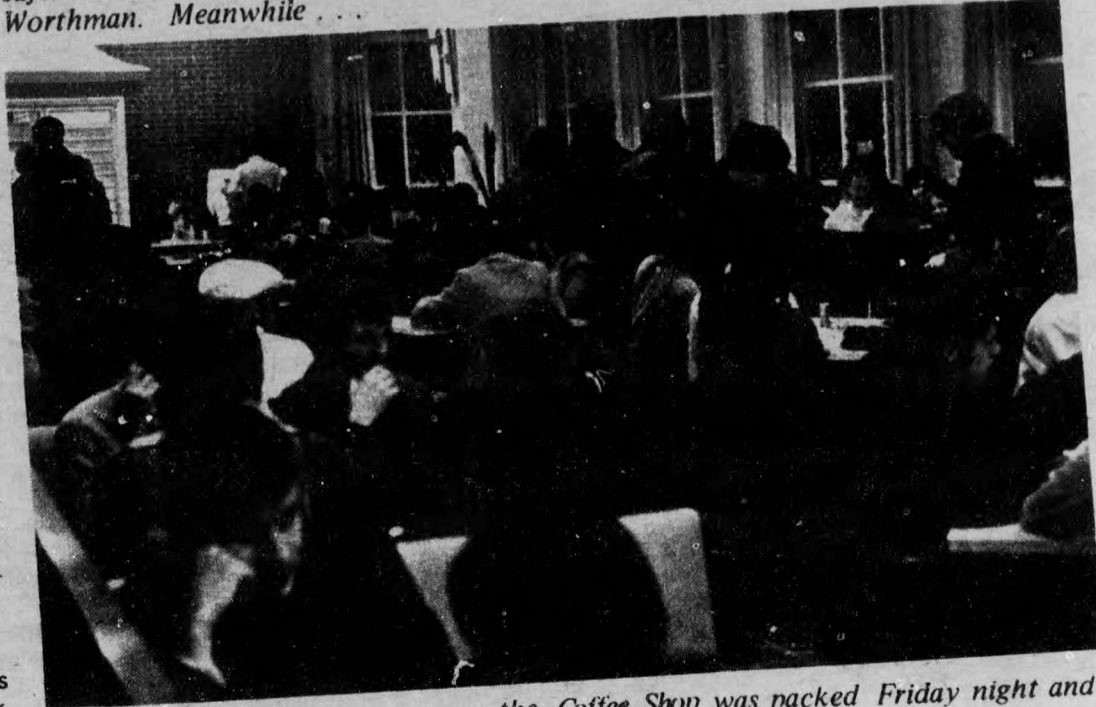
The RSA demands were led off by an introduction which termed McGill an English-language institution serving "capitalist interests," and enjoying a "privileged and exploitative position" in Quebec society.

It said universities in the province must put their resources at the service of social forces seeking an independent, socialist Quebec where "domination of the French working class by English capital is no longer a reality." The RSA said it was clear that ultimately public education in Quebec would have to be unlingually French.



Folksinger Woodie plays to a packed house of two at a coffeehouse in the SUB cafeteria last Friday night. One half of the audience is fellow folksinger Fred Worthman. Meanwhile . . .

brunswickan photos by dave macneil



the Coffee Shop was packed Friday night and there was standing room only. The jukebox played continuously.

ROTC loses Ivy League status

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (CUPI) - The faculty at Harvard University voted last Tuesday to strip the school's Reserve Officer Training Corps of its academic status and will allow ROTC to continue only as an extra-curricular activity.

ROTC groups have been the object of student protest in the United States. In most cases, students receive academic credit for joining the corps.

The Harvard action came only five days after Yale University took the same position on the student-soldiers.

ROTC officers will be deprived of their professor status as well.

Predictably, commander of the Army unit at Harvard, Col. Robert H. Pell said the decision

was "bitterly disappointing" and said he would advise the Pentagon to shut the Harvard unit down.

The decision, made by the faculty senate, was not quite the victory student radicals had hoped for. They had called for abolition of ROTC entirely.

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