

Largest Circulation in WAGAR

# WAGAR WATCH

NOW SERVING:

The Third Floor  
The Second Floor  
The First Floor  
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**WAGAR IS  
NOT  
ADDICTIVE  
BUT  
MAY LEAD TO  
WORSE THINGS**

*Recent trends have shown that political figures who take just one dose of Wagar, threaten to try Russia too, but they seldom do take this drastic step.*

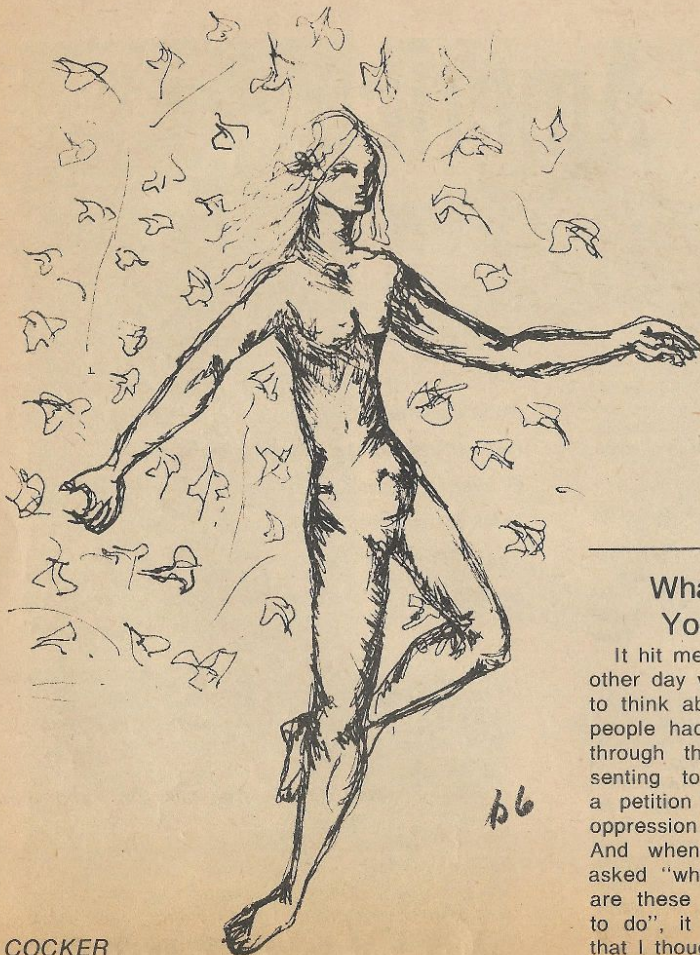








DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!! DO IT!!!



Orange is my fire  
black are the lines  
Zigzag and cross  
the Orange  
so wild  
When I'm blue, low in  
my stream  
Call out my orange  
Set fire to my dream  
Set fire to my dream  
set fire  
When I'm sliding on  
a thin sheet of ice and it's  
crackling slowly  
Just call out my orange and  
Burn!

Beatrice Cale

Come inside the river that is my mind  
the thoughts that like waves,  
ripple  
and touch the sky  
you are the wind and when you  
blow,  
you sway the ocean of my mind  
and gently roll my soul to  
eternity

Beatrice Cale

### What Can You Do?

It hit me quite hard the other day when I stopped to think about it. Several people had been walking through the school presenting to the students a petition protesting the oppression of Soviet Jews. And when some people asked "why" or "what are these petitions going to do", it was only then that I thought of how very little you can do today. A petition is only a piece of paper. A Sit-in is a waste of time. Advising changes is too slow and usually ineffective. Demonstrations have become everyday happenings. Peace talks are nothing more than accusations. Strikes are the arc in the vicious circle of inflation.

If your cause in any way becomes connected with violence then you are categorized as part of that group of "hypocritical youth" who use the very thing they are attacking to show their concern.

I feel that when a society leaves a person no other alternative than to use violence to illustrate one's concern and in order to be heard; then that society is not far from total corruption.

Lawrence Greenspon

no need to talk of friendship  
of the need to be needed  
to be loved by those we love  
to be touched and to become complete  
to share our bread our words  
ourselves  
of all this to talk  
there is no need;  
but when the night has come  
when the street is shadowed silent  
and a lonely pilgrim knocks upon your door  
break down the bolts the door  
the wall  
and love him.

Marcy Kahan.

### FALL EXPRESSIONS

Staring out the soundless window  
i captured a scene of peacefulness  
Whose existence, while only temporary, remained  
within

The leaves bind to the trees  
Surrendered from its place  
i fell silently to the ground  
caught in pools of rainbows  
The reds so bright  
i could sight beyond  
a glare (perhaps of my own happiness)  
There were seas of crisp gold yellows.  
And so, content in the silence of my mind  
i smiled for autumn was a time of beauty.  
The beauty i saw of autumn was not one of ecstasy  
But of a deeper kind of beauty  
Autumn contained an inner beauty of still waters  
Waves of colour flowing freely and gently  
Into harbours of bleakness  
Leaving behind faded shadows of beauty...

