

ENERGIES WASTED IN COUNCIL

by Nancy Brown

I am writing this partly in response to Ann Bettson's article "Put up or shut up", but mostly in response to everything council has said and done in the past few years.

Ann Bettson claims that apathetic students have no rights. By "apathetic" she means a person who will not run for office, or, in extreme cases, a person who will not even vote. I myself do not plan to run for office (as should be obvious - I ran last Spring, and have now resigned). I am not

so sure I will even vote. By definition, this makes me an "apathetic student" (one who attends all council meetings, and has yet to see Ann Bettson there).

I feel, however, that I have good reasons for my alleged "apathy", and I do not feel that mine is an isolated case. Much of my reason for not staying in office, and the reason for my possible abstention in the upcoming by-election, is this: I know that within the present framework of council politics, my energies would be absolutely

wasted.

Consider the "issues" of importance at last week's council meeting: where to park motorcycles; at what hours a person should be allowed to collect scrip; who should have what office space in Glendon Hall; and so on. Meanwhile, students are paying \$100 per month for a tiny room furnished with only the bare necessities; many students are already mortgaging years of their life in order to attend university, and next year will, in all probability, see a new fee increase; the Student Aid Plan remains grossly unfair, allowing only middle-class students the "privilege" of education; at Glendon, we search in vain for enough courses taught in French to constitute a full study programme; and the list goes on. And yet, these issues do not arise in council; they are either ignored altogether, or left to the executive of the Ontario Federation of Students or of the National Union of Students to take care of single-handedly. Personally,

I do not care where people park their motorcycles, but I do care about the price and quality of my education. But Glendon has no forum in which to discuss these issues, and has no representative body who will attempt to act upon them. I am not "apathetic"; on the contrary, I am vitally concerned, but have found no outlet for my concern.

The situation does not have to remain this way. It is possible for the council to move from the trivia to the issues, from the trees to the forest, so to speak. They want to, I have been told, but are not sure of the support they will receive from students. It is my opinion that they will receive a great deal of support, if they will only take the risk.

This, then, is my answer to Ann Bettson: the students are not apathetic and disinterested, it is the council that remains unconcerned with the important problems faced by students. This is what must change.



Poli . Sci . Activities

The Political Science Student Caucus has begun its activities. The first meeting of its members was held on Sunday, October 5, 1975. During this first gathering, the following points were discussed:

1. What orientations would the caucus take this year to get more participation from the student body.
2. A number of names were suggested as concerns the invitation of guest speakers during the year. We all agreed that these guest speakers would not only be politicians, but also people who could bring more light upon subjects of current interest. Once the arrangements are made, notices will be put up.
3. A budget to be presented to the student union was drawn up.

be at the disposal of those who might have suggestions to make. If you have any great ideas, let us know about them by slipping a piece of paper with your suggestion in our pigeon hole in the political science office. 5. Also, a section of the political science bulletin board will be kept at our disposal. If you hear of anything interesting going on (i.e. debates, television shows, newspaper articles, etc.) keep us posted.

It must be kept in mind that our caucus can be successful only through your help and participation. Means have been put at our disposal and they are there for us to use. We are willing to work for you and for Glendon. Are you ready to help us?

Serge Leclerc

Member, Political Science Student Caucus

FOOD BOYCOTT A SUCCESS IN BC

VANCOUVER (CUP)--- The British Columbia Institute of Technology administration has lowered food prices after students and staff boycotted food services September 18.

BCIT principal Gordon Thom said he agreed to reduce prices from the previously announced 80 per cent increase after a meeting with student council president Steve Brown.

Brown said September 22 that he decided to organize the boycott because he did not think the administration would respond to any other means of pressure.

"We decided it was time the bullshit stops and we nail these guys with a boycott," he said.

Brown said staff and student support for the boycott was almost universal after student council members circulated through classrooms the day before.

The council brought outside caterers to the campus to feed boycotters who would usually eat the student-prepared food at the food training centre cafeteria.

Boycotters surrounded the cafeteria with picket signs and banners for most of the afternoon.

Brown submitted a brief to the Board of Governors two weeks prior to the boycott asking the price hikes be rolled back, but when no action was taken the boycott action followed.

But now, he said, members of the BCIT Board of Governors are discussing food services and have told him final food prices will be about 20 per cent higher than last year.

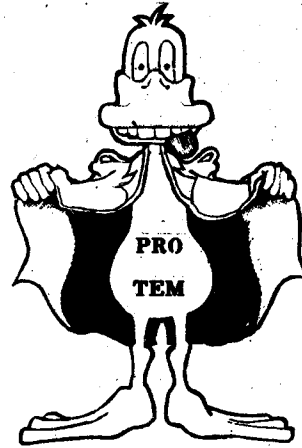
This is lower than the prices agreed on after the boycott, said Brown.

Principal Thom said the large food service and subsidy required to support food prices will make less money available for education, and cause cutbacks in budgets of other departments.

"If we subsidize food, we are affecting the educational side," Thom said. "Of course we could feed everybody free and cut out education altogether. We have to draw a line somewhere."

Anyone interested in helping the CYSF or the workers of Versa Food who were fired, there will be a meeting on Thursday at 12:00 in the Bear Pit at the main campus.

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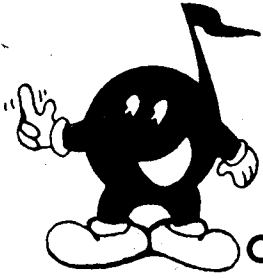
Glendon Art Gallery



The lovely lady whose picture accompanies this article stands guard over the first Glendon Art Show of the year. Glendon's resident art people, Anne and Peter Kolisnyk set gallery hours at Monday to Friday 10am-5pm and Monday to Thursday 7-9pm.

IMPORTANT DEADLINES

FRIDAY, OCT. 10 -- LAST DAY TO ENROL IN FULL COURSE OR FALL TERM HALF COURSE	LAST DAY ON WHICH TO SUBMIT TERM WORK FOR FALL TERM HALF COURSES
FRIDAY, OCT. 10 -- LAST DAY TO WITHDRAW WITHOUT PENALTY FROM FALL TERM HALF COURSE	MON., JAN. 5 -- FIRST DAY OF SECOND TERM
FRIDAY, OCT. 10 -- LAST DAY TO REGISTER	FRIDAY, JAN. 16 -- LAST DAY TO WITHDRAW FROM FULL COURSE WITHOUT ACADEMIC PENALTY
TUES., OCT. 21 -- LAST DAY TO CHANGE DEGREE PROGRAMME	LAST DAY TO WITHDRAW WITHOUT PENALTY FROM ALL COURSES
DEC. 15 - 19 -- EXAMINATION PERIOD FOR FALL TERM HALF COURSES	



RADIO
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OPEN MIND

ESSAY WRITING COURSE

Registration for those students who have applied for the **Essay Writing Course** will take place on Friday, October 10th at the Counselling Centre.

KARATE INSTRUCTION

The organizational meeting of a Glendon College karate team will be held on Thursday, October 9th at 4:30 to 6:00 in the small Gym. The purpose of this team-club will be two-fold; to introduce karate to new students, and allow those who have some training to form a team for the varsity competition. The instruction will be given by a student who has a second degree

YORK UNIVERSITY

KARATE

CLUB

Anyone wishing to start or continue karate, come to the small gymnasium Glendon College on Thursday, October 9, at 7pm. Classes will be held on - Thursdays 7-9:00pm.

LIFE DRAWING

Classes will begin Thursday, October 9th, 7-9 p.m. in Wood residence basement art room. Cost is \$1.50 and all materials are supplied.

ELECTION PROCEDURE

1. Notice on Procedure for Elections
All students **must** have their sessional validation cards to be able to vote.
Dates of Election
ADVANCE: Tues. Oct. 14, 10a.m. - 2p.m. GCSU office
REGULAR: Wed. Oct. 15 & Thurs. Oct. 16 9a.m. - 5p.m. outside J.C.R.
PLEASE VOTE !!!
2. General Meeting - All Candidates Meeting
Thursday Oct. 9th, 1:00p.m. N.D.H.
BE THERE !!!

HIDDEN ART TREASURES DISCOVERED

Hidden Art Treasures Discovered in Obscure Closet of Glendon
Folios, Fabrics and Prints
Pete and Anne Kolisnyk emphatically told last year's art students that work left behind after the student exhibition was not in their possession. They were wrong () bastards ()
bureaucrats () indifferent ()
unfeeling () hard hats ()
philistines () uncaring ()
stupid ()
doing the art world a favour ()
Claim work at art office, Glendon Hall, Thursdays or Fridays.

NAUGHTY WORDS FROM DOUG

by Doug Graham

This week I'll tell you about the trouble I had this summer with the Lakefield town council concerning my dog, Nathaniel. I received a letter from the town council one day, stating that my dog did not have a licence. Now, I thought civil servants would like a laugh in their humdrum work day, and I decided that I would give them a break from typing formula letters to lazy bastards like me. I wrote a reply that went something like this,

Dear Sir,

Re. your letter of June 3, 1975. While it is true that Nathaniel does not have in his possession a valid licence, I do not see cause for concern. You see, Nathaniel has not driven for years, nor has he expressed a desire to. I take him everywhere he wants to go, and honestly, he never expressed a desire to go anywhere! Should he decide at some date in the future, that he would like to operate a motor vehicle, you may rest assured that before I let him behind the wheel, he will have passed a motor vehicle safety course, been insured, and successfully obtained a license.

I signed it, and smeared some ink on the bottom of the page, where I had Nathaniel put his paw print. It was really only a joke, because the very same day I got the letter, I bought Nathaniel his licence, which he promptly lost. (I suspect he was chewing on it and swallowed it.)

