

ELECTION NOD TO N.D.P.

by Peter Bennett

On Thursday Sept. 18, the people of Ontario go to the poles to elect a government to lead them over the next four or five years. This campaign has been characterized by a bitterness, an intensity, a sense of conflict which has not pervaded previous Ontario campaigns. For the first time in thirty-two years, an unbroken series of Tory governments is no longer a foregone conclusion. What are the issues which have altered this situation? Are the Tories really on the ropes? Does Nixon have the depth to lead Ontario? Will the N.D.P. be squeezed out by a massive desire for a free-enterprise switch from Tory to Liberal? These are but some of the issues which we as voters must face on Sept. 18.

Premier Davis started this campaign with the declaration that the Tories would be making

very few policy promises or offering very few election goodies. Instead it was his desire to dwell on the record, on the success and even the failures of his four year old administration. Unfortunately, this only provided fuel for the opposition. Both the Liberals and the N. D. P. attacked the very temporary nature of Tory economic policies. The 5% sales tax would increase to 7% on Jan. 1, 1976. The \$1500 new home owners' rebate would expire on Jan. 1, '76 as would the elimination of sales tax on domestic cars. The oil price freeze would expire in October.

In the face of the intensity of the opposition attacks, Davis has been forced to extend his oil price freeze until Nov. 15; increase the power of his rent review board to roll back rent increases; increase his homeowner's grant by \$500; increase the tax rebate to include foreign cars as well; and set up an occupational health commission to correct the health hazards in Ontario industries.

Mr. Nixon and Mr. Davis have traded personal insults about each other's integrity, while Mr. Lewis has stuck to the issues of rents, energy, occupational health, land use and people. Whom then are we to vote for?

In 1971, this writer supported the Tories on the basis of their decision to stop the Spadina expressway (as well as other projects across the province); to increase funds for mass and rapid transit; to decentralize growth away from the Toronto region; and a general, big is not necessarily beautiful approach to growth. Since then however, the money for rapid transit has not materialized; the Spadina expressway and Highway 400 will be built; the province's opposition to the Pickering airport has been a mere token; they overturned Toronto City Council's height bylaws. A departmental report which the cabinet tried to squelch until it was leaked early this year, shows that government plans to decentralize growth from the Toronto area have failed miserably. The Tories also saw fit to increase the regressive sales tax to 7% and finally they have placed both the secondary and post-secondary education systems on the back burner as far as priorities go. The Davis years have seen the gross provincial debt rise by 187% to its highest rate ever. The Tories have also suggested that Liberal governments in Quebec, Ottawa, and Toronto would ruin the country because of their duplicity. King's clashes with Mitch Hepburn in the thirties and Trudeau's squabbles with Bourassa over nuclear reactors, telecommunications and cultural sovereignty suggest however that there is little danger of Liberal collaboration on the federal and provincial levels.

The Liberals on the other hand, would not do much better. Mr. Nixon minces no words in his attacks on Mr. Davis' personal integrity and that of his government. The Liberals have been singularly vague in how they plan to cut government spending. They have done a remarkable flip-flop since 1971 when they suggested that Spadina now not be started again and that the Toronto Island

homes be retained. Nixon's pledge to return to the R's in education is nothing but a pipe dream. The Liberals plan to place the burden of university costs upon the students which means tuition fees of at least \$1200. Liberal economic policies and figures (if and when they're accurate since Liberal errors during the campaign have ranged from \$50 million to \$10 billion) have been regularly reputed by the Tories' famous "Truth Squad" which in actual fact is the Policy Analysis Branch of D'Arcy McKeough's ministry (and we thought Davis said civil servants should not be allowed to engage in political activities).

The party which has been campaigning seriously and sticking to the issues is the N. D. P. led by Stephen Lewis. It was Lewis who first documented for the voters the real health hazards faced by northern miners and industrial workers. It was Lewis and the N. D. P. who first raised the issue of rent gougings and energy rip-offs. It was the N. D. P. which consistently said that neither Spadina nor Pickering should be built. It was the N. D. P. which first suggested that our food costs are so high because farm acreage is being eliminated at the rate of 26 acres an hour. Who has the only detailed policy proposals for denticare and no-fault government auto insurance? Who has the most progressive policy on day-care, low-income housing and care for senior citizens? Which party will restructure our taxation system to eliminate regressive taxes like sales tax and impose a progressive system of income tax, both personal and corporate? The N. D. P. presented these policies to the electorate in a responsible, reasoned manner to the point where the campaigns of the two old parties now incorporate many of the N. D. P.'s ideas. A vote for the N. D. P. on Thursday is a highly deserved vote and, whether they form the government or the official opposition, would also be a vote of gratitude for a campaign of integrity, of reason, in short a campaign based on issues, not mud-slinging.



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IN THE SPOTLIGHT - DR. MCQUEEN

Q. What do you feel the principal's job is?

A. That's very hard to sum up in just a few words. He's not a dictator, we're a very participatory institution here. The idea is that all elements of the community are supposed to have considerable opportunity to participate in the governments of the institution. The principal has to recognize that and work with it, not against it. The principal is in a funny in-between situation: he's appointed on the recommendation of a search committee with a lot of Glendon people on it, by the president and the board. One of the important aspects of that is that he (or she at some future date!) is designated the chief financial or chief budget officer of the College and responsible for money through the President, to the Board. In these financial squeeze times in our university system, money is unfortunately very important. A great deal of decision-making hangs on whether you allow for a new course, or how many courses can we offer in Penetang...it all hangs on whether you've got the money to do it. So this "power of the purse" is a pretty important thing. If you just threw it wide open, and had a general scramble for funds, within the College, I suspect there would be a pretty ghastly and disorganized scene. We try to make it much more orderly, to base the cutting up of the pie between the different academic departments on more or less objective things, such as course enrollments and teaching loads. But it does mean that the Principal's role is in some ways an ambiguous one. He speaks for Glendon at York Main and on the other hand he has responsibilities there, which he has to manage somehow within the Glendon participatory democracy. There are two reasonably clear roles for the principal, apart from just administering things and trying to make sure things go smoothly, (since the real business of this institution isn't in this office, it's in the classrooms, the residences, and in the Café de la Terrasse --that's where education is happening). This is just supposed to be a place where we smooth things out so that it happens better.

But the principal should try to articulate for the community what our main objectives are --what are we trying to do here, what kind of a liberal education do we want to offer our students, and why? How bilingual should Glendon be, now and in the future? What is bilingualism and biculturalism for us, and how do we turn it into a more and more practical reality? Articulating objectives, on the inside and also speaking for Glendon on the outside, speaking for Glendon on the Main Campus (if necessary!) and also trying to make friends up there, convincing people that what we're trying to do is right, deserves support.

We have our friends up there, and they ought to be cultivated.

I think things are a little better in that respect since the present President took office. He seems to me thus far to have a reasonably good grip on what we're trying to do and to be sympathetic to it. It ties in with some of the views of some of the people he worked with in government, and particularly ties between Ontario and Quebec are very important in this country. I think he grabs that idea, and he looks to us, as one of York's chief instruments for achieving that "hands across the provincial border" relationship. So I have somewhat more confidence in some of the big figures up there.

Just to finish, I think the Principal also has to try to speak for the College to the great public out there. As you know the universities aren't exactly the most popular institution in public opinion at the moment. We've got to try and change that and you can't change it overnight. But we have to try and do it and do it slowly. Of course this isn't my job, it's the job of people like Thérèse Boutin, School's Liason Officer, Jindra Rutherford, and all the other offices in the university. We have to try and reduce the almost incredible ignorance that still prevails about Glendon. There are people who think we're a secondary school, people who think we're a community college, some people who think that Glendon abandoned all pretensions to being a bilingual and bicultural institution back in '71

(when that great decision to add the unilingual stream was made -- which regularized the situation more than creating a new situation), all the way down to the others who say "Oh, my son would like to have gone to Glendon but he only had 65 in French, and I guess you have to be fluent in French before you can go to Glendon. How to try and explain to that great public out there that both these extremes are damned lies, that the real position is somewhere in between. Rather than hassle about whether Glendon is now bilingual and bicultural, more important is what we are on the road to becoming.

We're mid-way in process, and I think we've made good progress especially over the last few years, but there's further to go. And that's where we are, it's a very difficult thing to explain, but one of the principal's jobs is to be among the people who spend considerable time trying to explain, and trying to get the message out there.

Q. So you really see Glendon as being a special institution?

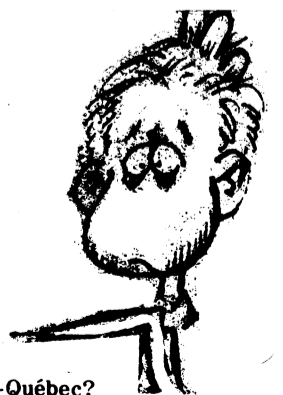
A. Yes I do, I could be prejudiced, but I do! I came here in the first place back in '69 because Escott Reid persuaded me it was special, and I still think it's special. It's quite unique in Canada, there's nobody else trying to do just what we're trying to do here. Plus it's small, which is a great "turn on" with me. It's only an institution about this small that I'd ever be persuaded to try being chief administrator of, anything bigger...it's such a damned bureaucracy. Here at least you know some of the people you're dealing with, that of course can be a disadvantage when you do something they don't like! But on the other hand you can preserve some degree of personal contact, which to me is very, very important, and I think it's important to a lot of other Glendon people; students, faculty, staff. One of the reasons they are here and hang in here, in spite of low pay and other things, is that they like this type of atmosphere, they feel more human in it.

Q. We want to ask you about bilingualism at Glendon. You've said you think things are

getting better, and how this year, do you see the bilingual conditions at Glendon improving?

A. Well I'll know more about that when I see the enrollment figures. I think I'd want to look ahead more than just one year...I'd want to look at the proportion of the bilingual and unilingual streams, right now I'd only be guessing. But if I look back I think we've made quite a lot of progress. We defined and sort of rallied behind our bilingual objectives in a fairly important way in Faculty Council last year, bit by bit we're getting more courses offered in French, bit by bit more of the key offices in the College are becoming offices that can cope in French with the needs of the French speaking members of the community. I also think that a very big plus for us has been our Penetanguishene initiative, which thanks to very hard work by a number of people, seems to be well. In other words this College has reached out, at the request of a French speaking Ontario community, has sent in profs, mounted courses, the people up there said "More!"

