

Strike looming over OPSEM

by Ted Schmidt

The contract for the public service employees of Ontario's twenty-two Community Colleges terminated as of March 31, 1976. The membership of their union is composed of clerks, typists, secretaries, key punch operators, switchboard people, library technicians, computer operators, offset operators, nursing assistants, nurses in the health center, drivers, security personnel, stationary engineers, caretakers, some of the food services, maintenance workers, and others.

The membership of the union has recently voted to reject a 17 month contract. The proposal would have called for a 41¢ an hour increase, plus an additional 19¢ from April until the end of the new contract in August '77, for a total of 60¢ an hour for only the last five months of the proposed contract.

The public service employee's union has been asking for approximately \$1.10 across the board [all job

classifications]. They have decided not to ask for any improvement in their fringe benefit package, as they would be subject then to indexing by the Anti-Inflation Board. Given these factors, it would certainly seem that the union's demands are within the stipulated guidelines.

The union's major concerns would seem to be concentrated on coping with the steadily increasing cost of living. They feel that while inflation has been slowed, basic staples and incidentals have continued to spiral. These costs, like paid parking, gas, car insurance, etc., are continuing to erode the value of their hard-earned dollars. Given these circumstances, the offer presented to the union would certainly appear to barely cover the increases they are now facing and will be looking at in the future.

In addition, the union is deeply concerned with bettering the lot of those of the membership

who are at the lower end of the pay scale. Presently, the minimum for support staff work is \$2.79 per hour. The final concern deals with seniority increases or increments.

Since the proposed contract has been rejected, a fact finder, Mr. Kennedy Jr., has been appointed to investigate the situation. After he reports his findings, the union's next step will be to accept or reject his recommendations. Should the latter be the case, the union will then call for a strike vote. Naturally, the negotiations are at a stagnant state until Mr. Kennedy's report is presented. Ruth Edge, President of Humber's Local of OPSEM, says the likelihood of a strike at this time is doubtful.

As far as the CLC's day of protest is concerned, Ruth has stated that a provincial vote will be taken by the membership before any decision is reached and as of yet, no date has been set for such a vote.

PANDEMONIUM

vol. 1 no. 1

toronto, ontario

15 september 1976

Star Trek Convention draws crowds

EVENT HORIZON NON WIRE SERVICE
STAR DATE 7607.23

notes of Parasan, head of our 20th C. bureau

TORONTO, CANADA--Thousands of Star Trek fans converged today on the Royal York Hotel for a three day convention. Star Trek stars attending are James Doohan (Scotty), Michelle Nichols (Communications Officer Uhura), George Takei (Helmsman Sulu), Walter Koenig (Ensign Chekov), Grace Lee Whitney (Yeoman Rand), and Mark Lenard (played Romulan, Commander and Spock's father). Writers include Hal Clement, Gordon R. Dickson, Harlan Ellison and D.C. Fontana. Hugo Award winning artist Kelly Freas was also in attendance with his famous portraits of the crew of the Enterprise on loan here from the Smithsonian Institute.

In the dealer's room a large variety of pictures, models, fanzines and trinkets may be purchased.

Perhaps the most amazing object of the convention is the full-scale mockup of the bridge of the Enterprise, which was built by Gregg Hafflund and Phill Stephens in nine weeks, for the incredibly low sum of \$1,700.

Many conventioners sport buttons proclaiming, "I'm a trekker, not a trekkie" or "I'm a trekkie, not a trekker." According to one

self-proclaimed trekker, a trekker is interested in science fiction apart from Star Trek, whereas a trekkie is not. I just thought you'd like to know.

The convention has a definite science fiction content, apart from Star Trek. Many of the films being shown such as *Forbidden Planet* and *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, are science fiction convention standards. Writer Harlan Ellison wrote only one Star Trek script, and Gor-

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PANDEMONIUM

This paper is founded by your Student Union for your enjoyment and as a medium of dialogue and information. We are looking for contributions, so, if you want to write, or do anything connected with the paper, please, please, drop into the Student Union Office.

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At home with the tube:

nothing new

Recently, I have purchased an occasional bottle of Coke in the titanic 1.5 litre size. Not only have I found that it is difficult to pour from this bottle without spilling at least some of the bottle's contents, but also I have found that if you lay the bottle on its side, it has a definite tendency to leak all over your fridge.

A friend mistakenly picked up a bottle for me the other day, as I refuse to buy this particular size. After the bottle was shaken just a miniscule amount, it literally exploded, sending the contents all over my ceiling, three out of four of the kitchen walls and all over myself. Personally, I would recommend this bottle to my worst enemy.

You're getting ready to watch that favorite modern classic that you've been looking forward to for so long. Reposed in a peaceful position with a bowl of munchies, the mood grows tense with anticipation. The lion's gusty roar resonates, causing you to realize that this semi-obnoxious device is probably disturbing your roommate, your parents, your cat, or even the little old lady downstairs.

Not wishing to be vexed with streams of "Turn that bloody idiot box down!", and cognizant of what could be an unpleasant circumstance, you make the sacrifice and adjust the volume for the hour or so of amicable oblivion.

The first climactic juncture is reached and by the small flashing square in the upper right corner, it is obvious that movie's plot is due for an abrupt interruption. The relatively smooth flow is breached and some sly hawk begins to tout the virtues of a variety of different products. "Hi! My name is Mr. Believe-You-Me Normal, and if you want to be just like me, you'd better use Deception Mouth Waste. Because, if you don't, your wife will divorce you, your kids will hate you, you'll lose your job and die of loneliness withing the week! The choice is yours, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Gullible-Citizen."

Even before the first trafficker is finished the pitch it becomes painfully evident that your tv's volume has been mysteriously increased. Running like a rabbit, you readjust the volume just in time to be treated to a visual carnage that rivals the antics of the little housepainter from Vienna. It's an ad for Splash and the Holocaust Cat. Right before your eyes, you are bestowed the honour of seeing at least three terrible accidents. Pretty cameos from a current movie that promises to give the viewer the thrill of seeing at least twenty quarts of blood being spilled. Where's Judy LaMarsh and her Commission on Violence in the Media when you need them?

After at least one more of these semi-toxic messages, your movie finally returns. But wait! The volume has magically diminished. This is probably due to the fact that the commercials were turned up to get your attention. Somewhat bemused and miffed, you once again extricate yourself from your creature comforts to do some more fine tuning.

Finally, you relax and sink back into the celluloid spell and your mind concentrates on the plot. Enjoyment is yours until the segment where he (the hero) tries to make love to her (the heroine) in the back seat of a Honda Civic. Just as he gets his leg caught under the front seat and the car starts to roll backwards toward an ill-placed hydrant, the little obnoxious dot reappears. Not only are they cutting to a commercial but they're also cutting one of the best parts, because it showed a little bit of tit.

The tube starts blaring again and you are presented with a gaggle of young men who are built like brick shirt houses. These young swains parade single file down a runway, fashion show style. The crowd watching this performance consists of little ladies from Middle America delighted with this glimpse of firm young flesh. Mulling over the irony of the situation, you once again scramble for the volume dial.

Naturally, the foregoing sitcom-like circumstances are manufactured, but really, they are less contrived than the commercials themselves. Certainly not all stations indulge in this borderline practice; in fact, it might well be that this interference is accidental. Therefore, if you doubt the accuracy of this article, perhaps you should engage in a little research yourself.

Some of you may well feel that this sort of gimmick is perfectly acceptable, however, there should be no question in anyone's mind that a good number of commercials border on and sometimes cross the fringes of morality. At this point a good number of you, the readers, are probably shaking your heads and saying to yourselves, "Commercials have always been commercials, so what's new?" To put it simply, not much except that the ads are more sophisticated. Somehow, "You've come a long way baby" truly has a sorrowfully hollow ring to it!

Children are still being subjected to cruel disappointments through toy ads which, at best, can only aid in the education of the young to the fact that the world is filled with deceptions and follies. The case becomes even more alarming and disturbing when one considers some parents' reactions to the situation. A fair number of petulant parents protest tv violence and sex with

great passion. These same parents passively accept deception, intimidation, sexual innuendoes, violence, etc. in commercials. Sure there are Consumer Groups and Government Agencies trying to rectify this sad state, but they are not getting the necessary support from you and me.

In case you need a few examples to give testimony to the aforementioned fact, consider the following:

- A)Coke's commercial with the strangely familiar looking object
- B)Alpo's 100% beef, not a speck of cereal, soya and other minerals added; Am. Heritage Dictionary, soybean-asian bean
- C)McDonald's 100% beef; but beef from what part of the animal?
- D)A good and helpful mother suggests Somnax for those nights when you can't sleep. Under Ontario Health Regulations, Somnax is labelled as a poison
- E)Bad breath can catch you off guard, and that can be embarrassing. Next time you visit the dentist, ask him about the effectiveness of mouth waster
- F)My wife is the perfect stereotype thanks to Regurgitol
- G)Those rather Freudian Cherry Blossom lips licking a gushing creamy confection

If you still need more proof, take the case of a diabetic who tried a certain diet product. The individual in question carefully checked the listed ingredients to ensure that no sugar was used in the product. Turns out that the product did contain sucrose, which, in fact, is a type of sugar, as is dextrose, corn syrup sweetness, and several other compounds.

