

pro tem

THE WEEKLY PAPER OF GLENDON COLLEGE

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 10
NOVEMBER 13, 1974

ELECTION
TODAY,
THURS. & FRI.

DETAILS PAGE 6.

by France Mainville

Samedi soir dernier le rêve est devenu réalité lorsque Réjean "Super Star" Garneau et le Club des Jolis Coeurs se sont enfin produits sur scène après avoir fait languir le peuple pendant trois mois. Joueront-ils? ne joueront-ils pas? Yves Jolicoeur jouera-t-il ou boudera-t-il? Réjean passera-t-il la fin de semaine avec nous ou s'en retournera-t-il dans deux heures?

Enfin Réjean est venu, il est resté et il a vaincu, et tout cela avec l'aide de ses feuilles et de son pot de miel. Comme d'habitude, c'était extraordinaire: les Anglais 'tripatfiaient' (du dictionnaire Girard), les Québécois étaient saouls et heureux, le rythme douteux, les voix rauques, et le doyen, accompagné de son épouse, ébahi.

Les classiques du folklore québécois étaient à l'affiche, sans compter l'éternel succès de Réjean (qu'il a d'ailleurs chanté sur demande spéciale d'Émeric): "la bizoune en l'air". Les "Kétaines Sisters" ont fait une apparition fulgurante sur scène en chantant leur grand succès -- apprécié de tous, (comment pourrait-on faire autrement): "Drink to me".

Cinq nouveaux Québécois honoraires ont été élus au Cénacle: Dianne Perkes, Ted Paget, Barry Mohring, Tom Kemp, et Bruce Keachie. Ils furent reçus de l'ordre du "Jolly Hearts Club Band". Monsieur Jolicoeur a perdu son titre de bourreau des coeurs et a été remplacé par le très séduisant Louis-



The Jolly Hearts Club Band

Charles Fortin qui fut d'ailleurs baptisé à l'aide de l'eau bénite québécoise au sud de la taille.

Les musiciens ont été incomparables: Daniel et sa voix sensuelle, Yves et son effort pour parler français, et finale-

ment, le nouveau l'om aux cheveux longs. Denis, plus charmant que jamais, avec un beau sourire aux lèvres, a merveilleusement bien maîtrisé les décibels.

Louis et Jean-Guy ont tenté d'ouvrir une campagne publicitaire pour leur nouvelle école de danse, mais ils n'ont

réussi qu'à casser la table! Six chaises et une autre table ont subi de sérieux dommages, mais l'enthousiasme, plutôt que la violence, en fut la cause.

Merci à Réjean, à Denis et aux musiciens, vous avez fait du bon travail et on s'est amusé comme des fous.

SINGERS NEEDED FOR CHRISTMAS BANQUET

by Peter Bennett

With the advent of the Christmas Banquet and the beautiful music which is associated with the season, a number of like-minded members of the Glendon community have come together to form a madrigal group. We call it a madrigal group not because we want to sing only madrigals, but because we're hoping to have a group of between sixteen to twenty singers who enjoy medieval carols, madrigals, and motets for small choirs. Right now our rehearsals are geared towards performance at the Christmas banquet. but if interest persists we will

G.C.S.U. you win some, you lose some

Win some, and lose some - this was the result of the November 6, 1974 meeting of the Executive Branch of the G.C.S.U. which failed to pass discussed motions because of the absence of a quorum or a required number of members to constitute a valid meeting but chance to be passed at the next General Council meeting Monday, November 11, 1974.

Discussion with Vice President nominees, Jennifer Kasper and Chuck Eisel, resulted in their decision to run as separate candidates to avoid acclamation by C.O.S.A. if they had chosen to split the post into categories of a chair-person and a vice presidential voting member and run as a single applicant.

The Executive Branch successfully passed an emergency motion to contact Principle Tucker stressing their approval of giving priority to the hiring Glendon community members in such areas as parking.

As a result, Principal Tucker has recently formed a committee whose members include himself, Chief of Security, Mr. Fuman, Dean Gentles, Student Council President Marc Duguay and Residence Council President Sally Kilgore, to investigate

carry on into the new year.

The group invites any member of the community to join them in rehearsal every Wednesday afternoon at 5:15 pm in the Music Room in the basement of York Hall. We invite francophones and anglophones, especially if they are tenors or basses, but sopranos (trebles) altos (countertenors) mezzo-sopranos or contraltos are also most cordially invited to share our fellow hip of praise through music.

Further information may be gained by contacting Shirley Wales, Lois Martin, Anne Beltson, Derek Watt, or Peter Bennett, all of whom are in Hilliard Residence.

parking and other related matters.

A motion, proposed by Social Affairs representative, Larry Guimond, will be submitted for General Council approval, requesting the Food Committee alter their decision that only allows U.F.W. produce to be available. Instead, the Council wanted to see a freedom of choice for students - to choose union or non-union produce.

The surprise and sudden resignation of Lorne Prince, former Council business manager, has forced the council to re-open the post until interviews are held on November 18, 1974. Until that time, Arthur Roy, will act in the position.

Officially, the N.U.S. (National Union of Students) will hold its conference at the end of May at Glendon but financial responsibility will not be incurred by the College nor the G.C.S.U. for November 14, 1974 when the results of the department's course evaluations are published.

President Marc Duguay reported that course evaluations will be conducted using last year's questionnaire with accompanying changes. Tabulation will be performed by the College's computer science programme giving a necessary geographic proximity of the council to the tabulators!

ARE THE STUDS COMING BACK?

by Skitch Maxwell

A Stop The Presses Exclusive to Pro Tem.

It became apparent late last night, following a high level meeting of all the top entertainment execs here at beautiful Glendon, that a star which has been twinkling way off in the distance is about to burn brightly on the horizon of this lucky campus. Rumours were flying and Pro Tem cub reporter Skitch Maxwell found himself up to his knees in them as he attempted to probe for the truth about this gala extravaganza that was about to grace the Glendon entertainment scene.