The Lakefield town council sent me back a letter a few days later in which I received a written tongue lashing for not taking them seriously. I wish I had known they

were going to be so damn touchy. This was the beginning of the war that was to continue all summer, which is still raging at present.

Not long after my second letter, a third letter came from them, explaining that my dog was too noisy. Of course he was noisy, he's a watch dog. When someone comes into the back yard, he barks. What the hell was he supposed to do, check their identification? Or ask them politely to leave? Maybe hold them at gunpoint till I came out. I gave in and trained Nathaniel not to bark so much.

Next there came a complaint that my dog had bitten a man. I found out that Nathaniel bit the old buzzard because he hit Nathaniel with a chain. I used to let Nathaniel out for a run in the early evening. He had crossed the man's front yard on his way to see the labrador retriever who lived down the road. Nathaniel is a romantic dog. The old man struck him with a chain, so he bit him. Christ, I would have bit him too, and knocked out his teeth, and kicked his ass. Anyway, thanks to that old son of a bitch, I had to put an abrupt end to Nathaniel's sex life. And don't think he didn't hate me for it either. He took to howling a lot and wouldn't eat. He just laid around, looked longingly over to the Lab's back yard, and became very grumpy.

The next series of complaints were about my dog being vicious. This was pure bullshit. He wasn't vicious. He was behaving like any human who would be tied in a back yard with his wife tied in a back yard down the street. Certainly he's going to be snarly after a while, and growl and snap at strangers. Tying him up had to hit him where it hurt most. I telephoned the reeve, and att-

empted to explain he was not vicious, since he never took a bite out of me, or the people I told him not to. Strangers were fair game though. I gave him ten milk bones a day, so his teeth would be in shape for the hunt. In Lakefield there were a bunch of yahoos who used to get drunk and run through the yards of people on the outskirts of town yelling and screaming, just to wake everybody up. The cops never did anything. They told us to get their names. Pray tell, how can you walk out in your back yard and ask eight drunk football players what their names are? You'd probably get the stomping of your life, and you wouldn't get their names anyway. At this time Nathaniel was pushing eighty pounds, and was a little over five feet long from one extremity to the other, so I decided to leave him out one Friday night. When the drunk kids ran through, yelling as usual, Nathaniel joined them. I heard somebody yell "Look out, that's Graham's dog." I then heard Nathaniel growl, something rip, many footsteps, and Nathaniel letting out a contented belch. In the morning I found a piece of coat sleeve with blood on it.

Now, I got a letter a few days back from the town council, ordering that I get rid of my dog. I have hired a lawyer to look into the matter. Wait till he finds out Nathaniel is going to sign his checks.

NOTE: I'll let you know how the battle turns out. Also, several people have been asking about my last year interview with God. Some have said they'd like to see it again. I said I'd ask my Editors. Well, how about it?

ed. Note: OK Doug, bring it on!

SCAB ALTERNATIVE TO LIBERAL EDUCATION

by Dan Watson

For most people, liberal education means the freedom to say shit in your Poli.Sci. essay, or being able to write your thesis on something like "Descarte's influence on the making of the Edsel (does it really exist)" Now this is all well and good for some mindless toadies who want to sit in their father's executive suite on Bay at Bloor for the rest of their lives from 9 to 5 hiring token Sambos like Aunt Jemima to southern fry their watermelon, all the while boasting about the free thinking they picked up at Glendon while their kids attend the finest methadone clinics.

Exaggeration? Well, maybe. But from what I've seen over my first month here at Glendon (third year poli. sci.), having come from a free-thinking community college in West Los Angeles, I'm appalled by how close the school system in this country has come to producing all those "liberal" executives. It's just like in the States, everywhere they've got young people programmed to think like machines. The kids who have to stand up and recite the oath of allegiance before the Stars and Stripes every day aren't so far removed from the carefully groomed Canadian product I've seen in the Hilliard Pit scanning for free beer. This syndrome isn't merely exclusive to frosh twerps either.

You may well ask what I mean. I'll give you a few examples. How many courses here have anything to do with real life? Precious few, I'll bet, and if you couple this with the price you're paying for them the Mickey Mouse quality of the professors, the cheesey linen, the lackey administration that preaches archaic institutional dogma and perpetrates sexist myths, you've got Italy, 1940 all over again. The result? Grinning Ultra-Brite students who scribble meaningless drivel in class and order pizzas at night.

Is there a cure? It's up to you. In Los Angeles, a group of intelligent, disaffected

students banded together in peaceful protest to change the system. They formed the Students' Collective Autonomous Body, affectionately known as S.C.A.B., a body dedicated to the constructive progression of the student's cause. After weeks of careful mobilization, the ad hoc caucus, of which I was a faculty ombudsman, came up with eleven reforms, which are as follows:

1. A European style system in which the government subsidizes tuition fully.
2. Government subsidies providing discounts on books, transportation, etc.
3. Student control of courses and course materials.
4. Student control of tenure and promotion.
5. Complete control of student activity funds.
- 6 - A student faculty board of adjudication to deal with student administrative complaints (marks, appeals, petitions).
7. Ample space provided for student recreational activities.
8. Freedom of Censorship.
9. Student-run, on campus, security forces.
10. Increased grants for student housing.
11. Freedom to be free.

This is one indication of how students can work together for their own mutual advancement. There are others. We can do it too. I hope you do, because I am.

Student Caucus

Student Caucus Meeting
Thurs., Oct. 9, 1975 12 noon
Principal's Committee Room
OPEN TO ALL
Réunion du caucus étudiant
jeudi, le 9 oct., 1975 à midi
Bienvenue à tous

RESPONSIBLE COUNCIL

by Claude Filion

A responsible council must always seek to represent students and act in their interest.

Saying that students "have no recourse but to sit back and accept what happens," when they do not vote, implies that council must be responsible only when students vote. Here representation seems an option for council, forced on it only when they vote.

But a responsible council must subject itself to student demands, and remain so, regardless of student interest in politics, or of the way it gained power. The degree of interest is irrelevant to the attitude council members must adopt as representatives.

Students may have many reasons for not voting or involving themselves in politics. They may have none. Whatever, it's not council's business. The private life of students is not open to judgement by council.

Passivity is a clear expression of feelings toward council, its activities, or politics generally. It means at least, that students are willing to tolerate the conduct of council and hand it greater freedom, until they show discontent. It enjoys this freedom while still being responsible because and as long as students authorize it. Whatever their motives, council must proceed with the same attitude.

Of course, a student must realize the consequence of not voting. Positions in council were filled without his say, and he must accept this. Clearly though, he cannot be refused participation in politics; nor should he be expected to be silent about matters that affect him.

And if the student body is the final authority in politics, students must be able to contribute if they wish to.

Ann Bettson, as student representative, you bit the hand that feeds you.

PRO TEM

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Quebechaud

Aux Editeurs

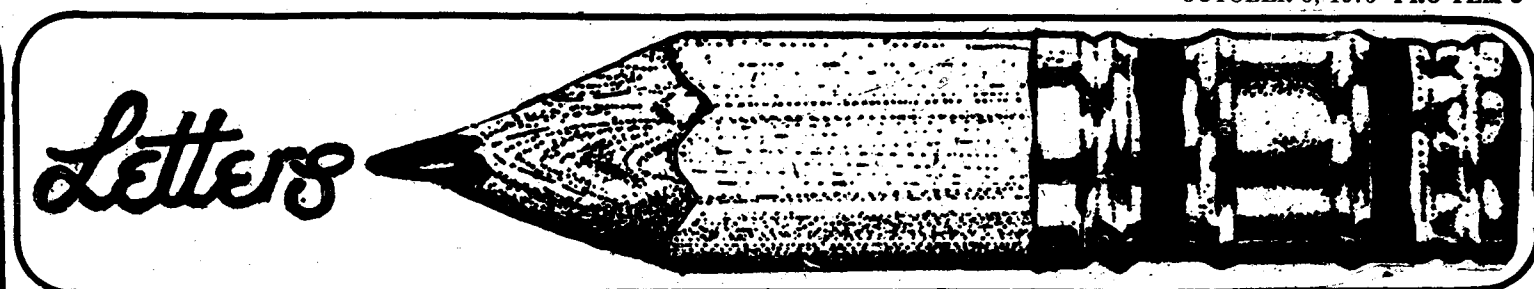
A tous les A. Smith

En regard à la lettre parue dans le *Pro Tem* de la semaine dernière, en tant que Directeur de Québechaud, et finalement pour éclairer tous ceux qui se posent des questions sur la saison 1975-1976, je prends mon crayon BIC pour clarifier certains points concernant la présentation de spectacles québécois à Glendon.

Pour les nouveaux arrivés, il serait bon de préciser que Québechaud n'est pas en charge de toutes les activités françaises produites sur le campus. Québechaud n'a qu'un seul but: présenter, en autant que cela soit possible, des chansonniers, des musiciens, des interprètes qui sont, ou qui seront les grands noms du Québec. Maintenant, permettez-moi de faire un petit historique de la situation pour cette année (basé sur la théorie que le passé influence l'avenir). A la fin de l'an passé, deux étudiants prirent la charge de Québechaud pour la saison 1975-1976. Ainsi l'été servirait à faire les téléphones, les contacts, les arrangements, les contrats, bref, l'horaire pour le début de l'année. Mais par des contretemps d'ordre personnel, Québechaud se retrouva le 22 août sans directeur, sans programme donc "dead". Je ne veux point me faire ici "le défenseur de la veuve et de l'orphelin", mais on me proposa d'en prendre pleinement la charge avec tout ce que cela comporte; j'acceptai. Donc Québechaud fut ranimé avec trois mois de retard. Mais il fallait à tout prix boucler la semaine d'orientation avec une représentation (étant une des traditions de Québechaud). Le temps jouant en ma défaveur, il m'était impossible de présenter un artiste ou un groupe (comme cela a failli se produire) qui aurait pu donner une bonne idée de ce que Québechaud doit être réellement. Mais par contre, mon opinion personnelle serait du même avis que Marie-Claire Girard et de Mike Church (articles parus dans *Pro Tem*, Septembre 17, 1975) i.e. Jaques Amar, malgré une nervosité sensible en première partie a su, par son adresse et la collaboration des participants (merci à vous tous), lors de la seconde moitié, rendre la soirée une des plus agréables.