There are, of course, alternatives to this situation such as Educational Television or the semi-futuristic concept known as Pay TV. Two options that I would like to suggest are:

- 1)an innovation in domestic hygiene, a combination toilet and colour TV which would allow you to defecate on it when it defecates on you
- 2)due to the tremendous amount of commercials we are subjected to, perhaps the multi-national corporations should donate a television set to all consumers.

Union to decentralise

In an attempt to reach more students in more ways, the Student Union is attempting a degree of decentralization by the creation of Divisional Unions. The Student Union has allocated \$3.00 per student, and the funds will be distributed on a per capita basis for Divisions. Programs within the Division will not be funded on a per capita basis but on the basis of projects. It is the responsibility of Programs wishing to have a Union to elect officers, have a constitution and a budget to work within. The budget must be approved by the Student Union

and it is through the Student Union that all monies will be requisitioned. There will be a cut-off date for the formation of the Unions, probably around mid-January. After this date, remaining monies earmarked for the Unions may be given to existing Unions if they request them.

The Unions have been created in part to fund specialized activities which the Student Union would not normally fund, because they would appeal to too small a group of people. Some ideas for Union projects are conferences which deal with the Union's field of endeavour, speakers,

field trips which are not required academically, newsletters, displays to the public and social functions. Detailed guidelines for social functions are being generated at the moment. There are a few restrictions, such as the fact that the Student Union will not fund activities for which there are provisions in the master budget. For example, the Student Union would not fund the showing of a film. The Student Union is, however, very responsive to student's interests in the areas covered by its master budget, so if you got, say fifty people to indicate

(in writing) they wanted to see a particular film or band, it is likely that the Student Union would fulfill that desire. (There are obvious limitations; even if you come up with the names of two hundred and fifty people who want to see the Rolling Stones, you will be told to come back when you're sober.)

The Division Unions are a great opportunity not only to initiate worthwhile opportunities in your Programme, but also to help create a sense of community. So please feel free to come up to the Student Union Office, D235, for information,

HUMBER COLLEGE ATHLETIC AND RECREATION DEPARTMENT

DEPARTMENTAL PHILOSOPHY

The aims and objectives of the Athletic and Recreation Department are to provide a complete cross-section of activities that will appeal to the needs and interests of students whether they are competitive or leisure oriented.

Competitive programs are centred around Ontario Colleges Athletic Association competition and intramural league or tournament sports, encouraging the involvement of participants with varying degrees of skill.

Activities are generally league oriented, allowing for limited participation later on in life. Therefore, in keeping with the trend toward more leisure time, a major objective of the department is to provide carry-over activities of an individual nature.

RECREATIONAL INTRAMURALS

Recreational Intramurals are leisure oriented with "fun and enjoyment" being the key words. Eg. No awards, no officials etc. Whether at a league or leisure level, participation is encouraged no matter what skill level the individual might be at.

The program is largely recreational in nature and does not involve an extensive time commitment.

Participation is open to any and all full-time students and all staff who are athletic card members.

COMPETITIVE INTRAMURALS

Competitive Intramurals are more formal in nature. Eg. highly organized; officials; standings; awards. Competition at this level involves more time and effort than the recreational intramurals program, it however is more recreational and less of a commitment than the inter-collegiate program.

Participation is open to any and all full-time students and all staff who are athletic card members.

INSTRUCTION

Instructional Programs are offered by the Athletic and Recreation Department and the Centre for Continuous Learning in order to provide some education in an athletic activity which may be carried into later life. These programs are taught throughout the year by top quality instructors and are open to all students, staff, and the community providing the appropriate instructional fee is paid.

Further information may be obtained from the Centre for Continuous Learning Office regarding starting dates and times, location and the course fee.

CLUBS

Activity Clubs are largely recreational in nature. An instructor/coordinator is available during club hours to give instruction and to assist in arranging competition among the participants.

Membership in these clubs is open to all students, staff, and the community. Designated membership fees are appropriated on an individual club basis.

INTERCOLLEGIATE

Intercollegiate competition at Humber College is based upon the premise of participation for enjoyment and personal satisfaction rather than the serious business of winning. If one is able to accept both victory and defeat graciously, then one has acquired greater success in his or her personal achievements.

To be eligible for intercollegiate participation one must be a full time student in good standing at Humber College of Applied Arts and Technology, who has paid the appropriate activity fee, normal to his program of studies, which allows for participation in the full student activities program. He or she may then participate in all events sanctioned by the Association on behalf of Humber College.

The Ontario Colleges Athletics Association (O.C.A.A.) provides competition for the students of the twenty-two member colleges in a wide variety of team and individual sports.

SU sets up reserve fund

In the few years that the Student Union has been in existence, its activity fee allocation has remained at a fairly steady 58%, its revenue only increasing as the student population increased although its services have not expanded tremendously but have also become more sophisticated as the failures and successes of one year have floated into the next.

It is with the background information in mind that I now inform you that the Unions of past years, through good management and plan-

ning have succeeded in reserving approximately \$100,000. During the past summer the Student Union has been gathering data and compiling a brief and a proposal on capital expenditure. The brief outlines five different options which are: residence, gymnasium, arts centre, student centre and a swimming pool, as isolated by referendum and surveys in 1971, 1972, and 1974. The brief also gives details of methodologies and feasibility studies and concludes with the most feasible project.

The word feasible is not only

defined as financial feasibility but also in catering to student needs and requirements.

Though the brief and proposal are not yet ready for distribution the committee has set its heart on a student centre - athletic facility building. Naturally this is subject to approval by you the students (and the Board of Governors).

Not wanting to break tradition the report will be ready in the next decade or in a few weeks, whichever comes first, and at that time you will all be called upon to cast your vote.

Blind Magic on the Humber

by TED SCHMIDT

Even a fairly prolific writer, which I am not, faces a difficult dilemma when it comes to writing a bio on a close friend. Due to this circumstance I have spent many an agonizing hour trying to come forth with an adequate description that would introduce you to this truly gifted individual whose name is Paul Till.

As with a number of other subject matters, this abbreviated biography would be effortless if I employed a critical vein, as it is so much easier to criticize. However, such an invention would leave a superfluous understanding, and therefore, would be an injustice not only to Paul, but to you, the reader.

My acquaintanceship with Paul began during my voluntary incarceration with the Student Union. My initial encounter was when Paul approached me regarding the possibility of his involvement with the Union as a Creative Arts Representative. From the instant he introduced himself, I became fascinated with his demeanor and his individuality.

Unfortunately, due to a variety of factors, I failed to have any further contact with Paul for several months. After a relatively short hiatus, Paul and I started to work on a couple of projects and it was at this juncture that I really had the occasion to get an in-depth feeling for Paul and his many accomplishments, which I shall now relate to you.

Born in Northern London (England), Paul and his parents made their home in Toronto when he was in his primary years. His childhood was the usual run-of-the-mill type of an unspectacular variety. It wasn't until Paul was entrenched in the Secondary School System that the chevrons of semi-insanity (individuality of a humourist fashion), began to shimmer and shine. It was at this interval that Paul became associated with an intriguing collection of young political animators known affectionally as the "Birthday Party"

The Birthday Party was typical of the rebellious '60's, except it seemed to have a strong element of Monty Pythonish satire attached to it, and general idealistic silliness. The Party had a nasty habit of parodying and lampooning some of the York Mills Collegiate's most cherished traditions, i.e. a football pep rally, which they managed to turn into a shambles. Due to this and other incidents of semi-insanity, Paul almost got himself punched up on more than one occasion. While his high school antics were not truly remarkable, it did provide an opportunity for Paul to express and nurture his acidic humour and manner as well as serving notice on Toronto that they had an artist madman in their midst, bent on entertaining segments of the masses in unconventional avenues.

Snared in the middle classes and convictions, Paul allowed himself to be enmeshed in the intellectual quagmire of U of T. Majoring in the Liberal Arts format, Paul quickly grew disillusioned and disgruntled with the academic mausoleum and left for a more earthly atmosphere after one year of studies. During the freedom at university, he was bestowed the freedom to further ply his

latent talents in the fields of writing and photography through his functions as a major contributor to his college newspaper, *Gargoyle*. He also served as the Treasurer for the Union after his predecessor was jailed on fraud charges.

After a year of what he considered mediocrity in education, Paul came to Humber and enrolled in Photography. Within a period of one year, Paul

ability with... "if this travesty has success it'll be magic--blind Paul Till is neither blind nor entertaining."

