

# OFS: bizarre!

par Marie-Claire Girard

Glendon College a délégué à Sudbury en fin de semaine dernière, Gordon Clark et Marie-Claire Girard. Une conférence de l'OFS (Ontario Federation of Students) s'y tenait et les principaux collèges et universités de l'Ontario y étaient représentés.

L'opinion exprimée ici est une strictement personnelle sur les conférences étudiantes. Il en a coûté \$130 environ aux étudiants de Glendon par le biais du "Student Council" pour envoyer ces deux délégués, et le considère que le résultat obtenu ne vaut pas l'argent et la perte de temps encourus.

Les représentants des différentes universités étaient décidément bizarres. N'ayons pas peur des mots: les deux étudiants de Glendon semblaient représenter ce qu'il y a de plus bourgeois et de plus "straight" dans la gence étudiante. Ils étaient les seuls à ne pas être vêtus de jeans ou de pantalons déchirés, ou parfois pires les seuls à avoir les cheveux d'une longueur raisonnable (pour Gordon) et les seuls également à ne pas dire un mot lors des meetings. La raison en est simple: les

réunions portaient sur des sujets tellement idéalistes ou marxistes (ex: Le gouvernement devrait payer les frais de scolarité de tous les étudiants de l'Ontario). Qu'à juste propos les deux délégués de Glendon se sentaient un peu perdus devant tant de rêveries existentielles.

Le bilan de tout cela est à peu près nul, sauf que la question se pose, à savoir: un délégué de l'OFS qui fume de la dope en conduisant un mini-bus dans lequel se trouvent 11 personnes dont il a la responsabilité, mérite-t-il d'être qualifié de naturo? C'est ce qui a frappé surtout les représentants de Glendon: l'immaturation et l'inconscience dont ont fait preuve tout au long de cette fin de semaine les divers délégués. Beaucoup de bla bla pour rien. Beaucoup d'argent perdu.

Un manque d'intérêt total de la part des étudiants de l'université Laurentienne pour "L'événement" qui avait lieu sur leur campus. Beaucoup de monde et beaucoup de bruit pour rien. Et Glendon, le côté francophone du moins, n'a rien à faire dans l'OFS, puisque de toute façon ils n'ont rien à attendre du gouvernement ontarien de quel point de vue que ce soit. La discussion est ouverte.



Enrollment is up, but for most students, OSAP isn't enough.

## OFS mounts student aid campaign

Allan Grover

At a policy meeting of the Ontario Federation of Students / Federation des Etudiants de l'Ontario held this past weekend at Laurentian University in Sudbury, representatives of member student councils demanded that the Ontario government immediately raise grants to students qualified under the Ontario Student Awards Programme.

In addition, the delegates agreed to mount a province-wide campaign to publicize the present inadequacies of OSAP with both students and the general public, and to press for substantial changes in the programme.

The moves are in response to what has been termed "the crisis in student aid", as such factors as the rapid rise in the cost of living and the unwillingness of the Davis government to increase spending in student assistance force many students to drop out of post-secondary institutions.

At present grants and loans under OSAP are based on a living allowance of \$32 per week. Student Awards officers across the province estimate the cost of room and board at a minimum of \$34 to \$41 per week, depending on the location of the institution. Inadequate grants combined with a general housing crisis particularly affecting students, and increases in tuition, books and other necessities are severely pinching students unable to rely on parental handouts to finance their education.

In addition to the demand that the living allowance under OSAP be raised immediately to reflect actual costs, the OFS/FEO conference de-

manded that a series of preliminary steps be taken to ensure that post-secondary education is accessible to all those who wish to study.

These demands include:  
a) the indexing of awards under OSAP to rises in the cost of living beginning January 1975, with disparities in regional costs being taken into account;  
b) a reduction of the loan ceiling under OSAP from the present \$800 a year to \$600;  
c) a government guarantee to freeze the interest rate paid by students on loans under OSAP at 6 per cent annually (current rates fluctuate around 11 per cent);  
d) the lowering of the age of independence (the age at which parents are no longer required to contribute to a student's education) to 18; and  
e) the calculation of the required student contribution upon his/her actual taxable income (at present the amount is fixed at what the government considers the average earnings of students able to find summer employment).

As an initial step to help alleviate frustrations experienced by students dealing with the OSAP bureaucracy, the delegates agreed to establish appeal boards on their individual campuses within the week. These boards will advise students on appeal procedures where residency costs on their campuses exceed \$32 per week, advise students on all other possible circumstances for appeal, and document cases of legitimate hardship on their campuses.

The appeal boards will be followed by working committees to direct the student aid campaign, which will be organized on the campus level

and loosely coordinated by the OFS/FEO staff. The workgroups outside the university groups will publicize the demands outlined above and work to gain support for these demands from interested groups outside the university and college communities.

As well as outlining the crisis in student aid and OFS/FEO's immediate demands, the campaign will attempt to gain exposure of the Federation's longer range policy objectives. In the words of the preamble preceding the demands resolution, "OFS/FEO is committed to ensure a post-secondary educational system based on the principles of universal accessibility; education as a social right rather than an individual responsibility; free tuition; and a living stipend; brought about by a progressive taxation scheme."

As presently planned, the campaign will culminate in a thoroughly documented report to be submitted to the government in time to ensure that improvements can be made to OSAP for the 1975/76 academic year. However, talks scheduled for May-September next year between the provincial and federal governments regarding the Canadian Student Loans Act (under which their respective contributions to student aid are determined), as well as the possibility of a provincial election in Ontario next fall, ensure that the campaign will continue to press the government for needed reforms.

(The September edition of THE ONTARIO STUDENT contains a background report dealing with the history of student aid and the factors which have contributed to the present crisis.)

pro  
tem

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 4 OCTOBER 2, 1974

## Student union appointments

by Farrell Haynes

Staffing three indispensable positions in the Student Union was accomplished by the Council's Executive Branch Monday, September 23, 1974. Dianne Perkes, a 4th year student studying French and English, was selected to act as secretary. Having available time combined with a desire to be involved in the Glendon community during her last year led Dianne to apply for this position. Here, her bilingual capacity, ability, and time will be well utilized in providing essential support assistance in the Council.

The new business manager is Lorne Prince who has a genuine interest in the Council as well as a motivation to earn money resulting from his practical business background in the stock market. As business manager Lorne will employ his acumen to examine the Council's finances and present qualified opinions on relevant pecuniary issues.

By acclamation, the Council's C. R. O. (Chief- Re-

turning- Officer) is Jeff Ballennie whose desire for money, organization, and becoming actively involved with the internal workings of political campaigns led him to seek this incumbency.

## What's made in grapes is lost in bananas

The Glendon Food Committee held its first meeting of the year on Monday. This committee is set up to provide a sounding board for student complaints, suggestions and comments. Present at the meeting were Dean Gentles, Moe Jones, (manager of the cafeteria), Tom Schaefer (head chef), Dominik Macheck a representative of Beaver Foods, Molly Blyth, don of D House Hilliard, and several interested students.

The first major complaint that came up was that of prices -- e.g. yogurt 40 cents, coffee 15 cents. Mr. Macheck explained that the costs are based on a cost/supply ratio (beaver may buy less of a

certain product so they must pay the wholesaler more). He also pointed out that some higher costs are used to subsidize others, for example, the high cost of yogurt may be accounted for by the rising cost of milk and sugar, two staples which beaver uses a great deal.

The chef explained why the quality of coffee varies, the reason being that the coffee is kept at a high temperature in the urn, so even though it is made fresh four times daily, if it sits in the urn for three hours it does taste raunchy. (Beaver, incidentally, will lend out coffee urns for house meetings, etc.)

There were also complaints

of poor quality meat, fatty ham, for example. The Chef, Tom Schaefer, maintains that he buys only good quality (red brand) meat, but it is difficult to obtain uniformly good meat all the time. He invites a student who thinks he has a bum steer to return it to the cafeteria for a replacement or substitute. This action is a matter of policy at Beaver, so if you do have a complaint about anything on the menu, you have only to take back the food item and register your complaint with Moe Jones.

Beaver will soon start its evening specials, in which students can have made-to-order meals at a slightly higher-

than-regular cost.

It was suggested and decided that starting this week, daily menus will be posted at breakfast, so diner won't have to be a surprise anymore.

A menu subcommittee of three students was set up to suggest interesting dishes to the chef, and review the success or failure of certain meals.

A motion was brought up to move that Beaver boycott non-UFW grapes and lettuce. Macheck claims that UFW grapes and lettuce are difficult to get from wholesalers, but he promised to look into the possibility of obtaining union-labeled goods.

# RADIO GLENDON: Where to Now?

by Barrie Wallis

As the founder of RADIO GLENDON (I will become more humble later) and as station manager of the same institution for two consecutive terms, I find myself in a strange position this year as I must sit by and watch what at first sight seems inadequate handling of what I once considered my baby. Imagine then my reaction when asked to write an article on the history and future of Radio Glendon. Of the former I am an authority; of the latter I am doubtful.

I was tempted very much to approach this assignment in a patronizing manner. I wanted to speak of such past greats as Larry Mohring, Jeff Ballennie, Howie Kirk and a galaxy of others who had put a good part of their lives at Glendon into nourishing and nurturing our struggling station (apparently alliteration is a good rhetorical device - Hum 390).

These greats were getting along in (academic) years and felt it was time to pass the turntable over to younger and more steady hands. They did the job well in their days and I am sure that their rheum ridden eyes would shed a tear as they raised their palsied palms (more alliteration) to bid farewell to their pride and joy.

