



Season's dreams
to you & yours

THE STUDENT VOICE

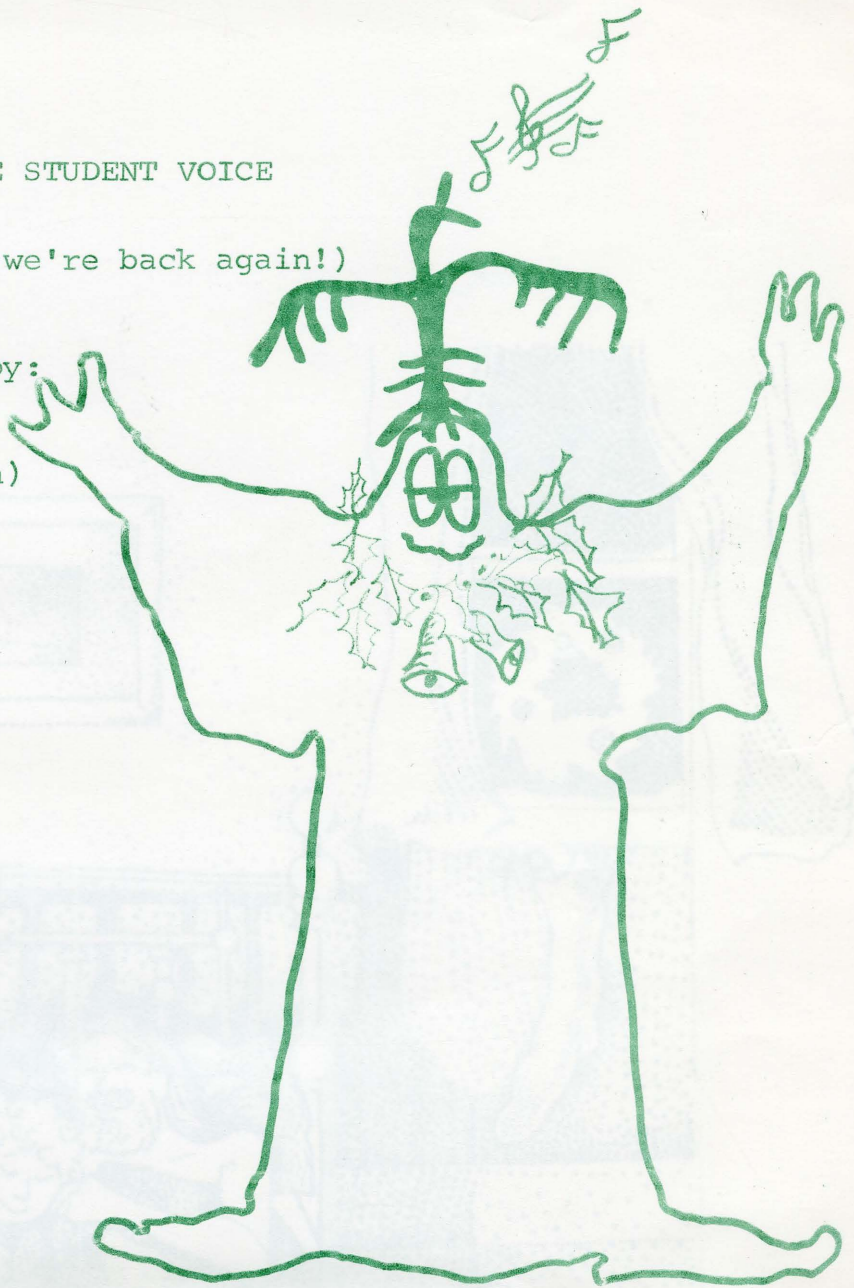
(Yes we're back again!)

Published on the spur of the moment by:

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L. J. S.



WHAT'S HAPPENING
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Thursday, December 16/76

Badminton (Grandview School) Thursday Nigh "Social" Lounge

Friday, December 17/76

Windup Men and Girls Hockey (Pee Wee Arena)
Pub 3-5 (lounge)
Film Society: Ulzana's Raid

Saturday, December 18/76

"End of Exams" Pub - Band (in the lounge) ← Beautiful Bôêze!

WEDNESDAY, December 22/76

Christmas Dance (Hiawatha Lodge)

Thursday, December 30/76

Algoma Homecoming (lounge 7-10)

← you all comimon home now
y'hear?