A typical Till lyric is:

**i left an a-bomb in a coin locker
but the key i forgot to take
someone went and pushed the button**



with his many talents has gained a fairly high degree of acceptance, not only for his achievements in photography as an art form, but also for his endeavours in creative writing. His relatively lengthy list of fruitions includes:

1. Norma Epstein Memorial (U of T)
2. Selection of his photographic work for Dylan's Blood on the Tracks album
3. Coven Arts Award, 1st
4. Student Union Arts Festival, 3rd
5. CHUM's Monty Python contest

Two aspects that have not been touched in this bio are a) his latent musical ability or disability and b) a more in-depth insight into this gifted individual's character. Caught in the enthusiastic upsurge of the Beatle-Dylan epoch, Paul entered the scene under the title *Blind Magic Paul Till*. Although his musical talents are basically used for his personal enjoyment and entertainment, Paul makes a yearly appearance at the Mariposa Folk Festival. After hearing such a performance, famed music critic "Butcher" Kreiger summarized Paul's

that was my first mistake

**yes i always did live my life so easy
looking for an easy break
but friends you cannot live
your lives like that
that was my first mistake**

Other titles are *honeymoon heartbreak*, *skeletons of rust against a photographic sky*, *killer gypsy*, *noble gases blue and child of the night*.

Finally, Mr. Till can be best described as a semi-lunatic whose physical features tend to make him resemble a carrot with a blonde mop. His blunt and scare till you get to know him. However, once your initial contact has been established, Paul's mannerisms become refreshing, due to his honesty and sincerity. These tendencies are also visible in his artistic achievements.

While I am not an art critic, you can count me as one of the loyal fans of Paul's work.

Pub Talk-ideas for improvement

Well, it looks like the Pub may have a new look this year after all. This new look would certainly become evident as one approaches the confines of the Pub and is confronted not by a hulking overweight doorman, but rather by a cute charming young hostess. Yep, the old bouncer concept at the Pub has become another aftermath of modern advanced technology and the road has been paved of female maitre-d's to comply with your every whim. However, girls, don't be alarmed as there will still be a sufficient number of male staff strolling around who can easily be identified by the new Pub uniforms which will be put on display for the first time ever on opening night. Prices at the Pub are the same as last year. However, you can look

forward to more updated music, better food selection and above all entertainment that will far surpass that of last year.

Under the guiding light of Simon Benadiba, our new Pub manager, patrons can expect a more diversified selection of food products as we are now being supplied with sandwiches, pastries and exotic foods from the little old sandwich maker from up the street.

Our entertainment manager, Dave Edmonds, has already contracted such notable groups as Rough Trade and the Good Brothers, and negotiations are currently in progress to bring on our stage even bigger and brighter groups. The dance floor has not been enlarged, however, as we feel that a certain amount of contact between the two sexes is

necessary to produce that certain feeling of togetherness.

Along with these new Pub innovations, certain changes in the operating of the Pub will be introduced. The self-serve bar for example, will continue to be used this year. However, there will be several Pub staff stationed in the bar area who will assist patrons in transporting larger orders of beer and liquor to their tables. The previous year's procedure of entering and exiting by the same door has been changed in an attempt to relieve the congestion that has a tendency to develop with such a system. This year there will be one entrance door and one exit door and it will be required that they be used as such. Another reason for introducing this system was the past congestion associated with the male

contingency's inability to make the long hike to the mens' room within the time limit specified by the bladder-kidney system. Small puddles were found in the hallways leading to the men's washroom on the morning after, and, in order to avoid the development of a river formation, it was felt that an exit door should be placed as close to the mens' room as possible.

Several other minor changes have been introduced of which patrons will become aware when attending the Pub. Hopefully, these changes will benefit the Pub stragglers and make the evenings all the more enjoyable. So come on in and have a beer or Scotch on the rocks, and enjoy what could be one of the most pleasant ventures of the upcoming year.

The Canada Cup hockey series will be televised at all wine and cheese parties as well as at all pubs.

orientation

By the time this paper is in your possession, Orientation will be almost over--however, there are still more treats in store for you. A look at the walls and hand-outs etc., will provide you with the necessary information regarding remaining events, i.e.-- contests concerts, activities, etc.

The members of your Student Union both individually and collectively have expended a great deal of energy attempting to ensure that you have had some 'good times' and perhaps learned a thing or two in the process. Naturally, "the best laid plans of mice and men often go up in smoke", so you'll have to forgive us if some of the events appeared to be haphazard and sloppy. Remember, it takes a tremendous effort to run such an ambitious undertaking. In any case we sincerely hope that you've had a fine time. Remember to stay tuned for more Student Union Spectaculars coming up. Winter Carnival, Arts and Crafts Display and Sale, plus much more.

Wednesday, September 15

Shopping Cart Race--concourse--noon--prizes

Magician--Dicky Dean--will perform in the Lecture Theatre at 1:00 and 3:00 pm

Free Movie--Monty Python and the Holy Grail--Lecture Theatre--3:30 and 7:30 pm

Wine and Cheese-- Applied Arts Division--4:00 till 10:00

--all students and faculty from Applied Arts are welcome--Student Union Lounge

Thursday, September 16

Egg Toss--grab a partner and see how far you can throw--without breaking the egg!

Amphitheatre--noon--Prizes

Potato, Wheelbarrow and Three-Legged Races-- Amphitheatre--1:00 pm--Prizes

Pub--Student Union Lounge--4:00 till 10:00 pm--featuring Rough Trade

Friday, September 17

Frisbee Tournament--come a test your skills--front entrance--noon--Prizes

Banana Eating Contest--concourse--1:00 pm--Prizes

Pub--Student Union Lounge--7:00 till 1:00--featuring Rough Trade

Free Movie--And Now For Something Completely Different--Lecture Theatre--7:30 pm

*The combat zone of this
phony war has been drawn up
between the world's two most powerful Cola armies,
Pepsi and Coke....*

Playing with Pop guns

by Ted Schmidt

The Pepsi Generation, or those who are soft drink aficionados in general, will have probably noticed a so-called consumer war raging during the past few months. The combat zone of this "Phony War" or "Sitzkrieg" has been drawn up between the world's two most powerful cola armies, Pepsi and Coke.

These two soda legions have been conducting their war on two fronts, commercials and prices. The Pepsi ads we've been treated to display some merry-andrew who is a reported Coke drinker discovering that he likes Pepsi better. Pepsi's chest beating has included a heavy artillery approach to pricing, the "CHALLENGE Price". This extensive price undercutting has been a nice bonus to consumers but probably won't last much longer.

On the other hand, the "Mad. Ave." approach taken by Coke has been much more conservative and has mainly focused on the reduced rates. Clearly, Pepsi is bent on a more belligerent offensive. The real puzzler is why Pepsi is in open warfare with its longstanding rival.

At first glance, one would suspect that Pepsi is either trying to gain the crown as the King of Colas, or that Coke has made swift and silent inroads into Pepsi's territory. While both these possibilities might have merit, there is a third and much more logical possibility to explain this strange corporate behaviour.

Several years ago a carbonated drink outfit started on a relatively small and insignificant scale. This little company was, and is known as the Pop Shoppe. Its gimmicks are low cost, a variety of flavours, and convenience in an age where the consumer will walk miles for a bargain.

The Pop Shoppe, of course, has its imitators, always ready to compete with the originator of an innovative idea. Rumour has it that even the giants of the beverage industry are arming themselves to enter the marketplace with marketing techniques similar to those the Pop Shoppe has made so popular.

The aforementioned "giant killer" has grown from a tiny fry into a threatening octopus. Its tentacles have now spread throughout Canada and are beginning to squirm their way into the U.S. All this is naturally to the mutual chagrin of Coke and Pepsi.