What is this dynamic event that will surely have the Glendon audience clamouring for more. It now seems appropriate to turn the pen over to Skitch for a first hand report.

A Smokey Conference Room

Skitch Maxwell here reporting directly to Pro Tem via my note pad which stands as the only marker of the truth. As things stand now only one thing stands for certain. That fact being that the Brass Studs, whose fame reaches the far corners of this campus, are planning to come out of retirement for the very last time. A footnote to the former clause stands as a correction to that state-

ment since the Studs (as they are affectionately known by their groupie) have turned a few heads at the frozen waste-land (not of T.S. Elliot fame, but so inappropriately termed York University).

In any case, it seems that the many other details surrounding the appearance of the Brass Studs are still a long way from finalization.

It would appear that at this psychological moment in time, they will be appearing in the Old Dining Hall and while no date has been set, sometime in early December is an excellent guess. The reason for this speculation is that long time Studs fan George Harrison will be in town then and he'll be able to see the artists that have so influenced his work.

As far as the less important but just as necessary details, plans are still on the drawing board (so to speak). The tedious problem of crowd control, the convenient scheduling of press conferences and the importation of proper foods and the grease to which the Studs are accustomed. Rumour has it the Frank E. Yofmaro will be making the necessary arrangements so it appears things are definitely in good hands. So keep an eye out for The Brass Studs and I know you'll have a real good time.

In Search Of A Dean

To All Members of the Glendon Community

COSA (Committee on Student Affairs) is in the process of gathering information for a description of, and the establishment of criteria for, the positions of Dean of Students and Master of Residence. Sub-

missions on these matters from members of the Glendon community are invited. If written, they should be sent to Chairperson, COSA, C214, York Hall. If you wish to give a verbal presentation, please attend our meeting on November 20 at 5 p.m. in the Fireside Room.

RADIO GLENDON PLAYS PERCENTAGE

RESULTS OF THE RADIO GLENDON MUSIC SURVEY

Total votes 1600

Rock & Roll	- 221 - 14%
Blues	- 205 - 13%
Jazz	- 145 - 9%
Folk	- 293 - 18%

Hard Rock	- 102 - 6%
Classical	- 244 - 15%
40's & 50's Boogie	- 124 - 8%
French Music	- 171 - 11%
Top 10 AM Hits	- 58 - 4%
Country & Western	- 37 - 2%

Thanks to all those who made this survey possible.

COURSE COMPETITION : WHO WANTS IT?

by Doug Graham

I read with much interest an article in last week's edition of this paper. It concerned the pass-fail system. I pray that this system will be adopted, and soon. It's about time someone provided a system to alleviate the mental strain we all go through every year we are in school. The mark.

In a society such as ours, we are always geared to competition. We are forever concerned with, not only that we are doing well, but also that we are head and shoulders above the other guy. It gives us a false sense of security. We have to have someone to look down on and say, "Yeah, I only got a C, but that dumb bugger over there got an F. I don't feel so bad." On the surface everyone would never admit that they get a kick out of acknowledging that they have done a better job than their friend, but truthfully, everybody does. We can't take all the blame. The education system has to take some.

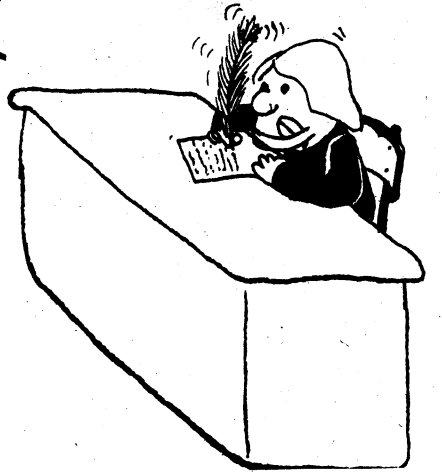
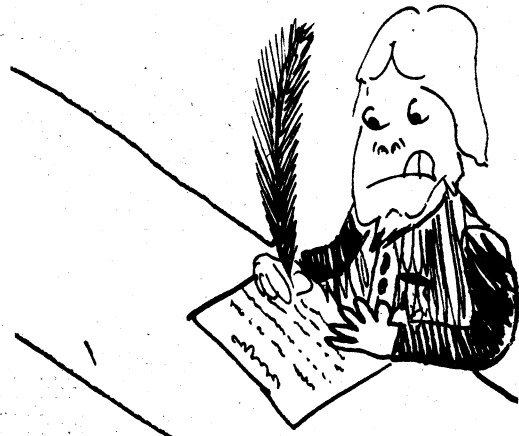
I remember when I was in the ninth grade. Porky Pig, our science teacher encouraged us to get together and organize pools. We would each throw in a dime and the person with the highest mark on the science test would take the pot. I thought it was a great idea then. Now I think it was pretty sick, especially since some of the slower people in our class faithfully chipped in their dime every week, knowing damn well they didn't have a prayer of ever winning, but they were too shy to go against Perky's "total involvement" concept.

Even further back, young children are encouraged to strive as hard as they are able for a gold star on their forehead, or suffer the humiliation of

a plain red one. All the red stars had to do their lessons again, and if they were lucky, and had won the affection of the teacher, they could make gold. You all remember the fancy ass kid who would get a gold star from the teacher if he sat up straight. You also remember the poor bastard who would stay at red star level even if he could explain Darwin's Theory of Evolution in Chinese.

That's the major flaw in the competition element in the educational system. Doing well isn't worth a damn unless the teacher pats your head and says you're a good boy. Then you are promoted to the rank of pet, and you can fool around as much as you want and get an A for everything you do. I know this is standard practice in high schools and primary schools because, I'll admit it, I was a pet in English classes every year I was in high school. I wrote stories that pleased my teachers, and I didn't have to worry about marks for the rest of the year. I don't doubt that I could have written SHIT in old English letters, and provided I had a half assed excuse, I could have got an A for SHIT.