For those who "hopefully waited for another show", let me put some things straight. Le budget accordé à Québechaud ne permet pas de présenter Charlebois, Vignault, Leclerc, Julien comme programme du mois. Même pas Joe Bleau, Goglu et Zéphirin Lébasbleu every two weeks. Alors on doit s'en tenir à un show par mois de calendrier (i.e. Septembre, octobre, novembre). Les mois de décembre et avril sont retirés for the reason that you all know.

Deuxièmement, par les années passées Qué-



bechaud était en étroite collaboration avec la Chasse-Galerie. Avec eux, il était possible de louer les services d'un artiste ayant une tournée dans la région torontoise. Cette année malheureusement, la Chasse-Galerie a modifié son optique quant à la présentation de spectacles. Donc il nous est impossible si nous voulons garder l'idée première de Québechaud, de s'affilier directement avec les vues de la C.-G.

Il faut se débattre par nous-même. Imaginez un peu les frais d'une Pauline Julien ou d'un Gilles Vignault pour Glendon seulement pour un soir. N'oubliez pas qu'il faut les faire venir du Québec (s'ils ne sont pas déjà en tournée). En donnant le spectacle dans le O. D.H. avec 250 personnes au maximum (si vous voulez de la boisson), il faudrait charger \$10 le prix d'entrée pour arriver à tirer les deux bouts (si la salle se remplit). Mais Québechaud est pour Glendon, pour les étudiants donc à des prix abordables.

Pour conclure, voici ce à quoi on peut s'attendre pour la saison 1975-1976:

23 octobre: Jim & Bertrand (définitif) Encore relativement peu connu au Québec, ces deux chanteurs furent très bien reçus à la chant'aout à Québec l'été passé. Folk-song contemporain; 2 microsillions ensemble 2 guitares, 2 voix, un harmonica.

14 novembre: Gilles Valiquette (en pourparler)

Seul avec sa guitare, Gilles, pour ceux qui le connaissent, peut vous emporter.

16 janvier: Pierre David (définitif) Chanteur de café dans le Vieux-Montréal. Vient de finir un tour de force: 72 heures de chant sans arrêt. C'est un singalong et un compositeur. Un québécois digne de ceux qui fréquentent notre café.

Winter Weekend: Surprise

Février: En formation

Mars: Beau Dommage (en pourparler) Pas besoin de présentation.

Avec ça, Québechaud a des chances de finir dans le rouge. Mais pour pouvoir porter un jugement, il vous faudra y être. Et le désir de Québechaud est de vous divertir.

Votre serviteur,
Louis Morin

Directeur-Québechaud

N.B. (1) Si l'article semble m'attribuer tous les droits c'est parce que je veux en prendre l'entière responsabilité et non point parce que je suis seul. Loin de là. Un Assistant-Directeur vient tout juste de se joindre à moi (un dénommé Daniel Bélair) et l'équipe se compose également de Robert Larue, Michel "Willie" Lachance et Diane Morin. Plus les volontaires.

N.B. (2) Special thanks to A. Smith who has given me a great deal of inspiration in writing this article.

Salut!

Night Visitor

To the Editors

I am sitting here writing this letter not because I want to, but because I have to. A few nights ago, while I lay asleep very soundly, I had a visitor in my room in one of the residences. This visitor tried to awaken me and upon his success and my realization that a stranger was in my midst I screamed for dear life. Nobody to date heard me.

This visitor took time out to calm me down, but I was still very nervous. I managed to switch on my reading light, which revealed him on my bed with only a pull-over on. He was scared I'm sure because he seemed quite bewildered, and scampered rapidly to redress. I was shocked. After about three minutes he managed to leave my room with loads of apologies and remorse.

At the present moment I am still very much in shock. I feel like crying but no tears will come. I also feel like warning you all about how dangerous living in residence is.

Girls, please lock your doors at night. You know, I feel very lucky because if that man had gone so far as to come in my room and undress, he could have taken everything I have without my knowing it. I would be a fool to suggest that it was just his fault because I'm to blame just as much, since I did not lock my door.

If you will recall, I did say I screamed. As God is my witness, in those early hours of the morning, I screamed as much as I could. This is the part that scares me. That man could have killed me and no one would have heard, or I could have been kidnapped. And with the doors open as much as they are, I could have been carried out of here and no one would have ever known. Again, I must say that this is what really scares me.

You know everybody thinks it's cool to put books between the doors so as to allow people into the residences. We think it is far out to learn how to de-burglarize alarms so as to allow doors that should be locked after 10:00 p.m. to be open. We think it is real groovy to see how many tricks we can pull on security and everybody else around here. We say "only fools get hurt".

Let us stop right here and look at ourselves. At 3:00 a.m. when you feel you have to go to the bathroom all the way down the hall, do you ever expect to see anyone behind the big door? When you go down stairs to the laundry and decide you want a pop couldn't there be someone ready to attack you? Then what do you do, scream? Try it!! I screamed my head off and no body heard me!!

We have got to play another game. And it's not one of those hide and seek games either. This game is called reality. Please think about what I have written. Oh yes, the response "That couldn't happen to me" is a real hit. I said it and all these other things about what I'd do if something like that happened to me. I was lucky to be let off pretty easily. Can you honestly say that

you will be, or that something like that could never happen to you? Which one of us will cast the first stone?

A Friend

Amerikulture

To the Editors

In response to the letter on "Amerikulture", I only wish to say that the Amerikanization of Canada is a real problem. When the ultimate destiny of any country is largely determined outside its borders, we are in serious difficulty. Anyone looking for proof of such a relationship has only to look at Canada's foreign policy vis à vis N.A.T.O.. Our economy has 50 billion dollars of Amerikan-controlled capital. Surely it must be clear that Canada is one of the most colonized places on Earth. MacDonalds is not the cause of this but only one symptom of what ails the body politic.

In fact, our culture is not capable of resisting a hamburger invasion. The New Toronto Zoo is a case in point. After all the food bids were in, Macdonalds, symbol of plastic Amerika, was chosen; surely an insult to an important national project. As for taking MacDonaldis over, I say no. Let's deport Ronald MacDonald and set up John A. MacDonald's organic food franchises.

Yours in Peace

Mike Drache

Proofreaders?

Editors:

Mike Drache might be illiterate, simply paid a flat rate and were charged for meals irregardless of whether they ate them or not. The scrip system at least but that doesn't give you any excuse for failing to check copy for grammar.

Simon McInnes
Political Science
Department.

Glendon 1984 - A Model of Efficiency

It has taken a month for us to see the direction in which Glendon is headed. We want to share our observations with you, knowing how vitally interested you all are in Glendon's future.

The Policy and Planning Committee of Faculty Council has been given the task of determining the optimum size of Glendon. A definite possibility is the enlarging of the parking facilities. This would include the football field, the tennis courts and some surrounding wooded areas. While making better use of the valley, the Proctor Field House may be converted into classrooms. This would relieve overcrowding upstairs.

Another viable means of accomodating more people seems to be to erect new classroom buildings between the two residences and in the area towards Bayview Avenue. This type of expansion will enable us to increase our enrollment to approximately 3,000.

With this increase in enrollment, it is obvious that the budget would have to be adjusted. A simple enough solution to this problem seems to be to gradually phase out bilingualism at Glendon. It has been said that the monies devoted to bilingual secretaries, to courses for students, profs or staff, and even signs could be rechannelled into the growth of Glendon as a larger more efficient institution.

As a result of this new efficiency, the emphasis would be on academics and fulfilling BA requirement rather than on extra-curricular activities. To this end, the student organisations on campus such as student council,

Radio Glendon and Pro Tem would lose their reason for existence.

The Café de la Terrasse, a student run organisation, would be no exception. Common Rooms in classroom and residence buildings would provide ample space for student relaxation and recreation. This would eventually liberate a great deal of space in the mansion for administrative offices.

Other services on campus should concentrate on optimum efficiency. For example, Beaver Foods, rather than producing a varied menu of hot meals could introduce a complete selection of prepackaged foods.

There is no reason why, with these few easily implemented changes, Glendon should not develop in the near future into a truly special institution -- a model of economic efficiency.

Glendon would have the capacity to encourage twice as many people to graduate with their BA's. For the average student, there would be less frustration, fewer pressures and less distraction from their academic pursuits. The student of 1984 will surely benefit from such an institution for by that year most of these improvements will have been implemented at Glendon.

N.B. It has just been brought to our attention that one aspect of this plan is now in the first stage of development. In order to provide more parking for the library, surrounding areas are to be paved. This week has already seen workmen removing flowers and plants from the gardens.



Mexico, Madero, and the Maguey Plant

CASTILLO'S REPORT by o.t. castillo

I would like to tell you a story. But, first I must introduce you to the main character of this story, Madero. This Madero was the type of fellow who didn't have a last name. Everyone just called him Madero. Perhaps he was an orphan, but who knows for sure? Who knows anything for sure?

Madero was an odd sort of man. He lived in Mexico near the Rio Bravo somewhere around El Mulato. Everybody liked Madero because he made good pulque, a strong juice that made the world appear very womb-like even though the world is a hell of a place to live in.