Laura Malbogot

### COCKER

The guitar reverberates  
organ sets the tone  
drums beat  
Beaten black boots stomp the floor in  
drunken rhythm,  
The stars from his toes pointed inward,  
In a rolled up tie-dyed shirt,  
With loose belly jiggling  
He sings  
His neck bathed in sweat and his dangling mane,  
His face mirrors the words he is crying in  
a thick raspy voice.  
Fingers grind notes from his guitar...  
the air.  
The Englishman wails with tongue leashing out,  
answering to the plaintive pleas of his grease band.  
"I get by with a little help from my friends".  
Lawrence Greenspon

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### TRADITION

Your long, blonde hair falls  
down on me  
and covers me in sleepy song.  
I wonder; did I fall down on you  
and  
crush your swollen,  
WOMBEDED pride?  
Perhaps we both fell down in  
Lust and  
here in runaway poppies lie.  
Richard Jacobson

DO IT!!! DO IT!!!

**A Review of Some  
Establishmentarian Platitudes Including a  
Glib Commentary  
By The Noted Scholar by Marcy Kahan**

I shall now proceed, with pen in hand, tongue in cheek, and foot in mouth, to attack that metaphysical bogeyman popularly known as 'the establishment'. My assault shall consist of listing some commonly (and often poorly) expressed establishmentarian bormides and then, with rapier-like wit, biting sarcasm, and devastating subtlety, dissecting them.

1) You are not unique. I was the same way when I was your age. Commentary: A rather self-defeating statement. It logically implies that twenty years from now today's young people will be plitudinizing to their children in the same way.

2) You have to face reality. You must accept the fact that Life is hard. Commentary: A stoical pronouncement verging on hysteria. Not very credible either: some parts of life are quite delightful.

3) Your goals are my goals. Commentary: A confusion of ends with means. Often used by the President of the U.S. at a press conference when he is trying to justify his escalation of war to outraged students.

4) When I was young I... Commentary: What usually follows is either a) a long-winded earnest tale of overcoming humble beginnings and, due to industriousness and great strength of character, becoming a Success or b) a whispered confession of former membership in the Communist party.

5) I'm tired of all this student protest. I'm out in the rat-race everyday making a living so I can pay

my taxes to get you an education.

Commentary: A remarkable statement in terms of its overt honesty. However the irate speaker fails to consider the objectives of student protest: to create a flexible system of education which enables young people to do new things, not to simply repeat what other generations have done, a system which encourages young people to question, create, invent, and discover, not just work in the rat-race.

6) I'm thirty years older than you are and I think I'm more experienced and better equipped to say what's what.

Commentary: Very revealing. Indicates a closed mind, extreme insecurity, and above all, fear. The establishmentarian in question is obviously afraid that someone thirty years younger may tell him something that he does not know or does not want to know.

7) I never realized how brilliant, articulate, concerned etc. you are. I'm very impressed.

Commentary: "Sweet words, low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning... But I am constant as the northern star, of whose true-fix'd and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament." (Julius Caesar, Act III. Sc. I) In short, be not deceived by enticing words of flattery.

I must address one final comment to those who may consider this unduly iconoclastic: when Paul Goodman, Margaret Mead, or Stephen Spender talk, I listen.

Marcy Kahan

**PEOPLES'  
YOUTH CLINIC**

**No Hassles!  
No Charge!**

487-5553

8027 Cote St. Luc Road  
Corner Westminster



The Peoples Youth Clinic opened July 8th of this summer. It's located at 8027 Cote St. Luc Rd. right behind Galardo's. The clinic is open Monday through Friday. Monday to Thursday it is open from 3 P.M. to approximately 10:30 P.M. and on Friday 3 P.M. to 12 P.M. The Clinic is to help you with any problems you might have.

Doctors and psychiatrists are at the clinic Mon, Wed, and Fri. from 7 to 10. On Tuesday there is Family counselling and social workers in open rap groups. Thursday is gynecology night.

The clinic is very informal. People are at the clinic from the time it opens to the time it closes to talk with and help in any way possible.

There are five detached workers in the Clinic new as opposed to the 3 we started with when the clinic opened. The clinic is closed on weekends, but if you call 487-5553 an answering service will take a message and a worker will contact you as soon as possible. The Peoples Youth Clinic is not concerned with all the "red tape" that hospitals are. No appointments are

Southern Comfort was too mellow  
Horse too potent  
She lived a frenzied life  
of stained voice and colours  
flashing

circulating  
moving

the crowds,

those who came to listen to her scream  
Her long robes flying about  
her

ringed, braceleted hands clutched the silver  
she cried into.

Who can now feel sorrow or sing them  
'ole Kozmic Blues.

Lawrence Greenspon

**THE TRAINRIDE**

There's nothing so beautiful as a trainride.

As all the world beings to slip away.

I remain so helpless behind the big thick window

And watch the funny people drifting by.

Sun, you would go away on my trainride.

But I doubt I would have loved you if you stayed  
And now the grey, grey world is even greyer.

As the frosty, nippy air curses the browning grass.

Meadows fly by, where went the sun, the flowers, and the frolicking in the wild fields,

necessary. Parents are never contacted unless the patient asks for them.

The clinic has back-up services at the Jewish General Hospital for extreme cases. It has been needed for a long time and is finally open.

The phone number again is 487-5553. The clinic is free.

—Judy Weinstein

I don't know when, but they'll be back someday. The cows that graze, now, are so unliving and they are just so untouchable as from where I came.

The tall haystacks, brown on grey and yellow, Are lonely monuments to me now, they seem ageless.

The tall silos and barns have no feelings and the farmer seems dead and his chickens are running wild.

Everything is running, faster yet faster, and I just watch.

It's really boring on a trainride, when the sun is hiding and the frost appears on my window.

All you can do is imagine that the cold October fields are melting and I see them  
Melting, everything is melting, into tears.

There's nothing so lonely as a trainride, When, on an always October day, it's taking you away...

Richard Jacobson

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