They would like to say: "Heed oh young of the Radio Station! There is a tradition of quality to maintain. You bear our honour through your amplifier. New Guard do not fail us for we have entrusted to you our hopes and dreams and we exhort you to carry them to their ultimate fulfillment."

This is what I would have liked to have said but can't. At the writing of this article the station is still not in operation a full three weeks later. In previous years, the station had been in operation as early as the beginning of orientation week. By the time that these words are read (presuming they are) music should be pulsating from the speaker of the JCR, New Dining Hall and Café. Many may forget that they were deprived of a service for which they are paying. Nevertheless, several questions demand answers.

Why, for one week, was the operation suspended when a mechanical fault occurred in a transformer. Why had this not been discovered and corrected during the summer? Why, when one asks a question of the executive, does one encounter the bureaucratic process of buck passing? Does the present Station Manager honestly think that a dance at the outset of orientation week constitutes an effort to supply the Glendon Community with ample entertainment? Answers to these questions are apparently unavailable.

Quite frankly, I sometimes feel like a parent who has left his child in the care of a babysitter only to find that he spends more time with his girlfriend and leaves the baby wanting.

What exactly is the future of Radio Glendon? Strangely enough this is the only question in this article to which I know the answer, although in a somewhat oblique way. You as members of the Glendon community, determine its future.

In its first year, the station was endowed with a constitution which makes it responsible to the student body and not to the student union. You have the right to work from within to better the performance of the service or to work from without to impeach any or all of the executive who appear to be failing to provide you as a group with the adequate service for which you are paying \$1.00 per year.

Hopefully, this latter course will never have to be tried. Perhaps the new guard will collect themselves into a concerted effort to improve the operation of the station. There are many devoted members on the executive this year who have spent a good deal of time on their own departments. I say to them that no one man should be held responsible for the overall handling of the station.

If one fails his job then step in to fill the gap. The Radio Station has great potential. It was never meant to supplant PRO TEM nor is it solely a glorified Muzak system.

If it was meant to provide just music we could do just as well with Radio York, whose references

to Glendon were of an after thought nature. It should provide information and news pertaining primarily to Glendon.

It should have a percentage of french programming roughly proportional to the percentage of francophones on campus. Its responsibilities are enormous and are limited only by the demands of the campus life.

Give the station a fair chance but if it fails the fault is also yours.

Do not mistake me, being on the executive is a thankless and almost full-time job. There are hassles with staff and apathy from within. There are complaints to be dealt with from the listening audience. In previous years, if complaints to the executive proved ineffective, they were usually rechannelled through Dean Gentle's office.

Conciliation should be the by-word for the executive operation of the station. The executive should remember that while power-trippers are discouraged at the announcer level, power-tripping at the executive level should also be guarded against.

This fault is destructive, cliquish and tends to make the station appear remote from the student body. Re-

member anyone can do a programme for the station. If your choice is refused, make sure that the reasons are given in writing, if then you feel the reasoning is unfair, take your problem to COSA, the organization who authorized the constitution for Radio Glendon and who demands assurance that any student had the availability of the turntables.

A good executive also desires and deserves feedback from the students. Listening to people sit in the Café complaining about the quality of music played is frustrating because the complaints are never forwarded to those responsible. The ideal situation would be to have one member of the executive to act as an ombudsman.

This idea was tried in the first year but apathy made the concept useless. Perhaps now would be a good time to urge its re-institution.

Once again, you make the radio work and you determine what you hear. Read the constitution, available in the radio office in the basement of York Hall and at the Student Union office, and use your prerogative as you see fit, but use it wisely.

Radio Glendon can be a lasting institution - it all depends on you and what you are willing to put up with.



## Dime Bag offers creative outlet for you

by Stephen Godfrey

One of the great literary institutions of Glendon College is in need of readers and writers. But unlike most great publications, "The Dime Bag's" goals are modest: only about five readers are being sought, and



Dime Bag editor Peter Russell

the work of almost any sincere and well-meaning writer will be gratefully considered and most likely accepted.

For those who have not yet heard of this thrice yearly literary event, "The Dime Bag" is a collection of any kind of prose, poetry, sketches or photography that can be reasonably accommodated in a small book-sized magazine of up to forty or fifty pages. Originally entitled "The Ventilator", it has been in existence almost as long as Glendon College. From its early days to the present, "The Dime Bag" has been available at no cost to the individual.

"The Dime Bag" is not the brainchild or responsibility of any one person or department. The only consistency of its staff is that it has always been student dominated, with only one faculty member acting as co-ordinator and financial administrator.

Budget restrictions (the yearly budget is about \$600) permit the publication of a mere 300 copies of each issue, which are invariably snapped up within an hour or two of their release. The magazine accepts submissions from both faculty and students and more than a few graduates who once contributed now have their work published in other Canadian periodicals.

In the past year or two, interest in "The Dime Bag" seems to have spread; the National Library in Ottawa, John Coutts Library Service, and the Universities of Manitoba, Alberta and Wisconsin, to name a few have begun requesting back copies. Readers and writers need not have any experience. To be a writer re-

quires only that the work be fairly short and submitted to either Prof. Tony Hopkins, whose office is in York Hall, C222, or to Peter Russell, the editor, in Wood Residence, D208. The important thing about "The Dime Bag" is that it does not aspire to be anything but representative; there is no set level of quality that work must attain for acceptance.

To be a reader requires merely that one give an opinion as to which submissions should go in the magazine. Since there is rarely a shortage of material, and one poet may hand in ten different poems, the job of the four or five readers is to choose the most interesting, well-written or ambitious works. A reader may also, of course, submit his own work, and many often do so after seeing the work of others. Again, anyone interested should contact Peter Russell or Tony Hopkins.

For any students who would like to see issues of "The Dime Bag", the most recent copies are found in the periodicals section of the Frost library.

Finally, Tony Hopkins would like any potential writers to remember a few points about "The Dime Bag".

- 1) He has found that people often underestimate the quality of their work,
  - 2) the quality of the work need only be as high as whatever is available, and
  - 3) if the author wants his work printed but is too shy to admit his identity, he may use a pseudonym and still benefit from the comments of others. Therefore there is certainly nothing to lose by submitting work.
- So, if you possibly can, please participate.

**Pro Tem**

.....

**important**

**staff meeting**

**Wed. 3:00 p.m.**

**Thanks**

To my many; virile and/or voluptuous visitors, card carriers, flower friends, well wishers by wire, dutiful doormen, book bearers, eager Beaver helpers, tootsie tenders, patient pacers, and makeshift mothers who helped me so much, and are continuing to help me during these two tedious weeks of crutch caressing--thanks!

Colleen Moore



# pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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## GRAB BAG

by Peter Russell

I hope you all had a good weekend. Ted Paget told me at lunch that the reason we didn't get Mara Loves for Saturday night's dance was that their drummer quit two days before the show. That made the last minute hiring of Dillinger necessary, who are more of a concert than a dance band, so I am told. I feel much refreshed to hear this as I had to leave very early on due to the mind blowing noise level. They had it turned down as far as it could be without damaging the speakers. (If that makes as much sense to you as it does to me, maybe we should drop in to the odd Pipe Room board meeting and talk a little turkey. Or is it banana?)

And now a fast personal note to lend credence to the belief that we are human after all: To the person I eventually did spend Saturday night with, "You know who to come to when there isn't anyone else."

We decided at lunch that we need a little more irreverence at Glendon. Perhaps we could invite a portion of Bayview Glen to encamp on the barren lawn outside the ODH. Goats, pigs, and ducks...and the little children at work...suffer them to come unto the upper campus.

In a more constructive vein, J. W. who doesn't usually like to be quoted has come up with a really innovative procedure for expediting all the bureaucratic aspects of life as a B.I.U.

Library cards, bank draft signatures and Beaver Bucks will be swept aside in favour of the Bite-Plate-Programme. Students will simply approach the machine in question and bite the mouth card. Their account would then be debited or credited accordingly. People whose teeth won't bite the necessary holes in the card would be encouraged to visit the health service where their teeth would be honed into shape by the College's new Denturists....a faculty that would draw on the ever burgeoning numbers of "the uncommitted" amongst Glendon's undergraduates.

I have been asked by the Preservation of Nostalgia Society to run hueing into the wind after the old dining tables in the ODH. They have it seems, been ushered into an early retirement in favour of those snappy new plastic ones that make you feel like you're in a Japanese tea room eating out of your lap. The Society feels these new ones simply encourage the cretinous behaviour that led to the collapse of the old ones. They would further like to ask after the "just getting nicely aged" wicker in the now bare chair backs.

If there is anything YOU want plugged, just leave me a note. Speaking of notices, there will be a meeting of THE GLENDON COLLEGE ENGLISH STUDENT UNION, at 1:00 p.m., Thursday, October 3, in the HEARTH ROOM. See you there.

Whatever Jesus means, I don't think he means to help us win ball games.

Mr. Crane says that "it takes self-discipline to control...the animal instincts of debauchery". This statement is very ambiguous. If an instinct is an irresistible tendency, then no human being has one, if it is capable of the kind of control that Mr. Crane recommends. Only animals have instincts.

What is debauchery? Saint Paul, a true Christian, said, "I am absolutely convinced, on the authority of the Lord Jesus, that nothing is impure in itself; only, if a man considers a particular thing impure, then to him it is impure." (Romans 14:14)

If Mr. Crane means that we should avoid, say, sexual activities that are empty of any love, affection, or even real physical pleasure, he is probably generally correct, but it is necessary to say that not all sexual activities are debauchery, and that physiological needs and capabilities are not animal instincts inevitably leading to debauchery (which Mr. Crane never defined). Presumably the healthy body will be one in which needs will be intelligently looked after, if they are real needs.

