

## You do not compute

# Long day's journey into the T.O.B.

### "I PROUDLY PAY MY FEES"

By D. Ian McLeod

(I wanted "For Whom The Bell Tolls", but all the good titles are used).

Rushing through Central Square, that gathering pond of all things bright and beautiful, one cannot help but notice a profusion of Dorothy Hamill haircuts and the glitter of gold chains set off against sun-tanned sheeks - "Ah, higher education."

Against this 'Quasi-Onnasis' group, I am shocked (almost daily) by copy maidens in unbleached muslin robes and leather thongs, who, along with vague smiles and wishes for a 'happy day', press pamphlets of dubious meaning

upon me. I accept them, not because of political or religious interest, but for fear that one day a large number of them will mass, and I'll be carried off to a deserted church where my body will be incorporated into a macramé wall hanging.

I prepare to pay the final installment of my tuition. Strange that four hours are needed to perform this, the most resented operation of my stay at 'Concrete Corners.' I nevertheless arrive at the infamous Temporary Office Building, cheque in hand and suitably composed.

On first hearing the title of this building, one has visions of a structure made entirely of Popsicle sticks and Glad bags, and yet here



stands before you a landmark in firmly rooted Canadian architecture.

Awaiting service are dozens of knowledge-seekers, some weeping, others clinging to their wallets with maniacal smiles and receding hair. Rows of rather surly secretaries greet us. My own fair clerk, who I greet with Victorian formality

(hoping, I suppose, for a discount), melts me with her icy gaze.

Her eyes are hidden behind cat's-eye frames and a boufant of the early Barbara Feldon type. I marvel shyly at the money exchanging hands, and feel resentful of the rash treatment my cheque receives.

Tears of bitter grief fill my eyes when a well-informed student to my rear tells me that *no*, despite rumour, I will not be given a set of Starburst Stemware upon payment of my fees. So much for incentive programmes.

It is over; hundreds of dollars have left my billfold. Yet I am comforted to know that 'yes!' I may stay another term. Perhaps only one person in thousands, but a welcome part of the dream factory I call York.

I rush from the hall ashen-faced with emotion. I tuck my receipt in amongst my other guarded York papers, the collected bulk of which melted down into papier maché could be molded into a full scale model of the Ross building.

Pride swells in my heart as I head

to my design class, my Florence Henderson binder under my arm.

I check and double-check my fees receipt - natural, for in the minds of all of us there is the suppressed terror of receiving a letter one day which reads, "We the University have no record of your existence."

I sign off: D. Ian McLeod  
XXXXOO

(The X's and O's are for those of you whose Moms and Dads are very far away)



## The Happy Cooker

By Denise Beattie



## Shrimped Fish

Are you in need of a good "lethargy night" recipe? Something for that evening you really should make something (it should even taste good) but you can't seem to summon up enough bravado to put forth an attack on the old cookbooks? Well, try Fish with Shrimp Sauce or Shrimped Fish or the Fish that Shrimp Cooked.

Anyway...

**Gather:** 1 package frozen whitefish (preferably sole or perch), thawed  
1 can cream of shrimp soup;  
a little butter;

a little chopped or dried parsley (optional).

**Procedure:**

Get a shallow baking pan, big enough to lay out the fish without too much overlap and grease it lightly with some butter.

Meanwhile take the can of soup and heat it with ½ cup of milk. When hot, pour it over the fish (already in the pan, by the way). Dot with butter and parsley and bake, covered, according to the instructions on the fish package (probably about half an hour at 400 or so degrees).

Spinach or peas and some rice will yield dinner for two, plus one light lunch the next day, or for 3 people, and will have you in the kitchen for no longer than 15 minutes with dinner on the table within 45.

This is one of those "start with...and then go creative" recipes. Some extra shrimp mixed in gets an A + or cheese sauce could conceivably replace the shrimp sauce.

## Briefs & Shorts

By Tracy Teeple

The results of a recent gallop poll conducted at the Woodbine Horse Track in Ontario have revealed that bigotry runs high in the sport of horse running.

To the question "Is betting on the horses a racist activity?" a whopping 86 percent of those queried answered affirmatively, with only 14 per cent saying 'neigh'. Well-known author Clippy DeClop, author of the book *Whynny Through Intimidation*, last year's runaway bestseller on horse racing, has called the findings "something to nag at the conscience of all well-bred Canadians".

The investigation is continuing.

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Canada Manpower officials have expressed public concern regarding the treatment of minority groups by the Department of Lands and Forests. Said a Manpower spokesman,

"We are especially distressed at the recent tendency of the Department to hire Maori Fire-Eaters to combat forest fires. The Maoris are an underpaid minority, receiving only two seashells per hour and all they can eat."

Public Health researchers have also indicated a rise in the rate of death among the Fire-Eaters by Heartburn.

Well-known star of comic book

and movie screen Donald Duck passed away at his nest in rural Los Angeles today. All attempts at mouth-to-bill resuscitation failed after the star was stricken by a fatal heart aquack. Mr. Duck will be buried at sea tomorrow in the traditional down-filled coffin.

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Sports fans were surprised this afternoon to hear that ex-Boston Bruin defenseman Bobby Orr plans to retire from his beloved sport of hockey to form his own band. Explained Mr. Orr, "Me and a couple of the members of the team from Czechoslovakia were talking about it one night over a beer, and we've decided to form a band. It's a new style. We call it Puck Rock."

Although a name for the group has not yet been decided, a strong possibility is "Bobby 'Orrible And The Cross Czechs".

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Television interviewer David Frost, recently lauded for his series of talks with ex-President Richard Nixon, today announced plans to conduct a new set of interviews with the comet Kohoutek. The comet, whose brief appearances a few years ago precipitated its meteoric rise to fame, is reported to be "the hottest new talent in Hollywood today". Commented Frost,

"Kohoutek always had a burning desire to be a star."

Columbia Pictures is negotiating for the right of shooting the star.

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