It's sad, isn't it. Now parents must raise children that are capable of kissing ass as well as performing satisfactorily. Your kid would also benefit in the educational system if he learns how to fight tooth and nail to bring you home an A. Then he can go out in the working world and bring home big money. He can also bring home ulcers, heart trouble, hypertension, and death at Fifty. He can tell his wife through his oxygen mask that it all started when the teacher made him stand in the corner because he couldn't count by twos with as much



In our society we are not only concerned with doing well but also that we are head and shoulders above the other guy.

speed and accuracy as his classmates.

I sincerely hope that pass-fail is the system of the future. I would rather educate my children myself, and let them take their chances with my methods, than send them to public schools that turn them into grabbing meanies that would cut my throat

if they got an A for it.

NOTE TO THE BORE POETS - I always appreciate feedback on my column, be it negative or positive, but may I suggest that you reread my definition of a crashing bore. If you're still offended, I extend my deepest sympathies.

PRES. TO MAKE REGULAR VISITS

President Macdonald has indicated for some time now that he would like to visit Glendon College on a regular basis, and to make himself available for questions or discussions among members of the Glendon faculty who may wish to have a direct approach to the President.

Arrangements have been made for him to come to Glendon every second Monday, beginning November 11th, from 1:30 to 3 p.m., in the office on the first floor of Glendon Hall, just off to the right as you go in the main entrance.

For this term, he will be here again on November 25th and December 9th.

Faculty and students alike should feel free to take any questions they

wish to President Macdonald, and if they find this is not a convenient time, they could make other arrangements to see him either at his office in the Ross Building, or on other, perhaps special visits to Glendon. Certainly he is anxious to make himself available, in order to remove the impression which sometimes arises at Glendon College that the President and administration of York University are remote beings somewhere on the ninth floor of the Ministry on the Keele Street campus.

If there are any questions that faculty wish to relate to Mr. Macdonald through Dr. Tucker, they should feel free to do so. He would appreciate, however, a more direct approach on the part of both students and faculty.

SUMMER OF '74: WORKIN' IN

by Peter Crane

"Hell, I'm fed up", said Ed Wilson "if it wasn't for the kid, I'd leave the wife tomorrow. This bloody company is driving me nuts too. I'm not drinking that much now but pretty soon somebody is going to be pulling me out of the ditch. I'm telling you Peter, I really feel depressed." "Listen Ed", I said, "Go away somewhere for a little while and try to get your priorities straightened out. Make a vow that you're not going to hit the bottle everytime something buggers up and then stick by it!"

Ed Wilson is a middle aged man who works at a Rubber Company in the suburbs of Toronto. I met this man, there, because I worked at the company during the past summer. I am only 21 and I feel disappointed in giving this man advice. However, after experiencing such tedious, boring, asinine and demanding jobs in this company, I am wise to the fact that Ed would be sharing that ditch with a few more people who worked there.

It was a crystal clear night in early May and I had gone to bed at dusk. I awoke three hours later ready to start my first night on the graveyard shift at the new company. I grabbed a pair of brand new double clutchers (work boots), an old shirt and some torn up jeans and then headed off to work.

I figured if I hack these clothes up a bit more they would be ideal for my college attire. At any rate, I arrived on the scene fifteen minutes later, while the thought of staying up all night was starting to depress me. I felt like an owl, for God's sake!

Punch card, #131, Crane, yea that's my card, and so I punched in and awaiting me after that simple procedure was a shifty-eyed man who looked like the type of guy who beat up his kids.

"131", he belched out. "Yea, I'm 131 but I also have a name". I said. "Yea I know we got that on file. C'mon follow me" he said.

After stubbing my toe on a fork lift truck and slipping on little bits of rubber which were scattered all over the damn floor, I finally reached the locker room.

"This is the locker room" he said. "Yea, that would be my guess" I said sarcastically.

Actually, it looked more like a war zone. The floors were black from the rubber, the lockers were rusty, the graffiti was extremely unrefined and the smell was just plain shameful. Then, he showed me my locker.

"Well, everything should be safe in here" he said. "Fine" I said. "Except your wallet" he laughed. "Yea, I catch guys looking through these damn things every night for

some loose change" he said.

"Well then I'll just take my wallet with me" I said.

After being escorted on a quick tour of the plant we eventually ended up in the section where I would be working.

"This is dept. 41 and you will have a very important job here", he said.

"You are going to be sanding fan belts in order that they will fit properly into the grooves of the pulleys".

"Well, I suppose somebody has to do it" I said hesitantly.

"That's right, kid, and it might as well be you! The job is very simple. You pick up a belt from the basket on your left, attach it to the pulley on the long steel arm of the sanding machine, press the foot pedal and the arm will go up and sand the belt when it hits the rollers of sand paper. When the steel arm comes down, take off the belt and throw it into the basket on your right. I expect you to do 2,000 belts tonight. Is there any questions?" he said.

"Yea, do I get to eat sometime or do you just drive up in your jeep and hand out rations for the evening" I said.

"You have a break at 1.00 a.m., you have your lunch at 4.00 a.m. and you have one more break at 6.00 a.m." he replied.

That was the story of the summer of '74. Oh, I could tell you about a lot more happenings at this place.

THE RUBBER PLANTS BLUES

There was the time when my supervisor came over to talk to me and was positioned in such a way that it was impossible for the steel bar to miss him on it's way down. I also remember the three different supervisors I had who rotated their shifts. I would always find one sleeping in his office, one reading Penthouse in his office and the other would always be looking in the Classified ads for another job.

I recall the night when the new foreman was placed on his first night shift. Well, we had a fire that night, and all the workers ran to their lockers, picked up their lunches, went out into the parking lot and while they were chomping on a celery stalk they yelled out "burn baby burn".

Above all, the summer was quite an experience and I especially remember the last day when I was approached by Ed Wilson.

"Pete", he said "I won't be seeing you anymore and I want to say good bye to you. You're a lucky son of a bitch 'cause you can leave this ruddy place. All the best in school, kid".