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So we're giving them more. That's important, we've formed a link with a specific franco-ontarian community. Plus, across the province right now, there are many different signs of...relèvement, reprise de conscience, a new emergence, a great deal of consciousness raising among Ontario francophones, who three or four years ago were wondering whether there really was any future for them, whether their ultimate destination wasn't complete assimilation into the English-speaking majority. Well, to be realistic, a lot still worry this way, but there are others who now feel there is a future for them. There are some very interesting things happening on the cultural side, in some of the stronger franco-ontarian communities, such as Sudbury, Penetanguishene, and other places in the north. Poets are beginning to appear, there's more locally generated music, there's theatre...it's happening in the province, and I think if Glendon can be part of it, this could mean a major advance for us in the field of bilingualism and biculturalism. I think also, a very important step was taken this summer with the appointment of Jon Van Burek on a much more full time basis than ever before, as the director of the French section of the Introduction to the Theatre course.

I'm talking about plans, and hopes, and things like that...I don't want to spend so much time talking about where we are, because we are not yet where we want to be. It's getting to where we want to be that seems to be the important thing. We are struggling and straining to the maximum to provide a course in French conversation for faculty and staff at Glendon. This is of very key importance because, frankly I don't like to see bilingualism and biculturalism the subject of repeated and impassioned, and very worked-up debates in the Faculty Council. For me it's something we have accepted, it's part of our life here. Now the problem is to make it work, and to show to everybody in the community, that bilingualism is something which is available to everybody--to secretaries, to profs who have small children and big mortgages and can't go traipsing off to Quebec or France for immersions... that anybody who wants it and has the pat-

ience can acquire it step by step. I consider it a great step forward when a prof who may not yet be able to teach a course in the language, nevertheless has enough of a reading knowledge, which he didn't have before, that he can read and prescribe course materials in French. That's a step forward. And I think people should be encouraged to go about their bilingualism that way. Not to consider it as an "all or nothing at all", that bilingualism is something you have either got or you haven't got. Nonsense! Few if any, have it one hundred per cent anyway. It's a question of how much progress you can make with your second language, and sure you may have to take it in steps, but each step, I think, makes you that much more valuable a member of the community. Just as not every student here is going to pass the Certificate of Bilingual Competence--that's a tough exam and we deliberately made it so. But that is not to say that students who have studied French here, and couldn't quite make the Certificate standard, have been wasting their time. They've learned perhaps, how to read *Le Devoir*. That's very important. Some people succeed more than others. I think we're at the stage now where we have accepted bilingualism and biculturalism as one of the important goals of this College, and we've got to set about implementing it in a practical way. I guess that to me, our very biggest remaining problem are the anglophone students. How many will take French courses! We've made important gains in the number of Québécois students registered here, and I think that with luck and good management we can increase our appeal to the franco-ontarian students. But in terms of numbers, the big job still is to persuade more anglophone students to "hack" the French.

Q. I really think there's a big problem there because a lot of people think they have to give up something in order to become bilingual; you have to give a little, but you don't have to give up your identity. You can learn from the French, and learn French, and have French friends, without being French yourself.

A. Yes! An Anglophone born and bred, like me, for example, can never be a French per-

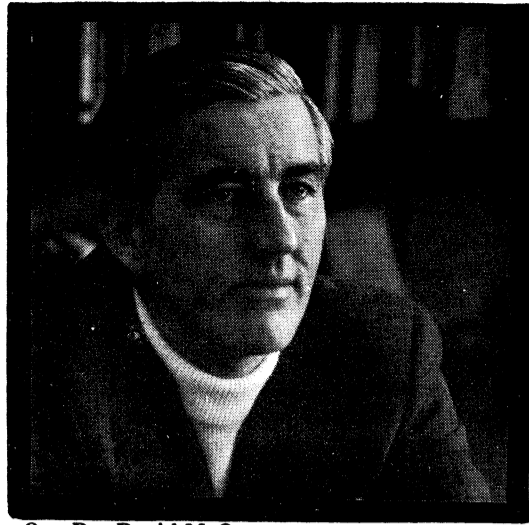
son. I learned that in France, I learned what I was, through being an "assistant" at a French school, and having a lot of French friends--they're a terrific bunch. But at the end of the year I was a great deal clearer in my mind about what a Canadian, and what an English-speaking Canadian was like, because that's what I was, and that's what I would continue to be. I think that mixing up with the other culture, far from undermining one's identity, gives one a clearer idea of what it really is. It's not a substitution relationship, in the language of economics--it doesn't work that way, and it doesn't work that way in academic results either. There used to be a feeling among some members of the faculty that either we went for academic excellence, or we went for bilingualism, but we couldn't have both--that's a fallacy. I used to find in the economic department, that those who could hack the French, much more often than not could hack a lot of other things. It's a selection process among students, because a student who accepts the challenge of really digging into a second language, is the type of personality which is going to accept a lot of other challenges. And as often as not, you find that the student who does well in French, also does very well in other courses, and is prominent in student affairs...that person is a generally "turned-on" person!

Q. We wanted to ask you about tenure and promotion. Are there any changes in the books for the regulations of tenure and promotions, as far as promoting bilingualism goes?

A. That is a matter up to the Faculty Council.

Q. I don't really recall from last year whether we got that far in the Bennett-Jolicoeur report or not...

A. I don't think bilingualism should figure in Tenure and Promotion, on the basis that I suggested--bilingualism is something you either have or you have not got. But I do think that when somebody is up for Tenure and Promotion, or for Merit Pay, that bilingualism, or an effort towards bilingualism, is one of the things which ought to be taken into account, just like effort to improve one's scholarly ability. When I'm looking through somebody's record for the purposes of Tenure and Promotion, (and very soon, by the way, I want to have a chat with our new Tenure and Pro-



Our Dr. David McQueen

motions Committee about the whole question of Tenure and Promotion) and I see somebody trying on bilingualism I say "good for you!"

Q. What about the situation in the Sociology Department, would you care to comment on that?

A. Very little at present. Because it is what the papers sometimes refer to as "sub judice", which is to say, the President has decided (following a recommendation by the chairman of the department, Professor Burnett, which I supported) that the situation as a whole should be subjected to some form of review.

Q. How do you feel about the use of space around the College, do we use the buildings to their utmost?

A. Probably not quite, but we've got to study the question of space much more closely than before, especially since we have had two years of increasing enrollment, and if we get another enrollment increase this year, then the space situation is going to be just about as tight as the money situation. You know, people tend to come up with "ad hoc" solutions, such as taking a rather fine room somewhere in the bottom of Glendon Hall, and cutting it up into a lot of little "grungy" offices. The thing is, if we are going to go on expanding, we should be sitting down and discussing the implications of further expansion at Glendon.

Ed. note: This is a virtually verbatim transcription of the tape-recorded interview.

ANTI-QUEBEC OU IGNORANCE ?

par Yves Jolicoeur

On ne peut avoir un meilleur réveil que de regarder le journal du matin et d'y voir une jolie fille de Glendon comme "Sun Shine Girl". Ma bonne humeur s'est vite dissipée lorsque j'ai pris connaissance de l'éditorial du jour qui arborait le malicieux titre de Anti-Québec. Une fois l'article lu, mon dégoût ne porta non seulement sur l'auteur comme tel (son manque de connaissance réelle des événements était évident), mais surtout à ce que cette article représente; et il représente tout simplement, trois cents ans de ignorance et surtout d'indifférence au phénomène Canadien-français.

Il ne servirait à rien de délirer encore une fois sur notre histoire nationale (Canadienne) puisque nous y sommes tous (supposément) assez bien familiarisés. Peu de gens cependant ont le courage d'admettre des situations; certaines irréversibles (la Conquête de 1760) d'autres circonstanciées (le Bill 22). A l'époque des Plaines d'Abraham, la naissance de l'Empire Britannique ne fut jamais niée. Le phénomène était concret et surtout palpable. Il s'agissait de s'ouvrir les yeux pour constater ce qui se faisait: un peuple fort par son industrie, son armée, son commerce prenait possession d'un territoire français. L'Angleterre était à l'époque ce que les Etats-Unis sont présentement. Les Québécois, malgré l'affront de la conquête, ont quand même compris que l'avenir de la quand même compris que l'avenir de la "Nation Canadienne" se trouverait orientée par les vainqueurs; des anglophones sont différenciés non seulement par la langue mais aussi par la religion, la mentalité, et la position sociale. (On nous décrivait comme des Charetiers et des coureurs de bois). Va pour l'histoire.

Depuis ce temps les "pauvres petits Canadiens-français" n'ont pas cessé de se plaindre de leur triste situation et sont toujours à la recherche de revendications particulières afin de protéger leur "culture". L'histoire encore une fois nous fournit un bon nombre d'exemples montrant les caprices des Cana-

diens-français. Du Nationalisme on est passé au Séparatisme. Quel drame! Des gens sans intégrité qui veulent anéantir notre belle unité Canadienne (My Lord)! Et bien, chers amis, j'ai de petites nouvelles pour vous. Ceux qui sont présentement en train de détruire cette belle unité sont justement ceux qui prétendent la défendre et cela à cause de leur ignorance crasse et de leur intolérance honteuse. Depuis plusieurs années et surtout depuis l'éveil séparatiste des années soixantes, le Québec est devenu, par une contradiction historique bizarre, la cible de ses propres transformations sociales et politiques. Le "What does Quebec Want" semblait profiter beaucoup plus aux Canadiens-Anglais qu'aux Canadiens-français. Parce qu'enfin le Québec et le peuple Québécois demandait ce que l'histoire et la politique lui ont refusé, en criant racisme et trahison! Les crises sporadiques qui ont tourmentées le Québec des années soixantes cachaient des lésions sociales, politiques et culturelles profondes que la presse Anglophone s'est souvent empressée de qualifier de menace à l'intégrité nationale. La menace vient beaucoup plus du refus de ces transformations par les Canadiens-Anglais que des transformations comme telles. Ces dernières étaient inévitables mais non injustifiables. Que le Canada Anglais aient subi des transformations on ne s'en plaignait jamais parce que le tout était "Constitutionnel" et n'allait pas à l'encontre des "droits humains". (Louis Riel, les Patriotes, Manitoba School Act, Conscriptons.) Le Québec était et semble encore être le danger à l'unité Canadienne. On se rend vite compte que pour un Québécois la situation est délicate et même écrasante. Pour peu que l'on se relève et que l'on prenne des initiatives on nous traite de tous les maux dont souffre "the Country".

