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New series begins

The Interview

The following short piece will introduce the entertainment section's new fiction section, a forum for short stories, playlets, and poems from the York community.

All persons on campus are invited to submit their manuscripts, which will in all cases remain the exclusive property of the author. If you wish the manuscript returned, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Otherwise, unused selections will be kept in the entertainment file until collected by the author.

Thank you in advance for your participation. Please keep submissions below 500 words, unless to do so would seriously damage the nature or content of the work. (Exceptions may be made in such cases.)

There is no prize, other than seeing your work in print.

By ESMONDE McINNES

Characters: The Author. Not so much old as experienced. The look of the sage about him. He has a Van Dyke goatee, and wears a tweed housecoat. He may smoke cigarettes, but has likely given them up for a week or two. He looks as though he would be most comfortable in a dressing gown and briar pipe. For the time being, he is dressed to receive guests.

The Reporter. Slightly in awe of interviewing a Celebrity, but enough of a reporter to ask the right questions. He is thinly built and smokes like a chimney.

Locale: The Author's study. An electric typewriter on the desk in the centre of the room. Off on the left there is a bay window, and his desk is backed by a large library. The study looks as though someone had made a vain attempt to clean it up in a hurry. The wastebasket overflows with crumpled balls of paper. A coffee table book from the National Film Board sits on a coffee table. The Reporter's chair is to the left of the desk, opposite the Author.

As the playlet begins, the interview is almost over.

Reporter: One thing I still can't

understand, sir. Your reputation as a Canadian man of letters is secure, and yet at the same time you complain that your bank account is all but exhausted.

Author: Up to now, I have managed my business affairs poorly.

Reporter: And this has changed?

Author: In the coming week I expect a royalties cheque in the neighbourhood of \$1,000. A small advance for my new book.

Reporter: Will this book be a continuation of your justly famous stream-of-consciousness style? In "Owls Eat Rats", as I recall, the whole first chapter centred on the rambling notes of an insomniac typing in the kitchen at midnight. Many of your acquaintances have said that you too are a man who lives and breathes at the control of your typewriter.

Is it so much easier to let your thoughts flow through the burning wires of a machine?

Author: Without the typewriter, the novels would cease to flow. It is a close friend, confidante, and extension both of my mind and hands.

As if to illustrate the point, the Author returns to typing a new manuscript, oblivious to the Reporter's continued presence. The Reporter, with a short "Thank you, sir", walks offstage.

Sound of door closing.

More typing, sound of door opening.

A messenger enters, a tall man with "Swayne Finance" written on the back of his jacket. He attempts to take the typewriter.

The Author fights to retain the machine.

Author: What do you think you're doing?

Messenger: Repossession. Company's orders. No money, no typewriter.

Author: My royalty cheque comes next week.

Messenger: Then next week you get the typewriter.

The messenger pulls the machine from the Author's grip and walks offstage. Sound of door closing.

The Author watches him leave, rises in extreme pain — one might even say short circuit — and collapses forward onto his desk. Blackout.

Photographers
needed for
assignments.
It's a great way
to gain
newspaper
experience.

Correction

Contrary to the information posted in last week's "Campus Films" article, the Humanities films this year will be shown on Tuesday and Thursday between 4 and 10 PM in Curtis Lecture Hall I, not L. We thank an eagle-eyed reader for phoning in the correction.

We also apologize to moviegoers who were so enthused by the review of The Ruling Class that they immediately rushed down to the Kensington Cinema, only to find a double bill of Sunday, Bloody Sunday and The Music Lovers playing instead. The Ruling Class was untimely ripped from the Kensington roster the night before our issue hit the stands, but with any luck it will have another revival soon.

Heidelberg

Brewed from pure spring water.



And that's the truth!