"Ed", I said "I don't know why you're here and I'm somewhere else, but just remember that nobody is better than anybody else. IF your knees tremble, fall on them and then nobody will have to pull you out of the ditch".

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

Reporters are distinguished by their by lines.

Editor and Layout: John Frankie
 Entertainment Editor: Peter Russell
 Photography: Al Lysaght, Nancy Bloom, Bruce McMulkin, Tony Caldwell.
 Sports: Haywood Hail Bruin, Miss Stiff
 Production: Barbara Munro, Mary Lou Brinker, Liz Brittain, Patricia Phillips, Anne Meggs, Jan Penhorwood, Sharon Kelly, Catherine Cooper, Larry Mohring, Roberta Powers, Milana Todroff, Marney Gattinger, Gillian King, Robin Peterson

Taking Care Of Business

On Monday night past, I was in the Pro Tem office alone when the Security Guard came in to check things out.

That's when the fireworks began. He was terribly upset by the articles on Security and was rather dismayed that his picture was associated with such a story. After about 45 minutes of discussion we came down to the following points. He felt the article was garbage. He told me what a good hardworking guy Bill Firman was. He felt such an article did not do anyone any good, that it simply upset the five security guards on campus to the point where they wanted to have a union meeting.

I left the security guard with the following thoughts. That the article was not garbage, but made claims that the author felt would improve security's performance on campus. Second that whether Mr. Firman was a nice guy or not, Mr. Booth has a right to say what he feels just as he (the security guard I was talking to) has a right to state Mr. Firman's grander qualities. Thirdly, the article did a great deal of good, since it stirred up the issue and forced people to consider the complexity of security's duties as well as to evaluate their performance and conclude whether Mr. Booth's claims are accurate or not.

Finally, I encouraged him to approach one of the students who work for security and ask that student to write an article favourable to security. Only time will tell whether security needs improvement or when.

As far as an article in the paper maligning the men at the gate, well take heart you security guards. You must expect criticism when your job forces you to make decisions that are unpleasant to some of the people there are just as many who feel you're doing your job well.

Letters to the editor

The Great Rip-Off at Glendon To the Editor:

Probably, nobody thinks that it could happen here at Glendon, but unfortunately, it did happen to me at the beginning of the year. This was a result of living only one week in residence. My room was supposed to be in D-House Hilliard where maid service is not obligatory and that House was supposed to be co-ed. This was the opinion of the survey taken by Mr. Gentles last year. After realizing that there were almost no applications from guys to live in D-House Hilliard or maybe too much demand from the girls to live in Hilliard, he decided to put the guys concerned in B-House Hilliard. These guys were placed arbitrarily in their old rooms of B-House from last year. This meant that we had to have compulsory maid service which we didn't want. How can you force people to take and to pay for something that they don't want?

I received a letter in August stating that I was assigned to my old room of 1973. So, what other choice did I have and what of my concerned friend in fourth year back in his little old hole? He was supposed to get a huge room because of his priority but what does Gentles mean by seniority in this case? I agree with the Master of Residence that I could have got another room by bumping and pushing other students out of their assigned rooms, and at a bargain price of \$10 per person.

So, they might as well have said that you have to keep the room given previously. But to return to the injustice in which I was involved, I was pena-

cards and letters

Over the past few weeks, as you have probably noticed, Pro Tem has been swamped by letters to the Editor. Nothing is more gratifying than to receive so much response from the articles we publish each week.

Even though the content of many of the letters criticizes or finds fault with the subject matter of the articles it's still interesting to know that people are moved enough by something that appears in this college's newspaper.

I have also received a number of compliments on the paper's format and content. While I'm pleased that we at Pro Tem are providing a newspaper that is welcomed by a good many people at the college, I feel I should give reasons for this good standing. Certainly, the concerned attitude of the people who read the paper and offer a response, in the form of a letter, are contributing material to fill the paper as well as providing a means by which we can discover what the people at Glendon wish to see.

Further, and assuredly of vast importance are the people with the concerned attitude and the willingness to come into Pro Tem and help put the great thoughts that flow into Pro Tem, into columns and onto the flats that eventually become this tabloid. I'm grateful to these people, and I am dependant upon them. I only wish there were more of them. Both the concerned individuals who write letters and articles, and the people who help-out typing, pasting, proof reading and correcting. I only wish I had more of them (you get the picture) - keep those cards and letters coming - and drop in and help out, too!

lized \$55 for the maid service for which I was not a beneficiary. As I was saying before 'I am not the only was saying before, I am not the only one who has been treated in this manner, just ask some of your friends. Have you been ripped off like that lately? Now, what can I do about it after they have cashed my \$250 deposit? I have been "screded up" very badly. The only thing Dean Gentles does is to subtract what ever it costs and give you back the balance when York University decides to make up the cheque.

Now, what should I do to be reimbursed? Let me tell you that it is a lot of hassle to go through, and I am not getting anywhere with this matter.