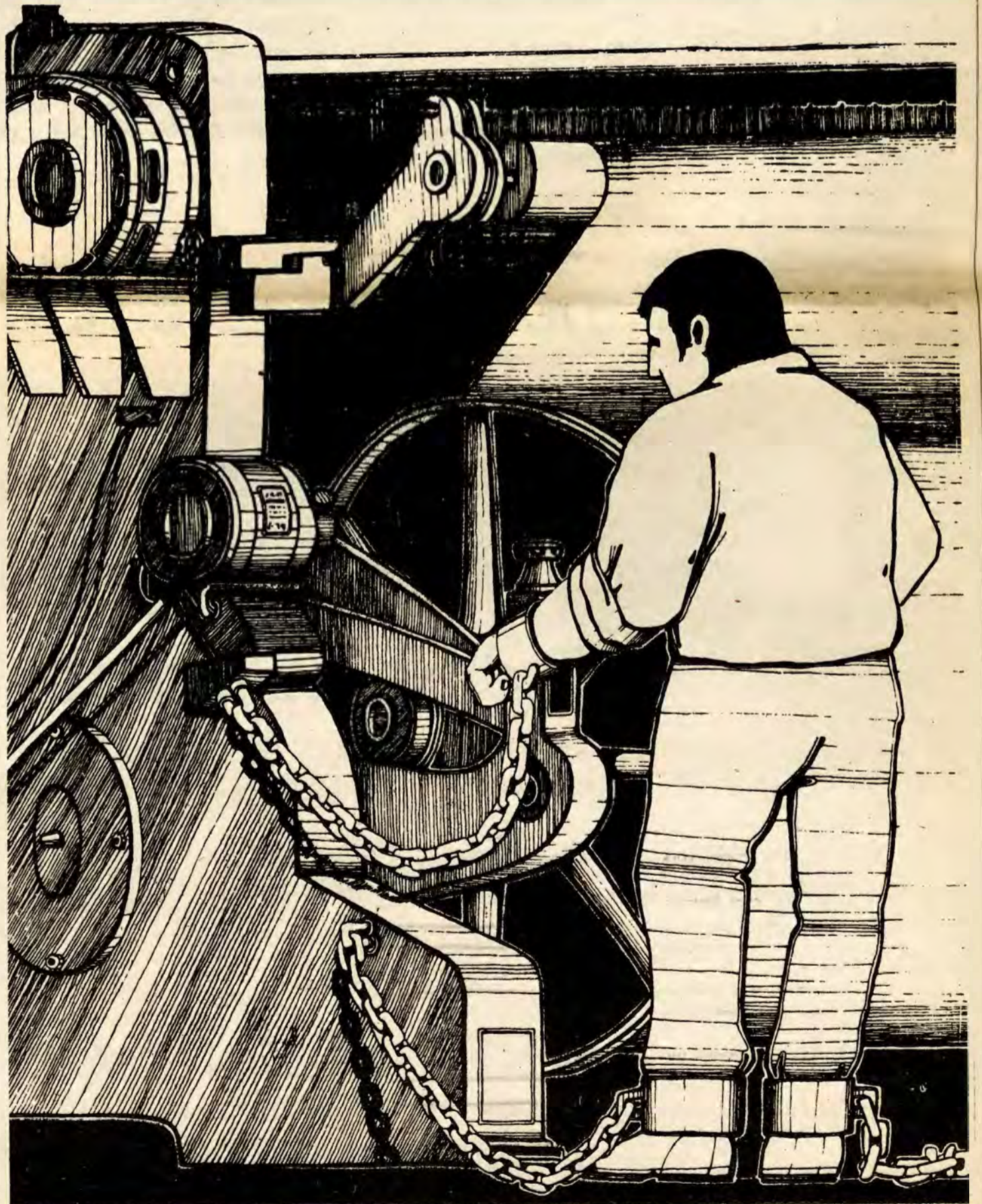
Pepsi and Coke have virtually controlled the market for decades. During this time, both companies seem to have been relatively content with their respective shares of the fizzy drink dollar. Thus, it would seem to make little sense for them to engage in a course of action that might well end up in an escalating conflict. It's highly probable that this "Phony War" exists solely for the purpose

of securing the Canadian market. In other words, scared by the new-fangled marketing techniques of Pop Shoppe and its peers, the giants are staging this sophisticated series of marketing techniques to lure old and potential customers back to the fold. Isn't competition fun?

Two facts that support the "let's hit the new boys where it hurts and go

back to the yesterdays of just you and me" idea are:

1. the ad campaign has been geared for the Canadian market (the home base of Pop Shoppe), and
2. while Pepsi ads have fired salvos at Coke, in doing so they have mentioned and shown their supposed competition! Aren't corporate politics great?



Trekkies in a world their own

from page 1

don Dickson and Hal Clement wrote none. Hal Clement said he would like to write one when Star Trek comes on again. **When, not if,** is the central part of the Star Trek cult. The original series has been off the air for eight years, but is being constantly rerun. A Star Trek cartoon with good stories, considering the half-hour length, good artwork and typically lousy Saturday morning animation, lasted one season. Short stories from the cartoons and TV shows have been published, as have a novel, a number of books about the making of Star Trek, and now, a book of original short stories by Star Trek fans. In addition to these, there are a large number of Star Trek fanzines. A feature length film is also in the works.

I found the costume show dull. The highlight was the division in which people did presentations.



Costume contest Harlan Ellison



James Doohan--"Scotty"

It featured a lady from New-York dressed up as a Romulan commander telling a Romulan joke about officers of the Enterprise riding on a camel in the desert. The costumes did not seem to be up to the standards of a larger science fiction convention. I was surprised to find that a fellow who looked suitably arrogant as a Vegan ground soldier did not win a prize. In all honesty, I left before the Star Trek category came on, because I felt my soul could not withstand viewing a large number of variously shaped people portraying Kirk, Spock, Uhura et al.

The art show is quite good. It features the work of Kelly Freas and many lesser known artists, whose work ranged from excellent to very bad.

In accordance with the Bureau's prime directive, I did not go to parties and get drunk, which may be the

main point of conventions in general.

The stars of the show got up in a big room and told anecdotes about the making of Star Trek and signed autographs and answered questions.

The writers sat in smaller rooms, told anecdotes, answered questions, and signed autographs. They and other invited guests participated in panels on topics such as "Can you change the future?", "Star Trek and science fiction fandom", "Costume design", "Getting started in writing or art", and "Past and future weapons design". I caught this last one and found it stupid and very disgusting. It concerned cutting and impaling weapons. Quotes such as "it's a lovely weapon", in reference to a device with which you can bludgeon, spear, slash, meat hook or throw into somebody abounded.

I sold some photographs of various Star Trek space ships over

various Toronto land marks. Noble Gases and myself, Event Horizon, staged an elaborate photo essay on the bridge of the Enterprise.

I drank a glass of the ice water which was everywhere at the convention. The temporary culture, so singular and totally outside normal society, is fading fast. Perhaps in a few hotel rooms it will continue well into the night, but most are making their way home, by plane or car or subway. For a while, they had their own universe, where they fit perfectly into the mental ecology, where people liked them, not laughed at them, for caring what the history of the planet Vulcan or the structure of the United Federation of Planets was. The convention is over, but there will be another one soon and then another one. And in between, there are the mimeographed fanzines. They've got their own universe. I want one too.



L to R, George Takei, James Doohan, D C Fontana, Bio Trimble, Hal Clement

A message from



This year, along with its regular activities, the Student Union has set up a number of services that are happening for the first time. But first, let's talk about some of the services that we've run in past years, and how some of these have changed.

Our pubs are operating during the same hours as last year, 4 to 8 on Tuesday and Thursday and 7 to 1 on Friday, with live entertainment on Thursday and Friday. The regulations are the same as they were last year. For example, there is a 100 guest limit on Friday night and each student may bring only one guest.

This year, free movies will be running in the lecture theatre at 3:30 and 7:30 on Wednesdays, and different features will be running on Fridays at 7:30. The reason for showing the movies on Fridays is to cut down on the crowds at Friday's pub, and to provide an alternate activity for students.

For general legal advice we will be running our legal aid service in the Student Union Office (D235) again this year, although we do not know yet what time or day of the week the lawyer will be here. Keep on the lookout for ads with the time and date.

The Humber Attractions Ticket Office (HATO) will be operating from the Student Union Office this year, instead of from the booth by the Bookstore. Anyone wanting tickets for an event can come up to the office and make a request, and we'll do our best to get them quickly.

The income tax service by accounting students from the division will be running in the month income tax returns are due. Students should look out for signs around tax time to find out where and at what time the service is happening.

One of the new services this year is the compulsory insurance plan for students which the Student Union is funding at 30¢ per student per month.

The plan provides benefits for accidental injuries (including dental), ambulance service, 80% of the cost of prescription drugs (to a maximum of \$1,000), accidental death, and a number of other things. Folders describing the plan in full should be out around the college this month. Reimbursement forms, as well as answers to any questions you may have about the plan, are available in the Student Union Office. It should be noted that students are covered only for the full months they are in school. We'd like to encourage every student to take full advantage of the plan.

Also new this year are the Division Unions. In the past couple of years, the college has grown tremendously and the Student Union has come to feel that a certain amount of decentralization is necessary. Each Division will be allocated \$3.00 per student on a per capita basis and the programs in the Division can set up their own unions and run viable activities. The Division Student Union reps will have the responsibility of ensuring that the Unions are a vital part of their particular division and that students are kept informed on a regular basis. We hope that students who are interested in Division Unions will come up to the Student Union Office for further assistance. The sort of activities we envision for the Division and Program Unions are interests that pertain to their particular division as the Student Union in the past has catered to general college interests rather than select groups.

Also beginning this year is our alumni funding which will basically work like club funding. We've set up an alumni committee which consists of the President Vice President, a number of members of the Student Union and representatives from alumni organizations already in existence. The function of the committee is to assist new alumni groups in a number of ways, such as examining budgets before final approval by the council, exchanging information on activities and general assistance. The Student Union feels that the alumni's are very valuable organizations as they provide students with useful information upon graduation, what courses in the program proved to be valuable and which did not, and so on.

m your president

Two major programs that the Student Union runs every year are Winter Carnival and Orientation. Hopefully by the time you are reading this, you are already familiar with the Orientation Program. We hope that it assists you in feeling your way around the college and getting to know some of the many faces. Part of the Orientation Program is the Student Union handbook. We'd like to encourage all students to read it and carry it around with them, as it contains valuable information, not only on the Student Union and its services, but also on academic regulations and the academic and administrative sections of the college. It also gives a short account of a few of the resources of Toronto, dining places, movie theatres, libraries, etc. We feel the handbook was well done this year and we hope that students will enjoy it.