"L'anti-Canada" est né d'un Anti-Québec. Voyons il faut être prudent avec de tels mots, les Anglais n'ont jamais pensé de la sorte. Ils ont toujours pensé que c'était le contraire qui se produisait! Ils nous ont donné notre province (le Québec), notre religion (Laissez les

prier, ils seront moins achalants), notre culture (Mr. Durham disait "Ils sont un peuple sans histoire et sans littérature). Tout ce qu'ils ont gardé c'est peut-être une certaine haine au fait que l'on existait comme entité sociale distincte et malheureusement...que l'on existe toujours. En 1970 ce sentiment a resurgi souvent transmis par la presse anglophone. Les mesures de guerre ne sont pas une solution logique et suffisante. On ne pourra pas arrêter le Québec vers les voies de son émanipation. Cette dernière peut se faire avec ou contre la bonne compréhension du Canada-Anglais. On critiquait le Québec de parader son nationalisme, son Anti-Canada, alors qu'en fait les brassards de l'Anti-Québec étaient toujours sur les manches. Ce qui est Anti-Québec, ce n'est pas simplement le Bill 22, mais le Bill 22 vu par les Anglophones de Montréal. Un point est certain, le Bill 22 n'est pas parfait que ce soit pour la sécurité de la langue française ou pour le respect de la minorité mais il ne faut pas jouer trop sur les mots. Supposé que le Bill 22 est Anti-Québec, alors que le problème se trouve surtout dans certaines attitudes qui refusent la francisation sous prétexte que les franco-phones veulent apprendre l'anglais, est une grave erreur. Il est plus facile de se justifier en dénigrant autrui, qu'en étalant ouvertement son refus du "fait français" au Québec. Le Bill 22 sous cet angle n'est pas Anti-Québec, mais plutôt embarrassant pour un Anglophone du Québec.

C'est une bonne tentative d'allier les franco-phones contre le Bill 22, mais la stratégie cache trop d'indifférence réelle pour les francophones. Le Bill 22 est bon tant qu'il anglicise les Québécois mais néfaste quand il s'agit de franciser les Anglophones (Immigrants inclus). Je suis au moins content de constater le vrai malaise au Québec. Si on met en cause le Bill 22 et qu'on le porte en Cour Suprême, alors que l'on remette en cause le Rapport Durham et que l'on amène la Confédération en Cour Suprême parce que c'est Anti-Québec.

Le droit à l'autodétermination n'est pas,

à ce que je sache, refusé pas les Nations Unies. Si on veut se battre dans le domaine des droits de l'homme, alors cette fois-ci la Conquête ne sera pas aussi facile. Le "Cancer" Canadien est lui aussi sans solution parfaite et ce n'est pas en nous chiant sur la tête que vous aller obtenir quelque chose à l'aimable. Le mirage de la Confédération va se dissiper non seulement à cause des "séparatistes" du Québec mais aussi à cause de l'insouciance navrante de certains ignorants Anglophones. Que vous le vouliez ou non, le Québec veut vivre et va vivre en français. L'assimilation ne se fera pas à nos dépens. (Se comprends que les similis de Québécois n'y tiennent pas non plus).

Il est intolérable de constater que ceux qui n'y sont pas mêlés, porte des jugements aussi insensés et dénués de connaissance que "Bill 22 is anti-Québec and should be declared unconstitutional and a violation of human rights" (Sun, Monday September 15, 1975). J'aimerais vous poser la question: Who in the hell are you to know what is good for somebody you don't know and what is worse.... don't understand?

Le problème réel n'est pas entièrement avec le Bill 22. Ce n'est qu'une loi qui peut-être sujet à plusieurs amendements ou sujet à des tricheries (N'est pas Messieurs les Italiens de St. Léonard). On n'est plus "un peuple de Charetiers et de coureurs de bois." La sécurité de notre langue est vitale pour notre épanouissement collectif et cela même dans un continent de 275 millions d'Anglophones. Ne craignez rien, on va l'apprendre l'anglais mais on ne deviendra jamais des Anglais. On a cette fois-ci bien compris le message de Lord Durham: "Ceux qui ont réfléchi sur la puissante influence de la langue sur la pensée s'apercevront combien des hommes qui parlent une langue différente sont inclinés à penser différemment." Ceux qui n'admettent pas ce fait auront de la difficulté à déceler ce qui est Anti-Québec et ce qui est tout simplement de l'ignorance pure.

PRO TEM

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EDITORIAL

Last night, a funny thing happened, just at the witching hour. Most of the Café's regulars were enjoying their last beer before closing when the peace (comparative!) was rent by an ear-splitting ringing. Some kindly person or persons had pulled the fire alarm! Needless to say, it was a false alarm.

Now it may seem inconsequential to you but there are several serious repercussions
 1) It caused a needless interruption to those people who live or work in Glendon Hall.
 2) Three fire trucks, one resuscitation unit and a fire chief were called away from their station for more than half an hour. What if there was another REAL fire?
 3) Glendon College is liable for fine of up to \$500.00 for every false alarm (which is paid out of the resident students' cautionary fund).

In any learning institution, the campus pub is subject to a lot of criticism. It is grossly unfair for one or two students to jeopardize the position of such student organizations. How ironical that this particular group of students happen to be day students and don't have to live with these repercussions. If you were a residence student, the Dean would give you 48 hours notice to get out of residence.

As alarming as was the incident last night, there are other things to light the fire of our anger. Having been asked to prepare a budget for 75/76 during the summer, we

tried to present it at the first GCSU meeting but there was no quorum. Monday night we once again visited the office of the GCSU. It was a rather confused and frustrating meeting. We think we have been told that those organizations which did not present a budget last year for the year 75/76 will receive at most, the same amount of money as they did last year. At the end of last year, there was a referendum granting the allocation of more funds to several organizations (ie: Pro Tem). On the strength of this referendum, these organizations did not ask for additional funds. This referendum was invalidated by the GCSU thereby producing serious financial problems for these organizations. Things will keep going until we run out of money. After that . . .

Last but definitely not least, we think the scrip situation is ridiculous. Why is the student denied the right to pick up scrip he has paid for? Before such a tough policy (of Mondays and Thursdays only) is enforced everyone should be made aware of it.

Now for some words of praise. Don Smith and the Beaver Staff put on an extremely successful "Italian Night" dinner Tuesday night. The food was plentiful and delicious. The accordionist and tablecloths made the atmosphere more than pleasant and everyone enjoyed it immensely. A whole month to wait --too bad!!



NO SCRIP?

To the Editors:

It has come to my attention that the Accounting office is once more making life difficult for students at Glendon. A new policy regarding those who are paying residence fees by post-dated cheques has been enforced. Unfortunately, this policy was not made public and as a result has caused some inconvenience. The Accounting office will not allow these students to take out more than \$20.00 in scrip at a time. However, the students may go twice weekly. It would seem to me that this not only causes more paper work for Accounting but also creates an unnecessary hassle for the student. I feel that action should be taken to avoid this situation and that the students should be allowed to use their scrip money as they wish.

Sincerely,
 A concerned member of the community.

D.A.P PRESENTS...

by Ted Paget

1975 marks the beginning of the ninth year of activity for the Glendon College Dramatic Arts Programme. At the same time, Théâtre Français (now Programme des Arts Dramatiques) is commencing its sixth season as a parallel entity. We hope to see you this year, certainly in the audience, but more importantly in a cast, workshop, or crew.

The object of the Programme, both English and French, is to offer students, and other interested members of the Glendon community a basic learning experience in all aspects of theatre craft. At the same time, we provide each other with as many moments of fun as we can fit into our busy schedules.

Our activities will begin Tuesday, September 23 at 7:00 p.m. We meet in the Rehearsal Room (Old Snack Bar) in the basement of York Hall between the Beaver Foods kitchen and the locker rooms. (That's down the stairs

west of the Old Dining Hall, turn left at the wall, and keep right of the Coke machine.)

During the fall term, we'll be conducting acting workshops Tuesdays and Thursdays in the Rehearsal Room. Later on, we're presenting a new Canadian play which, rumour has it, will need the best actors and technical people available to do it justice.

Most of the second term activity is centered on the large cast production, a show which, in addition to its run in the gala Old Dining Hall, tours; usually to Brock University in St. Catherine's. This play is usually chosen from the classical Anglo-European repertoire. Presentations have included Shakespeare's Hamlet, the hugely successful 1970 productions of Oedipus, The King, by Sophocles, and last year's contemporary dramatization of the assassination of St. Thomas Becket, T. S. Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral.

The Programme, as I've described it so far, may seem to be totally English oriented. How-

ever, for those of you who are interested in French language theatre, the best is yet to come.

Le Programme des Arts Dramatiques à Glendon essaie de donner des expériences dramatiques pour la moitié des membres du College qui veut travailler en français comme comédiens ou techniciens. Les classes se passent dans le Music Room, au même temps que les classes anglaises au rez de chaussée de York Hall (à côté du Rehearsal Room - tournez à gauche à la machine Coke).

Le début des réunions est fixé pour mardi, 23 Septembre. Nous vous encouragerions à suivre quelques classes en deux langues s'il soit possible. (As I just pointed out, we'd like all of you to attend some acting workshops in both English and French.)

Cette année, le Programme des Arts Dramatiques présentera des pièces variées qui seront agréables à tous membres de la communauté. Et, souvenez-vous que votre parti-

cipation est nécessaire.

Il faut dire un mot au sujet des metteurs en scène du Programme. Jon Van Burek nous vient du Théâtre du P'tit Bonheur, le théâtre professionnel qui présente des pièces en français à Toronto. Cette saison sera, pour Jon, sa première à Glendon. Michael Gregory Director for the English part of the Programme, has been active since its inception.