I question the desirability of the competition that Mr. Crane describes. There is too much work to be done to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of the world for us to allow ourselves the destructive, insane luxury of fighting each other, singly or in teams (like the great corporations), for financial security and a peaceful conscience at the same time - if that were possible in a system built partly on deceit and organized theft.

We must beware of being like the prophets of whom the Lord said, "They have misled my people by saying that all is well when all is not well... those prophets...who saw visions of prosperity when there was no prosperity." (Ezekiel 13)

## Competition not necessary

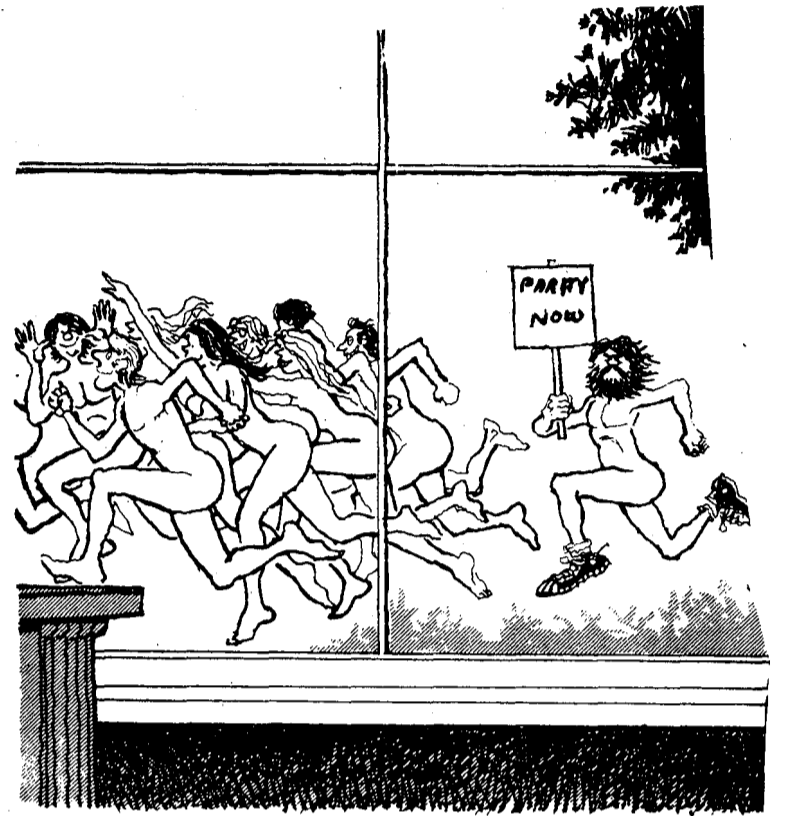
by Greg Martin

I am writing in response to Peter Crane's interesting but muddled article "Body shouldn't rank second to mind".

It is true that physical and intellectual development are related and probably interdependent, as I tell myself every morning when I huff and puff through a mere 20 pushups. It is not obvious, however, that winning in sports is the same thing as physical and intellectual development. Healthy activity is not always sport activity, nor should it be.

It is probably true that team sports teach attitudes useful in our society. Mr. Crane should perhaps have studied why this is so. Perhaps our society has created football and hockey and the rest partly as means of training some people in necessary ways of thinking. The important questions are: What are these ways? What are their functions? Are they good and necessary, or should they be changed? To be in favour of those attitudes that make for winning, whatever that is, is not enough.

Mr. Crane's equation of winning with true Christianity and eternal life is an extraordinary distortion of the life and teaching of Jesus. Jesus said, "By gaining his life a man will lose it; by losing his life for my sake, he will gain it." (Matthew 10:39) Jesus' own life illustrates what that means. And Jesus' career, in terms of the survival in society which Mr. Crane desires, was a complete failure.



"ONCE A CAMPUS REVOLUTIONARY, ALWAYS A CAMPUS REVOLUTIONARY!"

## Happy to be here from Community College

by Doug Graham

The main reason I decided to attend university was community college. Three years ago, after finishing high school, I was taken in by the catch phrase, "University's not for everybody." So, being younger, and overly impressionable, I decided that I was not going to follow the crowd and apply to university, but rather switch to the "easy-going atmosphere, conducive to successful study."

I enrolled in a journalism course that promised to prepare me to take my place among the responsible journalists of Canadian media. The very first day of class our instructor informed us that if we expected to land a job on a newspaper within five years of our graduation, we were kidding ourselves. This news was not overly thrilling. It became downright depressing when he produced a table of statistics to back up his statement. Three people dropped out in the first week. A handful applied for course changes, and the unbelieving stayed on. Every one of us figured that we would be the exception who would step out of the institution and right on to the front page of the Globe and Mail.

The instructors must have sensed the increasing dissatisfaction with the course because they decided to have the third year students (both of them) come in and give us a pep talk about the course, in hopes of convincing the ones remaining to stay on. They told us that by the time we were third year students, we would have no classes, (providing the administration agreed) and all our time would be spent writing for the special section of the local daily that we would have, provided the local daily agreed.

Most of us remained, because by this time it was impossible to withdraw from a course and still receive the full amount of tuition. Most of

us figured that although journalism was now an obvious bust, we could still derive some benefit from the general arts courses. This turned out to be another bust.

I was enrolled in a course with the impressive heading, "Contemporary Literature". For the first week of classes our instructor did not show up. It seems he was unaware that he was teaching the course. When he did finally show up, he read us a few poems and left. A resident BMOC, who was taking the course a second time because he liked the instructor, told us that the man was very creative, and needed a great deal of freedom to teach successfully. The next few classes he read some more poems, suggested we read Catch 22, and left. That was the last time we ever heard him mention Catch 22.

Long about mid October, he suggested that we all should get busy and create a happening. Happenings were supposed to be spontaneous, but perish the thought that they should occur without careful planning and perhaps a rehearsal or two.

He gave us an example of a happening at an American university that was actually funded by a federal government grant. While I can't remember it exactly, it went something like this. A group of students ran around the track a few times one way, then the other, then they all climbed trees, then they burned a pile of old clothes, and spread jam on a Volkswagon.

He actually wanted us to do something like this. None of us did. When the marks came out for the fall term, every member of the class received an A. The most surprised student was one who had shown up for the first class and never returned.

As I said before, the main reason I attended university was because of previous experience at a community college.

# THE UNITED WAY

I must confess that I am one of those people who Andrew Nikiforuk claims is responsible for enslaving handicapped people and condemning the poor to redundant lives by robbing them of self determination. As the Executive Director of one of the largest of the United Way's member agencies, I felt that I should leave the capitalistic pleasures of my corporate suite and identify for the readers of Pro Tem the techniques and programs that we use in suppressing the infirmed and the poor.

During the summer months, for example, our agency plots against medically handicapped children by uprooting them from the city and depositing them to Cobourg, Ontario. At Camp Illahee, which is staffed by a devoted but an undoubtedly ideologically naive group of young people, children with serious heart disorders, leukemia, diabetes and hemophilia, etc., are provided with therapeutic recreational programs for three week periods. When the children go back to school or the hospital, the camp is quickly turned into a lodge for senior citizens who, for some reason, seem to be largely ignored by the political theorist of the right, left and middle.

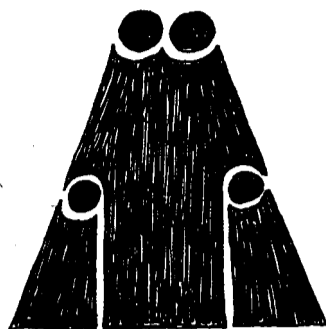
The central activity of our charitable organization consists of counselling services for troubled individuals and families, many of whom qualify for Mr. Nikiforuk's classification of "social parasites" because they live below the poverty level. Our workers attempt to strengthen those people who come for help by administering both to their physical and emotional needs. Too often, I must confess, we provide

help with obtaining food and housing while overlooking their need for generous dose of Marxist rhetoric.

As a charitable social agency operating in a country that largely cares for the health and social needs of its citizens through government funded and operated programs and services I am embarrassed to say that we frequently find ourselves in disagreement with government policies and programs.

Since this is a letter which is not likely to be circulated beyond Glendon College I will share with the readers of Pro Tem a little known fact. The United Way of Metro Toronto has been infiltrated by radical liberals. They have, much to the displeasure of those who gave at the office, set as a top priority, the social action activities of their 75 member agencies. My own agency, with true reform fervor, has taken this opportunity to speak out and act upon such key issue as the guaranteed annual income, improved benefits for single parent families and more adequate day care programs.

Mr. Nikiforuk appeals to the students of Glendon College to boycott the 1974 United Way campaign on the basis that it perpetuates social problems rather than solving them. One does not have to be a student of logic to see that Mr. Nikiforuk is using the campaign as an opportune forum for espousing his personal political beliefs. If one were really interested in making a genuine sacrifice of time and labour on behalf of the handicapped and the poor, he would first talk with them to find out what their needs actually are. My guess would be that he would find him-



strength to families  
under stress.

self so busy caring that there would be little time for proselytizing.

If you are interested in the needs of the handicapped, the poor and your community make an attempt to find out more about the United Way and its 75 member agencies. We can only continue to help because you care.

Sincerely

R. Couchman  
Executive Director

## Nikiforuk's reply

My modest article has captivated Mr. Couchman's attention, I am honoured if not flattered that such an obscure composition should warrant such an egregious response. However, I am disappointed that Mr. Couchman received my article so personally. A word of advice Mr. Couchman, do not take things so personally.