Our Winter Carnival runs for two weeks at the beginning of February. It's in the middle of the winter semester when things are a little dull. It's usually a successful event and makes for an entertaining social happening.

Clubs, of course, are running again this year and there's almost sure to be one that interests you. But if not, and you are interested in starting a club, come on up to the Student Union Office for information on how to get your club going and funded and how to keep it going.

During the year, we also have a number of social activities, such as free concerts and arts festivals. Look around for signs to find out what's happening. The Arts Festival was initiated last year on quite a small scale. We hope that it will grow much larger this year. Students can enter works in any one of a number of different areas such as writing, photography, sculpture, painting, and musical composition, amongst others and the best entries will receive impressive prizes. Academics is the reason you are here and we feel that you should get some recognition for your achievements.

An additional service (for the first time) is a car pool. It will probably be situated by the Humburger, where students who have cars and wish to offer rides and students needing rides can leave information so that they can negotiate. We hope students make use of the service.

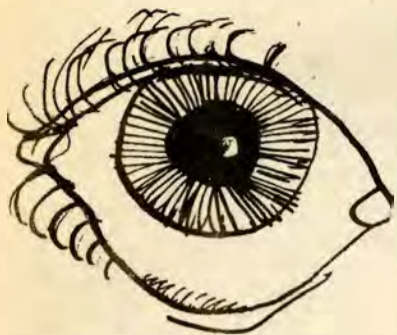
With the introduction of paid parking this year, and the TTC running only one line into the college, getting to school has become quite a heavy problem. For this reason, a few of the student governments of the colleges and universities in the Toronto area are now preparing a brief to the TTC requesting a seasonal student pass. The pass will cost less and it will eliminate the problem of obtaining bus tickets. The Student Union would administer the plan from its offices. Further information on our process will be available at a later date.

We feel that one of the most important new things that the Student Union is doing this year is putting out this monthly newspaper that you are now reading Pandemonium. Right now we're hoping to find students interested in writing for it and making it a viable newspaper, not only for the provision of information about the college, but also about the Toronto area in general. If you have any questions, criticisms, ideas or are interested in writing, photography, or working on the newspaper in any way, please come up and see us at the Student Union Offices. We'd really like to see you.

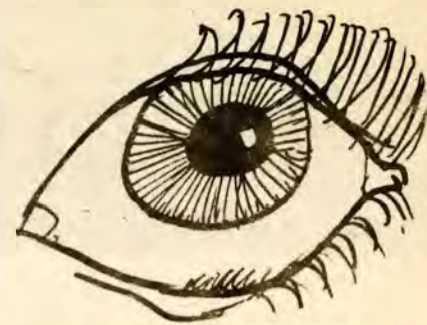
Finally, I'd like to welcome all the students to Humber, both new and returning. We hope you come up and see us with any of your problems, criticisms or suggestions, in the Student Union Office, D235. We'd be more than pleased to help out. We hope to make this year's Student Union a part of every student's year at Humber. I'd like to wish you all a very good year, both academically and socially.

molly pellecchia





Film Previews



Monty Python and the Holy Grail (September 15) This, the Python gang's second film, is a hilarious retelling of the legend of the Knights of the Round Table's quest for the Holy Grail, from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper. As well as abounding with such humorous non-sequiturs as "We don't have a king, we're an anarchist commune," with beautiful sets and photography it depicts the middle ages much as one would have imagined them to be ("How do you know he's a king?" "He's the only one not covered with shit!").

And Now For Something Completely Different (September 17) This is the first Monty Python film. It is made up of sketches from their television series. They were refilmed and in some cases rewritten. If you've never experienced "Pythomania" this is a good time to develop it, and if you have then there's no need to tell you to see this film!

Day of the Locust (September 22) Many said that Nathaniel West's scathing novel about Hollywood could not successfully be brought to the screen, but script writer Waldo Stuart and director John Schlesinger have succeeded remarkably well. This film depicts the Hollywood of the 1930's as a little corner of Hell with a set of unique damned souls. As the film reveals, what appears to be the road to success may be the road to the apocalypse.

Nashville (September 24) This is a gigantic slice of life from America's music capitol. The 24 "stars" combine to tell director

Robert Altman's view of American life in the 1970's. They're all there from the asshole country rock musician to an established country star falling to pieces, to a crazed assassin. Perhaps the most touching performance is by Lily Tomlin as a singer whose children are deaf.

Electra-Glide in Blue (September 29) The classic police motorcycle picture depicting as it does sudden and terrible violence against the background not of some war torn country but the landscapes which we travel every day. The almost poetic photography only serves to enhance the overpowering message of the film--the police are the police and they exist for a very real reason.

Fantastic Planet (October 1) This film proves that an adult cartoon need not be X-rated and that the cartoon is the ideal medium not only for a satire of the world as it is, but also for the depiction of whole new worlds, which can point out completely new possibilities for us all. The film depicts a world in which the human-like omns are kept as pets by gigantic creatures called droogs. This is the tale of the omn's revolt, led by Terre who has had access to the learning machines of the droogs.

Young Frankenstein (October 6) Mel Brooks' most together film to date, perhaps because it is based on a well established story, Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. Brook's love of the genre is established by his use of many of the cinematic techniques of the '30's, as well as his use of black and white film. In fact the lab set used in the film is the same set

as was used in the classic 1931 film **Frankenstein**.

The Holy Mountain (October 13) This film has been described as a "surrealistic tour de force" by famed New York film critic, W. G. Cark. "Alexander Jodorowsky has outdone himself," wrote F. G. Stevens in England's influential **Today's Cinema**. The plot of the film concerns itself with five planets of the solar system and the products they produce, but on another level it is a striking indictment of over-specialization and dehumanization in today's fast paced society.

El Topo (October 15) Alexander Jodorowsky's allegorical western which takes place in the desolate and beautiful deserts of Mexico. The diseased, the crippled, the sadistic all revolve around that central symbol of the Americas, the revolver. It is this symbol which transforms seemingly random acts of violence into a systemization of the bizarre.

A Touch of Class (October 20) Glenda Jackson superbly portrays a dress designer's amorous hi-jinks with her lover George Segal. In the background is her boring husband, as a constant counterpoint to the alternately joyous and despairing love affair.

The Conformist (October 22) This film reproduces the Italy and France of the 1930's with an unsurpassed splendor. It is the tale of a young man whose attachment to convention is the cause for his corruption. He is assigned by the Fascists to go to France and murder a university professor. The young man combines the mission with his honeymoon.

Up and Coming Bands

Rough Trade (September 16 & 17) Rough Trade's lead singer, pseudo-vamp Caroline Pope [seen on the cover of this issue], sends up today's sexual aesthetic with numbers such as **Song for my Pimp** and **Auto-Erotic Love**. On the musical side, Rough Trade is a talented rock band, with more stylistic diversity than most. After seeing this band, you'll never be able to take Mick Jagger seriously again.

Black Creek (September 23 & 24) Black Creek is a good-timey folk/rock/country band that's working its way to the top. Notable is the group's banjo work, for where so many groups today play at the banjo, this group approaches the instrument with both the depth of feeling and good humour that is required.

Fellowship (September 30 & October 1) Fellowship serves up a pleasing mixture of disco and rock. At Attila's Cave they played up a storm and "everyone was up and dancing." Catch 'em while they're hot.



Fellowship

The Lisa Hartt Band (October 7 & 8) Led by the lovely, lively, lead singer Lisa Hartt, this band brings you the best interpretations of modern music that you're likely to hear. Great for dancing. The intensity of Lisa's voice and indeed her superb vocal technique leads one to compare her to "the finest non-operatic voice in America," Grace Slick. Lisa loves her work and communicates it with every move she makes.

Hot Rocks (October 14 & 15) Just like its name says, this group "keeps you rockin' all the time." Since their early days they've attracted a small but enthusiastic following but now they're breaking out all over.

Coyote (October 21 & 22) Like their namesake, Coyote run wild and free over the windswept terrain of modern rock, but wherever they are you'll find good times and good dancing. You'll find good times and good dancing. You'll wonder where your blues went... but just look back at where your feet were.

Land of Mystic Wonder



Evidence of pre-Columbian civilization?

by Paul Till

O traveller, you who have grown tired of conventional enchantments: the pyramids of Egypt, the Acropolis of Athens, Niagra Falls, the CN Tower, Kodachrome, American beer, Mitchum anti-perspirant; see Humber College....and die.

Upon entrance, it will become apparent that the college was built and furnished in the heyday of Ontario's educational spending. At various points in the college are television screens which will tell you the date. Lovely chairs abound. Think you not to abscond with one for your lowly garret, for you will be in deep shit.