Remember, the first meeting of the Dramatic Arts Programme/Programme des Arts Dramatiques will be held in the Rehearsal Room in the basement of York Hall on Tuesday, September 23 at 7:00 P.M. Don't worry if you don't have any experience, whether it be acting or hammering a nail. What we're looking for, is people who don't mind working hard, and can take having a little fun at the same time

Ontario	Student	Assistance	Program
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OSAP

Review Procedures

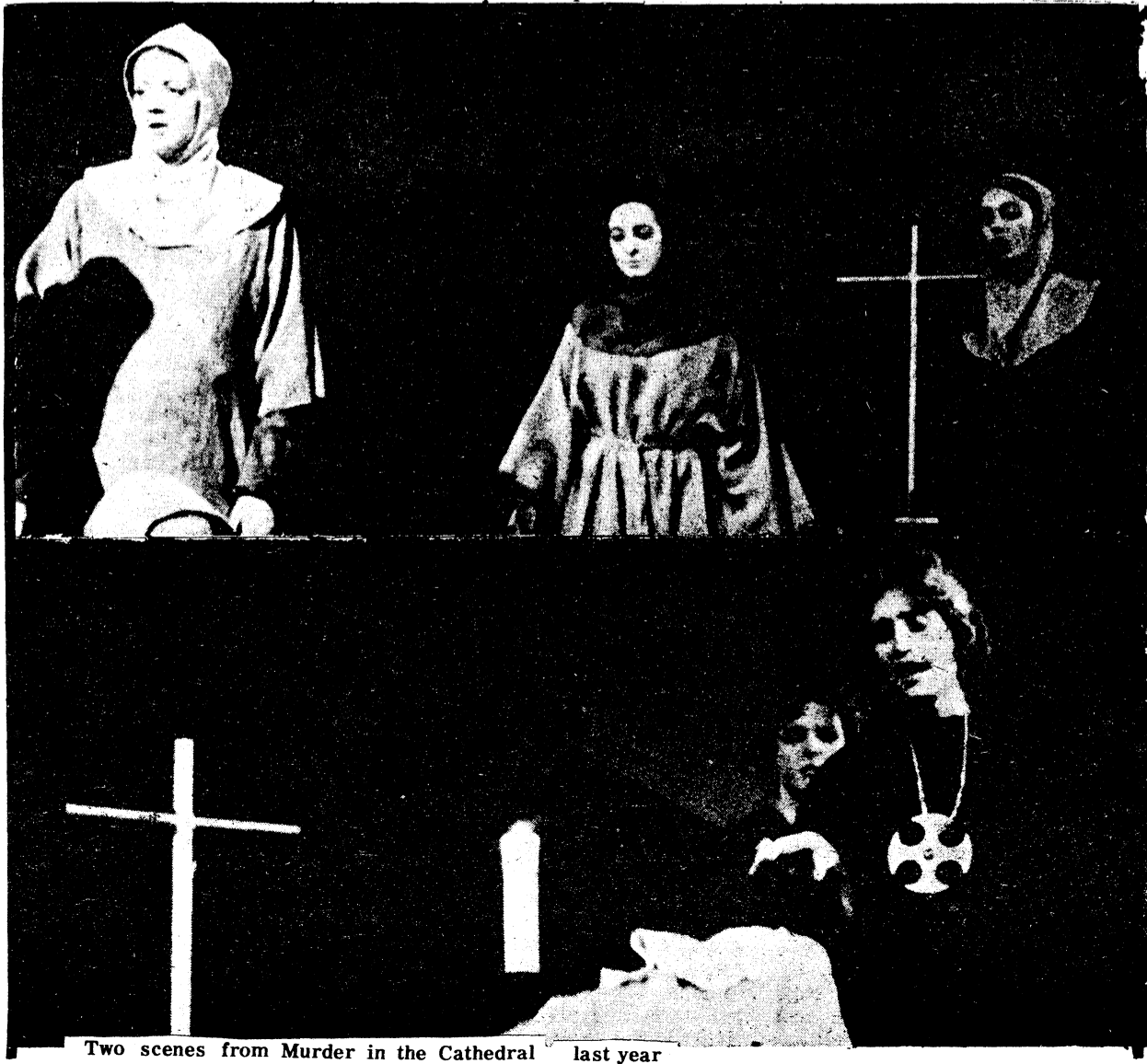
If you tried for a summer job but didn't get one, you can ask your Student Awards Officer to review your award.

You may be eligible for a larger student loan.

The Ministry's Student Awards Branch is giving summer unemployment reviews priority treatment.

Ministry of Colleges and Universities
 Ontario

James A. C. Auld, Minister
 J. Gordon Parr, Deputy Minister



Two scenes from Murder in the Cathedral last year

CASTILLO'S REPORT

by O. T. Castillo

I have written this article to introduce you, the reader, to me, Otto Rene Castillo and to Jorge Luis Borges. For Borges and myself have many things in common.

We are both writers and share a singular dislike for mirrors. All reflections are inanimate images. Mirrors are instruments with which one can contravene reality. But Borges and myself feel averse to the mirror because it draws attention to one's self and to one's appearances. Borges and myself wish to remain "invisible and undistinguished". A mirror contradicts, in fact negates such values. I have just recognized a very wonderful and terrifying irony in what I have written. Do you see it? Is not what a writer writes a mirror of himself?

Borges and myself also believe that a writer should have another lifetime to see if he or she has been properly appreciated and understood. A very fine idea, no.

Just as the similarities between Borges and myself are great, so too are our differences. For one, Borges is a rare and inventive writer who has mastered the subtleties and power of the written language. Borges is blind. I only wear glasses. As a youth Borges was an "anarchist, a pacifist and a freethinker". As a young man I am a Marxist, a realist, and a responsible thinker. Borgés is now seventy-six years old. He is a conservative and very skeptical of change. If I were seventy-six, an Argentinian, and had lived through the excesses and debauchery of Peronism, I too might be a wise and amiable conservative.

To give you a more complete picture of Borges I shall supply you with a few facts about his life. He was born in Buenos Aires in 1899. Borges' genetic composition is something like this: a little Jew, a little Saxon, a little Spanish, and the blood and character of the pampas (the great plains of Argentina). Borges describes himself

as a child as being a little "bookish". Today, as an old man, he is a living library. Before the first great war his family moved to Switzerland. Here, Borges received a very formal education. In his early twenties Borges travelled in Spain and became part of the Ultraist literary movement. Sometimes writers overwhelm themselves with crazy ideas and take themselves very seriously. They try to change the course of literary history by acting like bohemians, by rebelling against convention, and by experimenting wildly with the metaphor.

(This sentence is a metaphor: my hand is a hammer. Very clearly, I am saying one thing but meaning something entirely different. Some people call this figurative language, and others figurative nonsense.) Ultraism was one such grandiose movement. It was under the influence of this movement that Borges wrote his first poems. In the 1920's Borges returned to Argentina where for ten years he wrote a great deal that amounted to very little save his book of poetry *Fervor de Buenos Aires*. Every writer must produce quantitatively before anything of real value is created. In short these were Borges' bullshit years. Towards the end of the 1920's Borges began writing short stories. His first story, entitled "Streetcorner Man", was about a local gangster he knew in Buenos Aires. It was received very well. He continued writing several other stories on infamous men. But, then in 1935 he wrote "The Garden of Forking Paths". This is a very complicated and mysterious tale that reads like a detective story. It was upon this story claims Borges, that his "reputation as a storyteller was to be based". Borges, if you have not already guessed, is an incredible weaver of fantastic tales.

Borge's stories are about the miraculous, about infinity, death, labyrinths, and mirrors. They are tales that possess their own

reality. Many people read Borges with the idea of finding some kind of meaning ("the hidden message") in his tales when they should merely sit back and be amazed and enjoy the awful splendor of the reality of his stories.

Now, for one moment, permit me to go off on what might, at first, appear as an odd digression.

The literature of the world resembles a labyrinth. (Yes, absolutely, I have stolen this image from Borges.) At the centre of this labyrinth is a library containing the essential books of the human race, those curious documents that have attempted in one way or another to explore and unravel the mysteries of life. Here one might find *The Book of the Dead*, *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, *The Elder and Younger Eddas*, the proverbs of Confucius and the Bible. From the centre of this labyrinth, the literature of human kind has evolved and groped outwards into many diverging paths, always building upon, reshaping, and revising the old basic library in the centre, always returning in one way or another to the heart of the labyrinth, to the vital questions, to the interrogation of existence. If nothing else, the literature of the human race has made one important discovery, that "reality" is so fantastic.

Borges has read the library in the centre of the labyrinth. He has assimilated what he has read into his short stories and poems. He invents from the old mythologies of man new tales that astound and baffle, and more importantly explore beyond the "surface of things". They present a very visual and sorrowful reality of the unreal.

An English professor would give me a very bad mark for this article for I have said many things about Borges without providing any examples. I have been very vague and general. I shall not amend this error. Instead I offer you a few words of Borges, a poem, and a list of his books.

If you recall I began this article with a

discussion on the mirror. I leave you with these words by Borges.

"Through the years, a man peoples a space with images of provinces, kingdoms, mountains, bays, ships, islands, fishes, rooms, tools, stars, horses, and people. Shortly before his death, he discovers that the patient labyrinth of lines traces the image of his own face."

Books by Borges

Ficciones tales
El Aleph tales
The Maker prose and poetry
Dr. Brodie's Report most recent tales
Other Inquisitions essays
Labyrinths collections of prose, poetry and essays
Conversations With J.L. Borges Richard

Plainness by Jorge Luis Borges

The garden's grillwork gate opens with the ease of a page in a much thumbed book, and, once inside, our eyes have no need to dwell on objects already fixed and exact in memory. Here habits and minds and the private language all families invent are everyday things to me. What necessity is there to speak or pretend to be someone else? The whole house knows me, they're aware of my worries and weakness. This is the best that can happen - What Heaven perhaps will grant us: not to be wondered at or required to succeed but simply to be let in as part of an undeniable Reality, like stones of the road, like trees.

THE STORY OF DOUG

Doug Graham

Well, I wasn't sure whether or not I would return this year, but here I am. I would like to take the opportunity at this time to introduce myself to the new people in the joint.

In the beginning, an angel of the God of Humour came to Doug in a vision between his eighth and ninth beer in the South End Tavern. Now Doug beth a creature who loved laughing and joking. They ruleth his life. He beth also much fond of drink, and cigarettes, and harlots. And the angel judgeth that he was the one who shalt bring this message to the people of Glendon, a land of intellectual pursuit.

