THE

STUDENT

VOICE



If you are under twenty-five and not a commandet you have no heart. If you are over twenty

Tony Wandins

THE VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THE STUDENT VOICE ARE THOSE OF THE WRITERS, NOT NECCESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITOR, AND DEFINITLY NOT THOSE OF THE STUDENTS COUNCIL.

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NOTES FROM THE OVERGROUND

The final issue of 'The Student Voice' for this school year is in your hands. We had had some difficulty with Students' Council over the financing of the previous issue but that has been solved.

Thanks to the intense effort of Dr. Ian Brown the 'Student Voice' will soon be occupying an office. Notices will appear informing you of its location as soon as we are allowed to move in. While we will not be publishing another issue until September we desperately needed storage space for our collection of papers, used masters, and other important objects that have been collected over the years. Thanks to such people as Ian Brown the press moves on!

This issue is closer to a true students' voice than the previous issue but it does have a similar problem as the contributors seem to have a similar viewpoint. We are quite happy to print conflicting viewpoints. Hopefully September will reveal a number of people who care enough to contribute instead of complaining about the content.

We have recieved a number of interesting comments on the previous issue, none of them worth repeating, though. Only one of the critics contibuted to this issue. If you want a paper that is not "ONE SIDED AND BIASED" you are going to have to take the responsible position of placing your ideas befor the public. Or is it true that only a few of us care about A.U.C.?

If you are under twenty-five and not a communist you have no heart. If you are over twentyfive and you are a communist you have no money.

Tony Mancini

FUCK YOU

Perhaps one of the most interesting words in the English Language today is the word "FUCK". It is the ONE MAGICAL WORD. Just by its sound it can describe PAIN, PLEASURE, HATE and LOVE. FUCK, as most words in the ENGLISH language, takes its name from the German word "Ficken".

In language, FUCK falls into many grammatical categories. It can be used as a Verb, both transitive (John fucked Mary) and Intransitive (Mary was fucked by John), as an adverb (Mary is Fucking interested in John), as a noun (Mary is a fine Fuck). It can be used as an Adjective (Mary is Fucking beautiful). As you can see there are not many words with the versatility of FUCK.

Besides the Sexual meaning there are also the following uses:

FRAUD
IGNORANCE
TROUBLE
AGGRESSION
DIFFICULTY
DISPLEASURE
INCOMPETENCE
SUSPICION
ENJOYMENT
REQUEST
HOSTILITY

I got FUCKED at the Used Car Lot.
Fucked if I know.
I guess I'm FUCKED now.
FUCK you.
I can't understand this fucking job.
What the FUCK is going on here?
He's a fuck off.
What the FUCK are you doing?
A FUCKING good time.
Get the FUCK out of here.
I'm going to knock your fucking head off.

I know you can think of many more uses, but with all these uses how can anyone be offended when you say FUCK?

A POEM NOT WORTH THINKING ABOUT

We were still beside the side river.

Far across, on the other bank,

The battle raged.

"Basically," said the allegory,

"What we lack here is a hidden meaning."

So we sat and racked our brains

But could think of nothing.

Dave Mills

And Cally 19 Call . A state rate call call				
\$				
THE WISE, WITH ALL THEIR SAGACITY, MUST SOMETIMES ERR, JUST AS THE FOOLISM				
MUST SOMETIMES BE RIGHT.				

SOME HAVE BEEN THOUGHT BRAVE BECAUSE THEY WERE AFRAID TO RUN AWAY.				
Thomas Fuller				



EXCERPTS FROM "THE UNCERTAIN MIRROR"

Report of the Special Senate Committee on Mass Media

Chapter 8: "The Hotbed Press"

Canada's best student newspapers are still unprofessional, shrill, scurrilous, radical, tasteless, inaccurate, obscene, and wildly unrepresentative of their campus audience. They always have been.

Canada's student newspapers continue to be the most deplorable, and the most deplored segment of the country's press...members of the student press have too often ignored the interests of the general campus audience for the sake of propagandizing along very narrow lines...the Committee, which is rich in years and wisdom, cannot recall a time when this was not the case.