-Sign up now for Broomball and Hockey Leagues - Lounge

- Sign up for trip to Cuba by end of December.

(continued)

THEN IS THIS?

"Here, have a cup of reality," she said, handing me the dead man's ear. I took it from her hand and into mine with great care, as I feared spilling some of the cold, dark liquid that was in the thing. Looking down, I saw the earless corpse laying between us, on its side. Its eyes were fixed on me and it grinned stupidly. "Drink it," she said.

I looked dubiously at the stuff in the ear. It had the appearance of cold, black coffee, and it stank. "No," I said, quietly.

The woman looked irritated. "It is entirely necessary that you drink that stuff and vomit on the corpse. The situation demands it. Grossness begets grossness. The purpose of this entire passage is to be realistic, and" (she belched), "tasting foul and unusual liquids and vomiting is every bit as necessary to simulating reality as was the initial situation as a whole; that is, the presence of a woman offering you a drink from a dead man's severed ear."

I was confused and a bit taken aback by the woman's sudden verbosity. "I don't understand. Why is realism so important here?"

"Because this is a story. We want to give the reader a feeling of 'immediacy'. We want the story to seem real, so that it will be a better story."

I said nothing. Slowly I set the ear with its load [foul-smelling-something] down on the corpse's chest. The ear's bottom wasn't flat, of course, so that it tipped a bit and some gunk spilled out onto the dead man's naked body. I thought that she, and this entire situation, was ridiculous. "Her argument," I thought "is poorly constructed, founded on the premise that realism automatically begets a better story." But aloud I said nothing.

The woman spoke, smiling. "But you're wrong. Realism does automatically beget a better story. Surely you'll agree that a story would be lousy if it lacked any touches of some person's individual perception of the world. Well, we mean to place the individual, the story-character, in such an environment that by dwelling on outstanding and frequently nauseous stimuli -- like that stuff you refuse to drink -- the reader feels a greater immediacy." She stared at me, picking her nose, while she waited for an answer.

"You made a mistake," I muttered, slyly, yet loud enough for her to hear. "I didn't say anything earlier, yet you argued against my thoughts precisely, as though I had spoken them. You read my mind and that is hardly realistic." (Also I was convinced that her argument as a whole was crummy, but I couldn't quite decide what, specifically was wrong with it.)

"No mistake," the woman said. "Obeying the laws of the Real Physical Universe has little or no positive effect upon the reader's feeling of 'immediacy' or empathy with the characters in the story. The important thing," (at this point she stood up and began to slowly remove her clothes), "is to present the reader with outstanding and unusual details. That is realism." She continued undressing.

"But that is inherently unrealistic!" I yelled, getting excited. "The reader is not continually beset by outstanding and unusual details in Real Life in the Real Universe!"

Now, with all her clothes removed, she smiled and sat down. She said, "That is not the point. The point is to stimulate the reader. And even if he or she isn't amazed or nauseated or something, the person still might be amused by the very strangeness of the situation. There are those who will read this and find it humorous."

The corpse chuckled. "You seekers of the truth," he said, "are given to oversimplification." We looked at him and he smiled widely at us. "There is no humour in this situation. The reader is usually amused only because the bastard is too stupid to see the point." I suddenly disliked the corpse.

"Christ," I said. "This entire situation is deteriorating rapidly. It is becoming progressively unrealistic. No one here seems particularly surprised at the presence of this talking corpse." The corpse laughed. I ignored him and continued. "If I were to drink that crap and vomit, it would be no more noble and appropriate than it would be for the reader to vomit on this page!"

"An excellent suggestion," said the corpse.

"If you vomited, it would be a very important, noteworthy and altogether necessary action," said the woman, addressing me.

continued . . . over

THEN IS THIS? (continued)

"No!" I screamed. "The person vomiting in the real world placed no special significance on vomiting. It is simply unpleasant, but no more real than simply breathing!"

"Purple Salisbury steak," she suggested, "white blackness and chimps." She stood up and did a naked cartwheel. The corpse laughed crazily. "Listen," she said to me, panting now because of the cartwheel, "there is a difference."

Suddenly I saw a wonderful way to prove her wrong. Triumphant I snatched up the severed ear from the corpse's chest and drank the stuff in it. Its taste was indescribably horrible. My body immediately rejected the horrid slime, and I barfed explosively all over the writhing dead man. Coughing and retching, I said to her, "now put your hand in the barf. Feel it with your fingers."