It appears that the point of my article has escaped Mr. Couchman. In my essay I objected to any social philosophy promoted by any organization that regarded the giving of money as the realization of some humanitarian obligation society. I objected to the crash and shallow materialism of large charitable organizations. Furthermore, I objected to the charitable concern of huge corporations that masquerades as Christian Goodwill, but which in reality amounts to manipulative image making. These are moral objections; not "Marxist Rhetoric."

Mr. Couchman's letter and for that matter the entire United Way campaign suggests that only those who are pressured and coerced into contributing to charity are caring human beings. What about the people who make a day to day effort to help other people! Their sacrifice and care is undoubtedly more constructive and more honest than an annual monetary hand out.

One does not have to be a student of logic to see that Mr. Couchman's criticism of my article serves as a forum for the espousal of his personal convictions.

Andrew Nikiforuk

## The mistake that was orientation '74

On September 19, 1974, this paper, Pro Tem published a provocative article which could not have captured my feelings better towards an annual Glendon event: Orientation. The author of that article, Orientation '74, Ms. Hilary Forrest, is either the reincarnation of Mephisto the Great Mindreader or one of the many new bodies at Glendon this year. I, being another of the many new bodies this year at Glendon, have been experiencing a reoccurring dream lately. The dream is myself attending a small bicultural, bilingual college for my first daring shot at the university phenomenon and becoming completely disillusioned with the search for my orientation. The organization did a "massively successful" job and maybe, just maybe, if they had really put forth even more work, could have made the orientation worse, but not much.

I happen to agree almost totally that she perhaps underestimated the degree of disappointment I felt once I actually realized that Orientation '74 was the real thing rather than a "bad dream". I, similar to Ms. Forrest, attempted to attend many of the planned forums or discussions and found them either poorly organized or non-existent or both. Can you imagine a poorly organized non-existent nothing?

I'm sure many of you read Michael Gregory's startling exposition to the editor in the last issue. Mr. Gregory, the speaker of one of the many planned discussions searched in vain for the organizers only to be told that most of the planned forums were a "bust" anyway.

The first day of Orientation '74, Monday, September 9, I proceeded to the J.C.R. with enthusiasm and anticipation of the beginning of an interesting and enjoyable introduction to life at Glendon. I could not have been more wrong. Not only did I find the event "The Student at Glendon" poorly organized but nowhere to be found. Members of the Student Union were sitting in a small circle shooting the shit apparently waiting for the Messiah. Well, the Messiah never did come nor did the discussion or even a vain attempt, so after



The only successful activities during Orientation took place in the pub.

30 minutes they adjourned to our swinging pub. I sadly found the rest of the week, with the exception of a few rare events, just as "screwed up" and disillusioning.

Being sceptical as I always am of my own swift and sometimes critical judgements of others, I sought out and questioned other "frosh" students and found almost the unanimous reply that orientation was the "shits". I, being a member of my previous school's Student Government Executive, know that there is always a substantially greater amount of work than meets the eye on even the smallest projects and being a critical bystander becomes all too easily, a full-time job towards the hard work of others. However, I am not in agreement with Larry Guimond's opinions quoted from the Student Handbook that "we have a spectacular orientation week planned." It was perhaps planned but not realized. Since I am not a residence student, I may have missed out on hidden spectacular events behind closed doors but whatever I believed university orientation to be was not fulfilled.

Although I am not very familiar with the university faculty and staff, the feeling didn't come across to me that the majority of our small, friendly faculty turned out for many of the orientation events unless, of course, they were wearing disguises. I am not declaring that the faculty be

book of education bureaucracies.

You might ask me, "O.K., wise guy, what would you have done?" I'm sure I would have at least broken out of the routine syndrome of a pub and dance scene. Why don't you look back four years to Orientation '70 and let your mind grapple with a slightly higher set of original ideas rather than the atmosphere of loud concert-dances that aren't conducive to meeting your mother except to scream hello and be shoved along the path to the bar.

Sure it might take more work to organize but the results are worth it. Had there been an adequate orientation program this year, a lot of day students may have tried a bit harder to show up and participate rather than hold a laissez-faire notion in their minds regarding getting involved with other new students from out of town. Where were the crash beds, field and fun days, double-decker city tours, corn and wiener roasts, meeting the principal whoever and wherever he is? Who and where is he anyway? Go ahead and ask a first-year student to identify to you Mr. Tucker and see how many can.

It is with further annoyance that I read L. Guimond's (Social Affairs Commissioner) letter to the editor last week lashing out against Hilary Forrest for, at the very least, justifiable questions towards OUR orientation. I fully support Mr. Guimond's fight against apathy and I urge ALL students, including

myself, to participate and get to know one another so that we can fully capitalize on the enormous potential lying dormant in this beautiful and, hopefully, friendly campus.

I took Mr. Guimond's advice to Hilary Forrest and went to the S.U. offices; but, I will not tolerate his answer that "she should read 'How to Make Friends and Influence People.'" I suggest that Mr. Guimond read "How to Run Social Affairs and Satisfy the Students He is Responsible To." Last question: What happened to the scheduled group "Mara Loves" and why the switch to ".?x-7 Dillinger" and why wasn't this change properly announced.

Unfortunately for my expectations towards Glendon, I have experienced both periods of orientation at Western and at the U. of T. and I sadly conclude that they were so vastly superior that it is difficult to justify Orientation '74 as an orientation in the broadest sense of the word. An orientation of the remarkably poor organization and perception shown is difficult to understand.

I write this article definitely not as a shabby, bad-mouthed critique against any organization or individual but as a medium to ask probing questions from within me towards what I felt would be one of the most memorable events of a young person's university years. I know university is no bed of roses but please excuse my naivety.

Because of Glendon's uniqueness and special character, I did, and still do, believe this campus environment is capable of such enormous potential certainly not in just the specific case of orientation, but the entire spectrum of student activity and involvement to make this college a bright page in today's big, thick

# Successful Toronto boycott crucial for UFW victory

## Editors' note:

This is the fourth in a series of five articles on the grape and lettuce boycott by Richard P. Wagman, a Glendon student who has worked full time for the United Farmworkers. In this issue Mr. Wagman reports on the progress of the Canadian boycott and discusses the involvement of the Church and the labour movement.

Toronto is the third largest market for U. S. grapes in North America. Canada as a whole, the world's largest importer of American grapes, accounts for twenty per cent of the total grape sales. This is why the success of the Toronto boycott is crucial to the entire movement--Toronto was one of the major factors which resulted in the signing of the 1970 contracts. There has been some union produce in Canada this year, as the David Freedman Co. (grapes) and Interharvest Co. (lettuce) have each signed contracts with the UFW.

Constant store checks by local supporters and the monitoring of grape and lettuce imports have indicated the effectiveness of the boycott to date

In April alone 21,000 boxes of union lettuce were sold in Toronto, 11,700 of those at Dominion stores (against which the farmworkers have been concentrating their efforts. To date there are no longer any union grapes or lettuce on the Toronto market, the union fields already having been harvested. In July and August over one and a half million pounds of grapes less were sold over the same time last year, a decrease of thirty nine per cent. According to government statistics, total grape imports into Canada have been cut by fifty per cent over last year. Even back in October 1973 Toronto grape sales were reduced by 74 carlots (88,800 lbs.) over the previous month.

Canadian lettuce predominated in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa from July to September, so that Canadian vegetarians supporting the boycott still had a chance to savour their favorite locally-grown head lettuce. (The boycott does not apply to romaine, leaf and other brands of lettuce from the U.S.). However, sixty - seventy per cent of the American grapes are sold between August and October, most of them during the latter two months.

The progress made thus far has been considerable, and there's little doubt that it could have been achieved without the active support of two very pow-

erful institutions in our society -- the Church and organized labour.

The Church is traditionally a conservative institution, one which is slow to address itself to current secular issues, and even more reluctant to take a controversial stand in this respect. The clergy's united stand on behalf of the striking farmworkers illustrates the moral issue behind the boycott, which amounts to a people's struggle for their freedom.

## Clergy support

As well as promoting the cause from the pulpit, many clergymen have walked with the farmworkers on the picket lines. When Cesar Chavez came to Toronto last November, Archbishop Philip Popcock of the Toronto Archdiocese led an ecumenical service in St. Michael's Cathedral for the farmworkers at which Chavez spoke. In August 1974 the United Church and the Anglican Church of Canada officially endorsed the boycott at their national conventions. Endorsement has also come from the non-denominational Canadian Council of Churches and the Jewish Toronto Board of Rabbis. The Inter-Faith Committee, and ad hoc committee formed by Toronto's religious leaders in support of the boycott, held a service at Holy Blossom Temple on 12 September, Inter-Faith Solidarity Day. The service, attended by about 100 priests, ministers and rabbis, was followed by a successful march and a mass demonstration at Yorkdale plaza.

The Catholic Church, the most active religious institution in the boycott, is crusading among those with whom it has its greatest membership--Toronto's Italian community. In fact, the large Italian population, which delights in making homemade wine every year, is one of the reasons that Toronto is the third largest consumer of grapes in North America. (In the US, a special boycott is being waged against Gallo Wines, the largest American winery, because of its refusal to negotiate with the UFW on its California vineyards). Local parish priests visited small stores in their areas asking food merchants to remove grapes from their shelves, with a considerable amount of success. About half of the 10,000 Italian leaflets printed in June for the boycott were distributed in the churches, and the farmworkers happily took part in the St. Anthony's Day celebrations. The farmworkers have also received support from the unions, local newspapers and other community organizations in the Italian com-

munity.

