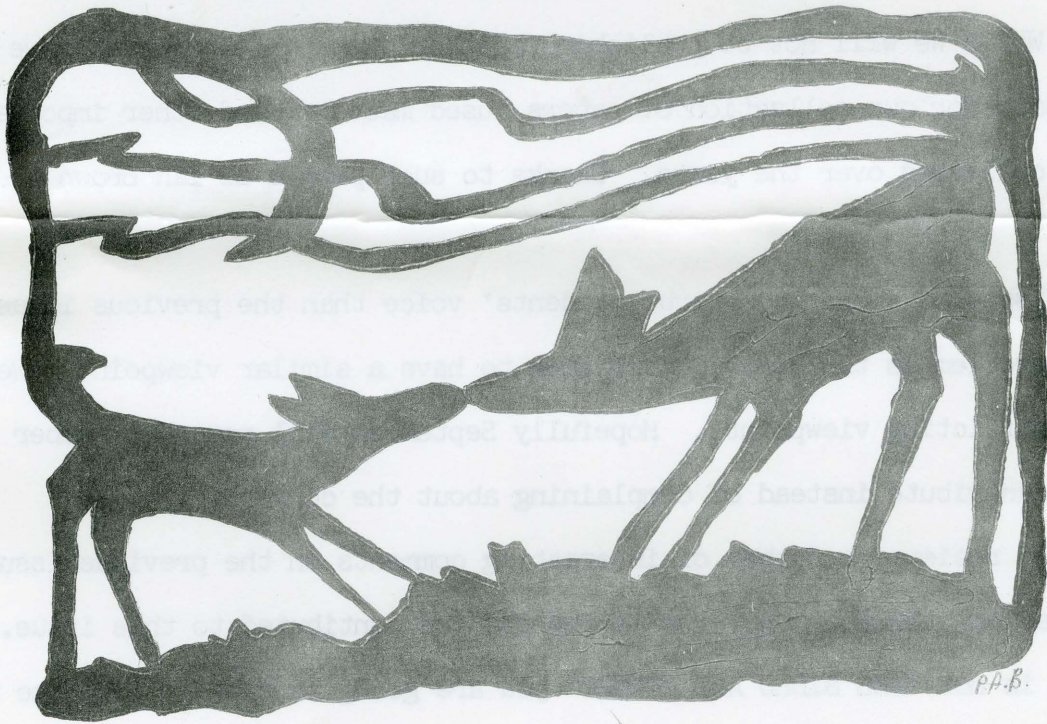


THE

STUDENT

VOICE



[illegible]

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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 twenty-five 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?

WE can use this unique word more often in our daily speech. It adds
to your prestige. Say it loud and clear...FUCK YOU!!!
#####

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

THE WISE, WITH ALL THEIR SAGACITY, MUST SOMETIMES ERR, JUST AS THE FOOLISH
MUST SOMETIMES BE RIGHT.

*****Kuan Chun*****
SOME HAVE BEEN THOUGHT BRAVE BECAUSE THEY WERE AFRAID TO RUN AWAY.

Thomas Fuller

It was my grade eight graduation
I was fat and the picture shows a family fatherless
My brother age ten had the dubious honour of being the man
But he didn't want that

And keep looking down when the photographer took the
Picture.

And here we are
Frozen forever

I in my fat and my brother
In the manhood he never wanted.

Ah sisters.

My prim little beauty baby you were
in your starched pink crinolined
dress.

We used to taunt you till you cried
that you to knew it well.

WHEN YOU WENT TO COLLEGE

And here I am looking at you,
and elke.

The photographer cut off your
feet.

Whither are you fled away
from the hard and barren
bousom of this family?

My mother wore spike
heels

Even yet she is
beautiful

But she never smiled

She had some kind of thing

about making the incongruous

work and

Despite us

Frozen eternity we stand.

I graduated from grade eight
and my mother never got
that far

she was proud of me

But we children merely made
of what at the time

seemed like a bad
joke.

—a gauche

uncanadianism

in front of

that resturant

posing for the

photographer.