Smiling as always, she placed her right hand in the barf and squished and felt it.

"Now," I said, "not bound by the rules of the Real Physical Universe, I call upon you other hand, your left, to suddenly contain similar vomit, different only in that this vomit is without shock-significance in the story. It exists without any strange or unusual connotations. It is arbitrarily no more or less real than the air we breathe. Now, woman, compare the texture of the vomit in your left hand to that in the right."

She did so, and frowned, staring at her left hand.

"Is that material in your left hand not of the same real consistency as is that in your right?"

She looked perplexed. "Yes," she said, "but is it art?"

Dave Mills

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Q U I B B L E

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I should, by right of my patronage to those who seek dimension in their lives past the flatness of the everyday, be the last to view critically anyone who claims right to vision by way of a newly found awareness. I am finding though an increasing abuse of the term "awareness" and cannot help but hold it up to the light for closer inspection.

One of the most common abuses I think can be found in those people who, for fear of appearing narrow-minded, will refute nothing. Everything and anything people care to do seems to be okay with them. This they call awareness. This, I would tend to call gullible, for I am amazed that such ludicrous inventions as bathing in mustard to preserve my olive complexion, cannot render so much as a raised eyebrow.

They are harmless, though, in their abuse, and are not the reason for which this has been written. It is for those who spend their time with endless quibbles that this is intended; for those who are not satisfied until they have torn the absolute core from a statement, no matter how innocent, and for those who would analyze to death the words of a polite stranger.

It appears that they are concerned more with appearing worldly and cynical than with trying to develop a sincere awareness and their misdirected arguments do little more than squirm their way beneath my skin.

It is to these self-centered individuals that I can say only this: you spend so much time trying to read between the lines, you miss the obvious point of discussion.

R. Cartner

THE BIRTH OF THE ALGOMA UNIVERSITY T-SHIRT

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Once upon a time there was a beautiful Princess in the Kingdom of Algoma. She had hair the colour of polished brass and eyes the shade of new leaves in spring. She was always well-dressed; the most prized part of her wardrobe being a sensational, pure gold t-shirt, bearing a Thunderbird, the symbol of the most ancient and renowned institution in the Kingdom; the University. It had been given to her by her father the King, who was generally considered to be a miser. It had cost him nearly a year's profits in Tax money, but he would not have his daughter outdone by the elite of the world who were furnishing the shirts.

Being an ogre by nature, the King was very, very strict. Unlike her father, the Princess had a terrific personality and a fantastic body; the combination of which was well sought after by all the wonderful young men of the Kingdom. Many of them turned her on and she saw quite a few of them where she went to school, at Algoma University.

Unfortunately, the King was so strict that he would not allow his daughter to go out with her acquaintances at school because none (in his mind) were good enough for her. He felt that it was most important that a suitor have something in common with the Princess, and since he couldn't very well expect any of them to be beautiful young women, he settled on insisting that they match her next most unattainable possession.

There was one problem though. How was any normal young student at Algoma University going to get ahold of a golden t-shirt like the Princess had. Working part time at the University would take until he was 108 years old to get the money; but by that time the Princess would be due for a facelift. Surely the Government wouldn't consider upping student loans. What could possibly be done? All the males in the University were in distress!!

This dilemma carried on for a few weeks and still all tries for the Princess were to no avail. Until one Monday morning. It was exactly the kind of day that brings with it a miracle. It was at 9 a.m. that morning that one of the poorest guys in the Kingdom walked into the Student Lounge adorned with a t-shirt; different from those the other students had, but the same as the Princess. It was a brilliant golden colour with a Thunderbird across the chest. No one could believe their eyes.

The young man carried with him into the lounge a huge cardboard box which he set down and opened. Out of it he started pulling more of the t-shirts, saying, "Three dollars, for just three bucks one of these can be yours..." The rest of the students just stood around looking at him and wondering, "Has he cracked under the strain of essays to do, or is this guy trying to pass off hot merchandise?"

Finally he explained what was actually going on. The shirts were only golden coloured material; not real gold, and he insisted that the King fell for it. He told them that he had been so amazed that someone had a gold t-shirt besides the Princess that he had invited the innovative young man for dinner that evening.

The other guys were so excited at the prospect that the shirts were sold out in about two minutes flat, and many more were waiting for more to come.