In response to the persecution suffered by the Chicano community, some farmworkers were roused beyond the point of tolerance to defend themselves on the level of their oppressors--that is, by violence. These militant strikers were not hurt as much by the physical beatings they received in return, as was Cesar Chavez spiritually wounded by what he saw as the degradation of his people. According to Chavez, the only way to overcome suffering is by rising above the level of one's tormentors. In penance, Chavez erected a tent, and remaining inside imposed on himself a 28-day fast. The fast was not only a penance, but a gesture to teach his people that non-violent struggle was a better way. This way of thinking has been not only a tactic, but a philosophy of the United Farmworkers union.

Perhaps one reason for solid support among the churches has been this approach which seems to be a manifestation of Christian teaching on human conduct. Bertrand Russell once said: "Nothing can withstand the force of an idea whose time has come". If the farmworkers' cause is a just one and if it thereby wins support by activating people's sense of justice, the farmworkers cannot be defeated by the physical attacks of deputy sheriffs or Teamsters goons.

The labour movement's full support of the farmworkers, especially in the United States, cuts ground from those critics who denounce the strike as a mere jurisdictional labour dispute between the UFW and the Teamsters. (The Teamsters have signed over 200 sweetheart agreements with the growers without holding secret ballot elections allowing the workers to decide who they want to represent them.)

At the convention of the Canadian Labour Congress in Vancouver in May, Cesar Chavez received a standing ovation along with \$3500 cash--the largest amount ever collected on the convention floor. The teachers' federations and many national unions have officially endorsed the boycott, including local 414 of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union (Dominion employees). The farmworkers are organizing the boycott from office space mostly donated by local unions. Last year, the United Auto Workers (UAW) gave the farmworkers a concession at the CNE to advertise the boycott and sponsored a raffle for a new car in that connection for publicity. And at the Labour Day parade on 2 September, the UFW had a large contingent of over 100 supporters marching with Toronto's organized labour.

In British Columbia, the BC Federation of Labour notified importers that it was placing a "hot cargo" order on all non-UFW grapes and head lettuce--meaning that no union worker will unload or ship scab produce. Similarly, the NDP government of British Columbia passed a law prohibiting the sale of all non-UFW produce in government institutions. These actions have cut over half the supply of non-union grapes and lettuce in the province. Before the boycott, Vancouver was Canada's third largest market for grapes and lettuce. In Europe, the combined labour movement has effectively stopped all non-UFW grapes and lettuce from reaching European markets through a strict hot cargo policy.

Even here in Ontario the boycott has succeeded in smaller centres. Through initial pressure on local Dominion stores, grapes and lettuce were removed entirely from all stores (including those independently owned) since last year in Oshawa, Windsor, London, Chatam and other southwestern Ontario towns. Only a few weeks ago did this situation alter. The farmworkers are hoping for a breakthrough from Toronto in their efforts to put economic pressure on the growers. The fate of the boycott could be decided within the next month or so depending on the degree of consumer support.



"TSK-TSK, MY GOOD MAN--THE GRAPES ARE OVER HERE!"

## Montoneros guerrillas press Isabel Peron's junta

by Andrew Nikiforuk

"The idea that revolutionary action in itself, the very act of taking up arms, preparing for and engaging in actions which are against the basis of Bourgeois Law, creates a revolutionary consciousness, organization and conditions."

This is the philosophy of the Montoneros, an urban guerrilla movement in Argentina. Two weeks ago they declared war against the government of President Isabel Peron, wife of the late "Ellider," Juan Peron. They have accused the Argentine Government of "Harassing Imperialists and Oligarchs." The majority of Argentinian capital is foreign owned or controlled. With an annual rate of inflation of 40% the rich through speculation and black marketing are becoming richer as the poor sink into greater destitution. The Montoneros' accusations are not unfounded in the eyes of the people of the "Callampas," the Shanty Town Dwellers.

The Montoneros have launched a Guerrilla war of Attrition for they believe that "Revolutionary Situations are created by revolutionary actions." The property of multi-national corporations and local financial in-

stitutions have been bombed. Business Executives, Army Officers, Police Officials, and Politicians are subject to kidnappings or Street Assassinations.

The Montoneros, a Leftist Peronist Youth Group, originally fought for the return of Juan Peron and for the establishment of a Civilian Government in Argentina in the early 1970's. With Peron's return and the creation of a popularly elected government in 1973, the Montoneros ceased underground activities and openly promoted their ideology of "Justicialism", a Peronist slogan for Radical Nationalistic Socialism.

However, the Montoneros found it difficult to co-exist peacefully with Rightist segments of the Peronist Movement. They also became disillusioned with the moderate proposals of the aging Juan Peron. The great inequalities in the distribution of wealth remained: Coca-cola was still sold where there was no milk. So after Peron's death, the Montoneros announced at a secret press conference their intention to once again resume Guerrilla Activities.

The Montoneros have several million sympathizers, 100,000 supporters and perhaps 3,000 well armed Guerrilla Combatants, the majority of the

Guerrillas are of working class origin.

The Montoneros have been joined in their Declaration of Revolutionary War by the Marxist People's Revolutionary Army (E.R.P.). This Guerrilla Movement has perhaps 20,000 supporters and 1,000 combatants. E.R.P. is internationally renowned for its spectacular kidnappings of Corporate Officials in 1973. ESSO Oil paid 14.2 million dollars for the safe return of American executive Victor Samuelson. The E.R.P. considers ransom payments as a people's tax on corporation profits. The money collected to buy modern weapons, to establish Socialist Communities in the numerous slums of Argentina, and to finance other Urban Guerrilla movements in Latin America.

Together these two revolutionary organizations pose a real threat to Argentina's 35,000 member Federal Police Force. The Argentine Gov. has been reluctant to employ troops for fear of generating greater support for the Guerrillas.

There is revolution in the Argentine. All things have been reduced to one question, "Le Combat ou La Mort; La Luite Sanguinaire ou Le Néant. C'est ainsi que la question est invinciblement posée." G. Sand



# From the Boyne to the Batoche

by Sophia Hadzipetros

O Canada, glorious and free.  
Did the Bank of Montreal finance thee?

According to Steven Bush and Rick McKenna's "From the Boyne to Batoche", they certainly helped. The play, in production at the TWP, is a historical review of the events leading to the Métis uprising under the infamous Louis Riel. Here he is presented not as the traitor who tried to prevent Sir John A's "true north strong and free", but as a victim of the powers that be (or were).

The story begins in Ulster with the battle between the Protestant King William of Orange and the Catholic King James in 1690, then moves on to the Protestant conflicts in Canada. From there, we are introduced to Sir John and his National Dream. He is shown as a man who would stop at nothing to have his railroad. Loans from the Bank of Montreal supplied him with money to bribe useful people and, by appealing to the fierce loyalty of young men like Thomas Scott, Sir John was able to procure an army

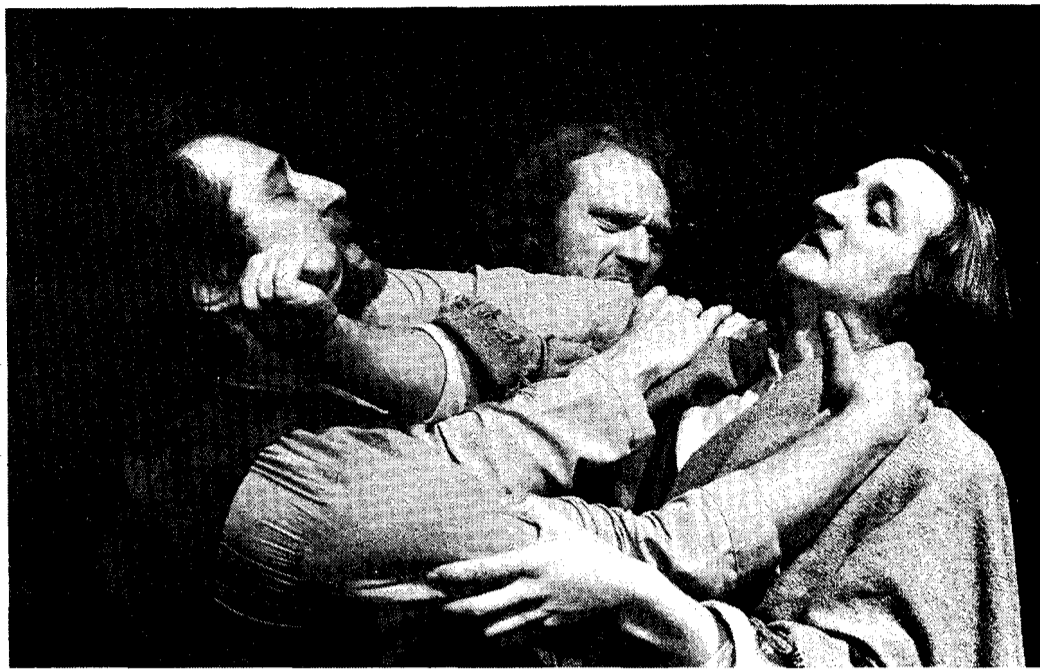
against Riel. The Loyalists, deluded into believing they were fighting for unity, did not realize they were being exploited by their heroes.

"From the Boyne to Batoche" is full of symbolism and it draws some fascinating parallels between the characters. In one instance Riel is compared to David with his sling shot fighting Goliath; or the almighty bureaucracy.

The Reverend Father is depicted as a greedy man using the church as a tool of his own corruptions. In Ulster, he urges the Orangemen to go to Canada and help build up this new country which sits "gleaming like a brass collection plate across the horizon." In Canada, he is a travelling salesman with his bag of tricks.

The all male cast is excellent, especially David Bolt as the Reverend Father. Peter Jobin portrays Riel as a man who knows his fate from the start, but the character as presented seems mythical. Riel is depicted as a perfect hero, a saviour sent from the heavens to free his people.