She never had a lover
Until things got too rough.



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 or 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 masses"-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.

Listen-
noisy 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.

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

Lynn White, Jr.

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THE BRINK

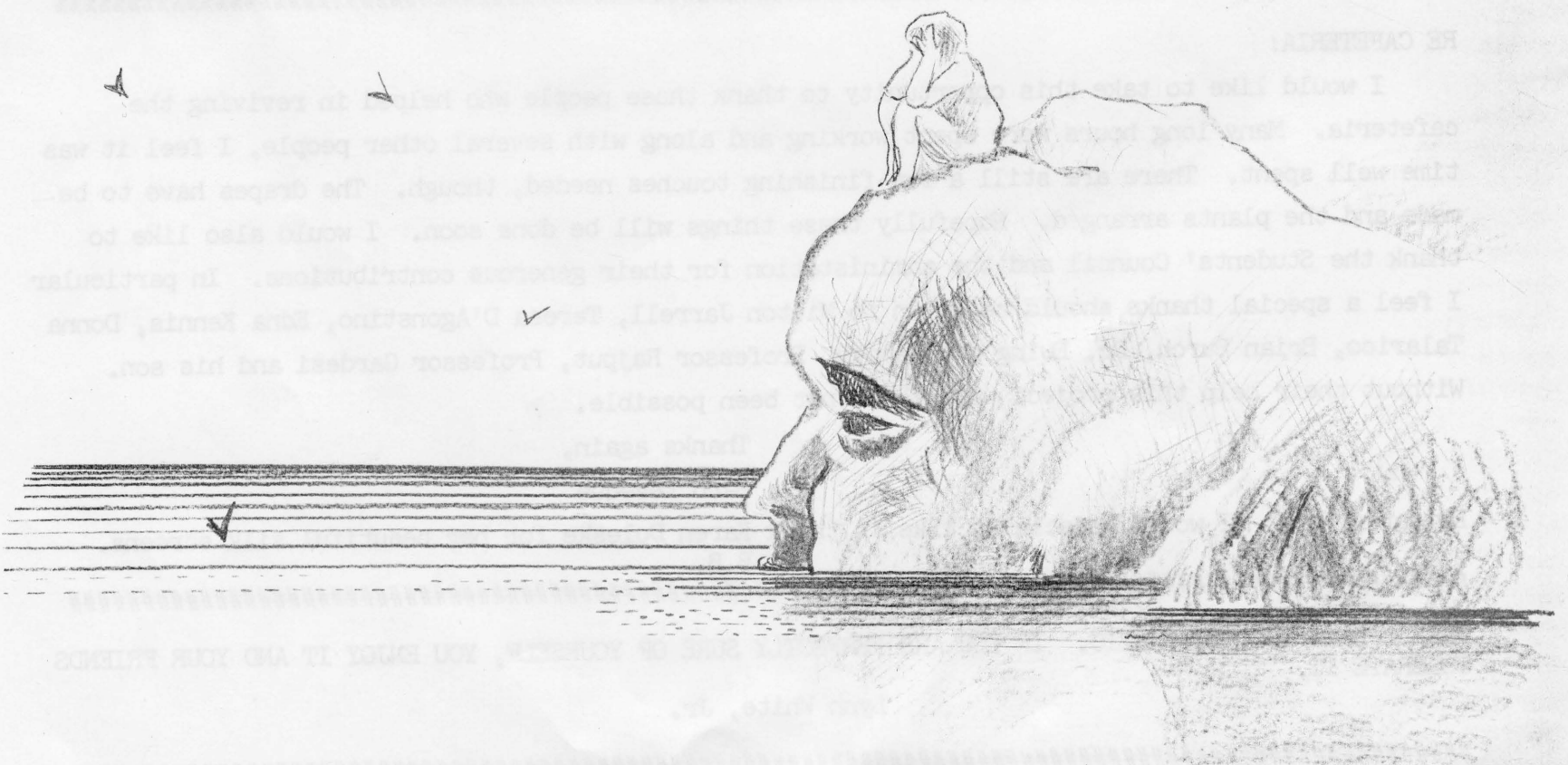
Gus lectured us from the brink of impending doom. He spoke like a poet and supported his statements poorly. My good friends and I couldn't help but laugh at the pitiful bugger; he challenged our beliefs and expounded his own without a trace of logically constructed argument. He looked me in the eye and 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 decide to leap to his death at any moment. We feared for his safety.