That evening after dinner, one hundred and forty-three young suitors turned up at the Princess' door, all wearing golden t-shirts, much to the King's bewilderment. He called his servants for his specs and began to examine the shirts.

When he found out what they were actually made of and realized he had been tricked he called for silence. Everyone was frightened. What would the King do now? Out of his great powerful being came one sentence, "Who is responsible for these damn things?" Not a sound was heard. Then the King yelled "Will somebody speak up please." Still no sound. Finally, he bellowed, "I must know. I demand it. I want one. They're not bad you know."

And thus, the Algoma University T-shirt came into being and they all lived happily ever after.

By the way, we still have a Princess wandering around somewhere.

L. J. S.

THE SIMULATED SOCIETY EXPERIMENT - A MASTERFUL MIND GAME
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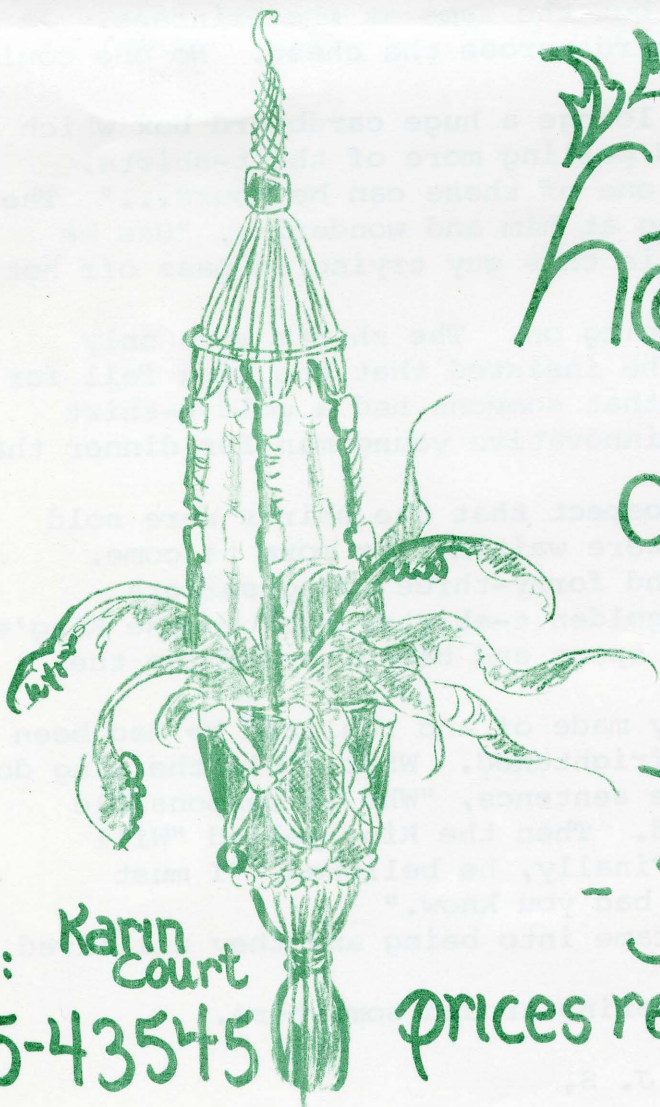
SIMSOC, a psychological warfare of "power plays" and prominent personalities, enlivened a recent 16-hour period at our university.

The rules of the game permitted only a limited supply of information and this left us mentally exhausted at the end of the experience. But it made this participant, at least, envious of those who could resist power and gather forces to destroy the society. However, the poor were struck powerless by the rich.

Most significantly, this experiment in education exposed a serious sore in the structure of real society. Our lowest and poorest societal members are subjected to blatant unconcern or raw rebuke by an egotistic elite; the upper class cagily clamours for social consciousness but, at the same time, betrays their unfortunate "inferiors" by inadequate distribution of wealth and resources.

Also, arbitrary force, in the game as in real life, leads to self-destruction. Violent or non-violent force boomerangs with the same intensity.

In conclusion, SIMSOC may well reveal to participants how deceit, despair, distrust, social injustice and force combine to severely damage the foundations of "civilized" society.



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BREAD AND BUTTER SATISFIES THE SOUL

+++++

The big man on campus, the Savior of Algoma
U. -know, talked to us, with us, Wednesday last.

It's hard to disagree with someone when you eat his bread.

And the subject came up of why go to University and all?
Why indeed?