As a communications medium, the student press has always been ineffective. But as a training-ground for journalists-Peter Gzowski, Pierre Berton, Stephen Leacock, John Dauphinee, it has been unexcelled...It is no coincidence that the student newspapers that publish under the fewest restraints from student councils of university administrations have produced an astonishing number of excellent journalists. These newspapers...operate with fewer pressures than does any other segment of the media. They...see no need to "pander to the massess"—that is, give their audience what it wants to read.

This system often results in perfectly dreadful newspapers. But it also subjects its participants to several years of marvellous journalistic training. They mature in an atmosphere of endless controversy and sometimes learn more about the process of social change than they would in six years of postgraduate political science.

N.C.T.C.

Listennoisy voices pressing inwards; destroying ideals.

Tears flowing silently revealing nothing.

RE CAFETERIA:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank those people who helped in reviving the cafeteria. Many long hours were spent working and along with several other people, I feel it was time well spent. There are still a few finishing touches needed, though. The drapes have to be made and the plants arranged. Hopefully these things will be done soon. I would also like to thank the Students' Council and the administration for their generous contributions. In particular I feel a special thanks should be given to Milton Jarrell, Teresa D'Agonstino, Edna Kennis, Donna Talarico, Brian Burch, Dr. Ewing and family, Professor Rajput, Professor Gardesi and his son. Without their help this project would have not been possible.

Thanks again,
Barb Leveque

EDitor's Note: I would especially like to thank Karen Doleske for her beautiful silk screens. B.B.

FREE SPEECH IS LIKE GARLIC. IF YOU ARE PERFECTLY SURE OF YOURSELF, YOU ENJOY IT AND YOUR FRIENDS TOLERATE IT.

Lynn White, Jr.

THE BRINK

Gus lectured us from the brink of impending doom. He spoke like a poet and supported his statements poorly. My good friends and I couldn't help but laugh at the pitiful bugger; he challenged our beliefs and expounded his own without a trace of logically constructed argument. He looked me in the eye and said things like "There are no truths," and "Everything you know is wrong," and I'm sure he had never heard of the term 'self-referential consistency'. He stood at the very edge of a great cliff (we were near the sea) and looked as though he might decid to leap to his death at any moment. We feared for his safety.

He didn't fear, of course. As a poet he cliamed to have some intuitive knowledge abouth things like life and death and what each one was and wasn't. I think he feared logic more than he feared death...

But this time he was lucky. His poetic decision was to walk away from the cliff, towards and eventually beyond us, expounding all the while his very basic truths and his so wonderful observations. We smiled at his retreating back, secure in our logical assurance that we knew nothing but would be certain to experiment until we knew less. As he strolled slowly into the distance I heard him mutter about my five friends and I and there was a definite note of disgust in his voice. I thought I heard him call us 'scientists', saying the word as if it was an insult. It was as though he had called us 'fatalists' or something.

Fatalists? Fatal? I began to think. "Who among us," I asked my friends, "knows death?"
"What is it?" With some difficulty, the six of us turned our attention from laughing at Gus and began thinking about this new question. We discussed death as best we could, scientifically and logically. We weighed the evidence and defined our terms and concidered our frames of reference. Especially our frames of reference. Eventually, we decided to perform a simple experiment, and the group of us (excluding Hud, of course, who was long gone) walked over to the very edge of the cliff. We were all grinning because the silly picture of Gus was still fresh in our minds, but we proceeded with as much scientific detachment as we could muster. Three of my friends walked exactly twenty—five feet back from the cliff edge; then turned. They ran then in single file at top speed towards the edge, continuing outwards past the edge into the air and then falling down three hundred feet to the jagged rocks. The oporation was performed with wonderful scientific precision, and their brains and bodies were dashed quite thoroughly on the rocks below. Myself and two others remained as a controle group.