Let me tell you about Madero and pulque. Where shall I begin? Pulque is a drink made from the maguey plant, which is a type of cactus that grows in dry highland places. What Madero did to make pulque was to first cut out the heart of the maguey plant before it flowered. Then, he let the juice of the plant collect in the hole where the heart was. Madero would put wood chips in the juice in the maguey plant to help bring out a flavour, because you just can't drink it straight.

Believe me, it tastes terrible. So Madero would throw in some wood chips, maybe a few flies, and plenty of dust. Everyday he would come by and inspect his juice and tap some into a gourd. He put this juice into a bag of pigskin. When he returned home, he would empty the juice into big vats made of cattle hides. And then, he would let the juice sit and wait for the flavour to grow. To "improve the flavour" Madero had his own special recipe. Because Madero is dead now, I can tell you. (I don't break promises.) Madero would throw in a little caninilla (that's Spanish for dog shit), an old rag, and a piece of rope. Every day or so he might even have spat into one of the vats -- all in the interests of flavour. You see, the worst compliment that can be paid to a pulque-maker is that his pulque tastes "fresh", "sweet", and "clean". No man in Mexico would want such a drink. I mean mescal and tequila are for dandies. Pulque is for the real drinker. At least that's what Madero said.

Madero was perhaps the best pulque maker in Coahuila. He was so famous that during the Revolution the federales even spared his life. "We can't shoot Madero -- he's the best damn pulque maker in Coahuila." So, they let Madero go, and he started making pulque for Pancho Villa and the dorados for Durangos, Villa's army of cowboys and adven-

urers. They wiped out the federales that spared Madero's life. History is like that, you know. Ungrateful. and I swear by the Virgin of Guadalupe that this is all true.

Now I have to tell you who the hell the Virgin of Guadalupe is. She is Mexico's patron saint. In 1531 she appeared out of nowhere on top of a rocky hill before a poor peasant. She told the peasant that she wanted a church built in her honour exactly where she was standing! (People become saints because they are impossible and expect miracles of other people.) She also said that she was the blessed Virgin Mary. The peasant didn't laugh. But the Bishop laughed and he sent the poor peasant back and forth to the rocky hill three times before he believed him. The third time the poor peasant returned with a bunch of roses bearing the image of the blessed Virgin, which really impressed the Bishop and made a believer out of him. And so the beautiful church of Our Lady of Guadalupe was built in a real hurry.

One thing I forgot to tell you about Madero. Madero was an alcoholic. He was a pulque maker because he liked pulque. Madero, like many Mexicanos didn't drink because he loved to drink but because "he couldn't bear to remain sober." For Madero life was a pretty sad affair that only a night with Adelita and lots of pulque made worthwhile.

One day when he had had a little too much

to drink, Madero pissed on a rich man's horse. You know what happened?

Even though I like Madero, I have to be honest. You can't piss on a rich man's horse and get away with it, even after the Revolution. You know what they did? They crucified Madero. Well, why not? The conquistadores crucified Indians. The mestizos crucified creoles. The rurales crucified banditos. The Zapatistas crucified federales on cactii. So why not crucify Madero?

They hammered him to a cross like some road sign and left him dying by his field of maguey plants.

And that's what happened to Madero in the province of Coahuila, somewhere around El Mulato, south of the Rio Bravo, in 1922.

Note: In future articles I hope to resurrect Madero and have him provide some true insight into the problems of this modern age. Together Madero and myself hope to discuss the evils and reality of alienation, mental illness, capitalism, education, the zionist folk tale of Masada, the politics of Argentina, boredom, and the greatest enemy of all humanity, liberalism. We might also write about such positive developments as the theology of revolution. Of course we shall not attempt this all at once. For myself and Madero this would be too tiring. Until then breathe well as one breathes in the Sierra Madre del Sur.

Perverted or normal?

Bravo! After reading the article on Lesbianism in Pro Tem (Sept. 24) with intent interest, I decided it was time to formulate my own opinions on homosexuality - (both gay and lesbian), as a male heterosexual. It has been the sad misfortune that we heterosexuals are ignorant in saying that the traditional man/woman relationship is the only clean, normal, variable in sexual intercourse. Homosexuality has been with society for thousands of years and because of basic fear and religious convictions, people have isolated the homosexual, and labelled him as "perverted". What is a normal sexual relationship? What is normal for the heterosexual, the unison of man and woman, is not the norm for the gay or lesbian. They may see the heterosexual person as "perverted" in their preferences! Society must realize that the two factions of sexuality have their own norms in relationships, and that it is time we heterosexuals learned to live with homosexuals and leave them alone. Abusing the homosexual is not the answer.

So, I stand to applaud the two ladies who had the courage and strength to write that article, and sympathize with their fear of being ridiculed, by leaving the article "anonymous". These girls represent the true fighters for basic human and civic rights. I would welcome rebuttals and support for my letter by writing to Pro Tem, in the letters to the Editors section.

Ken McPherson

Thanks For The Face Lift

I find myself as being one of those knowing students who hasn't got a clue as to who is in charge of what, or why. To those anonymous people, I wish to direct my thoughts.

I am referring to those benevolent people who have finally decided that Glendon Hall needs a face-lift to restore its past splendour. For those who do not use the stairs down to the valley, take a look and you will find that the back of the old mansion is a hive of activity.

The move is long overdue. Not to mistake these last thoughts as ingratitude, I would like to add one more thing. When funds are available (which I am sure is the reason for the tardiness of this venture) I would be forever grateful if the front of the building could be next on the list - my main concern is the glass and wrought iron canopy over the main entrance which is ready for the scrap heap.

To those people, whose kindness and intelligence have brought about the revitalization of Glendon's very soul, I salute you - whoever you may be.

Thankfully, Craig Fairley

Reflections on Faculty Council

by Peter Bennett

Last week's editorial concerning the first meeting of Faculty Council raised a number of important points which deserve some discussion.

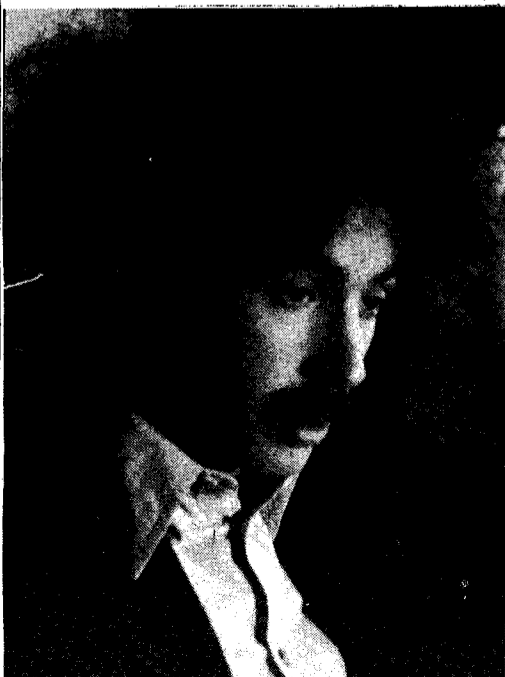
In large measure, responsibility for the conduct of a meeting has to rest with its chairperson. Faculty Council is no exception. For three or four years Ron Sabourin, fluently bilingual, was chair person. For our first meeting of 1975-76 however, we were faced with a new chairperson, Prof. Cummings, unilingual and with a far more strict, if unfamiliar, interpretation of the rules of procedure. One can therefore have a certain amount of sympathy if he had initial difficulties. One can only hope his adjudication in future applies more common sense than strict adherence to rules which are not worded precisely enough to be strictly adhered to. There is however no excuse for Prof. Cummings to relegate the selection of a vice-chairperson to the last item before new business on the agenda. The rules clearly state, for once, that the vice chairperson must be elected at the first

meeting in September. Only an hour before, the chairperson had told the student caucus that the selection of a vice chairperson would be at the top of the agenda. Why the sudden switch? Why is this important? Because where there is a unilingual chairperson, the vice chairperson must be either bilingual or speak Canada's other official language. The lack of a francophone person in authority (as well, perhaps, as the mannerisms of the chairperson) inhibited many francophones from taking part in the debate and discussion. (Many anglophone faculty council members including, at times, this writer sometimes use the forum of a council meeting to try to soar to new heights of oratorical verbiage. Besides prolonging the length of meetings or sending other's running for the exits to escape; the practice also renders a large portion of the proceedings unintelligible to many francophone members of council, particularly students. This perhaps contributed to the frustration felt by many after the Sept. 25 meeting.)

One wonders, though, whether any other chairperson could have done a better job that day. Before us on the agenda was

Prof. McDonald's Report of the 1974-75 deliberations of the college Tenure & Promotions Committee. In the light of the events over the last year, to say that discussion of the report would be of major importance, is no understatement. If the tempers of meeting and the report has been read properly, council was being asked to take a stand in opposition to the procedures of the Senate Tenure and Promotions Committee. That council got bogged down in procedural wrangling was due in large part to the feelings of some who felt that a council might be doing a grave disservice to the candidates or b) that faculty council was neither the time nor the place, nor the body to take such a position. The issue of tenure and promotion is one of grave and in most cases personal importance to most faculty members and those who engaged in procedural wrangling, including the chairperson who contributed to it, should not be judged too critically. One can only hope that tomorrow's special meeting of faculty council will tackle the issue in a responsible fashion so as to ensure the best interests of those most directly concerned.

MacDonald visits Glendon



by Mike Drache

After waiting an hour for the head of York University, to come out of his borrowed office, I finally crossed the hallowed threshold. A rather tense and well-spoken man,

Mr. MacDonald duly acknowledged my remarks and comments and proceeded to write much of what I said on a small pad of paper.