To make light of airy reasons: Why to think, to know,
To wonder? Well

I volunteered that perhaps the reason some of us have
Come is but to get a job that would permit a reasonable
Amount of satisfaction, money money, or what have you.
You know: Industrial Pragmatic Reasons: to get
"The Smarts" in the best interests of the self: Bucks.
And if fulfillment and a new vision should occur
So much the better.

O savior It seems
Those weren't the right reasons:
But who today is ever right?

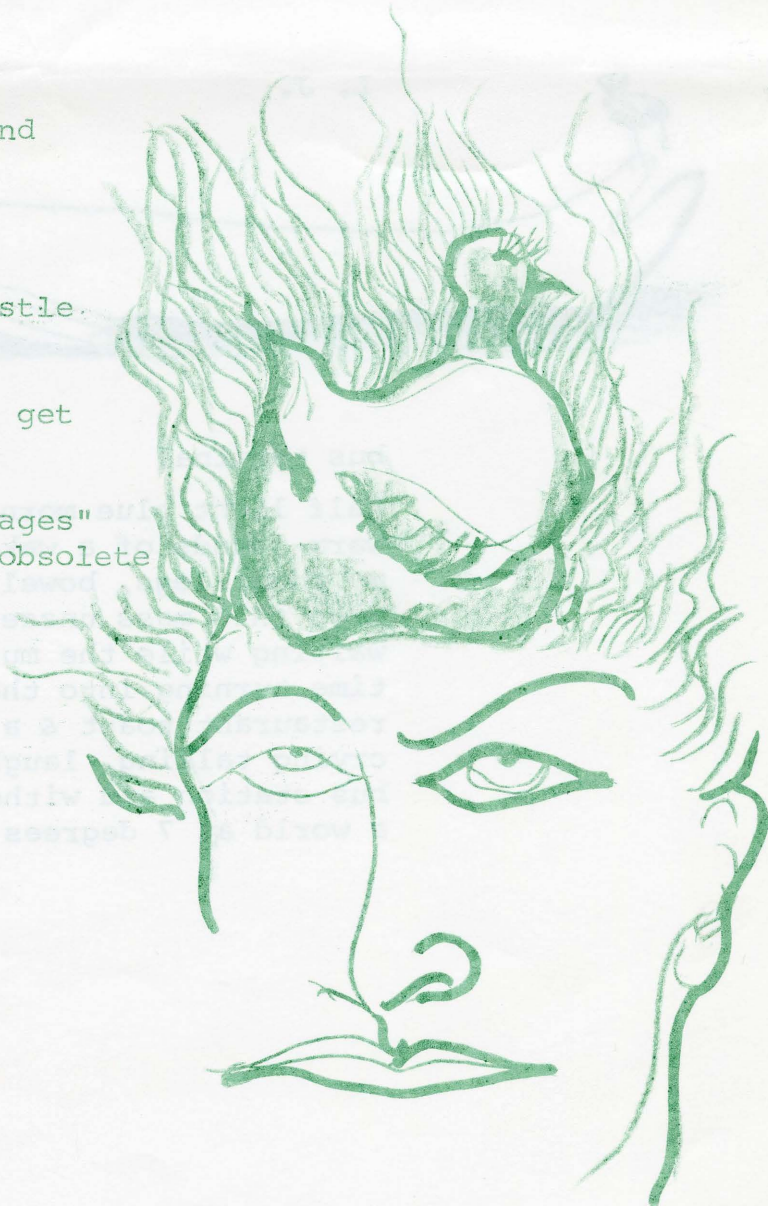
I once worked on an assemble line. I had the dubious
Pleasure of being the ass end of a chicken,
In other words I assisted eggs
Into their cartons pointed ends up
With no cracks about that.
And i can see no difference here except
That I don't have to tear my guts out
Trying to make my environment meaningful.

I've come for work. Learning is secondary.
What I've learned about the outside world and
Chickens And the lack of funds in general
Makes me want never to have to put my head
Into an egg carton again.

Yes, I call college the land of the hustle, hustle.
Go and get
Else learning would not be by deadlines
And quantative values: How many marks did you get
On a scale of 100 or
How many cracks did you let get away?
I see no joyous union with "the wisdom of the ages"
For what I learned yesterday is fast becoming obsolete
And therefore, unsuited to my needs.