MINISTER ANNOUNCES 1977-78 OPERATING GRANTS Last Mo-day, about 20 students at CHITISTAVINU OLDATIO AOT, the Student Council in response,

Marry Parrott, Minister of Colleges and Universities, announced on March 31, the operating grants for the fifteen provincially assisted universities, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, the Ontario College of Art, the Bar Admission Course of the Law Society of Upper Canada, and a number of theological colleges. The word of the sense and a number of theological colleges.

Operating grants, up 8.2 percent from last year, amount to \$689.6 million and will be distibuted in accordance with recommendations made by the Ontario Council on University Affairs. An additional \$13.5 million will be allocated for use by the universities for items such as another teacher education, building repair, nursing programs, etc., bringing the total operating funds up to \$703.1 million. rebout executive ease evitable states and as flew as estimated and in the election of the states and the states are the states and the states are the states and the states are the

proceeding with the election while aware of the irregularity A total of \$677.5 million will be distributed as formula grants. In addition, Laurentian University (including its affiliates) and Lakehead University will recieve \$2.9 million to cover the high cost of operation in northern Ontario. Bilingualism grants amounting to \$4.2 million will be distributed amoung Laurentian University, the University of Ottawa, and Glendon College (an affiliate of York Univeristy). Supplementary grants for emerging institutions and special grants for the Bar Admission Course, and theology, etc. amount to \$5 million.

"The future needs of the province are as important as those of the present," said the mean and a second sec minister. "It is now, during this period of consolidation, that we must take steps to ensure from previous practice. that our high standard of post-secondary education is maintained."

Operating Grants to Ontario Universities 1976-77, 1977-78 (\$000,000) Bellia non elections had been adopted by a number of student councils throughout

UNIVERSITIES	will guide stu	1976-77	1977-78
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Ottawa	recent election	50.4	56.0 o
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Toronto		141.1	152.3
Trent Waterloo		58.0	52.5
Western			
Wilfrid Laurier		11.3	12.2
Windsor		27.9	30.7
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MY PROBLEM IS OBVIOUS admin and do become and

Is a fossil. Car after cattered by the telephone Something in this city changes people allow data estadorug od eldanu ena snevud edT Hiding like the worst kind of monster

But who rears past like lightening, past the v-8's, It pinches brains until they bleed dry sta sensta bword and woodn't valgable of A

And then it breathes its stale cliches into empty skulls. It kills.

Meanwhile, I sit like a fool

Waving my arms and urgently whispering things of year general and display display and With my haunted voice. anogsw-repnow betaub bnomeib aids eashouges brish

Clearly, I'm trying to warn myself of something. and granted a relation and stood I write a poem and show it to an example, and on the stood of the

The nice person is polite, and speaks, saying nothing,

(Lord deliver us from mirrors) equal bendangered and to David mills do over the street of the control of the co

ELECTION MEETING

Last Mo-day, about 20 students attended a meeting called by the Student Council in response to a petition concerning the cancelled election.

Algoma University College, besides a most favorable student-professor ratio, has other distinct advantages which come with a small student body: when we make mistakes, we make small mistakes, and we know each other well enough to sit down and discuss them to learn from them.

This is, essentially, what happened at the meeting. The reason for the cancellation became clear: a name had been added to the ballot without proper nomination procedure, as outlined in the constitution, having been observed.

The election committee as well as the Student Council executive came under fire for proceeding with the election while aware of the irregularity, and for re-opening nominations for all positions on the previous ballot. The latter, it was felt, had the effect of discouraging some candidates.

A bitter exchange took place between some students and the executive, during which the former were accused of "shit-raising" and the latter of "cover-up".

Some comments were made on the apparent secrecy of the election. Pubs, it was observed, recieve more publicity than elections. Candidates were berated for insufficient advertising. Several questions were raised regarding the timing of the election, since it was a departure from previous practice.

Ron Brideaux, president of the Student Council, explained that the system of split elections had been adopted by a number of student councils throughout Ontario, and that the primary intent is to have knowledgable people-us: elect the body which will guide student activities in the coming year. The secondary purpose is a transition period during intersession and summer school, so that the new student council already operates efficiently when the Fall-Winter term begins.

Freshmen will have representation because they will be able to participate in the election of the vice-president in the Fall.