The sets and costumes are good. The lighting is simple but George Taros' musical arrangements alone are worth going to hear. Steven Bush as director seems to fall a little short,



A scene From Boyne to the Batoche.

for at times it is hard to follow what is going on. A lot of the action takes place in the aisles, and this tends to cause some confusion.

Whether the events of the play are fact or fiction is hard to say, but the truth of the themes themselves cannot be disputed. As Sir John stands by the dead bodies of Riel and Scott proclaiming "We shall save the children of the needy and destroy the oppres-

sor", it is hard not to measure the truth of these words against the realities of the unprivileged classes of yesterday and today. Despite its shortcomings, From the Boyne to the Batoche is worth seeing.

For information and reservations call 925-8640

## JANIS JOPLIN: A WOMAN LEFT LONELY AND BLUE

by S. Elliott

When picking up a book for the first time, the title has, usually, very little meaning to the reader. Once the book is completed, however, the title's relevance with respect to that book becomes quite clear. This was not the case with Myra Friedman's biography of Janis Joplin, "Buried Alive". It is a book dealing with dead things; things which have, for the most part been buried with time.

"Buried Alive" is, of course, centered around Janis Joplin. It also deals with ideals and symbols of the late 1960's, something of which Joplin became an integral part.

As a base for Joplin's personality, Friedman uses the narrow, well-guarded morals of her home town, Port Arther, and the expansive, raunchy Texas land surrounding it. It is from these two contrasting climates that Friedman develops Joplin's personality; a personality capable only of extremes. Within Joplin there exists the "well-trimmed hedge" personality of Port Arther. However, her more violent, earthy qualities become the dominant feature to be living within her, and towards hedges of Port Arther, she is finally destroyed by them.

It all sounds very dramatic, and actually, Friedman does sensationalize things throughout the novel which when looked at in perspective is not

at all out of the ordinary. For example, when speaking of Joplin's youth, she mentions an incident when Janis was refused a radio show, until she stopped sucking her thumb. As a result, Janis was thrown into a furious state and "thereupon threw a tantrum." This is hardly "a good intimation of the future."

As far as Joplin's pleasures went in later life, oral satisfaction was high on the list; thumb-sucking, however, was not.

Friedman leads us along Joplin's path of destruction, taking us through various stages in her development as a musician and performer as well as a human being. The former weathers the trip a great deal better than the latter. It is on this trip that the reader encounters dead things. It is almost analogous to Virgil's trip through Hell, however, Joplin is hardly an Aeneas figure.

One of the most important things here is the Haight-Ashbury scene. Here we have one of the symbols of the time; "The believers in this one thought they could love everybody. They would purge themselves of envy... neon, day-glo, electricity, chemicals—all would bring the kingdom of God." The chemicals became the real support of this scene, however, and the ideals became an excuse for the physical indulgences.

Joplin was at the centre of the Haight as it became a focal point in the 1960's. Friedman constantly makes us aware of the lady's vulnerability, of her need for acceptance; the clothes, the drugs, the people became Joplin's route to this. It is the isolation, so much a part of Joplin's life, that she tries to escape through these routes. However, as Friedman so poignantly points out; "It remained for the treachery of fame to render her isolation utterly complete."

Friedman would like us to react to the book with hatred and fear of the forces that eventually destroy a human being whom at one time had enticingly "wonder-filled eyes".

What I feel, however, is pity for Joplin who is finally a wretched, lonely, character, and a little sick at the thought of her lifestyle. Her music is the one thing that seemed the end of her life there were concerts she couldn't even remember.

Interwoven with the plot, there are epople, now dead, such as Jimi Hendrix. There are concerts, Monterey, Woodstock. There are groups such as the Byrds, Peter, Paul and Mary,

almost forgotten with time. It is a book of the dead. Janis Joplin was not alive in the sense that I give to the word, and if all those

scenes and people of the late sixties, as depicted by Friedman, were living, perhaps it was best that they be buried alive.

## Hosanna: a gripping tale

by Donna Yanching

To anyone with even the slightest interest in contemporary theatre, I strongly recommend Michel Tremblay's "Hosanna." Having enjoyed a tremendous success during its run at the Tarragon earlier this summer, Hosanna has returned to the Global Village Theatre for a final Toronto staging, before it leaves to play in New York.

I saw the original - and, incidentally, much less expensive - staging at the Tarragon, and I have seldom been as impressed by any piece of theatre. Richard Monet and Richard Donat are first-rate in their portrayals of two homosexuals with whom the first inevitable signs of age are starting to catch up.

Monet's performance, particularly, is staggering. He portrays the title role with a sensitivity and vehemence that holds the audience in the grip of breathless incredulity. As Hosanna, the drag queen dressed up as Cleopatra, he is almost too convincing. The force of this performance is skillfully counterpointed by that of Richard Donat, who, as Currette, plays a more under-stated role, but one which is no less poignant for being less histrionic.

While a great deal of credit must go to these two powerful actors, who between them carry off two and a half hours of solid drama, it must be pointed out that they are fortunate enough to be working with first-rate material. Michel Tremblay has created his play with deep sensitivity towards his two characters, and toward the problems which arise out of their relationship.

In their different ways, both characters seem to want to live in the past; to exist within an illusory world which they have created in accordance with their most wistful dreams.

Hence Currette can relate only to the world of a few years back, when his super-stud muscle had not

yet turned to fat, and when it was still possible to hustle young boys in the dark parks; while Hosanna has spent most of his(her?) life dreaming of the day when he (she?) would make a grand and triumphant entrance, like Elizabeth Taylor did in "Cleopatra."

On the particular night on which the play is based, each character must come to grips with reality. Currette must accept the fact that the parks of his youth are brightly lit and police patrolled, (this has more symbolic value than anything else, since it really has very little relevance to the actual plot) and Hosanna must face the painful realization that his dream is just that, a dream, and he must search his soul for the truth of his identity.

As they grope towards their respective truths, the process becomes a kind of catharsis, a redefinition of their mutual relationship, and the end result is one of the best pieces of theatre that has been seen in Toronto for a long time.

High praise must also be accorded to the director. I saw the play some time ago, at the beginning of the summer, but certain scenes still remain vividly imprinted in my memory, as masterpieces of dramatic direction. The play, for the most part is very subtle, very believable, even at points where one's credibility gap might tend to be strained. It is asking a bit much, for example, when Hosanna straddles a chain facing the audience, and begins a twenty minute monologue (soliloquy - he is, after all, alone on stage).

Yet the skill of the direction and acting is such that the audience accepts and assimilates this slight bit of incongruity without any sign of discomfort, boredom, or alienation. This I consider to be a major theatrical feat, almost in the league of Hamlet's "To be or not to be" scene.



# No boogie tonite

by Paul Dowling

Saturday night at Glendon saw the second big dance of the year. Unfortunately the band that was scheduled to appear, a band called Mara Loves, couldn't make it so we accorded the great privilege of listening to 'Dilinger'. Unlike a lot that we see at Glendon with no musical ability, just a lot of noise with a beat that you can dance to, Dilinger seemed to have some musicians with them. The music, played by four musicians including a flute player that did interesting interpretations of Jethro Tull and other somewhat jazzy numbers, was a bit loud.

Moreover, the music was unfortunately undanceable, if the adjective exists. The adjective may not exist but we all know the condition.

In the middle of the second set as the drummer went into a five minute drum solo, the dancers came to a standstill and Christopher Hume was heard to say:

"They're no good."  
The drummer began to remove his clothes; a plaintive cry rang out, "Rock and Roll". But there was no rock and roll at Glendon. Dillinger bombed!

Suddenly, it's Roll over Beethoven there's Smoke, on the Water and the joint starts rockin',...but, not for long--intermission time. Smoke on the water was good for a while but even in my inebriated condition, I found it hard to dance when they started to improvise. A voice in the dark kept calling out "Let's Boogie". "They's not a dance band Linda Onkampus said. "The flute's good, but I like dancing to the juke box better."

"They know what they're doing... but they don't play the right music" was John Craig's only comment.

The dance was O.K. but I should have stayed home and got stoned.

# A Lime in the Morning

by Peter Russell

Productions at the newly established Toronto Centre for the Arts at 390 Dupont Street are usually excellent, and Des McAnuff's "A Lime in the Morning" is no exception. It's a two character play starring Bob Dermer as Mica Blake, a dissolute bum who lives in the Toronto sewers, and Richard Fitzpatrick as the young Referee.

The play centres around Mica's weakness and dependency. Living at a dry intersection of the sewer, and going up through the manhole into the outside world only when he has to, Mica floats in a world of fantasy. He has quite a happy relationship with his wife Sally, (a store front styrofoam mannequin), and occupies much of his time in caring for "the family", (wild sewer racoons). Being one of those elderly parkderelicts, Mica has made friends with a gang of small boys, the Volvos, who steal bread and milk for him from the local stores, and even the occasional bottle of liquor from home. Mica has clearly been living like this for years, and has managed to carry on despite the social workers and Dr. Murphy's disapproval. His unrelaxed nirvana ends with the arrival of the Referee.

Like Mica, the Referee is also one of the park's weirdos. He referees the Volvos' games, and has clearly been well informed about Mica Blake. He arrives one morning in the sewer, unannounced, uninvited, and most certainly unwanted. He has with him a large suitcase, which is full...

primarily of Teacher's Highland

Cream. As Mica drinks appreciatively from a flower pot, we see the Referee's disgust for the old man, and recognize it in ourselves as well.

However, McAnuff's brilliance lies in the sensitivity in which he portrays this pathetic human being, and we soon begin to be more disgusted by the sadistic way in which the Referee sets out to shatter the old man's illusions. The Referee is possessed with a desire to make Mica face the reality of his life. Mica is happier than the Referee, and the Referee can't stand it.