At the vast Pipe/Steakhouse food distribution complex, mechanisms are mounted upon the ceiling, which even the most noted of Humber's scholars find difficult to completely explain. However, it is rumoured in lost writings of the '60's that they're filled with enough dope to give a sperm whale the heebie-jeebies.

At the Learning Resources Centre (an arcane and esoteric name for a library), the wisdom of the ages is protected by a beam of light about eighteen inches from the ground, at the exit point. If you should attempt to lift a tome of learning without checking it out it is said that this beam will "cut your legs off so quickly it'll make a guillotine look like the Humber College Bookstore on September 9th." However, this rumour has never received reliable confirm

ation because the availability of books at the HLRC is something like that of a certain lady in a certain English folk song, who says, "If you cannot when you will sir, then you cannot when you can, then you're not a cannery at all, but more likely a Toronto Cigar Store."

Travellers returning to the College (or as some artists call it, the "col-

lage") will note that the enchanted elves have been busy during the summer months building walls where there were doors, halls where there were rooms and other things for all the administrators, who have been good little administrators over the past year. What the naughty landlords got is a point of contention. However, some may be teaching

from between walls this year.

Art lovers are well provided for in Humber College. As the end result of a long chain of falling dominoes, the McGuire art gallery has been turned into a photography studio. College President Gordon Wragg's office has one of the finest collections of kitsch art outside of

a Woolworth's store.

Around the college are machines which appear to have been built in Middle America during the classic Maya period. They seem to have no purpose but to swindle money from the unwary. They are called "pinballs". The expression seems to derive from an ancient Maya curse, "prickly f--cks".

In the extreme nether regions of the college, just beyond the "here be dragons" administration area, on the second floor, in D235, is located the Student Union. This organization can be of use to you through the means of belief or as theologians would have it, a "leap of faith". Events attributed to the Student Union occur with alarming regularity, but this is no real proof of existence, for many events at Humber occur without apparent cause.

However, perhaps the most mystic of the wonders at Humber College that have defied the incisive powers of the Toronto Catkillers' Metaphysical Society, are some of the courses at Humber, especially "electives" (perhaps a reference to a lost democratic procedure?) and "communications" (famed folk singer, Bob Dylan claimed to have flunked out of a communications course in 1960 for "phoning up every day and saying I couldn't come"). These courses may have had their origin in the orient. Indeed, taking the is remarkably like eating at a Chinese restaurant; take one from column A one from column B.....and half an hour after you've been to class, you're stupid again. At times I feel that if the quality of some of the "education" around is investigated I'm going to meet some familiar faces panhandling for a cup of coffee down on Queen Street. Why, I remember one tialkasdffisdhsogkrij

Editor's note: The manuscript breaks off here. It, along with all of Mr. Till's worldly effects [mostly dog-eared science fiction books] were delivered to us after he was found at the bottom of the Humber River wrapped in sleeping bags.



Another thief bites the ether

Homosexuality still a Problem

by Ted Schmidt

Personally, I find the types of criticism that were levelled against the College to be most objectionable, at least for the most part.

As Mr. Wragg stated, "So help me, Ted, it reminds me of when they used to burn witches. People just didn't know any better... so if you happen to be a homosexual, you're a witch!"

The conflict that arose from this issue is a rude reminder that at least some Canadians have their minds entrapped by rigid out-moded morals of Victorian times.

The basic thrust of the course is aimed towards professional groups, i.e. social workers, religious leaders, and the police, who need to have information and an understanding concerning homosexuality and its ramifications. In addition, the course is intended to afford homosexuals with a deeper insight into this sociological study. Obviously, the offering of this course is not intended to either turn Humber into a club for homosexuals or promote homosexuality, only an understanding of it.

On August 5th, the Neighbourhood Learning Center Brochure and a covering Public Service Announcement was issued to all the media. On August 6th, A Public Service Announcement giving a resume of A **Sociology of Homosexuality** Course was issued in a similar fashion. The preceding events were quickly followed by a gushing stream of newspaper articles. The media's interest centered around the implementation of the aforementioned controversial course. This class was scheduled to begin September 27th, at Runnymede Collegiate.

This contentious issue was published by such newspapers as the Star, Sun Canadian Press and others. Following publication, Humber received a raft of correspondence both protesting and pro the development of such a course.

During this time span President Wragg and Professor Earl Reidy (course teacher) came under sever fire and extreme pressure bent on the cancellation of the course was exerted. All administrative parties concerned decided to keep with their original stance and the course will proceed as planned.

The study of the homosexual is regarded as a perfectly legitimate concern of sociology. Besides, Humber is not the only post-secondary institution to offer classes in this area. York University for example has a course entitled, "Gay Living and Liberation", which is taught by Professor J. Lee. The instruction of "Gay Living" no more makes York a den of iniquity than "A Sociology of Homosexuality" makes Humber.

A course on this subject matter no more promotes certain ideologies than a course in nuclear physics promotes nuclear war, or a course on drug addiction encourages the use of drugs. Perhaps the real problem, if there is a problem, lies with the general public and not, as a number of people believe, with the homosexuals themselves.

While I find that I cannot always agree with the College's policies, I laud and sincerely congratulate the Continuous Learning personnel, President Wragg, Mr. Reidy, the Board of Governors and others involved for their courageous and wise stance.

Cultural Retrospects

Caesar's Palace

by Ted Schmidt

Unfortunately, one will find that there are far too few prudently priced bistros featuring fine food in this, the remote reaches of Etobicoke. Of course, there is an assortment of semi-pretentious restaurants one can imbibe at. These exhalted noscheries tender a polished ambiance with equally exclusive and polished prices.

One of the more delightful anomalies to this precept is a bistro known as Caesar's Palace. Situated at 2530 Finch Avenue East, this eatery features a fairly complete offering of caloric delicacies of Italian origin.

Externally, the place is inclined to resemble your regular standard plaza fare. However, on the inside the premises are the epitome of reason and immaculacy. These aesthetic ingredients make Caesar's Palace the class of place one is only too happy to eat at.

The decor is of a relatively modern nature and is typified by such items as checkered tablecloths, thick plush carpeting, tudor beams, intrinsically intimate illumination and seating, lofty ceilings and other decorations that will please the eye. While the decor may not be up to your tastes, one must remember you don't eat the walls, tables or other ornamentation!

The cuisine one is treated to includes such options as spaghetti, fettucine, rigattoni. These entrees are available with tomato sauce, meat sauce, meat balls and spicy Italian Sausage. The spicy meat sausage alternative is by far the tastiest and most toothsome. Prices for these dishes range from \$3.25 to \$4.00 for

spaghetti and rigattoni, and fettucine running \$3.50 to \$4.25. Additional fare worthy of consideration are Lasagne at \$3.70, Ravioli (same price), and an abundance of Italian sandwiches, complete with a variety of fixings.

Two special features that have the capability to charm the palate of the discriminating epicure are the Lucy's Special and naturally enough, their most distinguished Pizza. The Special will run you \$3.75 and is composed of crispy veggies such as green peppers and onions, tomato sauce, a choice of meatballs or that delectable sausage. Finally, the entire entree is smothered with melted cheese.

Their ambrosi-like pizza is truly fit for the Gods. The crust is competently prepared and refreshingly thin. The pizza sauce has tangy overtones and is generally indescribable. Finally, the toppings or choices are numerous, fresh, and generous, when one orders "double cheese", one inherits a legacy from J. Kraft himself. Prices for the basic models are:

small	\$2.25
medium	\$3.55
large	\$4.50

with augmenting items, i.e. pepperoni, costing extra.

The service tends to be rather cool at first, but once they get to know you, they treat you like royalty (if you deserve it). All in all, considering the reasonable prices, Caesar's Palace has to rank as one of the finer Italian Restaurants in Toronto, and that says a lot.

One last item to mention is Lucy herself, a truly charming lady who makes the restaurant all the better for her presents.

The Old Gun



Many current films rely on violent scenes to attract crowds to the box office. So much intestine and artery has been splattered on the silver screen that people have begun to seriously question the whole concept of violence in the media.

The Old Gun, a French film produced by Carmen F. Zollo and directed by Robert Enrico, is a violent film. Yet this film differs from the Clint Eastwood Charles Bronson tradition in its manner of making the violence believable.

Enrico presents the dilemma of a loving, apolitical doctor (played by Philippe Noiret) living in German occupied France in the Second World War, who discovers his wife and child senselessly murdered by a German patrol. Where Enrico breaks tradition and makes the violence both believable and justifiable is in his technique of flashbacks. The viewer is constantly reminded of the loving, deserving family that has been senselessly destroyed.

The Old Gun leaves you with many questions about war, religion, pacifism and revenge. It is not just another blood and guts film and is well worth the time of the serious movie goer.

Dylan and French poets

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE



Arthur Rimbaud...alias...