Mr. Ian MacDonald is a rather well-trained professional, and adroit at fielding and listening to a variety of questions. His flexibility and non-committment make it hard to get substantial answers to problems but he sagely agreed to look into each problem.

Firstly, the question of T.T.C. tickets was raised. At Glendon, at present, there is no place for students to buy tickets, however it is hoped that the situation will be remedied. A suggestion that cash replace scrip was raised and the President hurriedly wrote some cryptic remarks on his little pad of paper.

Objections were raised about the firing of workers at the Main Campus, whereupon Mr. MacDonald stated this was the responsibility of the catering companies, rather than the school and anyway 60% of the workers had been re-hired. After some small talk about educational theory and direction, I was thoughtfully ushered out of Murray Ross's study. The whole session appeared to be an exercise in repressive tolerance but perhaps the future will yield some tangible results.

THANKSGIVING CHANGES

Note: The café closes this Friday at 5pm and re-opens Tuesday at 9 am.

Le Café sera fermé vendredi à 5h p.m. et ouvrira encore mardi à 9h a.m.

GGSU meeting will be held on Tuesday, October 14th, due to the Thanksgiving.

Leslie Frost Library: Open Saturday 10 am. to 6 pm., Sunday 1 pm. to 9 pm., Closed Monday.

University Offices and Bookstore: Closed Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

Pro Tem will publish on Thursday rather than Wednesday next week. All staff and writers who can help on Wednesday will be greatly appreciated.

OUR SPACE

a column by and about women

by Trish Hennessy

"Sex is not the same as reproduction: the relation between the two is especially tenuous for human beings, who may copulate when they will, not only when driven by heat or an instinctual urge."

(Germaine Greer, *The Female Eunuch*, 1971)

A woman who has decided to have sexual relations with a man must further decide if she wants to have a baby. We all want to be able to enjoy sex without the tense anxiety of a possible pregnancy. Consequently, there exists a great need today for good birth control: safe, effective, cheap, and easily available birth control.

Today in Toronto we can find some contraceptive methods but they tend to put the burden of choice, acquisition, use, maintenance and risk on the WOMAN instead of on the woman and man together.

Regretfully, the myth of our sexually-liberated, aware and tolerant society is as false in the Don Mills suburbs as it is in Hilliard residence. Women continue to meet numerous obstacles as they attempt to secure means of birth control best suited for the individual, and women continue to become pregnant when they don't want to.

Unfortunately these obstacles present themselves in the form of negligence or inadequacy: of publication and information from drug companies and doctors. We must work

hard politically to get rid of every one of these obstacles for they assault and endanger the right of women to decide whether and when we will have children.

Politics, however, does not only include lobbying at the municipal, provincial and federal level - there exists as we all know, the politics of the bedroom. If politics makes for strange bedfellows, then bedfellows surely make for strange politics. If the attitudes of boyfriends or husbands - or even our own attitudes present themselves as obstacles, we must again take action to remove ourselves from their damaging influence.

In spite of the fact that it takes two to make babies, today the prevention is largely left to the woman. Meanwhile the attitudes of the men we sleep with still determine, to a great extent, the means we choose to practice birth control. And because of this we must be sure that there is an open and honest channel of communication to discuss this topic.

As women who seek information on safe contraceptives, we must be aware of the incredible power of the establishment. Drug companies, doctors and clinics have tremendous control over our choice and acquisition of birth control methods.

The question of safety should be of paramount importance but most decisions as to which method to use are often based on incomplete,

inadequate or often negligible information as to the risks and benefits of the various methods and are often reached without taking into account factors other than safety that should influence a woman's choice of a contraceptive.

In the meantime, most of us place our trust and confidence and perhaps our future with the doctors. But is this a wise move? Finding trustworthy information difficult to obtain we depend on our doctors to choose what is best for us.

Many times our doctors themselves do not or cannot learn all they should. Their information is often based on advertisements from drug companies. And again sometimes what knowledge they do possess, is never passed on because they are overly busy or just plain irresponsible.

It is this negligent medical doctor who prescribes the Pill without a careful examination who puts in an IUD without mentioning it's 2-4% failure rate, or who sends a woman with a diaphragm without letting her practice putting it in so that she will know what it feels like when it is in correctly.

Sadly enough we find examples of this sloppy care from private gynecologists as well as from public clinics where the busyness of the office or the embarrassment of the woman makes it extra hard for her to ask all the questions she wants.

But this intimidation will not suffice as an excuse for our own irresponsibility. As mature adults we must make our decisions only after careful contemplation of all the influencing factors. We must go to doctors' offices or clinics, responsible and prepared

enough to ask the questions and demand that they be answered. We must insist on knowing what is pertinent to our health and safety.

We must learn for ourselves and teach others about every available method of birth control. We cannot afford to feign embarrassment or false modesty; instead there is a crying need to speak openly and by carefully comparing experiences and knowledge "we women can learn a great deal to guide us in our own choice of birth control methods, and we can also support each other in forcing laws, doctors, clinics and drug companies to make vital changes in practices and attitudes." (Wendy Sanford, *Our Bodies Ourselves*)

Although in many ways, as women, we bear the onus for responsibility not to mention hassle; we should be aware that our vulnerability is tremendously heightened when we do nothing to alter this situation. Reasonable and supportive men naturally share in the responsibility for avoiding pregnancy and with this involvement render us less alone and less vulnerable.

Indeed, the freedom that birth control allows us will further our liberation by freeing us for the first time to realize our full human potential and with it to change society.

P. S. Women-this is our (collective) space and we hope that such a title will be reflected in the future. If you have ideas, reactions, whatever, please leave your name at the Pro Tem office.

Suggested reading: *Our Bodies, Ourselves* by the Boston Women's Health Book collection. Simon and Schuster, 1971.

L'Innocent d'outre-mer

la culture americaine en France

J'ouvre la radio pour entendre les informations...ça fait quatre jours maintenant que je n'ai pas lu le journal, et donc je veux savoir ce qui se passe dans le pays. On m'a dit ce matin qu'il y avait une grève des pompistes à Montpellier, donc on ne peut plus acheter de l'essence. Aussi, la question de la taxation des importations des vins italiens est le sujet de beaucoup de conversations dernièrement. (Rome parle de mesures de rétorsion). Je cherche ma poste préférée... RME (Radio Monte Carlo), et les informations commencent. Est-ce qu'on parle des pompistes? Non. Est-ce qu'on parle du vin? Non plus. Il y a une chose beaucoup plus ébranlante qui domine les manchettes ce soir...c'est possible que Marilyn Monroe a été assassiné par des hommes du gouvernement américain à cause de ses relations avec le président Kennedy (il y a presque quinze ans), et qu'elle ne s'est pas suicidée comme tout le monde pensait. L'histoire de Marilyn est suivie d'un flash sur l'affaire Hoffa et la corruption dans les syndicats américains. J'ai attendu des renseignements sur la grève des pompistes en vain... on n'en parlait point. Après les nouvelles, c'était l'heure de musique, et on a joué, pour commencer, le tube de la semaine... "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?" Si vous pensez que cette chanson est française ou québécoise, vous êtes un peu détraqué, mon ami. La chanson, comme la plupart des chansons jouées sur les postes de radio français, est Américaine. C'était un hit du Canada il y a presque six mois. Je ferme la radio, un peu déçu avec le manque de musique française (que j'aime beaucoup), et je regarde dans le journal pour voir s'il y a quelque chose d'intéressante à la télé. J'ai un grand choix entre *Police Woman* et *A l'est d'Eden*, un vieux film de James Dean. J'aime bien James Dean, bien-sûr, mais c'est drôle de lui retrouver dans le Midi de la France. Mais James Dean est le nouveau héros chez les français cette année. Ils l'adorent, et on vient de traduire plusieurs biographies de sa vie, la vie d'un jeune homme américain qui avait "une certaine fureur de vivre, de mourir". Donc James Dean prend sa place définitive dans la culture française auprès de Marilyn Monroe et Montgomery Clift, les trois grandes vedettes de Hollywood "formées par la méthode qui ont fini par se suicider, plus ou moins accidentellement. C'est

plus qu'une simple coïncidence. Montgomery Clift s'est tué par lassitude, Marilyn Monroe par volonté, James Dean par détachement." J'ai lu ces lignes, extraits de *James Dean le Rebelle* (de David Dalton, traduit en français par François Juquin et Daniel Mauroc) en pensant au flash d'informations que j'avais entendu dernièrement. Marilyn, est-ce est-ce que tu t'est tuée, et pourquoi est-ce que tout le monde se préoccupe jusqu'à un tel point avec ta mort? Et James Dean, est-ce que c'est vrai que tu voulais mourir sur l'autoroute californienne à l'âge de vingt-quatre ans et demi pour que tu puisses devenir un monument de la culture américaine...et française?

On dit toujours que la France est un pays de culture, et c'est difficile à réfuter si on passe quelques jours dans la Vallée de la Loire ou dans les musées de Paris. Alors, pourquoi cette préoccupation avec les Etats-Unis, avec la musique, la politique, et les vedettes de cette super-puissance? Est-ce n'est pas une indice d'un pays faible, d'une culture moribonde? Moi, qui aime tellement la France, qui est venu pour trouver la source d'une littérature, d'un art, d'une vie effleurie, est-ce que je dois vivre dans le passé, dans le dix-septième siècle, pour l'en trouver? Et les français, avec leur "Tee-shirts" de l'université de Miami, qu'est-ce qu'ils pensent de tout cela? J'espère le découvrir durant l'année prochaine. Je prie que je ne rentre pas au Canada en disant, dans un très bon accent New Yorkais, que "It could only have happened in America." Meilleur vœux, chers lecteurs, et à la prochaine!