He's an establishment young man who doesn't believe bums have a right to life in or out of a sewer. Working within the classic framework of envy-motivated-revenge he tries to force Mica into facing up to life. He wants Mica to be as miserable a set of compromises as he is. If he can successfully shatter the old man's world of illusion, he will be successful in his dirty work. To find out what the rest of the story is you'll have to go and see it. Notice the brilliance of Dermer's acting. He has refined the subtleties of the role so far that one has to occasionally remind oneself that he is a theatre actor and not one of Toronto's Mica Blakes.

Whether some of your best friends are bums or not, you'll enjoy voyaging into the sewers of Toronto with McAnuff as your guide. Only the best artists can entertain you while educating you, and I promise you won't be disappointed. Phone 957-6969 for reservations.

works under his own label of Naja which has since been picked up by one of the larger record companies.

While researching information for this article, I was surprised by just what Hasek has done. I knew of him but it seems apparent from his file that he has accomplished a lot. He has been on national tour across the United States and Canada and reviewed every aspect of the music business. Hasek has been accepted as a serious, professional musician by the musical world. He is beginning to gain acceptance among the public, which he rightly deserves.

People who write about Hasek are always comparing him to other artists. The kind of line that reads, "a style like McLaughlin" and "the quality of songwriting that matches David Wiffen's"...To me, Hasek does not resemble anyone yet brings across his own style.

Hasek, one of Canada's finest contributions to the field of the blues, will be here at Glendon on Saturday, October 5 at 8:30 in the Café. Admission price is one dollar at the door. Since the concert is being held in the Café, you would be well advised to be there early as Hasek's reputation will have the "Sorry Full House" sign up quite early.



# Polanski's China Town

by G.E. Gaynor

Saturday night after an hour spent deciding on a film, and another hour spent arguing on the mode of transportation, (ie. feet and subway or car, and comfort) everyone settled for Roman Polanski's China Town.

Faye Dunaway and Jack Nicholson contribute excellent performances in this super detective thriller. The Plot?

Aha! There is a plot, and without spoiling it for anyone, it's safe to say that a detective (Nicholson) stumbles on a scandal while on a routine investigation.

However, through Nicholson's discovery of the apparent plot, there is also a delicate and beautiful subplot. And that's all you'll get from me. My reason? It's a good movie and even gentle hints may give the whole show away. Now that you have been adequately mystified, there is a point-of-interest worth discussing; namely Polanski's credentials and some of the curious events linked to this character's life.

In an interview with Dick Cavett, Polanski revealed that there was an attempt on his life in his early teens. Somebody tried to knock Polanski's brain out of line with a brick. Then of course there was the Sharon Tate tragedy. Polanski lost his pregnant wife in a particularly bizarre incident. Certainly everybody (including you, whoever you are) has experienced tragedy to some degree; but how many of you have the opportunity and talent to present it on a screen.

Without getting too philosophical it may be said that one gradually becomes a summation of one's experience. Polanski's method of treating violence not only stems from his experience in directing but is also linked to his personal life.

The end product is a projection of this personal revelation onto the screen, and the audience is allowed to relate to violent incidents personally. You see its that personal touch which gives Polanski the ability to know how a human being relates to violence whether or not you are an active participant.

The violence in Polanski's REPULSION though it is extremely gory, it possesses all the aspects of the irrational forces released. How often do you feel a boiling deep down inside yourself? But you have it under control; so you are allowed to understand and sympathize while shuddering in disgust and fear amidst the gore.

In Rosemary's Baby, Polanski's technique is all too obvious, the audience is allowed to relate to a slow death by mental anguish when the personification of the irrational forces become a reality. For those who missed this production the reference here is to a "Black Nativity," or the birth of the devil. Polanski's sharpest tool is his knowledge of suffering, and gauged by his audience reactions, he uses it skillfully.

In comparison, Sam Peckinpah director of the Wild Bunch, once stated in an interview; "When a man is shot it's not a pretty sight. Being hit by a bullet is like being kicked by a mule." Hence as an antithesis to the conventional mode of portraying violence on the screen, ie. clean and often romantic, Peckinpah made it as ghastly real as possible.

Each act of violence became an outstanding feature.

Although Arthur Penn gives violence the same reality-treatment, there is a subtle difference. Penn's method is to keep the violence locked well into the narrative structure. As an instance take Little Big Man, portrayed massacres of the Sioux and Custer's cavalry were never exploited as singular events detached from the theme. Dustin Hoffman was trapped between opposing forces and the violence portrayed was consistent with this characterization.

Now Polanski incorporates both methods, but infuses 'acute' sensitivity into violent actions. That is, he projects pain into his audience by allowing them to relate.

In China Town, there is one scene in which Nicholson goes down to a potential reservoir site to investigate. After climbing a storm fence labelled RESTRICTED he proceeds to look around. There is a shot, and a brief whine as the bullet ricochets off into the night. Nicholson drops into a huge drain and starts back for the fence. Then suddenly he is hit by a gush of water which carries him away to safety and slams him into a large filter.

Muttering obscenities after he emerges, he sashes back to his point-of-entrance. At the fence he is stopped by thugs. Slowly Nicholson turns around and casually asks "Who's the midget?" referring to the shorter of the two heavies dressed in a slick brown double breasted suit complete with Fedora and a matching silk hat-band.

There is a glint of steel as the "midget" flashes a switch blade and says venomously;

"You know what we do to prowlers?" the voice is a deadly hiss.

"You wanna know what we do to people who sniff around?"

He walks slowly up towards Nicholson and gently inserts and inch inside Nicholson left nostril.

"Now how can we make sure you understand what we mean?" hissed the midget. "Like This!"

There is a sudden gesture, a sharp swing, a sound like a quiet snip as the blade sliced savagely through the nostril, and blood spurts.

The Midget was none other than Polanski himself!! How about that for a cameo appearance? The delicacy with which this ferocity was executed exactly Polanski's technique in handling the subject of violence.

There's more. All the costumes appear to be meticulously tailored.

Take for example, their hats. They are carefully matched with the outfits and sport broad silk bands. Among some of the outstanding props used are the automobiles of the 1930's. Faye Dunaway cruises in a 1928 Packard, coloured cream-white with a chrome sparkle second only to Faye Dunaway's performance.

What is Nicholson like in his Bogart role? Slightly daft. No matter how tough he gets or how suave he appears, he remains funny. One can't help thinking that he's never serious but just playing his extremely clever detective routine. Of course the conclusion establishes all, and you can be sure Polanski and his cast excel in the finale.

If you have a free evening and some good company take the subway or drive down, and enjoy; or disagree preferably over a beer. CHEERS!

# Hasek coming to Glendon

by Larry Guimond

In the world of music there exists only two types of performers. There are the professionals, (the old stand-bys), and the ones who have made it to the top. The other group consists of raw, pure talent who have yet to pay their musical dues and make it to the top. During the last two years Michael Hasek has made his break into the professional group.

Since about 1970 Hasek has been known in and around Toronto. He has played every club in town and people kept saying that he had the talent for an album, but, oh well, the record companies would not give him one. Hasek took it upon himself to write, perform, produce, package and promote his own album. He



# HOCKEY GLENDON

Thursday, October 3 officially marks the beginning of the 1974-75 hockey season for the Glendon College "Fleurs-de-lys". The first practice will be held on that day at the North Toronto Arena (Eglinton between Yonge and Avenue Road) at 1:15 p.m.

Students at Glendon are eligible to participate in most sports on three distinct levels. In hockey, one can play for the York University team, provided that one has experience at at least the Junior 'B' level. For those who take athletics less seriously Glendon has an intramural league. Here competition is less fierce and the make-up of teams is based upon one's academic year or house in residence. Finally, students can play for Glendon against the other faculties and colleges within York. Games are held in the evening at the main campus and normally two are played per week. This level of hockey usually falls somewhere between inter-university and intramural standards. Whereas competition is fairly keen, the games are still played for fun not butchery.

In the past the Fleurs-de-lys have played exhibition games in Northern Ontario, Queen's University in King-

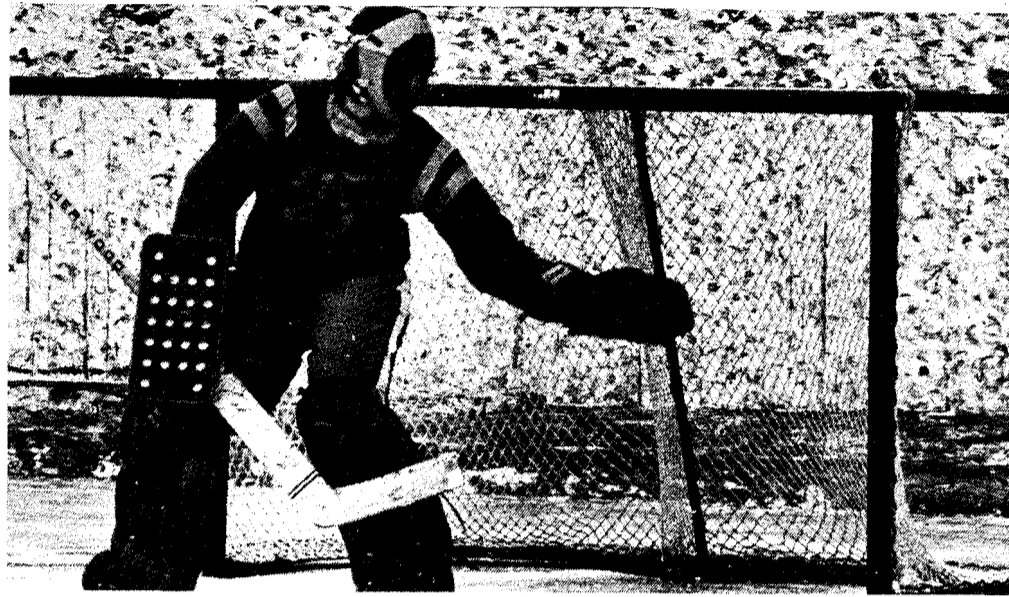
ston, Quebec City and even Holland. Another trip to Europe for this year is being considered at this time. All interested Glendon students are asked to attend a meeting today at 4:00 in the Fieldhouse Conference Room.