I am learning things all right
But its not to change the world
Or to discover the moon
Or to write a book
But to get contact with the unreality
of life -- Earning 14,000 a year
(My means are modest)

K.



AFTER READING McCARTHY

I saw dead men in the sand
and they were all me.
the wind ate at their flesh and
froze cold the blood in hollows.
I laughed and watched it fly
above the grass.

There was the sandpiper
played in their hearts
not quite cold,
sang a note
and stooped deep its beak.

I left dead men in the sand
and they were all me burrowed
in golden feathers
that flew over fields.
I laughed and my beak
was warm flecked of
their blood.

L. J.



bus terminal

half light blue morning fading to purple on snow.
warm sounds of a wakening bus terminal permeating
my toes, legs, bowels. glad to be associate
with this mass unseething
waiting while the music of sudbury wails away
time turning into the smell of coffee and
restaurant toast & a zillion loads of luggage sneezing,
crying talking, laughing joking. embryo
bus station and without
a world at 7 degrees below.

K.

BLUE EYES

+++++

Belvedere waits with the Sunday afternoon crowd for the buses to come in. Sunshine and cold, and the warmth of diesel smell. People fleeing to the littered terminal, and Belvedere alone stamping feet, greets the bus marked Second Line.

He has his choice of any seat and takes one near the heater, two up from the back door. Feet cold, thawing wet, and kids stamping aboard. People spreading out in ones and twos, and Belvedere in an empty space leans his head to the sun and closes eyes.

(the temptation to sleep, late the night party last evening, warm here, soothing bus hum, catch moment's rest, be fresh, awake to see Amy, but no, the public eyes upon one, -- no problem that morning in Toronto after awake the all night bus from Montreal and Dave and I sleeping outside the station, must have been thousands passed us, sweater over my head for anonymity. . .)

Belvedere aware of his public individuality, opens eyes to be aware of others. The driver has taken stock of his load, stands outside with doors now closed, he moves slowly for warmth and his cigarette. A boy, about ten and eager calls through the window frosty-breathed to a friend on the sidewalk. Everyone else is behind Jack, except for the athlete on the other side with hockey equipment piled beside him. And right behind the driver sits the half-wit.

(. . . sits there, grinning at her hands, she came and muttered something to Andy on Saturday at the church while we rehearsed Mozart and Sunday she was in the choir, now with a church bulletin in hand, church is so nice for the simple. . .)

Belvedere watches her, looking elsewhere, but eyes continually drawn back to her. Short light brown hair close-cropped and sticking out here and there. Prominent chin and faint whiskers, small hooked nose and her movements, quick and bird-like making everything all the more so. And the idiot smile (. . . or is it because she's an idiot who smiles. . .), giggling towards the back of the bus where someone makes fun of her.

(. . . and oh, is she ugly, not ugly but I don't want to watch, my un-chartitable mood today. Going to see Amy and unimpressed by the fools and downtrodden in life. Days lonely through feeling sainted on buses for the love from my heart flowing to this sort. But no, today no, I have no pity love or care and why do I watch those big blue eyes. . .)

The sound of air, the door opening and the driver returns. The sound of air, brakes off, diesel smell and snowtires on sun-dried pavement. The half-wit is beckoning to someone in the rear of the vehicle. She talks in a voice only heard as a murmur to spaces where Belvedere can see nothing. Her most prominent feature is her eyes. They are larger than normal, blue, but the lightest blue, lighter than robin's egg. They wander about the bus and Belvedere follows the, hoping they will not meet.

(. . . strange having blue eyes, and Amy having blue eyes, and this idiot having blue eyes, and Amy told me she thought my eyes the most beautiful shade, asking why, because of their lightness, and these the lightest, biggest most beautiful eyes belong in another face and why. . .)

The half-wit still speaking into empty spaces and the bus driver glances over shoulder. Taking his big machine up this quiet Sunday street while the eager ten year old and his friend laugh at the half-wit. Belvedere watches through blue eyes, watching blue eyes. Unknowing that they laugh at her. She talks to them words that make them giggle.

(. . . sometimes fools making everyone happy and me the sad fool. . .)

Not much farther to Amy's. At his sweetly suburban corner, tasting in summer, lads the Artesian well. In winter the half-wit smiling steps off halting steps. Belvedere sighing the departure of beautiful blue eyes.