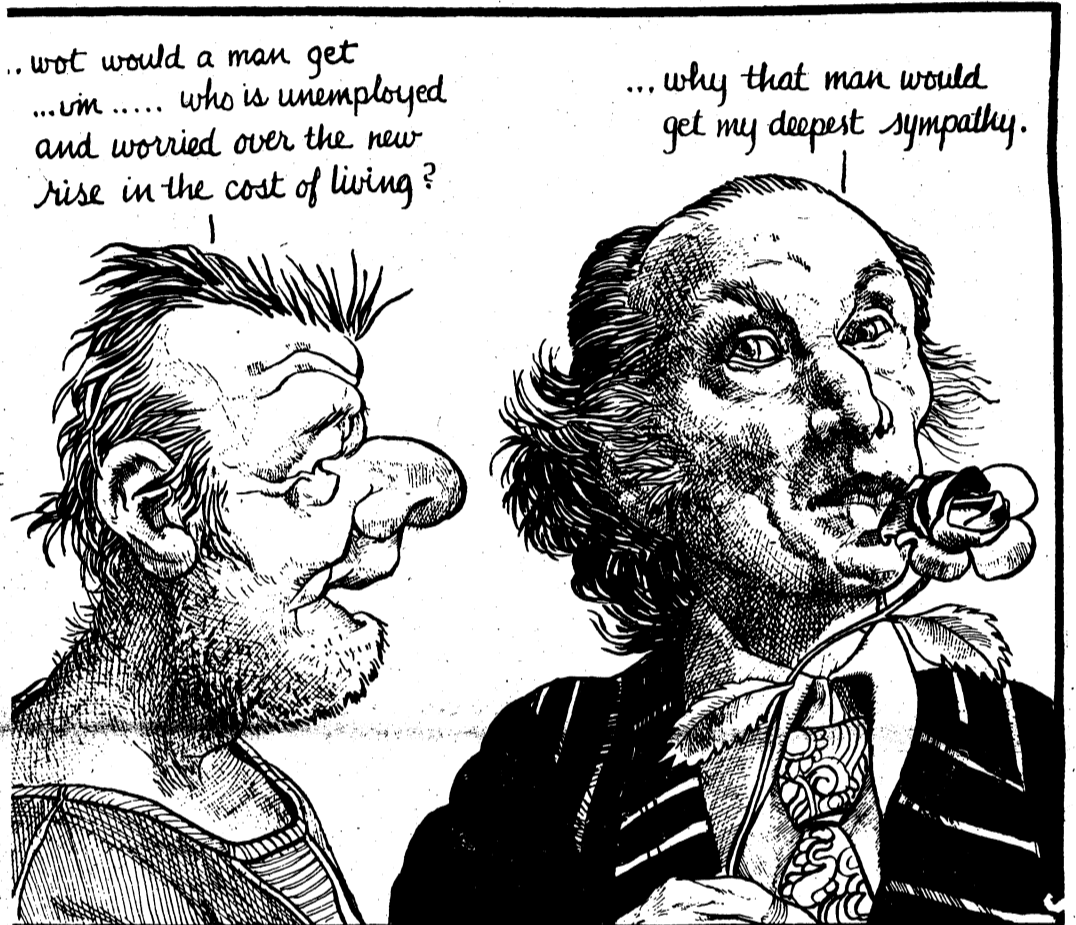
I hope that the authorities will reconsider my case because I have been really deceived and disappointed in certain highly-placed men. Although I am fighting against a brick wall, I am still struggling to make my words heard. I have got to the point where I will even go as far as to take legal action to show them how unjust and cheap they are. Does anybody else who has also been cheated want to go along with me? I need some other people to support my case and similar cases of others.

In solidarity,
 Jacques Plante

J'ai écrit cet article en anglais pour que la totalité des étudiants de Glendon puissent la lire. Je sais très bien que les Québécois, lisent l'anglais très facilement.

Merci Jacques Plante

Letters continued on Page 4.



GRAB BAG

by Peter Russell

There is a play coming to Glendon, November 26-29. It is going to be a great production... perhaps even a memorable one. It is sensitively written and sensitively developed by some of Glendon's best actors. It is being directed by one of Glendon's post-graduate theatre professionals, and supported by the best of Glendon's undergraduates. And where will this production take place?

IN THE PIPE ROOM. Oh yes... in the Pipe Room.

The Pipe Room is a room of pipes, where one has to pipe up in order to be heard through the bad acoustics, the bad air, the bad ventilation, the bad scene, the heat, and the incredible lack of space and accessibility. The best thing about the Pipe Room is that it is all black, thanks to someone's farsighted foresight in realizing last year that that which is black is hard to see. That which is hard to see is hard to come to terms with, and that which is hard to come to terms with is usually accepted. We accept thee, O Pipe Room.

I read with great interest the Saturday (last) Star. They had an article on the new wealth of the Arab oil sheiks, (linked to the new increase in gasoline, right?). Anyway, Sheik Zaid of Abu Dhabi, apparently takes in about \$575,000 every 51 minutes, "with scarcely a man's hand turned to do anything to produce it." And this sheik is only one of many. Well, perhaps he would care to donate us just ten minutes worth of his running oil, for as little as that much would no doubt more than pay for a small theatre that we could perform in.

I bring this up only because of the by-now-already-obvious-fact that Glendon's extra-curricular activity is primarily focused upon acting and the production of plays on numerous levels. Even the staff and faculty of the College become involved in the extra-curricular sense. And in this vein, it is interesting to note that they do so without any exception of financial reward. I'll bet none of you knew that neither Michael Gregory nor Beth Hopkins have ever received one cent for their contributions to the theatrical endeavours of Glendon's undergraduates. Well, it's true.

And what about the undergraduates themselves. We sweat away with budgets of \$50 a show. We work with used sets, borrowed and appropriated properties, love and sacrifice and an admirable degree of stick-with-it-ness. All well and good for those who want to "major" in the continuing developmental hassles of coping with hardship and frustration.

But what about the obvious fact that there comes a point in time when a director's, when an actor's, when a producer's, and when most importantly of all, an audience's time is wasted by the intolerable physical limitations of a place as preposterous as the Pipe Room? What is to be done about the scores of people that we turn away every night of a successful show because there is no way they can be admitted due to the inadequate facilities?

If you know how to seduce money out of the rich, please consider the problem we have re: theatre at Glendon. It's a challenge.

LETTERS

DON'T SLAP SECURITY'S WRISTS

To the Editor:

I address myself here to young Master Booth, the presumed author of last week's Security Scoop. The young Master is surely a heady one to be suggesting that the men who man the gatehouse (not the security 'booth') are in need of having their "wrists slapped." Master Booth suggests that it is easy for someone in a job like that "to become merely a machine with a grouchy temperament." I should like to point out that considering the rudeness and incredibly presumptuous arrogance of some of the fresh young Glendon students who drive up to the said gatehouse (or is it security booth?), it is a marvel that our security guards are as personable and kind as they are. I have never had any difficulty, but then again I've never been so sure of myself as to think that they need to have their "wrists slapped."