Some of the good points of the Fall 76 eclection were discussed; for instance the poster with a snapshot of each candidate so that names and faces could be put together. Worthy of mention, as well, was the number of well-designed posters.

The meeting showed positive results: not only was the most recent election, as distinct from the cancelled one, well advertised, but also showed increased voter participation.

J. Bischoping

NOTE: The results of the election were JOHN BUTCHER (President)

- GREG WALLENUS (Ombudsman)

A THIRD GLANCE AT A JAGUAR

dan rice

The fords crawl by, chrome glistening in the sun. The Datsuns shriek as if their tires were on fire, or squeal Like cheap Toyotas to attract the suckers with the bucks. Empty of expensive gas, the Ferrari and Pantera.

Lie ticketed at the curb. The Rolls Royce Is a fossil. Car after car seem empty, for The buyers are unable to purchase with dollars inflated.

But who roars past like lightening, past the v-8's, arrives At a display-window-, the crowd stares, standing broke As a child at a fair, at a Jaguar, British made and Built to last.

On a short tight wheelbase, easy to handle, Hard to purchase, this diamond dusted wonder-wagon, Howls its mufflers deafening the brains of tender old ladies. It roars from the curb, there are no traffic cops around.

More than a Granada in a lonely showroom:
It gives us the illusion of freedom.
The highway rolls under radial tread, surefooted
Over the black-top of the world, this endangered species.

SUNDOWNER

Sundowner, pale shades of my past, Moonlover, hurts me until the last, Am I wrong? Is she gone? Let me find out.
Am I wrong? Is she gone?
Let me find out.

I whisper words I'll never really hear, I'm hoping all my wrongs would disappear. I cant see, what's in me, Let me find out.
I can't see, what's in me, Let me find out.

It's over. Dreams can never come true.

I'm wishing I could spend my days with you.

I don't know, where to go,

Let me find out.

I don't know, where to go,

Let me find out.

Sundowner, pale shades of my past.
Moonlover, hurts me until the last.
Am I wrong? Is she gone?
Let me find out.
Am I wrong? Is she gone?
Let me find out.

Ray Houle

COURSE EVALUATION

If there is something deserving more discussion at this time of year than the agony of producing a maximum of papers in a minimum of time, it appears to be course evaluation sheets.

How anonymous are they? Can their timing be improved? Do "they" consider that professors, and possibly students (or should it be the other way around?), are human?

From the comments that were made on this issue, the following constructive observations could be gleaned: If a course evaluation sheet is to serve its intended purpose, namely to improve things for those who attend the course at a latter time, then all possible steps should be taken to ensure honest answers.

Many students feel that frankness may have repercussions on their final marks. Rather than risk a poor mark, a student might remain silent—and in his/her silence s/he contributes to the perpetuation of the status quo.