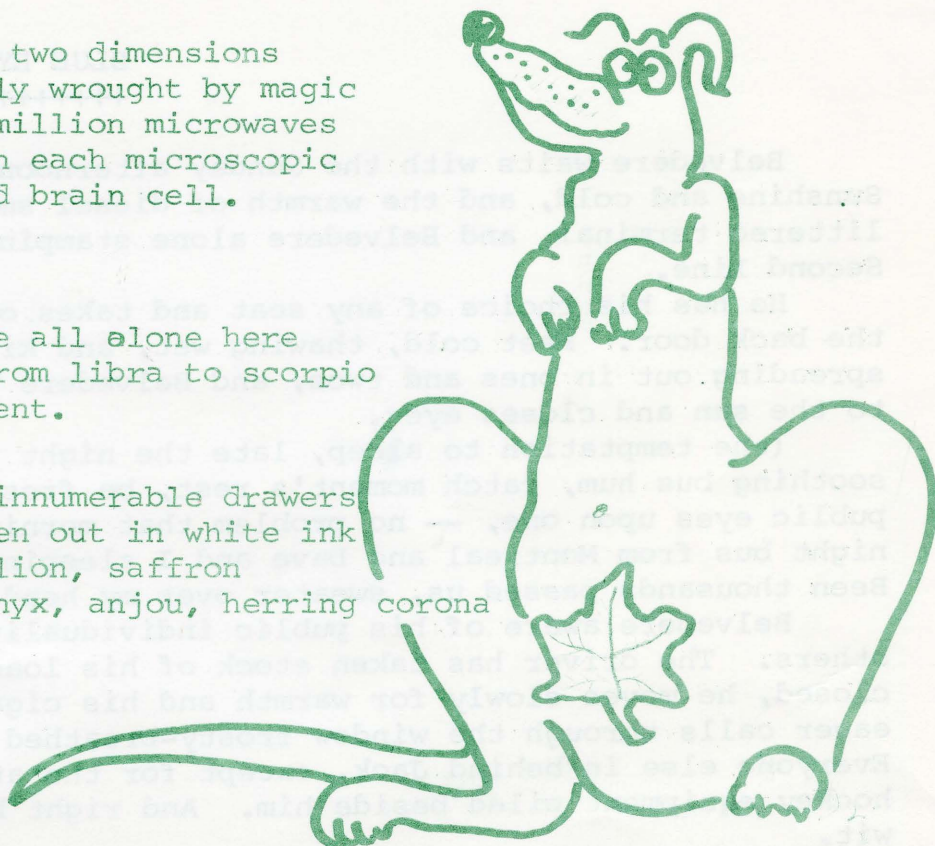
L.J.

poet man. future dreams embalmed in two dimensions
length and width, three dimensionally wrought by magic
and a little help from ten zillion million microwaves
of electricity spanning eons between each microscopic
grey-mattered naturally computerized brain cell.
ah me, ecology.

scene; a villa, room, bed
not a crumb of dirt anywhere. we are all alone here
and we are dead in time passing from libra to scorpio
in twilight Indian blue liquidescent.

he is a portable trunk filled with innumerable drawers
and in the drawers are labels written out in white ink
brown ink, red ink, blue ink, vermillion, saffron
mauve, sienna, apricot, turquoise, onyx, anjou, herring corona
verdigris, gorgonzola

the kangaroo has a double penis:
one for weekdays and
one for holidays.



[

One Christmas at midnight on the button, at the old place,
the ward door blows open with a crash, in comes a fat man with a beard, eyes
ringed red by the cold and his nose just the color of a cherry. The black boys
get him cornered in the hall with flashlights. I see he's all tangled in the
tinsel Public Relation has been stringing all over the place, and he's stumbling
around it in the dark. He's shading his red eyes from the flashlights and sucking
on his mustache.

"Ho ho ho," he says. "I'd like to stay but I must be
hurrying along. Very tight schedule, ya know. Ho ho. Must be going. . . ."

The black boys move in with the flashlights. They kept
him with us six years before they discharged him, clean-shaven and skinny as a
pole.

(Ken Kesey -- One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest - p. 70)

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The beauty of the rose is not perceived in its thorn, but in its blossoms;
so it should be with the human being.

-Ursula Liedtke.

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CONGRATULATIONS - To Bob D'Amato who successfully defended his doctoral
thesis at Dalhousie a couple of weeks back. Rumour has
it that Bob's thesis was regarded as exceptional. By the
the way Bob, Caroline said she didn't know you were that
brilliant.