To conclude, I should like to point out that there is no such thing as "a vast amount of cars," nor is there any such thing as poor girls who are picked on by insensitive security guards. People who bring cars on campus in contravention to the parking regulations are asking to have them towed away. Too hard? Too bad. And don't give us this shit about people on tight budgets. If you can afford to drive a car then you can afford to take the consequences for your actions.

And as for Mr. Firman's "over-rigid enforcement of authority" I

can only point out that in the four years I have been here, this is the first year I can say that the parking situation at Glendon is under control. Never before this year have people with upper campus spaces been sure of finding their space "reserved" for the agreed upon hours. Never before have lower campus parkers been assured of the fact that someone will be keeping an eye on the lower lot. Never before this year has anyone been sure of where they stood with the security people. And all because of the fact that never before this year has there been a head of security who did his job properly.

To finally conclude, I'd like to know just why the ---- an Ontario Government Pass means immunity from getting towed away or from getting a most deserved ticket? And is it unusual to presume that second-time-plus-offenders will not be served until they have had the spine to clear their names or pay their long-overdue tickets?

Courage, Mr. Firman. You are not yet threatened with substance.

P. S. "This spiritual union is difficult to achieve if it is threatened or shattered by feelings of anonymity between Security Guards and the students of Glendon and anyone who is part of the atmosphere." -- If this "sentence" means as much to you as it does to me, then I've probably gone on long enough.

Peter Russell

NO PRIVILEGE FOR POLI FACTION

To the Editor of Pro Tem:

This letter is written in response to last week's cover article ("Beaver to Support U.F.W. Boycott") written by Kim Carter and Ineke Limbertie. It is noted that the Food Committee (whose membership was not published) has unanimously voted that "representatives of the Glendon U.F.W. support Committee reserve the right to check the lettuce in the cafeteria cooler periodically." We the undersigned assume that

the Food Committee is independent in membership and ideology from the Glendon U.F.W. Support Committee. Therefore, we cannot understand or condone the granting of special privileges to a political faction which is neither elected nor representative of the majority of the Glendon community. We submit that no such privilege should be granted without ratification by the student body.

Respectfully yours,

John Hill
Bill Watt
Ken Goodman.

VOTING IRREGULARITIES ON COMMITTEE

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter in response to your article, "Beaver to Support U. F. W. Boycott." The meeting Monday, November 4 which passed the motion to ask Beaver Foods to boycott non-UFW lettuce and to buy lower quality, higher priced U. F. W. lettuce was the most disorganized example of committee work I have ever seen. A change of rules occurred throughout the meeting to the seeming advantage of the side which proposed the motion.

There were about thirty people at the meeting on Monday. This certainly was a fine example of student participation on a committee which usually involves only seven or eight students. The issue of boycotting non-UFW lettuce had certainly aroused interest and these students came to the meeting with the expectation of being able to vote. However, to their dismay, they learned only too quickly that maybe they could express their opinion, but they surely couldn't vote. Why? Before this meeting the food committee had a standing policy for years that anyone who came to a meeting could vote. Why was this changed for this pertinent issue? Ian Gentles, the chairman of the committee said, these people have not been to any previous meetings; therefore they have little or

no interest in the food committee itself. Is this an example of democracy in Glendon College? Early in the same week, I spoke personally to the president of the Student Union, Marc Duguay; he told me directly, "anyone who goes to a food committee meeting has full voting rights."

Those who went to that meeting went with the expectation of voting. Why were they not allowed to do so? The group of people who had attended the meetings previously, had voting rights and were interested in boycotting lettuce at Glendon.

It is my strong hope that the Student Union understands what went on in that meeting and will continue to state its own policy. This policy will surely be more representative of the Glendon community than nine people on the food committee who had the power to veto the opinion of twenty odd others.

I understand that the Executive Committee of the Union passed a motion of "disgust" to the motion the food committee passed. The full Student Union should support that motion of disgust and pass another overruling the totally undemocratic manner in which the nine people asked Beaver to boycott non-UFW lettuce and force Glendon students to pay more for lower quality lettuce.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

CHRISTMAS CARDS, GREETING CARDS, UNICEF, OXFAM,
SOME GIFTS BEING SOLD IN COUNSELLING CENTRE
GLENDON HALL (OLD MANSION)

RACISM FOR THE SAKE OF RACISM

To the Editor:

At the risk of sounding holier - than - thou, and of prompting a bitter, hostile reaction from blacks or others, I should like to reply to Mr. Hugh Salmon's letter of November 6, in which he attempts to rebuff a black Glendonite for his opposition to a Black Student Union at Glendon. I am a white student, and during the year and a half that I have been at Glendon, I have not seen a single incident of racism on anyone's part; nor have I detected, at least until recently, signs of racial tension around the campus. Of course, I do not pretend to be aware of everything that happens or exists around Glendon, and my perception is likely affected by the fact that I am white, and should like to think that there is no tension. These points I willingly concede; however, my perception is likely no more affected by my race and disposition than is Mr. Salmon's by his race and disposition, and while I hope that I can be objective enough to admit the existence of racism or patronism where it exists -- at least when it is pointed out to me -- I suspect that Mr. Salmon is determined to see racism whether it is there or not, like an explorer who paints a coastline on the lens of his telescope.

Mr. Salmon seems to take the easy, melodramatic stand of THEM against US, with no room for compromise. I suppose, although I think and hope that I have never contributed to the oppression of blacks or any other people, that I am one of THEM, or to use Malcolm X's term, I am considered one of the masters. I am not, nor do I care to be, master to anyone except myself. I am not aware that we at Glendon assign crumbs from our table to anyone in particular -- a community member's race of cultural background seems to be unrelated to the benefit he or she can gain from Glendon. If I am wrong, then the parties responsible for inequities should be confronted with arguments and specific facts, and exposed to the community in general. If we all fail to act to

resolve an inequity, the solution of which is within our power, then we are morally bankrupt and we should be seen as such.