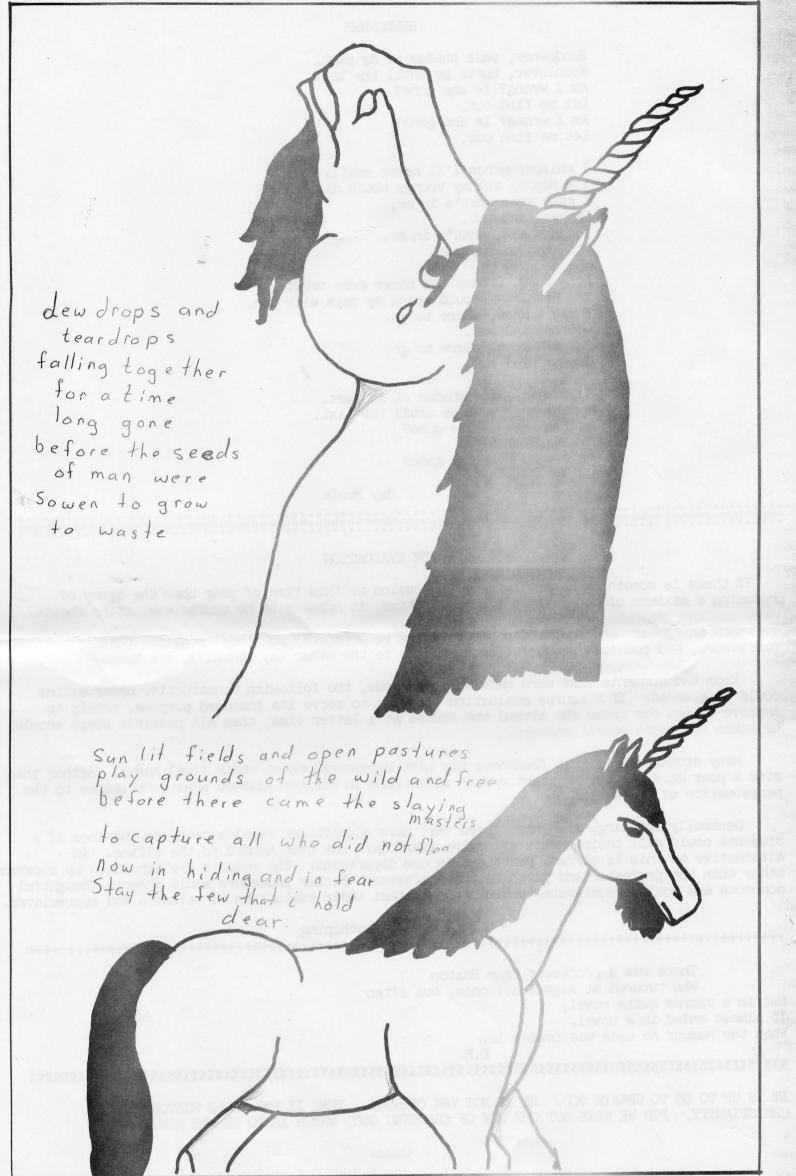
Generally speaking, students agreed that more significant results could be obtained if s students could mail their sheets after the final mark has been handed to the office. An alternative to this is already practiced in one department: The results are tabulated by a person other than the professor and given to the professor. Either procedure would promote thoughtful comments and would demonstrate to the students that their evaluation is valuable and appreciated.

J. Bischoping

There was a professor from Boston
Who tutored at Algoma not once, but often
But in a course quite novel,
It almost ended in a hovel,
When the humour he uses was tosses in.
D.R.

IT IS UP TO US TO CREATE GOD. HE IS NOT THE CREATOR. THAT IS THE WHOLE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY. FOR WE HAVE BUT ONE WAY OF CREATING GOD, WHICH IS TO BECOME HIM.

Camus



P. Ann Burch

Dear Friend:

We have the honour of being on a committee to raise five million dollars (\$5000000) for the statue of the Prime Minister P.E. Trudeau to be placed in the Canadian Hall of Fame in Ottawa, Ontario.

The committee has been in a quandry as to where to place the statue. It was felt unwise to place it beside the statue of Sir Wilfred Laurier, who never told a lie, nor beside that of Sir John A. MacDonald, who never told the bruth. Trudeau can never tell the difference.

We have finally decided to place it beside the statue of Christopher Columbus, the greatest dealer of them all. He left not knowing where he was going, and upon arriving, did not know where he was, and when he returned, had no idea where he had been. And he did it all on borrowed money.

It is reported that Prime Minister Trudeau is considering a change in the Liberal Party's emblem from the maple leaf to the condom. The condom stands for inflation, halts productivity, protects a bunch of pricks, and gives a false sense of security while one is being screwed.

If you are one of those fortunate few who have any money left after paying your groceries and your gasoline billsm, we will expect a generous donation as your contibution to this worthwhile project.

Yours very truly,

A. Scophing

VISIONS

Pick a silent flowercrush it gently. Inside is beauty which corrupts your being, exciting feelings, infiltrating your sanity, destroying your happynessbeauty is suspect.