Gordon McIvor



communications

by Jindra Rutherford

Quebec— Ontario arts Conference

Here is a list of the panelists and the subjects they will be discussing during the interprovincial Arts Conference at Glendon College:

Friday, October 17, at 11 a.m., Senior Common Room -

"Film, Theatre and the Community"

Stan Fox (Moderator)

Allan King (Film Director)

Michael Ondaatje (Writer/Director)

Robert Sherrin (CBC TV/Film Producer)

Carol Bolt (Writer)

Urjo Kareda (Literary Manager - Stratford)

Friday, October 17, at 2 p.m., Senior Common Room -

"Theatre: New Horizons"

Joe Green (Moderator)

Peter Wyld (Dramaturge-St. Lawrence Centre)

Connie Brissenden (Playwrights' Co-op)

Ken Gass (Writer/Director)

Barry MacGregor (Actor)

Don Rubin (Reviewer/Critic)

John Van Burek (Director)

John Fraser (Critic)

Saturday, October 18, at 9:30 a.m., Senior Common Room -

"Place and the Writer"

Eli Mandel (Chairman)

Dave Godfrey (Novelist/Publisher)

Frank Davey (Poet/Editor/Critic)

Clara Thomas (Critic/Teacher)

11:00 a.m. Poetry Reading: Al Purdy, Dennis Lee.

Space is extremely limited, and if you wish to sit in on any of the above panel discussions, please get in touch with the Communications Office, Room C204, York Hall, tel. 487-6210, as soon as possible. Passes will be issued on a first-come-first-serve basis.

Untitled Trilogy

I'm suffocating, being pounded into the ground. It's closing in on me, plugging my head with its insidious grey air, dulling my ears with its jarring, grating noises, twitching my muscles with paranoic fear as I fly, terrified, one step ahead of its grip. I can feel it falling all around my head. Its sun-hiders and cloud breakers shadow me. The corpuscles of its granite-paved circulatory system turn oxygen into a commodity soon to be rationed.

I'm afraid to look back in case I catch its hypnotic glance and am turned into-no, not a pillar of salt-a bland, ever-consuming, thrill seeking automation. Slave to the CITY -that impassive cold object that has excellent attack material for so many frustrated writers.

Take refuge in the country where one can cope and all is in harmony. Idyllic scenes of sun-shot cornfields and trees by the hundreds laughing with colour, await.

The city as oppressive object vs. the country as sympathetic subject is often the inescapable perspective one talks. It is semi-humorous, though, to hear people revering the country as a secure hiding place from the evils of Toronto life. While personally I expostulate on this theme most Fridays, I'm always amaz-

ed to see when I return to city life, it isn't really the devouring monster I had conjured up while away. In fact, with what is quite obviously a demented sense of pleasure I even enjoy letting the golden tones of "Sounds of Lawrence Avenue" lull me to sleep each night.

The Toronto city planners and their crafty incentives to attract residential development in the city centre, their plans to take more account of the esthetics of building developments and their effects on the people who habit and use the city core seemed designed to sabotage the foul city image. What are they trying to do-make the city a friend? Friend or not, it is still a really good feeling to leave the city for areas free from man-made marks-to run for yards and yards without touching a sidewalk, dodging a car or tripping over someone's garbage can. This weekend was perfect city-leaving weather, as hopefully will be the next couple of weekends. If you have one of those handy air polluters-a car-there are numerous places worth visiting within one or two hours of Glendon. If you are feet or bike inclined, there are many places just behind Glendon where it is the 'city' only in name. So take a break-just so you can appreciate what's good in the city sometimes.



Lisa Garber

by Larry Guimond

Lisa has a following here at Glendon and the past weekend is ample evidence of this. Performing as a single in the Café, she charmed audiences on both Friday and Saturday nights. She will be returning at the end of October and it will be interesting to see how she performs in the concert situation.

MacLean and MacLean

The Café has been erupting with laughter over the last two nights and as MacLean and MacLean finish their three day engagement. Tonight should be no different. The two brothers, originally from Cape Breton, combine comedy with anything that their minds travel to and the result is an old-fashioned night of fun. Their show, loosely based on sex and its effects on the human population, changes from night to night as they never seem to exhaust their sources of material.

Both Gary and Blair MacLean have been in the entertainment field longer than either cares to remember. Originally they toured as a folk act. When folk music was in its peak in the early sixties, they travelled as a duo continuing in the folk vein until a couple of years ago when they incorporated comedy into their act. Their big thrust into the public limelight came last spring when they were banned from performing in Ontario by the L.C.B.O. After a long time without work and an even longer time spent in the courts, the courts in their wisdom judged that the L.C.B.O. should have nothing to do with what occurs in the field of entertainment in licensed establishments. The brothers

Her material ranges from the Eagles to Bonnie Raitt but the important new additions to her act are her own songs and her contemporaries', such as Dan Hill and Adam Mitchell. She did some recording over the summer in Nashville and is presently playing around Ontario while she awaits the business dealings of the recording industry. Hopefully, her first album will soon be forthcoming.

While Lisa charmed the house both nights in her usual fashion, a special guest set by Adam Mitchell was a success. Mitchell performs infrequently around Toronto due to his production obligations for various artists and it was a rare privilege to hear him at the College. With the reaction he received it appears obvious he will be a part of the entertainment package in the second term.

Lisa will be appearing here again in concert with Ray Matterick on October 30 and she does plan to have some surprises for the concert. Lisa Garber in a concert situation will undoubtedly perform quite differently than in surroundings like the Café and her following here should be pleased at how she performs in that situation.

were back in business again and working. The details of what provoked the L.C.B.O. and their response are now part of the show, so enough said about that.

If one takes away the sex angle from the MacLean brothers' show, it would still be funny. As true Canadians understand, there is a lot to poke fun at here and they do just that. Canada is adequately covered from coast to coast and back again in a satirical manner. With the addition of sex and the pop culture to a look at Canada, Gary and Blair produce an enjoyable evening's entertainment. They have enough funny material to cover the three nights and never repeat the same stories. Their split second responses to the audience are the highlight of the show.

Their show contains something for everyone or as they would say, "If you have not already gotten it, you should have." Certain people may find the show offensive but a full house on both nights indicates their popularity. Tonight will be the last chance to catch their act before they move on to another part of Canada. It is well worth your while to see them.

SCOTTIES SPORTS

by Nancy Scott

Sports events are off and running again. Last week, as you may recall (if you read the article) there was men's tennis, men's flag football, women's flag football, and co-ed cross country. Here are the results of those meetings. Winner undecided, defaults, won by a narrow margin, and lots of pooped people. To be more specific, no one has won the men's tennis; Glendon beat Calumet in flag football. Glendon Grid ironesses won their match against Winters. And now for the cross country. Everyone turned out in full force to run the mile - 1/4 (women) 12 miles (men).

Women	Place	Time
Marion Milne	1	11:00
Wendy Hoover	2	11:13
Adrian Harris	7	13:09
Louise Regan	12	14:46

These are standings out of 25 competitors.

Men	Place	Time
Andreas Anderson	8	12:07
Bill Irvine	10	12:12
Ivan Hale	22	13:12
Al McPherson	35	14:14

These standings are ranked out of 44 competitors. It was a beautiful day and many of Glendon's women rushed right over after a gruelling battle on the football field. Participation is the thing and Glendon has come a long way from last year when only three people ran in this co-ed meet.

Now for this week: By the time you read this edition the women's football team would have played Stong on Tuesday. The outcome is known now but not when I was writing this article. But, never fear. There is another game tomorrow, Thursday October 9 up at

Campus Centrale against McLaughlin at 4:00 p.m. We need support so come out and cheer.

Women's Intramurally. The women have a tennis tournament on Thursday, Oct. 9 starting at 1 p.m. Billy Jean King will, unfortunately, be unable to attend this meet so anyone has a chance! Tennis rackets will be loaned so any lady can play. Come out and have fun.

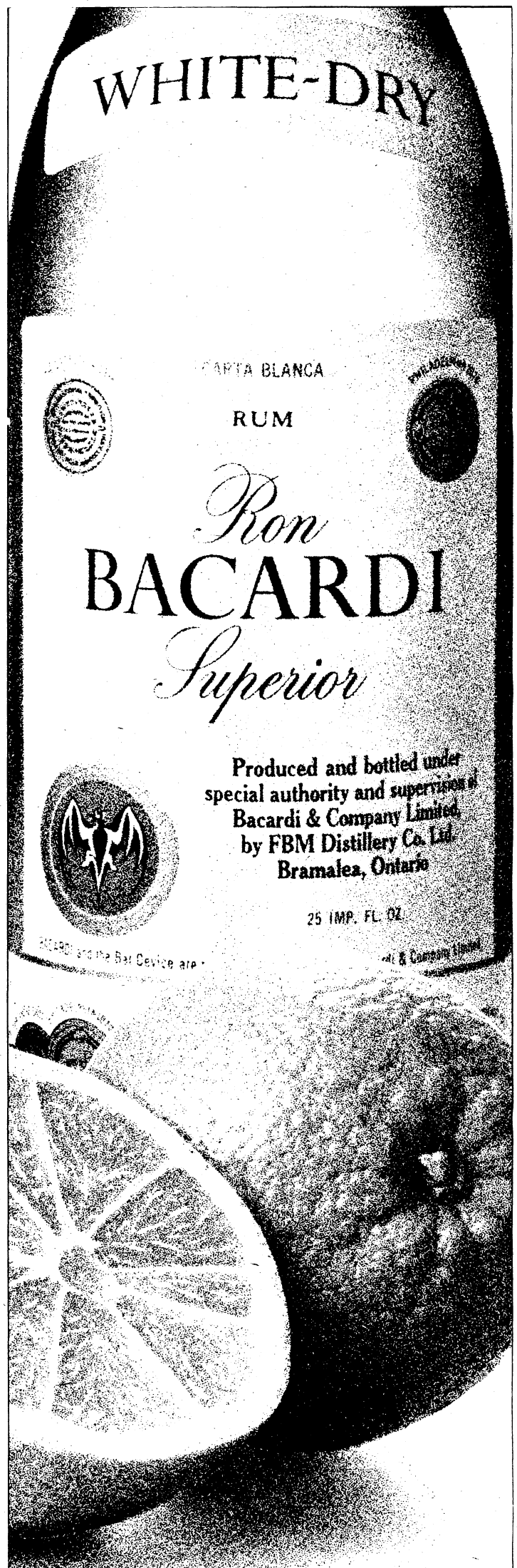
Recreationally there is a women's squash night. (No, not the vegetable. No, not dancing with a 300 lb. lineman) It's a good sport and easy to learn so come out and meet the other players of all levels of skill. This will be held next week on Wednesday, Oct. 15 at 7 p.m.