The Charleville Kid for violations of the Patent Medicine Act of 1851

REWARD.....50 centimes

Author's Note: The following story is about two famous French poets, Arthur Rimbaud and Paul Verlaine. The story occasionally departs from the facts. Baudelaire died before Rimbaud arrived in Paris, and Bob Dylan was not born until a substantial time after Rimbaud left. The story stems, in part, from viewing Sam Peckinpah's famous stupid film *Pat Garret and Billy the Kid* at a drive in movie. Why anyone would want to write such a story is another question. Those wishing a more conventional, and indeed more accurate biography of Rimbaud are recommended to read Dr. Enid Starkie's *Arthur Rimbaud*.

by Paul Till

Paul Verlaine and Art Rimbaud

"If I were to consider writing a biography of Rimbaud, I would be incapable of forming a single sentence, so suspect do all of the facts seem."

--Eteimble

I. Arrival in Paris

Arthur Rimbaud, the Charleville Kid sat in the Hot'n'Dusty Saloon. All about him the arguments went on, "Je suis, tu es, il est," but he ignored them

as if they were just foreign language lessons, "elle est, nous sommes, vous ete, ils ont, elles ont." After all, they were just...

He glanced about the room furnished in the usual manner of that rough and murderous region. It had no walls. All around were the microphone posts of the drive-in movie. The films had not yet started. It was high noon...Paris, 1871.

Where was Verlaine? What sort of greeting to the world of Paris letters was this for the Charleville Kid? "A, noir, E blanc, I rouge, U vert, O blue de la da; voyelles," he murmured beneath his breath.

In the corner Bob Dylan was trying to work out the lyrics for a new song...

*He wouldn't take shit from no one,
He wouldn't bow down or kneel.
The authorities all hated him
Because he had an even keel--no, Blast!
Because he had a wheel--No!
Because his arm was made of steel--No!
That's not it either!"*

Inside his pocket Rimbaud's over-long digits fingered his poem, "The Drunken Boat", as if it were a box of new brass shotgun shells.

Suddenly the doors swung open, traversing an arc that would later be described in "The Illuminations". A fat man stood there, his girth stopping the doors in mid swing. M. Prudhomme, sherrif, as described by the bright new star on his chest. Sherrig and mean hombre!

"All right!" he yelled to the crowd at large, "Who

are you and what do you want?"

There was a tense moment as poet glanced at symbolist, reversed positions and became poet again.

A timid voice rose up, "I'm Stephan Mallmere and je desire some beer." There was a rising hum of, "Yah, we want some beer," and "Nous desirons some beer," climaxed by Prudhomme's twin 45's splashing Stephan Mallmere, perhaps one of France's purest and most esoteric poets, back onto one of the round tables. Crucified there like St. Otto, his leg twitched out a vers libra message in a pool of blood.

As the smoke cleared Prudhomme pivoted on his glossy rubber heels... "Who are you and what do you want?"

"I'm Edgar Poet and I want Lenore." Pow! Pow!

"Who are you an--"

"I'm Dirty Charles Baudelaire and I want some hashish.." Pow! Pow!

"Who are--"

"I'm Victor Hugo and I want not to be shot." Pow!

Between pistol shots Rimbaud thought, "I'm Arthur Rimbaud and I want to become a seer through a long, rational arrangement of all of the senses." But Prudhomme's gaze passed through him and came to rest on Bob Dylan. Before Prudhomme could even form the consonant which is not pronounced in French, Bob said, "You can't shoot me, I'm Bob Dylan!"

Prudhomme turned and walked out leaving a number of really great poets writhing on the floor.

"They would no more kill me than they would a dead man," thought Arthur.

"Oh, there you are," said Verlaine, staggering in, stinko as usual. "According to most accounts you are home annoying my wife and the in-laws, the Fleurvilles."

II. At the Fleurvilles'

As the setting sun cast ochre light through the window of the Cadillac, the Fleurvilles' best crockery erupted into white powder under the insistence of Rimbaud's 45. Too bad the Lincoln country quarter of the Paris commune had already been crushed. Never mind, he thought as he reloaded, now what else was there to shoot? Humm, not much, that seemed to be about the lot: the names of whodunnit shot from the whodunnit books, the rhymes shot from the rolla, the heads shot from the crucifixes, naughty pictures shot onto the wall. He put a few bullets in the tires. So much for bourgeoisie literature.

After all, was not he beyond literature?

As he had said, the poetry of the future would be like Greek poetry. Poetry would go before the single action as it had gone before the spear. The wrapping of sheer glass now penetrated his eager mind. It was refreshment time. He was going for a shake.

III. At the Refreshment Stand

Rimbaud got his shake and sat down at the poets of the table where Jean Aicard was reading his poetry. "Now this is a poem for kids' but like all good poems for kids it is good for grown ups too."

"Let's go to the lobby."

"Shit!" said Rimbaud, softly.

"Let's go to the lobby."

"Shit merde! Shit!" said Rimbaud as Verlaine giggled a little at his naughty words.

"Let's go to the lobby!"

"Shit!!!"

"FOR SOME SEVEN UP!!!! SHUT UP YOU WHIPPERSNAPPER!"

to next page

from page 13

"SHUT UP YOU LITTLE FUCKHEAD!" Threw in car "J", instamatic handler.

"No, I WON'T!"

"NOBODY'S GOING TO INSULT MY POEM AND GET AWAY WITH IT!"

Aicard advanced toward Rimbaud. Rimbaud grabbed Verlaine's Winchester and pumped twelve bullets into Aicard's left arm, causing him to fall backwards into the W.C. There he lay, one of France's stupidest and most insipid poets, slightly wounded, crucified like ST. JOHN.

"How embarrassing," thought Verlaine as he busted the Winchester over his knee and led Rimbaud away to view the first film.

IV. In the Volkswagen

Prudhomme stepped up to the Volkswagen where Verlaine and Rimbaud sat. "We've bin gettin' some reports you bin doin' some mighty nasty things," he said. "Who are you kid?"

"Je est une autre. That is to say, I is another."

"We don't hold with that kinda city slicker sophism round here, boy."

"Oh, I'm Arthur Rimbaud."

"And who are you, fella?"

"I'm Paul Verlaine and I'm not a poof."

"Alright, but if I get any more reports of you makin' dirty shadow pictures, I'll shoot you."

V. At the Crap Game

Black moons! White moons! and nothing but, traversed the hashish eyes of Rimbaud as the crap game took place inside the GM van. To Stephan Mallmere the visage of Rimbaud was as meteoric in its ascendancy as the dies were in their fall.

"Snake eyes! You lose again Stephan."

"Pshaw!" he replied, "A throw of the dice will never abolish chance."

Which film was this, thought Rimbaud, which life of several lives? Why was he and how had he got here? For several instants he did not know what a film or a poem was. Then the dies fell again. White and black moons! The sky fell. Black and white moons!

O mon bon! O mon beau!

VI. The Haddock Incident at the London Projection Booth

Behind the fly and rain specked windows of the London projection booth, Verlaine Practised his kwik-draw, as Rimbaud laughed scornfully.

Verlaine went for his gun again, but this time somehow came up with the fish that was planned for lunch.

Rimbaud collapsed laughing, "If only you knew how fucking silly you look with that haddock in your hand!"

A thunderhead of rage transversed Verlaine's body.

A verse of torture bodied the thunder of his raging head.

As he turned and disappeared into the darkness, night fell and the headlights of the turning autos repeatedly blinded Rimbaud. "Come Back! Come Back!" he yelled as Verlaine jumped onto the bumper of a late model two door sedan.

On the back of a popcorn box he wrote to Verlaine:

Come back, Come back
Come back.
Should I come there
or will you come here.
Should YOU come there
Or will I go here.
Comeback!

Rimbaud

Just after he gave the letter to someone going towards the converted school bus, someone else walked up to him and gave him a letter from Verlaine dated, "from a late model two door sedan."

Immediately Rimbaud replied but in a different tone of voice.

"Come back. I got your letter. Come back. Come back or I will be forced to sell your clothes. Come back Rimbaud" you twit,

VII. On the Boat, On the Car

On the boat, the late model sedan, which moves through the words of eras and centuries, like a false hearing aid, it indicates what is seen. Harsh voice of straight Dover between projection booth and screen--the light rays reflected back to the refreshment stand. All straight.

Somewhere in the darkness of tiny speakers and necking couples, Bob Dylan started to sing.

They say that Paul Verlaine's got your number,
Better watch out or you'll be stacking lumber,
Better watch out when you slumber,
Arthur they don't like you to be so free.

Oh, you say that you are another,
Hell, you're the one that shot my brother,
Run back to the farm and you mother,
Arthur they don't like you to be so free.

There's liquor in the Bar room in its cases,
There's mirrors behind each of those faces,
There's runners on all of the bases,
Oh Arthur they don't like you to be so free.

So you ripped you pants on some mesquilita,
Looking for a pretty señorita,
To bum a dime for a parking meter,
Oh, Arthur they won't let you park for free.

Verlaine jumped off the late model sedan by a converted school bus.

VIII. In a Brussels Hotel

Verlaine walked into the hotel room of the converted school bus, looking as pleased as punch, which in those days was quite dreary. "Look what I have bought, Arthur."