So Doug applieth to become a member of the Land of Glendon, and lo, was accepted. And now the angel saith unto him, "Go forth and spread thou the message of the common for the people of the Land of Glendon, who pursuit intellect, canst lose the common, and becometh a slave to their heads. Ye shall girdle thy loins, and taketh up thy typewriter, and doeth battle with intellect. Thou shalt write trivia, which hast not intellectual value, but merely entertains. Thou shalt not cause debates on the existence of God, nor the meaning of Alice in Wonderland, nor existential man, nor French adverbs. For in the Land of Glendon, there be instructors, who receive great offerings to preach these matters.

So Doug, thou shalt set aside one evening a week, and in that evening thou shalt write your words. And these words shall poke fun. Thou shalt write of horny teachers, formal functions, and Ruthie. For Ruthie was a former classmate, who was much stacked, and was entertaining.

So lo, Doug entered into the Land of Glendon and did what the angel commandeth of him. He attendeth to the instructors, who made much words in little time, and commandeth him to read much, and he learned of intellect, while preaching the gospel of the everyday. And for his preachings, he receiveth no offerings, as the instructors, for

lo, the instructors were doctors, or at least masters of the intellect, and Doug was not yet a bachelor. And he was happy, for the instructors complaineth of their offerings, preaching that the offerings were not sufficient, but they did not preach of strike, for their intellect had made them passive.

For his preachings, Doug received praise from his friends, and his editor, who endeavoreth not to censor Doug until the final of the second term of the giving of intellect, for lo, Doug had made a much indecent reference to the act of creation. All was good.

Then, on the final of the second term of the giving of intellect, there arose a girl, who girdled her loins, and taketh up her typewriter to do battle with Doug. She smote him with her harsh words, calling Doug many evil names, and making false references to his sexual preferences. And Doug was angered, and endeavoureth to do battle with her. But the angel came to him in a vision, and saith unto Doug, "Waste not thy time with those who cannot be saved, for in the Land of Glendon, there liveth those whose heads have been taken by the intellect, and they shalt command intellect in all that they readeth. They have no eyes for the common, for they have received much praise from the instructors for this intellect, and put a far greater value on it than it commandeth, and whosoever shalt be in this condition, beth beyond saving, and they shalt suffer when they leave the Land of Glendon, and findeth no use for that intellect, for lo, in the world there be many bachelors, masters, and doctors who worketh in menial labour, and gainsay their intellect, for it is wasted."

So Doug continueth with his preaching, and receiveth more harsh words from other intellectual slaves, who considered it beneath them. But Doug worried not, for he had been blessed with thick skin, and the ability to tell the slaves to plant kisses on his anatomy, for he enjoyeth his preachings, and that was good.

So verily I say unto you, heed my preach-

ings if thou wish, and if thou don't, tough. Amen

That is my story. That is what I do on the staff of the paper. I'd say more but I'm trying to figure out why in hell my schedule commands me to take Shakespeare and the sociology of the family

another election

by Michael Drache

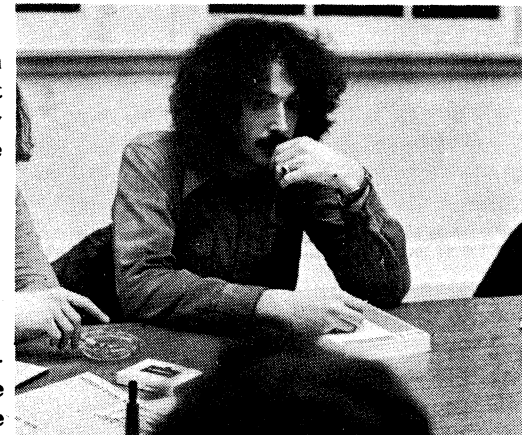
Ontario faces another election and hopefully the ruling despots shall finally be vanquished by a weary electorate. Some have argued that this province runs itself perhaps this province has finally run-down. The Tory hierarchy has become ossified by its many years in office and recently it has been inundated with scandal and corruption. Emperor Bill's new clothes can only be seen by Party hacks. For students, the Conservatives can only see reduced budgets and belt-tightening while their business buddies are given carte blanche to go on a wild spending spree. The Conservatives do believe in socialism, that is socialism for the corporations. While the Party has a monolithic face, in reality it is starting to crumble. Students would be well advised to think carefully before casting their votes for these policies.

The Liberals in this election with Tricky Bob Nixon have decided to out-Tory the Tories by adopting a solid red-neck position. The Liberal position on education is worse than the Conservative's.

While the NDP is an extremely moderate Party, it appears to be the only true liberal party running and has measures would help the student community. Perhaps it will grow in the election in fact, I believe it is a certainty.

It is important that students vote, even though it maybe a charade. Students can show they reject the anti-student policies of the Tory government which will help its students rather than punish them.

figures don't lie



by Mike Drache

Certain individuals have gone into the business of spreading innuendos and falsehoods concerning the affairs of our Student Union. Instead of investigating the facts these confused people have distorted them. The Student Union has brought out a very substantial handbook prepared during orientation week, worked on the Metro-Student Alliance, helped write briefs for the O. F. S., helped the N. U. S. with money and prepared briefs, helped work for student housing in the student community in Toronto. Plans for the future, include day-care, tenants' unions, exchange programs and conferences which will attempt to deal with major national and cultural problems. My salary was withdrawn in June because I was working on deferred courses and spent most of my time on academic work. That measure was one that I personally approved of and I felt that the Student Union made the right decision. I have said before that Glendon is only as good as the community it serves. The Student Union has good people on it, and I feel that much can be accomplished with people working together, co-operating.

Perhaps those people who have unwittingly taken an anti-student position by attempting to disparage the good work of the Student Union will reconsider their provocative judgments.

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

by Mark Everard

Peter Watson had to jump on the brakes to prevent his car from hitting the locked cast-iron gates that protected the Bayview entrance to Glendon College. He turned to his parents, smiling sheepishly. "I guess we should have taken the other entrance," he said.

His father did not reply, but the look on his face would have dropped Jim Corrigan at 25 yards. "That's all right," chirped his mother "At least you stopped without damaging that nice fig-nut cake I made specially for you."

Peter grimaced at thought of having to eat his mother's cake, and backed onto the road. Soon, they had motored into Glendon's main entrance.

Pete was entering his first year at the school, and his parents were helping him move in on the first day of orientation week. Having visited the campus once before, Pete felt confident of his directions and stepped down on the accelerator. Suddenly, the car was rent by a series of shocks that must have registered at least 7.5 on the Richter scale. Pete had forgotten about the speed bumps conveniently distributed over the campus. He turned to his parents, smiling sheepishly, and narrowly avoided hitting a security guard who was gesticulating wildly and shouting in a foreign language that to Pete's virgin ears sounded vaguely like Spanish.

Realizing that the language was not Spanish

but French, and that the guard was saying the equivalent of "Pull over into that parking space and wait til I send you on, you dolt," Pete guided the car into the indicated spot.

He leaned out the window, bumping his head on the door frame in doing so. "We're waiting to get into residence," he explained to the guard.

"And so are about 13,000 others ahead of you," said the guard, who then went on to demonstrate that he knew as many expletives in English as in French. Pete opened the car door, ensuring that he did not bang the car next him and stepped out. His thin, dirty-blond hair, wide mouth and large, baby-blue eyes made him look both comical and appealing.

After waiting for no more than an hour and a half, Pete and his parents were signaled to move on to the residence. They parked in front of a building which rather resembled a three-storey sickle, which Pete knew to be Wood Residence. Even from inside the car, they could hear the sound of a powerful stereo booming out what could be described only euphemistically as music.

Pete and his father loaded themselves with luggage and proceeded to navigate the obstacle course formed on the front porch by beer cases and garbage bags. Peter ran ahead to open the door for his father, stumbling over a beer bottle which had been care-

lessly left perched on an empty pizza box. Opening the door marked B221, Pete was shocked to note that his double room seemed nearer in size to a broom closet. Pete set down his luggage and began scurrying about to ensure that his side of the room got the better facilities. After exchanging pillows and chairs and taking most of the hangers in his as yet non-existent roommate's closet he breathed a sigh of relief.

His sense of well-being was quickly disturbed when he noticed that his mother had begun unpacking his suitcases. He realised in horror that she was nearly down to his carefully hidden bottle of rum, nestled in the folds of his best sweater. Controlling the urge to let out a yelp, he managed to say, "You don't have to do that, mom."

"Oh, I don't mind helping," she replied, folding a pair of Pete's red and white striped underpants. "I'm ever so glad to see you brought your best sweater."

In desperation, Pete lunged at the sweater, and, smiling, dropped it in the bottom drawer, and Pete slammed it shut.

"What was that?" asked his father.

"What was what?" said Pete, turning pale. "That noise I heard coming from your cabinet."

"Maybe there are rats in this building," his mother said, turning pale herself.

"Get off it, mother," said his father, who turned to console her. The subject was not

brought up again, and, finishing the job of unpacking and taking a quick tour around the campus, his parents left.

Pete walked up to his room and got out his bottle of rum and a mug. He poured himself a good shot, and then realising he had forgotten to pick up mixer, grimaced and downed it straight.

NEXT WEEK: the arrival of Les Moore



ORIENTATION MEDIOCRE

by Mike Church

One of the traditional customs of university life is the annual orientation extravaganza. Glendon College is of course no exception to the rule. As tiny and people orientated as Glendon might well be, it is nevertheless a new and unknown environment facing a new student once he or she arrives at this horticulturalist's paradise. It may be contended that orientation serves as an important period before classes where the student can be introduced to the college atmosphere, feel out his or her particular interests, wade through the maze of registration red tape, meet new people, etc. rather than being an elaborate excuse for a week of partying and good times. If that is the case an orientation period at Glendon is every bit as important here as it is at one of the larger more forbidding fortresses of knowledge.

Now that I've been serious and have justified orientation in itself, I would like to continue this article by recalling the events of our illustrious orientation week. This major feat (for me anyway) will of course be discussed in chronological sequence. Not only is that the easiest and most convenient way for me to write but I also have a copy of the orientation schedule from which I can sneak a glance to remind myself of actually when and where each particular event happened just in case my memory is obscured by the terrible Irish disease: ALCOHOLITIS.