Anyone who has always had a secret ambition to be William Tell or even Robin Hood here's your chance. There is a co-ed (girls and boys) outdoor archery tournament. This will be played on the football field (so don't get confused as to what sport you're playing) on Thursday Oct. 9 at 1 p.m. Don't worry that there may be conflicts. If a Chris Evert (tennis) wants to be a Maid Marion (archery) just sign up at different times to play both.

Now, going over to the men's side of things there was a game on Monday.

But, never fear. If you missed that game you can come out next Friday, Oct. 17 to play or watch Calumet up at the other campus. On home ground there are games today, Wednesday, Oct. 8. One starts at 4:10 with A&D playing B&E. An hour later Day plays C and Hilliard. If you miss those and I hope you won't. There are some more games on Thursday Oct. 9 at 4:10 & 5:10 with A&D playing Day and C & Hilliard playing B&E respectively.

A little reminder sports fans that this week sees most of the instructional classes getting off the ground so if you'd like to play



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The famous sunny flavour of white Bacardi rum, smiling through the breezy freshness of orange juice. Come to think of it, what could be more natural?

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any type of sport check the field house for days and times and the athletic boards outside both cafeterias. There are the final hockey try-outs this Thursday (tomorrow) also at 1 p.m. at North Toronto Ice Arena.

With the weekend coming up and most students going home for turkey, cranberry sauce

pumpkin pie, etc. it is a fine idea to get involved next week to work off some of that good home cooking. The Proctor Fieldhouse is open Saturday and Sunday, October 11&12. However, it is closed Monday, Oct. 13. With this I bid you "Bye for now" and see you

Margarita loves Arandas.

Margarita
1½ oz. Arandas Tequila
1 oz. Triple Sec
Juice of ½ lime or lemon

Mix in a blender or shaker with crushed ice and strain into a chilled glass that has had the rim moistened with fruit rind and dipped in salt.

Arandas Tequila.

The Mixable Mexicano.



Save this recipe and watch for others.

To get your Arandas Tequila recipe book write:
Arandas Recipes, Box 27, 1201 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal.

City: The Toronto Show A Play Of Contrasts

by Pat Phillips and Chris Holyk

City: The Toronto Show, a series of vignettes put on by the Théâtre Passe-Muraille at the St. Paul's Avenue Road United Church, is nothing startling, innovative or original. Anyone who has spent any length of time in Toronto (a fate to be wished on an annoying acquaintance) will recognize many of the character-types portrayed. The skits effectively evoke in the audience the "oh yeah, I've already seen that before" response. This is undoubtedly a desired reaction as director Cheryl Cushman sent each member of the cast to various locations in Toronto for on-the-spot research. All the realistic scenes depicted in **City** did take place in Toronto.

The play gets off to a lethargic start with a gaggle of rubbies and generally decrepit-looking oldsters loitering on park benches but the next scene moves to the other end of the spectrum with a fast-paced musical number (complete with the frenetic movements of the downtown dwellers.) John Mills-Cockle, of *Syrinx* fame, provides the equally frenetic music. Needless to say, it grates on the nerves. (Perhaps it is befitting of the city but who needs it?)

Many of the following scenes tend to depict a stereo-typed, one-dimensional Toronto-impressions of *Tarana the Bad* that outside observers hold and criticize. Fast motion tedium to the "High Rise Blues", down and out in Allan Garden, sterile (not sterilized) sex

in porno places, and trivial suburban patter that characterizes trivial suburban life. While the cast portrays these images of Toronto in a fairly objective manner their choice of material is very subjective. The life patterns dwelt upon exist in Toronto, there is no doubt, but is it fair to say that they are Toronto?

Ambiguity then begins to creep in when each member of the cast stands up to recite their own (occasionally schmaltzy) story of the miniscule man vs. Tarantula Toronto - a plea for humanity. It seemed the audience was expected to jump up and do a good deed - perhaps give a shirt to a drunk.

While there was on one hand a justifiable call for citizen responsibility and action, the calls for help seemed to be springing mostly from the plight of old rubbies and alienated customers of bodyrub houses.

Amidst the overworked images of Toronto there was some excellent acting, effective scenes, and genuine enthusiasm. One scene with which we can all identify is the poor soul literally fighting his way down Yonge St. while the rest of the cast makes familiar sounds of "Hare Krishna, hare, hare, Psst., wanna buy some dope?" beeps, honks, and the blaring advertisements of garish stores.

Any citizen of Toronto would find **City: The Toronto Show** immensely interesting and perhaps give one the incentive to use the city, not let it use you.

Hard Times

The new club in the bottom of the Embassy Tavern seems to be facing a rather uncertain future. The club, sporting the unusual band, "Hard Times" has attempted to bring back Vaudeville to Toronto. Predictably, the people it has attracted are largely those who grew up on similar fare. Students, cognoscenti and lumpen-culturtariat have generally avoided the place possibly due to bad memories of the past, that is, the past history of the Embassy. For the opening week, a variety of bizarre acts were featured, all perfectly legal. The lovely

Valerie an exotic dancer, the Whistler clowns, some singing sisters and the Great Zukini; no relation to the vegetable.

This week, a totally new bill was presented but the future looks grim, according to manager John Uren, if business doesn't improve. Both the musicians with the show and a Groucho Marx look-alike were given notice. Perhaps the whole thing was cursed by its name and its attempt to bring back depression days. Anyone interested in going to Hard Times, would be advised to call the Embassy first. Half-price for students, if it still exists.

Checking it out
Mike Drache

Little Murders

by Maria Monteiro

L'action se passe à New York dans un appartement typiquement américain. Patzy Newquist 27 ans, blonde, grande, très activé et très américaine, après avoir eu plusieurs amoureux tels qu'un musicien, un décorateur, un romancier juif et d'autres encore, amène chez elle un nouvel ami, Alfred, un type très intellectuel. Grand et fort, Alfred diffère de tous les autres. Il est si fort et sur de lui que depuis dix ans à Central Park il se laisse frapper par des bandits qui, désespérément essayent de l'abattre pendant qu'il se tient immobile revassant.

Il y a d'autres personnages dans la pièce, comme un juge et un prêtre qui font des discours assez amusants. Il y a aussi les parents et le frère de Patzy, une famille unie qui aime boire et parler de tout mais en général tous sont de bonnes gens qui veulent le bonheur de Patzy.

Les bruits constants de la rue, les sirènes des autos de police, les bruits des coups de feu et les appels au téléphone de respirer à l'autre bout du fil, font partie de cette comédie en deux actes.

Cette pièce sera présentée par les étudiants des cours d'humanités 253 et par les étudiants de la quatrième année du département d'anglais en collaboration avec les étudiants du Programme d'arts Dramatiques.

La pièce aura lieu le lundi 27 octobre à 8:30 p.m. et le mardi 28 octobre à 2:00 p.m. et à 8:30 p.m. au Pipe Room.

Le mise d'entrée sera seulement 75c pour les spectacles du soir, et 50c pour le matinée mardi. Le montage de "Little Murders" a exigé beaucoup de travail et de temps, aussi nous espérons que tous pourront la voir et s'y amuser.

The story takes place in New York city, in a typical middle class American apartment of the Newkist family. It involves Patzy Newkist, a tall blond 27 year old vibrant all American girl, who, after trying her luck with an interior decorator, a musician, a Jewish novelist and many others, brings home a new boyfriend, Alfred, the intellectual type. A big and heavy set character, Alfred is different from all of the others. So different and strong that for the past ten years he has let himself get hit by muggers, in Central Park, who try desperately to knock him unconscious while he just stands still daydreaming.

Other characters are a clergyman and a judge who have rather amusing speeches to say, and Patzy's parents and brother who are a close family that drink and swear, but are generally good people who want the best for Patzy.

Surrounding the story are the constant street noises and police sirens, gun shot noises, a toilet flushing, and the continuous phone calls of an anonymous breather.

This is a comedy in two acts that will be presented by the students of Humanities 253 and English Department of fourth year in conjunction with the Dramatic Arts Programme students. The play will take place in the Pipe Room on Monday, October 27th at 8:30 p.m. and Tuesday October 28th at 2:00 p.m. and at 8:30 p.m. Admission will be 75 cents for the two evening shows, and 50 cents for Tuesday's matinee.

A lot of work and time has been dedicated to the production of this play so come out to see us and enjoy the show.

St. Lawrence Centre: Crime in Society - Part 1. Wed. Oct. 8 at 8 pm. Free Admission. 27 Front St. East, 366-7723
Rent Controls - What Kind? forum on Wed. Oct. 15 at 8 pm. Free Admission. Guests include Margaret Campbell, Stephen Lewis, and Karl Jaffary.

