



After much intense thought (a rare occurrence in my life), I have decided to rewrite the English language. Don't laugh. George Orwell did, so why not the Scrabbler? There are certain superfluties in our everyday speech that must be destroyed at once. Take, for example, that time-honored greeting kitchen-tested and home-tried in the laboratories of public acceptance "Hi, Guy! How the Hell are ya?" Translated literally into my new vernacular, this foul expression can be reduced to a simple, unaffected sticking out of the tongue. Certainly not difficult to master, and also good for "Did ya' have a good Christmas?" Shades of 'le mot juste'.

Like most students, I like to sleep in class. Taking copious notes is out (unless your'e in Honours. Then you're not a student. You're crazy!) It is possible to get the essence of a lecture in one or two words. As proof of this fact, here is a summary of my entire Philosophy course: "Ecchh!"

Y'know, this system has possibilities. Uncle Ezry has been using it ever since the battery went in his hearing aid.

A pox on the ivories! The piano situation at U of A is atrocious. That's what I said . . . PIANO SITUATION! One practically has to take the blood oath in order to get

permission from the Music Empire to play one of their tuneless uprights that produces a sound like a listless steam calliope.

The grand pianos are out. You're not meant to play them, one is told, as one (namely, me) is kicked out of Con hall after daring to touch the big black grand. I guess it's enough just to be able to look at it. I wonder what Beethoven's 'Pathetique' is going to sound like on comb and tissue paper?

I'm beginning to have qualms about the future damming up of Alberta's buildings, bridges and highways. After last Thursday's little episode in the Arts building door, I wouldn't trust an engineer to follow directions on an instant cake mix.

Everybody knows that the really big, big engineers' rally is held each year in the Education auditorium. Nevertheless, a group of the slide rule boys turned up for the rally in the Arts building. Boy, were they ever surprised when the light opera society of a local Fraternity got up on the stage and started to sing a dirge. They were expecting, perhaps, an Engineers' Queen? I've never seen such disappoonited faces. Laugh? I thought I'd dye.

Calling all Thinking Men who are looking for the hundred-thousand little millicels protecting their taste.

Heard the latest in cigarette gimmicks? Air conditioned weeds! Yessireebob, the cigarette that comes alive in your mouth (I'm not so sure that I'd go for that). This coffin nail walks! It talks! It uses Pond's! And . . . get this, gang . . . it's mechanically pre-smoked! No fuss. No muss. And no taste.

Personally, I go for the old-fashioned type cigarette, or Before Filter variety. Nothing but tar, nicotine, and an ingredient that is unheard of in today's cigarette . . . TOBACCO! Stuff that in your pipe; it's milder.

Late Flash: The opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the columnist. I steal all my ideas.

NFCUS Gets Jets For Tours

Ottawa—(CUP)—This summer Canadian students will fly in the best jetliners from the East and the West.

Students visiting the Soviet Union on the NFCUS Eastern European tour will fly from Leningrad to Moscow on the 595 mph. TU-104 jet of the Soviet airline Aeroflot. On their return across the Atlantic, they will use the KLM Royal Dutch Airline's DC-8 jetliner.

The Eastern European tour is not the only one offered by NFCUS which will use the jets. Students who participate in the Summer Course at the Institute of Political Science of the University of Paris, will fly by Air France's 605 mph. Boeing 707 which will carry them from Montreal to Paris and return.

DREGS from the CUP

People at New Brunswick's Mount Allison University are up in arms about their parking regulations. Hearing about their problems one cannot help sympathize because, believe it or not, they are worse than ours.

According to a regulation made in '04 or, sometime thereabouts, special permission from the Dean of Men or the Dean of Women is required for possession of an automobile or motorcycle. The rule, dug up by a harrassed administration plagued with increasing student parking problems, implies that unless just cause is shown for the student owning a car, permission will not be granted.

The reasoning behind this regulation lies in some surveys purported to prove that students without cars fare better academically than those with cars. However the editorial writers of the Mount A Argosy feel this is a rather ridiculous reason for such a regulation. They point to the fact that if this reasoning were interpreted literally, and the possession of cars was actually detrimental to academic accomplishments there would be no student parking problem because students with cars would have flunked out long ago.

A third year University of Ottawa arts student named Charles Caron shook the art world recently by winning an first class prize in the University of Ottawa's Art Guild show. Now winning first prize in an art show, while it might be a difficult and an admirable achievement, is nonetheless rarely a reason for shaking the art world and being written up in Time Magazine.

Caron's accomplishment was shaking however, and mostly because of

his belief in the fact that modern abstract art was "absurd, irrational and decadent." He attempted to prove it by creating abstracts consisting of plaster, roofing nails, discarded bottle tops and many other like ingredients and show under a pseudonym.

Then Caron, in his capacity as Student Art Guild director, hustled to the opening of the show in happy anticipation of shocked reaction to his purposefully horrible examples. The judge, Alan Jarvis, former National Gallery director and editor of Canadian Art, had just finished. He had just awarded one of three first prizes to Clown, one of Caron's garish entries.

As student Art Guild director Caron posed with Jarvis and Clown, not admitting at first that it was his and mumbled appropriately when Jarvis said, "Sorry I couldn't choose one of yours."

Later, when Jarvis realized that the artist was Caron, he was game about it but a little defensive. He stated that he had picked Clown for its amusement value, thought it showed "sheer high spirits", saw no harm "in students having fun."

Between Caron and University of Toronto beatnik Ries Karvanaque it seems as if student hoaxes can sometimes pay off. National television appearances and writeups in Time magazine await the original and successful student hoaxter.

Even Alberta students bearing placards for Joey Smallwood rate mention in the august and austere Edmonton Journal.

World Refugee Year developed from an idea of four Englishmen—the former four-minute-miler Chris Chataway and three friends, Colin Jones, Trevor Philpot and Timothy Raison.

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