See a flower
in a wasteland
and step on it
before you are corrupted
by its existence
to the depth
of your soul

Brian Burch

Poets don't count is this country...that's why they are so free of course. Artistic freedom is really an insult here. Take Russia or an East European country like Poland—They are scared shitless of poets. That's why they ban a lot of anti-government stuff—because they respec't a poet's power. Can you imagin Canada trying to buy off Leonard Cohen? Only when they go abroad does that happen, because people out there, those foreign kooks, listen to poets. Here in Canada they don't care what poets say 'cause nobody listens to them anyway.

Catch22 says they have a right to do anything we can't stop them from doing.

Joseph Heller

And all the moon was canada

And here came i to bask in the fertile

Of non-chaos after horror

In this subterranean of Trees

Swimming in an element

Becoming part elemental my dear

Whatson what soon how soon illusion

rips the shreds heads off off andaway torn

Into a million pieces with minds of their own.

Just born with still the flush of sun o- their backs amillion backs strong with pride

Undominatable

In spite of fresh four hundred year old promises

(The promise of becoming has far exceded the precise

Measurements of the puritan fathers carvers butcherers

And non brothers

Brother where was your head when you promised freedom and now do not deliver?)

O canada oh canada
a perversion of pride
Mr. canada
you set up monuments
for that which has least pride
Tourist shrines All along the number one
From sea to shining see
forever is not the vision
You were limited when you were born
For the price of a paycheque you jack off
that old teffific consummation that never was
nothing but promises

Oh canada
In prom ising life you promise death
Then do lament at the collection

K

WHERAS IN THE MECHANICAL AGE OF FRAGMENTATION LEISURE HAD BEEN TH ABSENCE OF WORK, OR MERE IDLENESS, THE REVERSE IS TRUE IN THE ELECTRIC AGE. AS THE AGE OF INFORMATION DEMANDS THE SIMULTANEOUS USE OF ALL OUR FACULITIES, WE DISCOVER THAT WE ARE MOST AT LEISURE WHEN WE MOST INTESELY INVOLVED, VERY MUCH AS WITH THE ARTIST IN ALL AGES.

Marshall MuLuhan	
&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&	&&&&&

When sheep walk into the den of the wolves they shoul be as harmless as doves and as cunning as snakes.

VIEWPOINT

Has anyone noticed something missing on local newsstands? Well, if you haven't, try looking for the April issue of Penthouse. You won't find it, so relax, Mrs. Grundy.

Even though it was on the stands for almost two weeks, a memo came through from the distributor is Sudbury that the aforesaid magazine "might be in violation of Ontario statutes on obscenity." Not was, mind you, but MIGHT BE. Suddenly the offending material was whisked out of sight.

Now I can hear you out there saying "Well, so what? That Penthouse is nothing but pornographic filth." But wait one minute. Why, pray tell, is Time allowed to run an article on the trend towards sado-masochism in advertising? Why are publications dealing with sexual acts and having no redeeming social, artistic, or literary merit available in no less than two local outlets? Why incriminate one magazine with such important features as well-written articles and fiction, interviews with such important figures as Alex Haley, and some of the most tasteful, well produced erotic photography available to the mass media?

If this action is an extension of the mentality that gave a certain singer's ex-wife thirty days in jail to be served at her convenience, while harassing Lenny Bruce to the grave, Harry Reems to bankruptcy and Larry Flynt to jail for twenty years, then we should all start looking over our shoulders.

During World War Two, a Protestant minister said, "When they took away the Jews, I said nothing for I was not a Jew. When they took away the Catholics, I said nothing, for I was not a Catholic. When they came for me, there was nobody left to say anything."

Whiether you agree with Penthouse, Hustler, et. al. or not, you must protect free speech and a free press. When you see something being removed from the market for "obscenity", protest. Indira Gandhi is not an unique phenomina in the century.

P. Kaufman

LAST WORDS

I am grateful to Tim Holms for the donation of this typewriter for the Easter Weekend. Without it this paper would still be a pile of loose papers on my bedroon floor.

A large number of people promised submissions but did not do so. A token lynching or two by the student body might help rectify this problem.

As mentioned earlier this is the last issue of the school year. On behave of myself and Larry Johnston, we would like to thank all the contributers, typists, critics, and the student council who helped this paper throughout the year.