He didn't fear, of course. As a poet he claimed to have some intuitive knowledge about 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 considered our frames of reference. Especially our frames of reference. Eventually, we decided to perform a simple experiment, and the group of us (excluding Gus, 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 operation 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 control group.

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MINISTER ANNOUNCES 1977-78 OPERATING GRANTS FOR ONTARIO UNIVERSITIES

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.

Operating grants, up 8.2 percent from last year, amount to \$689.6 million and will be distributed 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 teacher education, building repair, nursing programs, etc., bringing the total operating funds up to \$703.1 million.

A total of \$677.5 million will be distributed as formula grants. In addition, Laurentian University (including its affiliates) and Lakehead University will receive \$2.9 million to cover the high cost of operation in northern Ontario. Bilingualism grants amounting to \$4.2 million will be distributed among Laurentian University, the University of Ottawa, and Glendon College (an affiliate of York University). 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 minister. "It is now, during this period of consolidation, that we must take steps to ensure that our high standard of post-secondary education is maintained."

Operating Grants to Ontario Universities 1976-77, 1977-78 (\$000,000)

UNIVERSITIES 1976-77 1977-78

Brock	10.4	11.0
Carleton	33.5	35.9
Guelph	39.3	42.8
Lakehead	11.6	12.3
Laurentian	11.5	12.2
Algoma	1.1	1.2
Nipissing	1.4	1.6
Hearst	.4	.4
McMater	43.0	46.9
Ottawa	50.4	56.0
Queen's	43.0	46.7
Toronto	141.1	152.3
Trent	7.8	8.1
Waterloo	58.0	52.5
Western	65.5	70.3
Wilfrid Laurier	11.3	12.2
Windsor	27.9	30.7
York	49.3	53.3
OISE	9.0	9.8
Ryerson	25.8	27.3
Ontario College of Art	3.5	3.9
Theology, etc.	2.0	1.8
Bar Admission	.4	.4
TOTAL	637.4	689.6

MY PROBLEM IS OBVIOUS

+++++

Something in this city changes people.
Hiding like the worst kind of monster

--in our midst--

It pinches brains until they bleed dry
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
With my haunted voice.

Clearly, I'm trying to warn myself of something...

I write a poem and show it to an example.

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

And I notice that it has strange vacant eyes.

But please don't feel insulted, reader;

Hell, some of my best friends are dead,

(Lord deliver us from mirrors)

David mills

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 can't 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 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. Bischooping

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 tossed in.

D.R.