It is unfortunate that like so many other enthusiasts of popular causes, Mr. Salmon sanctifies unquestioningly a proponent's words. In Malcolm X's parable on house and field negroes, the possibility of the militant field negro's spilling gasoline on himself and burning in the wind he prayed for is not dealt with. Hatred can consume its source as well as its object. At least at Glendon, if not in the world, no one is slave to another, except in his or her own mind.

Similarly, when Janet Bennett calls for Black Solidarity, I ask, if we want to deal in slogans and clichés ("solidarity" being the university student's favourite), why not call for "People Solidarity" or "Life Solidarity"? "Solidarity" manufactured in an editorial or letter is fashionable and narrow. What ever happened to personal judgement? The pious of the cause of the enthusiasts, as they seem to DEMAND it of their fellows, and deride those who refuse to accept the dogmas espoused by the vocal ones. Witness Mr. Salmon's reaction to the writer who was opposed to the Black Students' Union. This kind of "Solidarity" is little more than depersonalizing, dehumanizing band-wagonism, and to its proponents I say: "Solidarity, my ass."

I hope my views will be considered critically, but in good faith, by the readers. Yes, it would be a pity if there were any "house negroes" among us, but I haven't noticed any. On the other hand, it would be an even greater pity if there were aspiring house martyrs among us: these I suspect to be copious in many causes, of which Black Power is now just one.

Sincerely yours,

Peter Bonenfant,
Wood Residence

PETER BENNETT'S LETTERS

To the Editor:

Lynne Kennedy's letter to Pro Tem concerning inaccuracies perpetrated by me in my October 23 article cannot be allowed to pass without some comment. Many of her charges cannot be refuted because: a) the 15-20 pages of new editorial content has, as she says, been lost; b) her letter of resignation to Pat Smith has been lost and as far as I know, no letter of resignation from Faculty Council exists. I do stand corrected on her statement that she was hired only as summer secretary. Why, is another question, since both Pat and Marc (being experienced) should have known that a summer secretary - treasurer is always hired.

Ms. Kennedy's final paragraph which bears quoting ("The other mistakes in this article and other articles are more subtle, and unfortunately it will take time to erase their inaccuracies and damage") merely serves to reinforce what a number of people including myself and the Editor of Pro Tem, in his October 30 "Clean Up Your Act" editorial, have been saying, namely that the student council executive has been acting in an elitist, exclusive, secretive fashion, taking neither the General Council nor the student union body into its confidence, but merely suggesting by thickly veiled intimation, that something rotten went on that wasn't their fault and has now been corrected.

In good faith

Peter R. Bennett.

To the Editor:

My letter to you comes in reply to the "formal protest" lodged by Ms.

Farrel Haynes in her letter to Pro Tem last week. She made reference to her October 2nd article concerning the appointment of various paid Student Union appointments, and suggested that my parenthesized reference to her in my October 23 article was in some way inaccurate. I too talked to the individuals involved concerning their reasons for seeking employment with the Student Union. They agreed that money was a factor, but only one of many, such as experience; concern for student union politics; and in getting involved in some way or another. It seems, therefore, that Ms. Haynes perhaps placed more than necessary emphasis on the monetary aspects of their applications which tended to colour the impression created. (Further research by all parties would have revealed that, in fact, the positions are not very lucrative). Therefore, Mr. Editor, my apology to Ms. Haynes can only be conditional.

While we're on the subject of misrepresentation, might I point out to Ms. Haynes that in her October 23 article she referred to me as "part time representative on council". I am not, nor have been, a member of this year's executive or general council. I was at that meeting, and at others, as an interested member of the student body. PRO TEM added fuel to the fire by titling my article "Glendon Student Union Finally Talks Back". The title again suggests that I am an elected member of the Student Union council. I am not, but like all students at Glendon, I am a member of the Student Union. "Union" and "Council" are not one and the same, but the title suggested that they are.

In Good Faith

Peter R. Bennett

More Letters Page 5

WHY WE GROW OLD AND DIE

by Andrew Nikiforuk

For many questions there are no answers. One such question is, "why do we grow old and die?" But man (as the species) isn't a humble being. For questions he cannot answer he creates answers, long tales that are myths.

Now, someone, a long time ago, when asked the question, why do we grow old and die, told a very strange tale. And the tale went like this:

Someone said that, "In the beginning God made man. Man was perfect, and he was made to live forever. His name was Adam. And Adam was his name. Adam was the father of all men to come. Now, God put Adam in a nice place called Eden and told him to look after Eden, that is "to dress and keep it."

One day God took Adam aside and said, "Adam, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die!" And life went on for Adam.

God thought Adam looked pretty lonely down there in Eden by himself. So God made a whole bunch of animals. And Adam gave the animals a whole bunch of goofy names. But this was not enough. So God put Adam to sleep and pulled out one of Adam's ribs and made a woman from the rib. She was just as whole and perfect as Adam. Her name was Eve. And things were looking good in the nice place called Eden.

But one day Adam and Eve were messing around in the garden and the serpent got hold of Adam and Eve. (The serpent was a friend of Satan, or maybe Satan himself--nobody knows for sure. Satan was a bad angel who wanted to make a fool of God. Now, Satan was pretty crazy but pretty smart too.) The serpent

asked Eve if she couldn't eat the fruit of every tree of the garden. And Eve told the serpent the story Adam had been told by God. And the serpent said, "Eve, ye shall not surely die for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil." This all sounded pretty good to Adam and Eve, and they didn't know that the serpent was a servant of Satan, or maybe even Satan himself. So they ate the fruit and it tasted good. But the fruit did a strange thing to them, "and the eyes of them both were opened." All of a sudden they realized that they were naked. So they grabbed a couple of fig leaves and covered their private parts.