Orientation officially began last Sunday with charging hordes of enthusiastically confused first year students bursting into the residences looking for their new "pad". You could easily distinguish the new students from the veterans of earlier campaigns because they actually appeared enthusiastic to start school. (An attitude that will swiftly change). Other sure giveaways were the four and a half hour early arrivals, brand new clock radios among a warehouse full of luggage and last but not least being accompanied by a beaming proud father and a sad, tearful mother. Ah! The little bird leaves mother's nest. What a sight! Throughout this madness, the returning veterans strolled in calmly with a Labatt's Blue in one hand and a two-four under the other arm and immediately joined former friends in a nice cool beer. Now that's experience and organization.

The whole affair was surprisingly well organized with lots of advisors on hand to pass out lukewarm beer and Glendon propaganda.

After the hysteria died down and people got settled the exodus began to the dining room and the year's first BEAVER DINNER: (no comment required)

After a surprisingly decent meal, the new students toured the campus while the veterans (anybody above 1st) headed straight for the evening wine and cheese party which turned out to be quite good despite a stray dog who insisted on bugging everyone to feed him cheese, with a great deal of success, while unsuccessfully attempting to convince barman Daniel Bélair that he was a French dog and therefore qualified for a couple of 50. Capsule Comment: Pretty good (free, wasn't it) Dr. McQueen where were you?

Monday started out with the annual disaster; the French Placement Test. As I had wandered through the residences the previous night looking for a free beer my eyes met with sights I couldn't believe: people (and you can guess which year) were frantically attempting last minute all nighters in French in hopeless attempts to survive the mornings French test. Don't feel too bad though, cause when I walked in to write the test last year I didn't even have to use my pen except to sign my name. After the morning disaster people waited impatiently for the first of the three free beer parties in the Hilliard "PIT" which would turn out to be dull but large gatherings of interested students determined to shoot the breeze until the beer ran out each night, which of course it always did. Small miracle. eh! Monday night's dance with "Shroeder" was as usual a much too loud rock concert dance which you could take or leave depending whether you had something better to do or could afford the increased rates at the bar. A word about the rates; \$.70 a beer and \$1.15 for liquor is a bit much for a student dance.

After Information Day fell through on Tuesday afternoon, it wasn't until the evening when French-Canadian folk singer Jacques Amar appeared in the Café de la Terrasse, our wonderful little watering hole, that things began to take shape. For the few of us who could fit inside, and for the majority who couldn't, we owe out congratulations to Québechaud for a fine presentation and for a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The rest of the week continued along with a variety night in the pub on Wednesday, a very poorly attended "JOCK DAY", probably due to apathy and inclement weather on Thursday, and on Friday afternoon a scheduled B-B-Q picnic down on the Proctor field which didn't materialize. Whatever the reasons where for

cancelling this event, apathy can't be counted as one of them because I met several groups of students searching in vain for the picnic. Not only was it terrible organization and judgement to cancel this event, but it was a lack of responsibility on behalf of the organizers for not informing the student body beforehand of such a decision.

Radio Glendon's dance provided some good fun on Friday evening, with a good selection of music, as long as your eardrums could survive the earshattering levels our disc-jockeys insisted on blasting the music despite numerous requests to tone it down. Both the crowd and atmosphere were good and Boodle's (last year's Miss Hilliard) intermission spoof was entertaining.

Saturday was Metro Toronto's Shinerama for the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. Unfortunately the weather and previous commitments probably killed off a greater participation for this worth-while cause. Later in the evening the last orientation dance was held with word filtering back to me that the music and atmosphere was good.

As far as I can tell, Sunday's Film Festival wasn't exactly an overwhelming success. Although it sounded like a good idea, it proved not too popular with the Glendon community. Perhaps it was the weather or Mike Drache's choice of films. I think it was the latter. Earlier in the afternoon I could only count two heads in the audience. Even they rapidly disappeared when the feature film finally came on: a poorly made film in French on the problems of mining in Quebec. (Sigh!) That about wraps up our week of orientation activities which could be described at best by being very mediocre. Consider for a moment the scheduled events that lacked the social stimulus of liquor and music. All were dismal failures. One such event consisted of information Day, where opportunities arose for students to meet professors, faculty and orientate themselves to Glendon facilities. Instead, students wandered around aimlessly during the day trying to locate invisible picnics and touring campus facilities when such exercises should've been organized and co-ordinated by the various departments concerned. For example, why didn't the Fieldhouse staff organize some activities and provide a tour of our recreational facilities rather than a few signs posted here and there on future events? Also, why wasn't the orientation material mailed out beforehand to all students so they could familiarize themselves with the upcoming events, especially the day students who arrived mid-week to register

and found half the orientation activities were already completed? Relatively speaking this year's orientation was better than last year's which was terrible, but still has a long way to come to satisfy the objectives orientation is expected to convey. That is, to introduce students to the entire Glendon community rather than the pub and dining hall. For instance, there could've been an informal picnic where both students and the staff including our principal, Dr. McQueen, could've introduced themselves or something to that effect. Accommodations might have been set up to allow day students to remain on campus for the night after a late pub or dance. Perhaps student apathy can be blamed in part for the mediocracy of our orientation week but I do not believe that is the whole reason. Inadequate organization and enthusiasm by those involved prevented many students, especially the day students who do not have the advantage of residence community to meet new friends, from experiencing the potential community spirit and social interaction that lies within Glendon. For those of us who enjoyed the orientation week it was a great chance to let off steam and have a good time. But for future orientations let's try to get more involved in the other side of orientation, the introduction to a university education which certainly isn't all partying (surprise!) Don't get me wrong, partying is a great and necessary part of university life but other aspects of the community should be explored in the future such as meeting our faculty, touring facilities; academic regulations and procedures, touring facilities; the library, the Radio station, the newspaper offices, etc. because to receive an effective introduction to the various other university activities can get everyone off to a good start this year at Glendon

Radio Glendon
Meeting
on Wednesday
at 3:00
in the station.

INNOCENT ABROAD



by Gord McIvor

I suppose that it would be highly presumptuous of me to assume that you all know who I am, but those of you who were here last year probably did reach my weekly column in PRO TEM, or perhaps saw me in one of the dramatic productions which our fair college is renowned for. At any rate, my name is Gordon MacIvor, I love to write, to act, and to speak French, and thus have come to Europe to spend my third year trying to improve these three rather demanding mistresses that haunt me. I am writing this first letter to you from the misty capitol of England, which remains charming to me despite the fact that it seems to be slowly sinking into the depthless Atlantic Ocean from a political, social and economic point of view. I have spent the summer in England working for Grand Metropolitan Hotels, a job which I eagerly lapped up after discovering that the "gouvernement du Québec" had no use for my services. Although this letter is in English (which seems undeniably logical since I am lodged in the country which spawned this lovely language), most of my subsequent correspondences to you will most likely be conducted in French. I will write in French not to prove that I know the language, nor to obtain some haughty and snobbish effect with my reading audience (to which I hope you will belong), but because I will be living and thinking

in the language of Descartes and will want to thoroughly plunge into it, forgetting for the entire year my Anglo-Saxon origins. Actually, I have discovered with some delight that the region of Scotland that my ancestors emigrated from was settled by Mediterranean peoples, thus perhaps giving me a distant blood tie with the southern French. As you read this letter, dear friends, I will be settling down in some cozy little "bistro" to sip on a Remy Martin and watch the world go by in the exciting small city of Montpellier. Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), when visiting this part of the world, wrote that "the dying sunlight gild its clustering spires and ramparts, and flood its leagues of environing verdure with a mellow radiance that touched with an added charm the white villas that flecked the landscape far and near." (Copyright secured according to law). The author of "The Prince and the Pauper", "Tom Sawyer", and "Huckleberry Finn" was commissioned by a San Francisco journal to write a series of letters descriptive of a European trip. The year was 1867, the year that our beloved country was born, founded on the same principles that Glendon College was to be founded on years later ... bilingualism and biculturalism. Although the great Mark Twain never came anywhere near being bilingual in French-English, he did master the English language as he proves time and time again in his letters from Europe to San Francisco, to be published in book form in 1869 under the title of "The Innocents Abroad". From his letters I take my inspiration and the name of my column, for I shall be an innocent abroad as Mark Twain was, writing not to a San Francisco journal, but to a York University newspaper in Toronto. Unlike Mr. Twain, my writings will not attempt to be a record of a pleasure trip, but of a living experience, for once established in Montpellier I will become not a tourist but a temporary citizen.

People have been writing home from France

for centuries ... it has always seemed to be the place to be writing from and not to. It became particularly interesting to the anglophones of the world during the 1920's, when a small contingent of young or young-thinking American expatriates settled in the small hotels on the Left Bank of Paris and proceeded to write some of the greatest modern literature the English language has ever seen. It began with the publication of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises", and continued to flower with James Joyce's "Ulysses" and Scott F. Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby". Paris also played host to such giants as Margaret Anderson, Aldous Huxley, Picasso, John Des Passos, Carson McCullers, Gertrude Stein, Truman Capote, etc., etc., etc. The list of foreigners writing from France is absolutely astounding. An uninformed reader could almost be led to believe that France produced more outstanding English literature during these years than in French. But this doubt will soon be crushed when one begins to look at the reputations and works of Proust, André Gide, Anatole France, Colette, and the surrealists. There almost seems to be something in the air which inspires great writing, art, architecture and ideas. France is the kingdom of ideas, and I will most humbly take my place among its servants. For to serve the idea is to me the sublime height of civilization, that which places man so far above the other beasts in God's creation.