"Oh what a fine new shiny pistol that is there, Paul, and what is it for, pray tell?"

"It is for you. It is for me. It is for everybody."

"Oh I hope you have bought enough cartridges. I am going back to Paris. You are a looney."

Verlaine fired twice. Once into Rimbaud's wrist and once through a half eaten hamburg, which lay on the floor.

"Shoot me! Shoot me!" pleaded Verlaine, offering the gun to Rimbaud.

"You tryin' a set me up on a murder rap, Paul? Or maybe you gotta terminal disease?"

IX. On the Outskirts of Brussels Town

At the edge of the parking lot.

Bob Dylan strummed his guitar mournfully, while the drunken Prudhomme crooned,

Oh, Lord, this badge is heavy,
It pulls down my shirt in front,
It pricks my chest when someone hits me
And it's awful embarrassing when I'm drunk,

And I don't wanna be a lawman anymore,
I don't wanna have to shoot all these symbolists,
And I don't wanna have to arrest Paul Verlaine
For shooting Arthur Rimbaud in the wrist.

And Lord, this badge is heavy
It stretches my shirt out of shape.
Sometimes the pin falls off the back
And I have to keep it on with tape.

And I don't wanna be a lawman any more
Shoot poets and the communards,
I just wanna get good and drunk
Fall down and play cards,

la la la la la da da
la da dee da dee da dee
law law law law law

Suddenly Rimbaud ran up out of the false dawn of movie screen lightness--the indication of insufficient expenditure on carbon arcs. "Save me! Save me! Verlaine's going to shoot moi again!"

"Oh I'd better arrest the bugger then."

From the mouths of babes!

X. One the Shores of Brittany

The doors of the saloon swing in the blow of the wind and the only light is that of distant incident. The sun is about to rise but the grounds have not yet been cleaned. Verlaine has been jailed for two years. Rimbaud and Dirty Charly Baudelaire stand with their backs to the new dark moon, now quite clear.

"Allon tu?" asked Dirty Charly.

"England--Germany--The circus--The East--Abyssinia wouldn't be bad for a while."
"For a while."

"And where you goin Dirty Charly?"

"Anywhere! Anywhere! Out of the world!"

XL. The Drifter Did Escape

Pull back to infinity, fade and lighten. The highways continue as always for drive-ins hardly touch them. witch lands! with roads! Oh, landscapes of the mind are landscapes of the earth.

Bob sings....

Oh bury my pen in the ground,
I can't write poems no more,
It's made me too stoned to see
And I feel like I'm knocking on Abyssinnia's door

Refrain

Knock Knock Knockin' on abyssinnia's door

repeat

Oh take the words from my heart
I can't speak them any more
I have loved a porker
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Oh bury my pen in the ground
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It's made it too dark, too dark to see,
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Refrain

Fade to sepia.

from page 13

"SHUT UP YOU LITTLE FUCKHEAD!" Threw in car "J", instamatic handler.

"No, I WON'T!"

"NOBODY'S GOING TO INSULT MY POEM AND GET AWAY WITH IT!"

Aicard advanced toward Rimbaud. Rimbaud grabbed Verlaine's Winchester and pumped twelve bullets into Aicard's left arm, causing him to fall backwards into the W.C. There he lay, one of France's stupidest and most insipid poets, slightly wounded, crucified like ST. JOHN.

"How embarrassing," thought Verlaine as he busted the Winchester over his knee and led Rimbaud away to view the first film.

IV. In the Volkswagen

Prudhomme stepped up to the Volkswagen where Verlaine and Rimbaud sat. "We've bin gettin' some reports you bin doin' some mighty nasty things," he said. "Who are you kid?"

"Je est une autre. That is to say, I is another."

"We don't hold with that kinda city slicker sophism round here, boy."

"Oh, I'm Arthur Rimbaud."

"And who are you, fella?"

"I'm Paul Verlaine and I'm not a poof."

"Alright, but if I get any more reports of you makin' dirty shadow pictures, I'll shoot you."

V. At the Crap Game

Black moons! White moons! and nothing but, traversed the hashish eyes of Rimbaud as the crap game took place inside the GM van. To Stephan Mallmere the visage of Rimbaud was as meteoric in its ascendancy as the dies were in their fall.

"Snake eyes! You lose again Stephan."

"Pshaw!" he replied, "A throw of the dice will never abolish chance."

Which film was this, thought Rimbaud, which life of several lives? Why was he and how had he got here? For several instants he did not know what a film or a poem was. Then the dies fell again. White and black moons! The sky fell. Black and white moons!

O mon bon! O mon beau!

VI. The Haddock Incident at the London Projection Booth

Behind the fly and rain specked windows of the London projection booth, Verlaine Practised his kwik-draw, as Rimbaud laughed scornfully.

Verlaine went for his gun again, but this time somehow came up with the fish that was planned for lunch.

Rimbaud collapsed laughing, "If only you knew how fucking silly you look with that haddock in your hand!"

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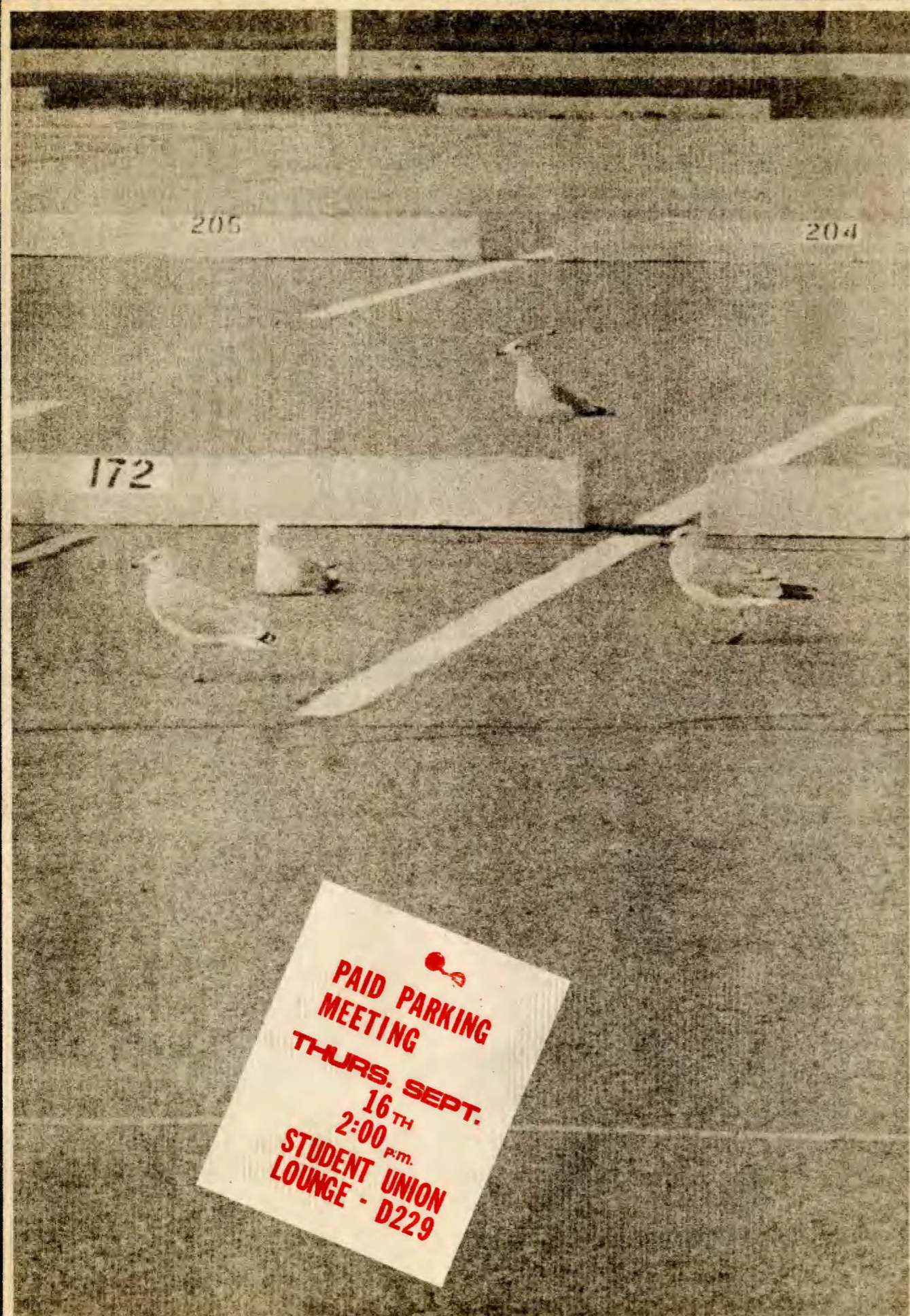
Refrain

Fade to sepia.

15 september 1976

PANDEMIONUM

orientation issue



**PAID PARKING
MEETING
THURS. SEPT.
16TH
2:00 P.M.
STUDENT UNION
LOUNGE - D229**