MOON SIDE DOWN

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-- the first day I sat in the library reading I could not help but be impressed with the gracious view; St. Mary's river, the old church, an abundance of trees; this mellow setting would surely prove conducive to the assimilation of knowledge; the fantasy was sweet but, unfortunately short-lived. I soon learned that to concentrate in the library was synonymous with being at war under the attack of machine gun fire (masquerading as typewriters) and an army of staff encouraging civilians to talk mumble jumble in loud voices as they themselves were doing and thus undermine my attention span.

I won't let them do this I told myself. This is unjust; after all the essential concept of a library is to provide a place where one can quietly read and contemplate. Struggle as I did for the first few weeks I reluctantly resigned myself to the fact that one cannot fight an army. My ability to maintain attention under these distracting circumstances dwindled and I soon found myself in the lounge dealing out a hand of crazy eights. Actually I've become a pretty good card player and you know, I sometimes wonder why I wasted my time in the library in the first place when I could have been out here with the boys participating in something practical and possible to concentrate upon.

Sincerely yours,

(ABCD-E=F)

ABOUT THIS ISSUE!!!!

Apologies are in order to those who were told by yours truly that there would be no December issue. When the first deadline materialized, not too many contributions had, and the same situation existed at the time of the second deadline. The editor in question, finding himself bogged down in the spirit of exams and essays, declared himself on vacation from this paper and said as much to those who told him, "Maybe I can have that article next week."

There were some however, for whom the newspaper spirit never dies, in particular, Karin Doleske and Alex/Vosper. It is due to their persistence and effort that this issue is. Take a bow ladies. At the last minute, they did an excellent job.

L.J.

INTRAMURAL STATISTICS

(As of Dec. 13)

TEAM STANDINGS

	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>PTS.</u>
BLUE	6	1	0	12
GREEN	4	3	0	8
GOLD	2	5	0	4
RED	2	5	0	4

(Statistics supplied by
league commissioner
Bill McKiggan)

+++++

TOP TEN

	<u>G</u>	<u>A</u>	<u>PTS.</u>
RON BRIDEAUX	16	8	24
FRANK CAPUTO	6	11	17
JACK WATTERS	5	10	15
JOHN SHAMESS	7	8	15
DOUG ROBERTSON	9	6	15
JIM WILSON	8	6	14
BUCKY PALMER	11	2	13
BLAIR O'DELL	8	5	13
STEVE SAARLO	10	3	13
LEON CHOJNOWSKI	6	6	12

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MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued in January)

Today's society is fraught with egalitarian-liberal philosophies. Restrictions on man's pleasure and freedom have lost their respect in a society that is no longer considered organic but instead, individualistic. Class consciousness is thus undermined and it seems the revolution will never take place. The 'Student Voice' takes great pleasure to announce its

MAN OF THE MONTH: TIM HOLMES

Tim's name will be placed on the George III Honour List, and he is also given our blessing to sign up for the Cuba trip should he so desire. We of the staff are pleased to thus acknowledge Tim's latest triumph over student-faculty anarchy. The rear parking lot has never looked more authoritarian. Put these people in their place we all say!

By the way, rumour has it that the College had been given a grant to pave 'continuous roadway'.

- 1) We're still dodging pot-holes and ruts on the only exit from the College.
- 2) The new coat of pavement on the rear parking lot looks out-

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OUR UNIVERSITY - A VIEW FROM THE INSIDE

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PART II: WINTER CARNIVAL CONVIVIALITY

From a third year student's point of view, the years have wrought many changes in attitudes and activities on campus.

For our Winter Carnival two years ago, for example, our activities didn't seem to draw more than about a dozen participants for "one big party," according to the organizer.

The slave auction was the highlight of the week of events during that carnival; six professors were "sold" for a total of \$70.00. In sports, football, soccer, hockey and broomball games were scheduled. But eucher, pin-ball championships, a five-legged race, a pub rally as well as a tug-of-war contest filled the bill.

Last year's carnival, Ice-Breaker '76, did much more than crack the ice. It involved many more people than the previous winter events. Organization was excellent, there was a greater variety of prizes; a skating party, ball hockey trounaments, campus crawl competition, cross country skiing, snowshoe races, snow sculpture contests were novel festivities.

Plans for this year's carnival will be included in a later edition.

Ian Dennison