In the late 19th century Oscar Wilde wrote letters of passion from France back to England, just as Mark Twain had done two decades earlier. In September of 1925, Janet Flanner started a bi-monthly "Letters from Paris" for "The New Yorker" one of the larger American magazines. The American public read these bits of knowledge with glee, assured that they were sharing some of the glamour and excitement which the "tout Paris" was fed on. In a recently published collection of her letters, Ms. Flanner concluded in a preface that "Paris was yesterday", that is to

say that when she was there, Paris still showed the face of the 19th and even 18th century. But today in 1975, Paris is very much into the 20th century. Although there are notable exceptions like "le metro" and many of the stuffy small streets, the city in many ways is remarkably modern. So, for that matter, are some of the smaller cities such as Montpellier, where IBM produces 360 complex computers a year, where nuclear physicists carry out tests for the French army, and where a marvelous new public transport system has just been put into use. But still one has a feeling that the past is always present, ready to work side by side with the future. The French are a people who guard their traditions and epic past with pride, which perhaps is an important reason why they are so attractive to many of us. For one feels that the strong roots of this epic past can support any trauma (and the Lord knows, this country has supported and come out of many a trauma) to flower gloriously. Although France is no longer today a major world power it remains quite undisputedly one of the fashion, literary, artistic, and film capitals of the world. It also manages to create more interesting aircraft, politicians, and women than any country in Europe. Paris is still the jewel of Europe, and I will be proud to, write to you once a month from one of the smaller jewels of France ... Montpellier. In my next letter, I shall describe the city and its surroundings for you. Meanwhile, I hope you have enjoyed this rather sporadic letter and hope you will become part of my regular reading audience. If your French isn't that good, don't fret ... it isn't essential that you remember or understand every word and idea. And for those of you whose French is that good, remember these letters are primarily for you, for you will also have the chance to study in Europe in the future, to become a Canadian expatriate for a year. I must agree with Oscar Wilde, Mark Twain, Janet Flanner, et al. and say that I find the whole affair quite simply fascinating

ALL PINBALLERS UNITE!

by Bob Faulkner

Coming back to school for a new year is always an anticipation of reunion with old friends. Unfortunately many people noticed three very old and faithful friends missing.

This trio never left each other's side, and often proved to be the most popular group on campus. With them vast numbers of people spent many relaxing fun-filled hours.

When students first began to invade the grassy grounds of Glendon, the friends were still around but very quiet, and not receptive to advances by friends.

Suddenly some men bearing dollies and wide dirty-grey straps came and took the trio away.

It came as a shock to many people. Many close friends uttered cries of sympathy, and others remained bed ridden for days following the loss of such trustworthy uncomplaining sidekicks.

What started to look like another good year sharing times with friends suddenly turned into a questionable and hazy future. If some old friends can be displaced so readily upon a whim, then what will happen to others.

Already the pub no longer sounds the same. Upon descending the stairs the joyful sounds of students at play tempted the ears of hundreds who climbed or descended the wooden stairs. Now there is only a hollow echo of heavy footsteps upon carpeted wood. The pinball machines are gone.

According to the official word, the three friends were a fire hazard. Strange because they didn't even smoke, even though when coupled with a few of their more adept friends they did get pretty hot.

Apparently the Fire Marshall felt the trio was blocking a fire exit, and suddenly that is unacceptable despite having lived in the same location for several years.

Now they are DPs (Displaced Pinball), separated from their friends and probably from each other as well.

The question in many peoples' minds is who phoned the Fire Marshall? It seems extremely odd the Fire Department official would have picked this time to pick on the easy-going group without some extra prodding. Who was on the other end of the prod?

Early this summer it was rumoured that a prominent university official had it in mind to remove the machines, along with the Juke Box from the pub.

When the students arrived on Sunday everything was still here and the crisis appeared to be over. Relief was short-lived.

The pinball machines are gone, and the Juke Box remains, but for how long?

It is a definite shame and could possibly be traumatic to deprive hard-working students a little enjoyment at the end of a day during a break between classes.

Especially considering the reason must often be attributed to the displacement of the trio of machines -- they make too much noise.

For someone not indoctrinated to the machines, it is hard to explain the ecstasy and feeling of fulfilment experienced when a pop (signifying a free game) suddenly reaches the ears of a concentrating player.

Not only did the machines provide a great deal of enjoyment for countless people, male and female, French and English, but they also gave the Student Union bank account a much needed boost.

From early morning until shortly after the pub closed, the machines never had a chance to get cold. Someone was always standing in front of at least one of them.

With this, the machines -- as a team -- used to make about \$2,000 a month (the figure most often attributed to the worth

Such an occurrence would be totally disastrous. Displaced pinball machines are bad enough, rumours of losing the Juke Box are almost too much to take, and even a hint of something happening to the pub could instantaneously turn the campus into a group of walking zombies in some kind of traumatic trance.

Who is at the bottom of the lost pinball machines, and if the usually reliable source is right, who could be behind that scheme? (of the trio). Not only did the students enjoy themselves, but they gave much needed financial support to their governing body at the same time.

The loss of such useful and faithful friends is difficult enough to take, but one usually reliable source extends the perimeter of loss even farther. According to this source, there is also an underground move afoot to displace the Cafe de la Terrasse and possibly even remove it from existence.

Ed. Note: It has come to our attention that the "higher officials" at Glendon were unaware until recently that they were removed.

orientation ok

by Michael Drache

The idea behind orientation week at all universities is to familiarize the students with their new school if they are coming for the first time or to re-introduce old faces to the same scenes. This year we had a number of dances and parties as well as films and informational activities.

Often, many would show up, sometimes only a few. Glendon is a small college and orientation is therefore limited by its smaller budget. Still, I felt many did come out and showed an interest in things and that the week was successful. Except for some bad weather another orientation week has come off in pretty good shape.

Special thanks go to Pro Tem for printing a program, Radio Glendon for helping us in every way, to Daniel Bélair who worked hard to make it successful and to Nancy Brown and John Luczak who spent a lot of time making sure things were going right. Hopefully, the Student Union will receive more co-operation on its other projects and activities.



QUEBECHAUD LE DEBUT

par Marie-Claire Girard

Mardi le 9 septembre Québechaud a présenté son premier spectacle au Café de la Terrasse. Malgré quelques difficultés au départ, Louis Morin, le responsable de Québechaud a fourni une somme de travail considérable pour faire un succès de cette première soirée Québécoise. Nul doute que cette année sera tout aussi intéressante que la précédente en ce qui a trait aux activités françaises; la planification reste à être faite, mais tout nous laisse croire qu'il y aura un tas de spectacles intéressants. Mardi soir dernier Jaques Amar, un jeune chansonnier de Montréal, semblait assez mal à l'aise tout au long de la première partie, par la suite grâce à la participation enthousiaste des Québécois et même des Anglophones le résultat fut excellent. Le spectacle de Jaques Amar nous a rappelé quelque peu les bons souvenirs du Jollyheart Club Band: des chansons à répondre et une salle qui était visiblement enchantée de participer. Les records de vente de bière n'ont pas été battus cette fois-ci mais il ne faut pas désespérer: l'année est encore jeune et les nouveaux Québécois il faut l'espérer, prendront certainement la relève de ceux qui nous ont quittés. J'en profite pour leur souhaiter la bienvenue au sein de la communauté Glendonienne: il y a beaucoup de choses à faire ici pour le Bilinguisme et également pour le Québec. Amusez-vous bien tout le monde et ne manquez pas le prochain spectacle de Québechaud.



Jacques Amar



Michal Hasek and friends last year in the Café

Hasek Returns to Glendon Friday and Saturday at 8:30 in the Cafe

by Larry Guimond

Michael Hasek, one of Toronto's finest contributions to the field of the blues, will be making a return visit to the college this weekend. Due to his popularity last year he will be performing on both Friday and Saturday night. Hasek has been playing in and around Toronto since about 1970 and is getting better all of the time. Since his visit early last fall he has written enough material for his second album, which he is in the process of recording. Having watched Michael's progress over the last year, it seems that his old fans will be pleased by the performance he will be bringing to the College.

People who write about Hasek are always comparing him to other artists. The kind of line that reads "a style like McLaughlin" or the "quality of songwriting that matches David Wiffens". To me, Hasek resembles these people, yet at the same time brings across his own style.

Michael Hasek's first album, on which he did everything from performing to producing has been out now for about a year and a half without losing the popular support that greeted it. Around Toronto, he has played almost every club and holds the respect of both audience and fellow performers. Whatever it is about Michael, his guitar work or his stage presence, he captivates an audience from one moment to the next. The stories and the fills that Hasek tells about the old bluesmen make up an integral part of his show and add to the atmosphere that Michael creates with his music.

The band that will be accompanying him will be familiar as they will be Mitchell Lewis on lead guitar and Rodney St. Amand. Both of these performers are fine musicians and add to Michael's show. Their sole work does not usually go unnoticed by an audience as it is of a high calibre.

To borrow a cliché, Hasek is on the way to the top of the music business. He has been

on extensive tours of both the United States and Canada and his name is an attraction at any of the clubs in Toronto. For his old fans it will be a good chance to renew their ties with him and for new people, a chance to become fans. Since the Café is a small club you would be well advised to make an early appearance. With Michael being here for both nights hopefully everyone will have the opportunity to drop in and see him.



Lily Tomlin
Her début in movies

NASHVILLE

Robert Altman's movie Nashville has been playing in Toronto since the early summer with a somewhat limited success. It has not taken the audience by storm as the movie houses and ads would have one believe, but Nashville is not a movie to be seen by everyone. Centered in Nashville, the home of country music in the United States, the movie uses the setting to portray American society. It mixes the private and public affairs of twenty four characters to achieve a view of society.

During the first hour of the movie, one almost feels lost, as the characters are introduced, but somehow never quite seem to come together. Then, everything falls into place, two hours have gone by quickly and the movie is over. The viewer is left at the end to determine the controversy of the movie and usually takes part of the movie home with him. Since it is an epic it does have something for everyone

It ranges from country music, to politics, to sex. The politics and sex in the movie are central themes but the music of the movie stands out as an excellent feature. The music for the film was composed by Henry Gibson, Karen Black, and Ronce Blakeley, all of whom were members of the cast. Their music stands up well in the film but as a soundtrack album it is not worth the price of a record these days.

The characters in the movie are all in Nashville for one reason or another and it is interesting to see how they blend together. Lily Tomlin makes her debut in the movies as a white singer who sings for a black gospel group. Henry Gibson and Timothy Brown appear as top country music stars who enjoy the prestige and power behind the musical scenes. Throughout the movie a presiden-

tial campaign is being run by a third party candidate on a law and order ticket and offers an insight as to where American politics will go in the 1976 elections. Along with the stars of Nashville are the struggling artists, the newcomers, and the people who go to the home of country music and end up as waiters and bar maids. It represents quite a mix of characters but Altman with his talent as a director manages to bring them together.

The movie does not give a realistic picture of the actual town of Nashville itself but does represent American society. Nashville can be seen by everyone, but few people venture an opinion beyond an immediate like or dislike. You will not get from Nashville what you expect, or what you think you will get, but it will leave you with a feeling of uncertainty, which makes the movie as successful as it is.