Le jeudi 3 octobre l'équipe de hockey de Glendon commencera sa saison pour 1974-75. La première pratique pour les "Fleurs-de-lys" aura lieu à l'aréna North Toronto, qui se trouve sur Eglinton entre Yonge et Avenue Road, jeudi à 13:15 heures.

Tout étudiant à Glendon est éligible à participer aux sports à trois niveaux distincts. Les meilleurs joueurs de hockey peuvent représenter l'Université York contre les autres universités de l'Ontario. Ils peuvent également participer au niveau intramural, ce qui viéquivert des joueurs de calibre moins fort. On joue pour une équipe d'après son année scolaire ou d'après sa maison en résidence. Troisièmement, on peut jouer pour l'équipe de Glendon contre les autres facultés de York. A ce niveau-ci, on joue pour la compétition et pour "le fun". Les parties se jouent à l'autre campus deux soirs par semaine.

Dans le passé les Fleurs-de-lys ont joué des parties d'exhibition à Québec, au nord de l'Ontario, à l'Université Queens de Kingston, et même en Hollande. Maintenant on essaie d'organiser une deuxième tournée en Europe pour cette année.

Tout étudiant intéressé devrait se présenter à la réunion dans la salle de conférence au Fieldhouse à 16:00 heures.



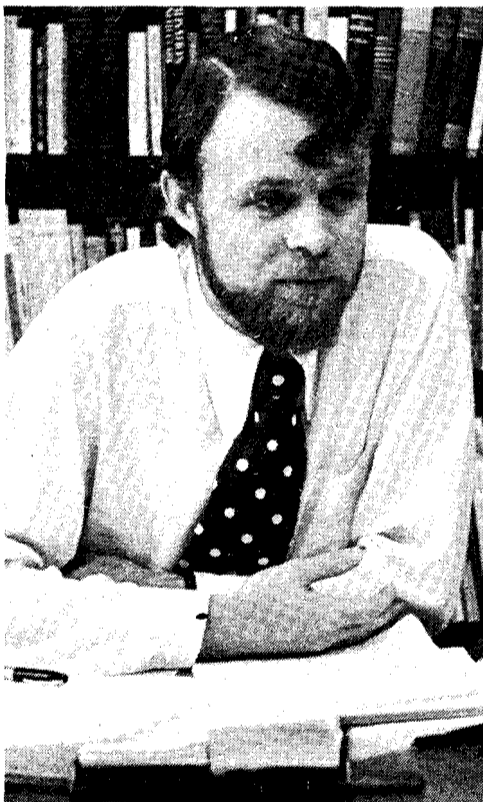
Once again, it's time to play Howie's favorite sport.

par Glen Jones

## Dean Gentles: A very personable man

by Ann Marsalik

Last week, a rather historic event occurred in the life of this 3rd year student. I was formally introduced to Dr. Ian Gentles perhaps better



The Dean of Students

known as dean of students. Historic, in the sense that one can hardly avoid meeting the omnipresent Ian Gentles, who has been dean for 3 years.

Each university is endowed with a dean, who is generally charged with academic counselling and disciplinary action. These activities encompass a very broad range of functions. So for those of us who have survived university unharmed by academic or emotional problems, there are alternate avenues of access to the dean.

His responsibilities include the provision of adequate counselling services, also the quality of residences and specifically pertaining to that, appointment of dons, dealing with emotional problems, and requests for improvements within reason. Thirdly, a variety of student committees including the food committee, which met Monday to discuss the 'quality' of Beaver foods (the what?). It's nice to know that there is a committee where we can voice our complaints about 'boiled chopped wood' and scalloped 'paste' potatoes.

The dean also is primarily responsible for 'cultural activities' (uh?). Students, through the pipe room board and in conjunction with Dean Gentles, provide a range of social and cultural events inclusive of French and English theatre and for instance the Paulien Julien concert.

So, if you are not concerned with cultural affairs, and you're not in residence, and you don't have aca-

ademic problems i.e. you're not failing, haven't been caught plagiarizing, cheating or strung out, and you are satisfied with the Glendon beaver food and you're not on any committees, (are you sure you go to Glendon) there is another way to meet the dean--attend his history class.

In short, the ubiquitous Dean Gentles is perhaps most qualified to give an accurate reading of the pulse of Glendon college.

There are personal aspects of Ian Gentles which I am sure many are unaware of. He graduated with a Phd from the University of London. He came to Canada in search of a job and was offered a job at three universities. He chose Glendon as his best option especially since it afforded him the opportunity to practice his French. In 1969, a year later he "unexpectedly" became dean, and the two year appointment was renewed in 1971. The dean enjoys living on campus with his wife and their two sons.

I asked him if he would like to see any changes at Glendon. His response was basically two-fold. First, higher academic standards, both in regards to students entering Glendon and those graduating. He expressed a certain amount of pride in the fact that last year, and for the last 3 out of 4 years Glendon has surpassed all colleges at the main campus in taking the Governor General's award for the highest achievement by a graduating student. The

McLaughlin award or second highest award has been won for the past two or three years by Glendon Grads. The Dean expressed the desire that Glendon surpass previous achievements in this area, and in doing so guarantee a continually high academic reputation.

Secondly, a more bilingual atmosphere. To achieve this, we must encourage more French students to enroll at Glendon, primarily by offering more French courses. This would hopefully stave off a climbing unilingual enrolment.

One must be bold to brake the barriers that exist to bilingualism at Glendon to acquaint and submerge oneself in the French milieu. 'Yes', the opportunities are there! So says the dean.

After bumping into his office and tossing out several vague queries, I discovered the dean to be an altogether very personable fellow.

Next year, Ian Gentles will step down as dean, and spend a year on sabbatical continuing his academic career. His future plans are basically to remain in the academic sphere. He intends to devote more time to teaching and developing his academic interests.

Later this year a committee will be formed of students and faculty who will then suggest a successor to the Principal. Gentles will voice his views in committee but would not comment on a possible successor..

## Hey!! What's going on here

### ON CAMPUS

Friday, October 4: Radio Glendon presents An Evening of Surprises in the Café beginning at 8:30pm. Admission 25 cents.

Saturday, October 5: Michael Hasek in the Café beginning at 8:30pm. Admission \$1.00.

Monday's, 1:00-2:00pm. Mature Students Froum in the Hearth Room; bring your own lunch or coffee.

Thursday, October 3: Reading and Study Habit Improvement Course begins; Room B213. No charge.

### UP AND COMING

#### MUSIC

The El Mocambo (464 Spadina Ave.) Jimmy Witherspoon to Saturday.

Egerton's (70 Gerrard) Jessie Winchester to Saturday.

The Riverboat (134 Yorkville Ave.) Dave Van Ronk to Sunday.

Wednesday, October 2: Eric Clapton at the Gardens. 8:00pm  
Saturday, October 5: Jazz with Brubeck at Convocation Hall, 7:00 and 10:00pm.

Sunday, October 6: The Downchild Trio at Toronto Centre for the Arts, 390 Dupont St., 8:30pm, 967-6969.

Monday, October 7: Rick Wakeman at the Gardens at 8:00pm.

#### CBC

Radio (CBL - FM, 94.1): Monday, October 7: 10:30pm: first of a ten part series entitled "Insight and Understanding: the Writing of Canadian History".

TV: "Rock Concert" Friday, October 4: 12:00 midnight: Repeat: Allman Brothers, Martin Mull and others.

Roxy Theatre: Danforth Ave. at Greenwood)

Wednesday: 'Walkabout' at 7 and 10:50pm, 'Sleuth' at 8:35pm

Thursday four hours of previews beginning at 7:30pm.

Friday: 'O Lucky Man' at 7 and 9:45pm.

Saturday: 'The Story of Hendrik' at 7:30 and 9:30pm, Ken Russell's 'The Devils' at midnight.

#### THEATRE

Hart House Theatre: A revised version of James Reaney's THE KILLDEER opens on the 17th. 923-8663.

Theatre Passe Muraille (106 Trinity St.): 837: THE FARMER'S REVOLT tells of William Lyon Mackenzie's Rebellion. 961-3303.

Tarragon Theatre (30 Bridgman Ave.): opening of a Montreal Production of THE NIGHT NO ONE YELLED, a prison

play by Peter Madden. 531-1827.

York University: Le Groupe de la Place Royale makes its first Toronto appearance on Wednesday evening at Burton Auditorium. 667-2370.

Toronto Centre for the Arts (390 Dupont St.): A LIME IN THE MORNING by Des AcAnuff. Tuesday-Saturday at 9:30. 967-6969.

Toronto Workshop (12 Alexander St.): FROM THE BOYNE TO BATOCHE tells of the Catholic-Protestant conflict on the Canadian prairies in the 1860's. 925-8640.

Second City: HELLO DALL runs to October 12th at the Firehall Restaurant on Lombard Street 363-1674.

St. Lawrence Centre Theatre (27 Front St.): The Manitoba Theatre company presents THE DYBBUK. 366-7723.