York U. Main Campus Thursday:

7:30 pm. Les Ordres; director Michelle Brault will be present for a discussion period following the screening. Room L, Curtis Lecture Halls.

ON TAP

by Rob Williams

Movies

New Downtown Centre at 772 Dundas St. W. at Bathurst; 75¢ per film, \$1.75 for all; 368-9555; show times 7, 8:30 & 10 p.m.
Wednesday: The Longest Yard, Chinatown and Bug
Thursday - Saturday: Butch Cassidy, Seven Ups, and Darwin Adventure
Sunday - Wednesday: Planet of the Apes, Beneath the Planet of the Apes, Escape from the Planet of the Apes, Conquest of the Planet of the Apes, and Battle of the Planet of the Apes.
 (Thanksgiving Day Matinee - Sunday Midnight)
Original 99¢ Roxy; Danforth at Greenwood subway (461-2401) Admission 99¢.

Wednesday: The Harder They Come at 7 & 10: 20 p.m. Andy Warhol's Frankenstein at 8: 45 p.m.
Thursday; A Woman Under the Influence at 7 & 9:30 p.m.
Friday; The Groove Tube at 7 & 10:10p.m. The Night of the Living Dead at 8:20 p.m.
Saturday; Barbarella at 7 & 10:15 p.m. and The Fearless Vampire Killers at 8:45 p.m. Part 1 of the Best of the Newly Discovered Old-Time Comedies and Cartoons at midnite!
Sunday at Midnite; Texas Chainsaw Massacre Mothra, Dr. Phibes Rises Again, Scream and Scream Again, interspersed with Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rolling Stones.
Monday; Lenny at 7 & 10:50 p.m. The Long Goodbye at 9 p.m.
Tuesday; M. Hulot's Holiday at 7 & 10 p.m. and Steamboat Bill at 8:30 p.m.
Wednesday: The Four Musketeers at 7 & 10:30 p.m. and Kid Blue at 8:50 p.m.
Kingsway Theatre: 3030 Bloor St. W. at Royal York Rd., 236-2437 Admission 99¢
Wednesday & Thursday: Lenny Bruce Without Tears at 7 and 10:50; A Woman Under the Influence at 8:15
Friday: White Line Fever at 7 and 10:10 Lords of Flatbush at 8:40
Films at OISE: 252 Bloor W. 537-9631.
Wednesday: Cabaret at 7:30, Lady Sings The Blues at 9:30
Thursday: That's Entertainment at 7: 30 The Girl Can't Help It at 9:30 pm.
Revue Repertory: 400 Roncesvalles Ave. 531-9959.
Wednesday: Antonioni's The Passenger at 7 and 9:30
Thursday - Saturday: Bertolucci's The Conformist at 7:30, Polansk's Chinatown at 9:30

All-New NewYorker: 651 Yonge St. 925-6400. Admission \$2. Separate admission \$1.50 for midnight shows.

Wednesday: The Last Detail at 7 & 10:40 Shampoo at 8:45

Thursday: Shampoo at 7, Something for Everyone at 9, Night of the Living Dead at midnight

Friday - Wednesday: Antonia:Portrait of the Woman

Live Theatre

Clemence: Le theatre du P'tit Bonheur (Clemence Desrochers) 466-8400 for tickets \$2.50 - \$4.00 - Wed. -Sat., 8:30 p.m.

Old Time Music Hall: Colonnade Theatre, 131 Bloor St. West, 925-4573. Fri. at 8:30 p.m. and Sat. at 7 and 9 p.m.

Also Available in Paperback: Second City Jarvis & Richmond, 363-1674. Mon. - Thurs. 9 p.m., Fri. at 9:30 p.m., Sat. at 8:30 and 11 p.m.

Butterflies Are Free: Toronto Truck Theatre at Heliconian Hall, 35 Hazelton, 922-0084, Wed. Thurs. Fri. & Sun. 8:30, Sat. 7 & 9:30 pm.

Tease For Two: Upstairs at Old Angelos, 45 Elm St., 597-0155, Tues.- Thurs.9 pm. Fri. & Sat. 8 & 10:30 pm.

Sweet Reason: Teller's Cage, Commerce Court St., 862- 1434, Mon. - Fri. 9:30, Sat. 8 & 10:30 pm.

Hard Times: Former Embassy Palm Grove Lounge, 7 Belair, 923-2929, Tues. to Thurs. 9 & 11, Fri. & Sat. 9:30 & 11:30, Sat. Mat.3pm.

Mousetrap: Phoenix Theatre, 390 Dupont St., 922-7835, Tues. - Sun., 8:30 pm.

Two Score and More: Theatre In The Dell, 300 Simcoe St., 368-5309, Mon. - Thurs. 9, Fri. & Sat. 8&10:30 pm.

Face Crime: Creation 2 at Holy Trinity Church, 921-6730. Preview Oct. 9, 8:30 pm. Wed. - Sat. 8:30 pm.

Three Hours After Marriage: Hart House Theatre, U. of T., Thurs. Oct. 9 - Sat. Oct.11, 8:30 pm. 928-8668.

Breathing Space: Raven Production Co. at St. Paul's, 121 Avenue Rd., Tues. - Sun. 9 pm.

Village Wooing: Academy of Theatre Arts, 23 Grenville, 964-9616, Thurs. - Sat. 8:30pm.

Absurd Person Singular: Royal Alexandra, 260 King St. W., 363-4211.

Hippolytos by Euripedes. at the Firehall Theatre, 70 Berkeley St., at Adelaide, 364-4170, Tues. - Sat. at 8:30 p.m.

Concerts

Jimmy Cliff,Ragae's Superstar at Massey Hall, Oct. 14 at 8 pm., tickets \$4.40, \$5.50 and \$6.60.

Rick Wakeman at Maple Leaf Gardens, Oct.16 at 8 pm., tickets \$6.60 & \$7.70. Also featuring Procol Harum.

Murray McLaughlin with Dan Hill, at Massey Hall, Oct. 27, 8:30 pm., tickets \$4.40, \$5.50 and \$6.60.

Bonnie Raitt at Massey Hall, Nov. 2, at 8:30 pm., tickets \$4.40, \$5.50, \$6.60.

Rod Stewart & the Faces at Maple Leaf Gardens, Oct. 27 at 8 pm. Tickets \$5.50, \$6.60, & \$7.70.

The National Lampoon Show at Seneca Theatre Centre, 1750 Finch Ave. E., Willowdale on Nov. 1 at 7:30 pm. Tickets \$4 & \$5.

Sights and sounds

Art Gallery of Ontario: Women On Film. Free with admission but tickets are limited. (361-0414)

Wednesday: No Lies and No Tears For Rachel at 5:30, Joan Weston - Roller Derby and Men's Lives at 7, and Antonia: Portrait of the Woman at 9:30

Thursday: Portrait of My Mother and At 99 at 7, La Vie Revee at 8:30

Laserium: Mclaughlin Planetarium, to Oct. 31, Tuesdays through to Sundays at 4:15, 8:45, 10:00 pm. Buy tickets early. \$2.75 928-8550

Royal Ontario Museum: University Ave. at Bloor St. West. Open Tuesday - Saturday 10 am - 9 pm; Sundays 1 - 9 pm; Mondays 10 am - 5 pm

Art Gallery of Ontario: Dundas St. West at McCaul St. (361-0414)

Mackenzie House: Restoration of home of Toronto's first mayor and also leader of the 1837 Rebellion. 82 Bond St.; students 25¢ Mon. to Sat. 9:30 am to 5 pm and Sundays noon to 5 pm. It's HAUNTED!

Nightclubs

Dan Hill at the Riverboat, 134 Yorkville Ave., 922-6216

Good Bros. at the Upstairs of the El Mocambo 464 Spadina Ave., 921-2558

David Wilcox Band at the Midwich Cuckoo 240 Jarvis, 363-9088

Foot in Cold Water at the Penthouse 1625 Military Trail, Scarborough, 282-1155

Mornington Drive at the Picadilly Tube 316 Yonge St., at Dundas

Mainline at Larry's Hideaway, 121 Carlton at Jarvis, 924-5791

Edward,Harding & McLean at the Chimney 597 Yonge St., 967-4666

Rough Trade at the Generator, 2180 Yonge St., 3rd floor, 486-9850

Shawne Jackson & Spectrum at the Forge 5 St. Joseph St., 922-4119

Brutus at the Gasworks, 585 Yonge St., 922-9367

Little Caesar and The Consuls at the Nickel-odeon, 279 Yonge St., 362-6689

Peter Appleyard at Stop 33, Sutton Place Hotel, 955 Bay St.

Joust at the Mad Mechanic, Sherway Inn 5487 Dundas W., 231-9241

Mose Allison Band at the Colonial, 203 Yonge St., 363-6168

Lou Rawls at the Hook and Ladder Club Beverly Hills Hotel, 1677 Wilson Ave., 249-8171

Mighty Pope at 4th Dimension, 180 Queen St. W., 864-1070

Moe McGinty at Bruegels Tavern, 12 Queen St. E., 368-7004

Doug Riley Trio at George's Spaghetti House, 290 Dundas St. E., 923-9887

Gap Mangione Trio at Bourbon Street, 180 Queen St. W., 864-1020

Opera

Canadian Opera Company at the O'Keefe Centre, Front & Yonge, 363-6633(with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra):

Manon Lescaut on Oct. 10 at 8:15 p.m. (in Italian)

Louis Riel on Oct. 9 at 8:15 p.m.

Madame Butterfly on Oct 11 at 2 p.m. (in Italian)

Die Fledermaus on Oct. 8 & 11 at 8:15 p.m.