Karen Black
Her own compositions used

ON TAP

Theatre

The Physicists, presented by Théâtre Plus at St. Lawrence Centre.

Sabrina Fair, at Royal Alexandra to Sept. 27
Second City, presents 'Also Available in Paperback' at the Old Firehall, 110 Lombard CITY - The Toronto Show presented by Théâtre Passe Muraille with music composed by John Mills-Cockell. Opens Thursday for indefinite run; 121 Avenue Road.

Clubs

Ray Materick: at the Riverboat (134 Yorkville Ave.) until Sept. 28th.

ville Ave.) until Sept. 28th.

Lisa Garber: at the Sandpiper (76 St. Clair W.) to Saturday.

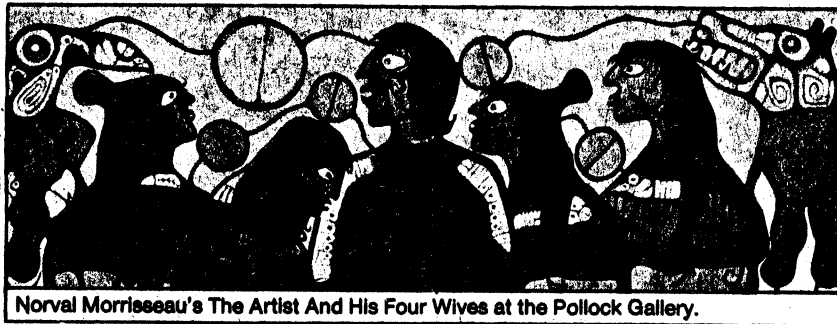
Ellen McIlwaine settles into the Chimney (579 Yonge St.) to Saturday.

Moe Koffman's jazz at George's (290 Dundas St. E.) until Saturday; very relaxed.

Wayne Cochran is in the El Mocambo (464 Spadina Ave.) through the week.



Ray Materick at the Riverboat.



Norval Morrisseau's The Artist And His Four Wives at the Pollock Gallery.

Galleries

Art Gallery of Ontario (Dundas at McCaul) an exhibition of 85 recent Canadian paintings, entitled THE CANADIAN CANVAS, on display through October 12.

Laserium: Sound and light show at McLaughlin Planetarium; Tuesdays through Sundays at 4:15, 8:45 and 10:00 P.M., \$2.75.
Mackenzie House (82 Bond St.): restoration of 19th century home of William Lyon Mackenzie, Toronto's first mayor; students 25c

Films

99c Roxy, Danforth at Greenwood (461-2401)

Wednesday: Les Ordres at 7 and 10:35
Tout va Bien at 9:00 P.M.

Thursday: The Sting at 7
The Great Waldo Pepper at 9:15

Friday: Dirty Harry at 7 and 10:35
Magnum Force at 8:45

Saturday: Monty Python at 7 and 10
Marx Bros., Room Service, 8:30

Café

CAFE DE LA TERRASSE WILL BE OPEN MONDAY TO FRIDAY, 8:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M. AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. IT'S A BEER, GOOD FOOD, AND COMPANY!

LE CAFE DE LA TERRASSE SERA OUVERT LUNDI A VENDREDI, 8h 30 A.M. A 12h P.M. ET SAMEDI ET DIMANCHE L'APRES-MIDI. rendez-VOUS LA POUR UN CAFE, UNE BIÈRE, DE BONNE NOURRITURE, ET DU FUN! *

COMING UP

At Glendon: Michal Hasek in the Café on Friday and Saturday evenings at 8:30 P.M.

FROM THE SPORTS DESK

ATHLETICS

For those who missed the Athletics desk on your way out of the super-organized Gym after registration, and for those interested in more information on The Field House programme for this year, read on.

We offer athletics and sports on four levels.

1. Come down and use the facilities as best you may. Schedules of hours are available from The Field House and are posted on the Athletics Boards outside the two Dining Halls.

2. There are recreational activities with low organization. Thursdays from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. we will offer a variety of recreational activities sometimes co-ed, sometimes not, plus on an intramural level. Again, information will be posted on the Athletics Boards, in the Café, in this paper and by Radio Glendon.

3. Instruction is offered in a number of activities for a nominal fee, (i.e. 10 squash lessons beginners or advanced, for Any programme not offered will be arranged if sufficient interest is shown. We offer squash, tennis, karate, ballroom dancing, swimming (beginners - bronze) and yoga. These classes begin over the next two weeks, so please sign up quickly.

4. In the competition line there are three divisions.

(a) Varsity play which is organized by York Main.

(b) Intercollege in which we compete, if interest is shown, within a structure of all the York colleges (i.e. Stong, Calumet, Bethune).

(c) Intramural - these leagues are run by House, and by year for day students.

Proficiency is not the aim, but rather fun, and a break from the usual grind of studying and spending money in the Café. Everyone is welcome, for even in the competitive activities you can have a good time and have exercise. So the four levels are open to all.

This Thursday three events of note are:
1. 1 - 3 P.M. - Open House - people will be available to explain the facilities to sign up for instruction, etc. Come and meet some people to play with.

2. Men's Recreation Programme
First and second year day students meet Thursday 4:00 P.M. at the Fieldhouse.

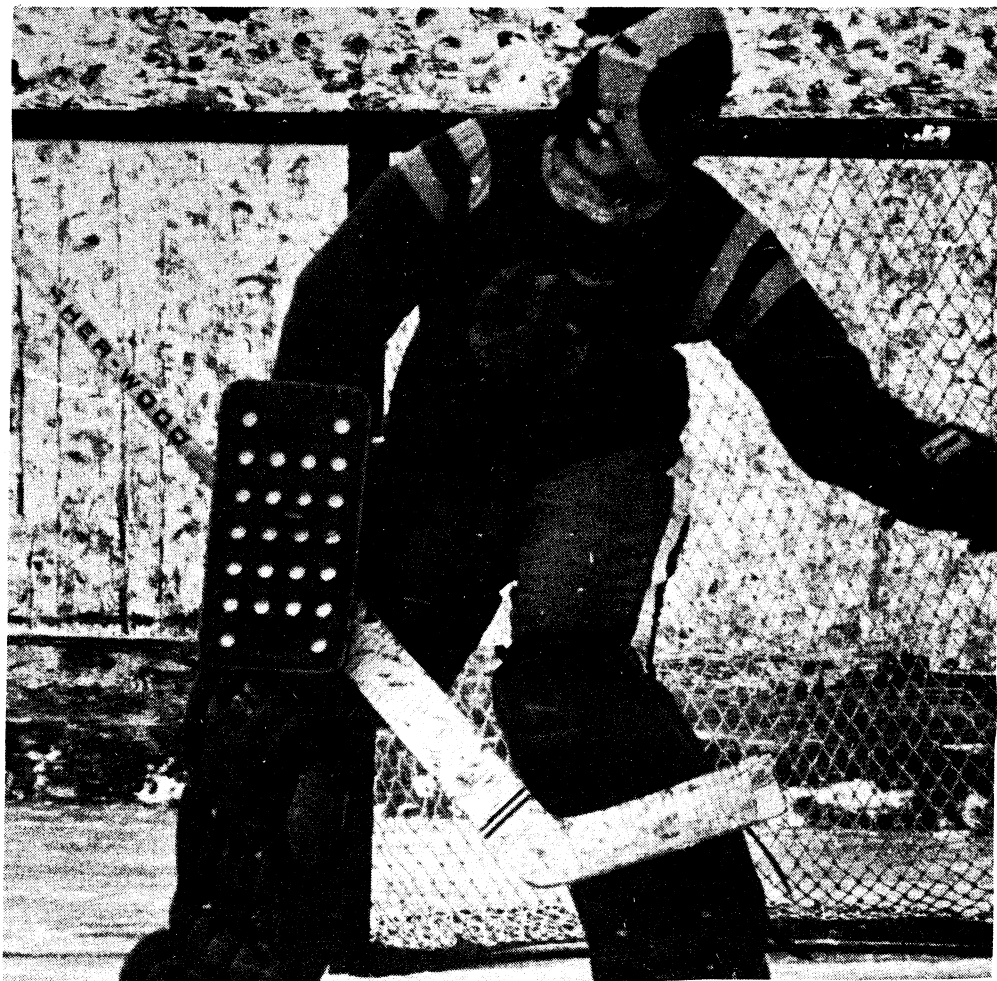
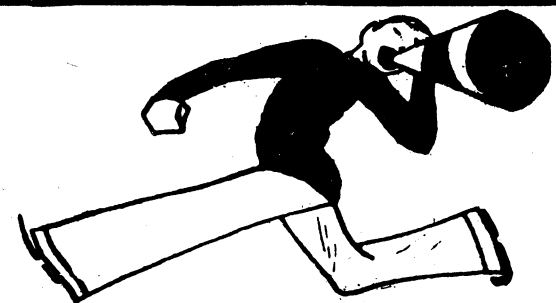
3. A Squash Open House for Men begins at 6 P.M. This will allow you to meet some people to play against, will determine the winter squash ladder seating from which the College Team is chosen.

If you have any questions or wish to volunteer some time for convening a sport, or refereeing (a paid position), please feel free to contact Anne O'Byrne, Peter Jensen, Louise Regan or Doug Gayton at the Field House,

This Thursday (Sept. 18) Women's Inter-college Flag Football starts. All interested players should come down to the Fieldhouse at 1:15 to decide practice times.

Also starting this Thursday is the Inter-college Tennis Tournament. Please see Anne

O'Byrne today if you want to enter.
Men's Hockey Team - meet in the Proctor Fieldhouse Thursday, Sept. 18, at 1:30 p.m. Bring stick, gloves and track suit.



Hockey time is coming!



"In Pool you're supposed to keep the opponents guess - not your partner!"

Student Caucus in Faculty Council need more student representatives to fill positions left vacant. Contact Yves Jolicoeur at Wood B206.

MODELS NEEDED: Male and Female
Pete and Anne Kolisnyk need a list of people who would be interested in modeling for life classes.

Thursdays - 10 A.M. - noon
- 3 P.M. - 5 P.M.
- evenings, 7 P.M. - 9 P.M.

Fridays - 10 A.M. - noon
Pay - \$5.00 per hour.
Leave your name with the Kolisnyks at the art office in Glendon Hall, or with Kirsten Nielson at Dean of Students Office, 259 York Hall.