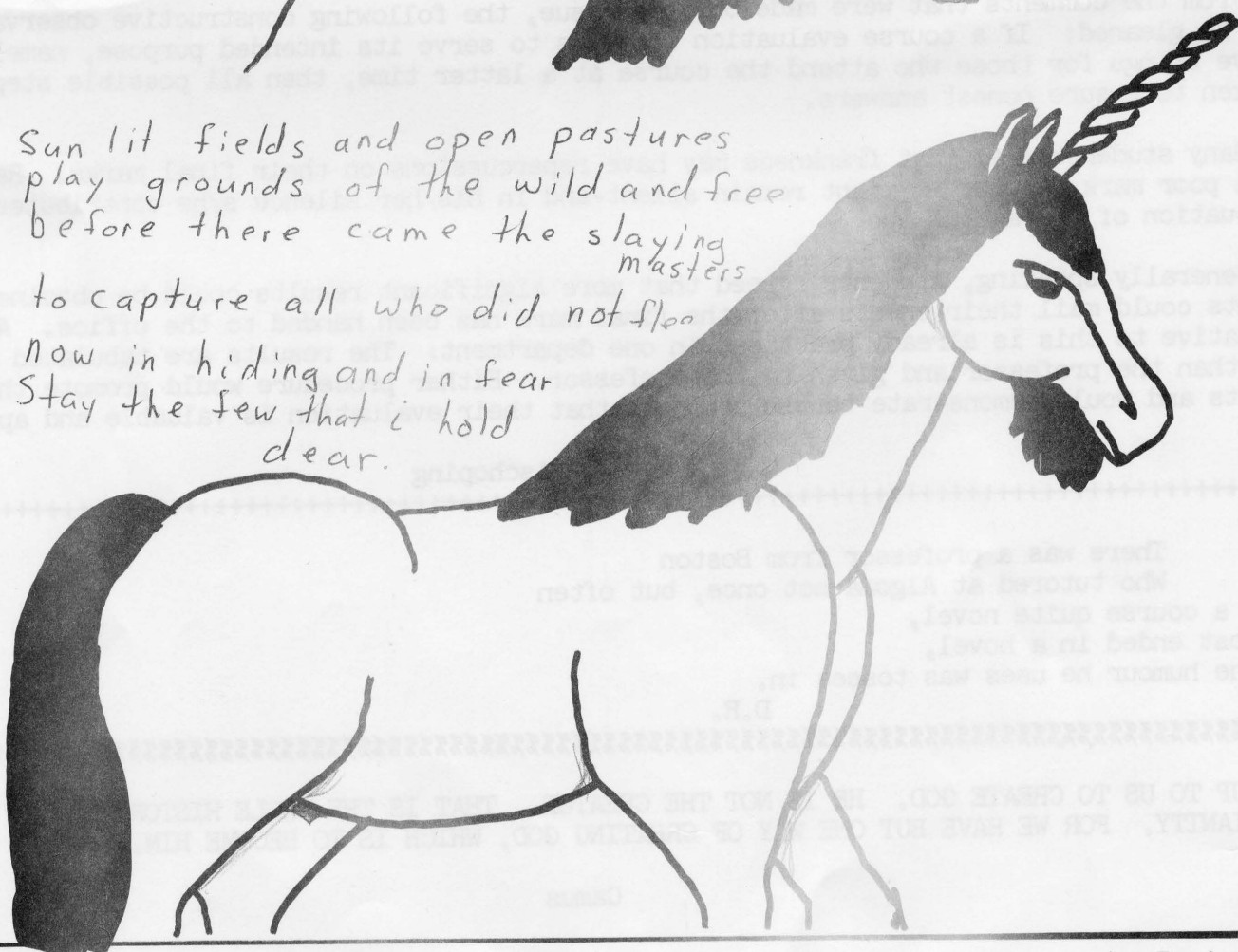
IT IS UP TO US TO CREATE GOD. HE IS NOT THE CREATOR. THAT IS THE WHOLE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY. FOR WE HAVE BUT ONE WAY OF CREATING GOD, WHICH IS TO BECOME HIM.

Camus

dew drops and
teardrops
falling together
for a time
long gone
before the seeds
of man were
sown to grow
to waste



Sun lit fields and open pastures
play grounds of the wild and free
before there came the slaying
masters
to capture all who did not flee
now in hiding and in fear
Stay the few that i hold
dear.



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 truth. Trudeau can never tell the difference.

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.

Yours very truly,

A. Scophing

Chairman,
Privileged Committee

W

VISIONS

Pick a silent flower—
crush it gently.
Inside is beauty
which corrupts your being,
exciting feelings,
infiltrating your sanity,
destroying your happiness—
beauty 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

[illegible]

Poets don't count in 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 respect 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.

Adapted from Abbie Hoffman

[illegible]

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

Joseph Heller

[illegible]

Lapromesse

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 and away 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

THE GROUND YOU ARE STANDING ON IS A LIBERATED ZONE, DEFEND IT
~~~~~

WHEREAS 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 FACILITIES, 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.

~~~~~Jesus Christ~~~~~



