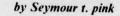
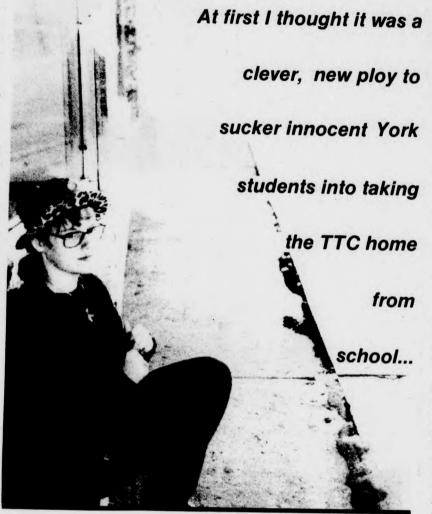
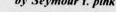


FINE ARTS FEST starts today







There must be some mistake? I was passing through the Fine Arts buildings the other day when I noticed a sign. It read: "They Came ... They Saw ... They Left On The 106." At first I thought it was a clever new ploy to sucker innocent York students into taking the TTC home from school (as opposed to more enjoyable methods of transport such as being dragged naked by a rope over burning asphalt).

Then I read the small print. "(a pretty normal Fine Arts Festival)." Needless to say, at this point I was

really confused. How could anyone ever associate the word "normal" with Fine Arts.

I looked around the lobby for reassurance. Yep, I saw spandexclad dancer bodies carelessly strewn across the grey cigarette burned carpet, a group of black clothed, paint stained students, sitting in a circle eating Caesar salads, a guy quoting Shakespeare, a woman with a movie camera, and someone beating a bongo? Normal? What the hell?

In my fit of profound discombobulation, I withessly proceeded to walk straight into this office. At first I didn't realize it was an office. It didn't look like any office I'd seen before. It didn't even have a fax machine. I guess I must have been mumbling because this big guy with long tangled hair walked up to me and said, "Oh, you'd like some info on the Fine Arts Festival?".



"Sure," I said. I didn't want to be rude, and besides he was really, really large.

I turned my head slowly, a feeble attempt to find the exit. He thought I was looking for a pen.

"You don't have to write this down. We have a schedule. We'll even give you one."

"Who? . . . what? . . . when? . . . where? . . . how??" I was frantic.

The looming figure with the hair tilted his head up and smiled. "We're the Creative Arts Students' Association. We're having a festival of fine arts. It runs from March 20 to the 22. It's happening all over the place. How? I don't know. I'm just a Fine Arts student."

Instantly, I sensed he wasn't really dangerous. In fact, the singing coming from the lobby outside was

rather soothing. I began to understand that these strangely dressed people, though definitely not normal, were actually kind of fun.I found myself asking for more information.

The festival entitled "They Came . . They Saw . . . They Left On The 106 . . . (a pretty normal Fine Arts Festival)" will include dance performances, jazz bands, plays, art exhibits, films, and much, much more.

The festival kicks off on March 20 with the ever famous York Cabaret in the lobby of Fine Arts Phase III. The festival is put on by students in Fine Arts for you. And you. And you. And yes, you too.

I thanked the kind (but still really big) guy, turned on my heels, and headed straight for the bus stop.



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