Now God got pretty angry when he heard about Adam and Eve and the serpent and the apple tree, that is the tree of knowledge of good and evil. He was angry because Adam and Eve had disobeyed him and he thought they were no good farts for doing so and he told them so. And God said they were just a bunch of dirt "for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." So he kicked them out of the nice place called Eden and told them never to come back. God told them they weren't going to live very long and that his prophesy was going to become truth. The Lord did mean things to the snake too, and put thorns and thistles in the apple tree.

This thing that Adam and Eve did is called a sin. Adam and Eve were the first sinners. Because all of the kids Adam and Eve had were born after they had sinned all of these kids inherited the sin and God's penalty for sinning because all come from Adam and Eve. And God's penalty for sinning, that is for eating a piece of fruit that we shouldn't have, is to grow old and die.

Not all people believe this story. Their tale goes like this:

A long time ago there was nobody on

earth, but the Old Man. The Old Man was a good fellow who made the earth the nice place it was before the sinners came. One day after making the prairie grasses, wild plants and the antelope the Old Man thought he would make a woman and a child. So he made a woman and a child out of clay. On the fourth day of the making they became whole and walked down to the river. There the Old Man told them he was Na'pi, the Old Man.

Now the woman asked Na'pi, the Old Man, "How is it? Will we always live? Will there be no end to it?" The Old Man said, "I have never thought of that. We will have to decide it."

So the Old Man took a piece of buffalo shit and threw the buffalo shit in the river. He told them that if it floated they would die but come to life again four days later, but if it sank they would be rubbed out for good. The buffalo shit floated. Now the woman picked up a stone and threw it in the river saying, "If it floats we will always live, if it sinks people must die, that they may always be sorry for each other." The stone didn't float like the buffalo shit. It sank.

The old Man said, "There, you have chosen. There will be an end to them."

Many nights after the child died. The woman was very sad but she would not have the law changed. And so all people must come to an end. This is the way the Blackfoot see it; this is the way the Blackfoot know it.

Now both tales are true for we all grow old and die. They are good answers.

Sources: HOLY BIBLE, GENESIS, Chapter 2; THE TRUTH THAT LEADS TO ETERNAL LIFE--Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, Chapter 4; BLACKFOOT LODGE TALES, Editor G. Grinnel, pp. 137-139.



Ski lift

You planned this snow weekend with your friends ages ago. And nothing could make you change your plans.

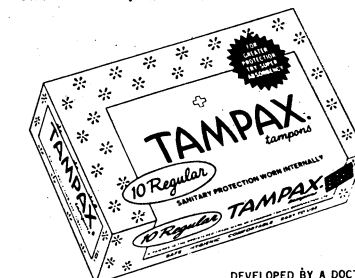
Too bad your period couldn't have happened some other weekend. But you're not worried. You brought along Tampax tampons.

You won't have to give up one precious moment in that deep powder. You feel confident protected by Tampax tampons. They're softly compressed for the best possible absorbency. Worn internally, so Tampax tampons are comfortable and discreet. They give you protection you can depend on, whether on skis or toboggan.

Friends are waiting for you on the slopes. You won't have to disappoint them when you have Tampax tampons tucked discreetly into the pocket of your parka.



The internal protection more women trust



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CALYPSO

Tired? Bored with Exams & essays? Refresh yourselves as F House Hilliard & C House Wood present their 3rd annual bash. This year dance to the afro-American sounds of Dick Smith & Seycona. For those of you young at heart. Try the Limbo Contest! Judging from the successes in the past, this year's Caypsos Night should be bigger & better.

Time: November 15 at 8.00
Place: O.D.H.
Admission: 75 cents advance
\$1.00 at the door.

TO COMMEND A CRITIC

Letter to the Editor

To commend the critic

When the English 253 courses began to present their respective plays earlier this year, an individual took upon himself the precarious task of critically reviewing the plays. To be any sort of an objective critic in such a small enclosed student environment such as walking over a pit of venomous snakes.

Because the critic's task is to review students' efforts, he inevitably finds himself in a position where such supreme critical attributes such as objectivity and impartiality are very difficult to uphold. Although he is reviewing authentic and serious theatre, he must also bear in mind that these presentations are produced by students for their fellow students.

These are not O'Keefe Centre critiques but neither are they benevolent commendations for the sake of charity. The individual who decided to assume the responsibility of reviewer is Daryl Urquhart.

Judging by the overall quality and excellent writing displayed in his first two reviews, Colors in the Dark, and Camino Real, respectively, I feel Daryl Urquhart should be highly commended and encouraged to continue his series of reviews.

In his first review, Daryl states the important realization that the plays are only a product of a class of students studying theatre, not professional theatre. He transcends the usual critique, focusing entirely on character presentation and examines the entire production with rare objectivity and remarkable insight.

Since I was involved in one of the English 253 presentations, which he has since reviewed, I can appreciate such genuine interest coupled with the excellence in his critical review. Daryl Urquhart's articles first, skillfully highlight the presentations, and then follow with a personal comment.

Fortunately, and quite justifiably so, his interpretations and opinions regarding each play, originate from his genuine feelings. He consistently writes an objective review, not blurred by personal bias or frame of reference. Daryl Urquhart seems to be able to identify with the varying manifestations of symbolism and characterization far above the understanding usually expected from the audience.

I can offer no suggestions to Daryl on how to improve his critiques because I feel that they are first - class already but I can suggest that he continue with his excellent and intuitive writing.

He not only offers valid objective critiques designed for an interested Glendon student community, but also inspiration and encouragement for the students whose efforts produce these theatrical presentations.

Mike Church

WE HAVE A GRIPE

To Whom it May Concern:

We have a gripe. It's not a very common thing for us to have such a gripe that we feel it necessary to use Pro Tem, but this time we think our complaint is worth being voiced.

We feel that the hours to which the Accounting Office has restricted the receiving of scrip are both ridiculous and impractical. Not to mention the fact that this change was very poorly publicized.

We feel that restricting the hours in which we can get scrip will cause some of us who are not free at those times to run out of scrip before the office opens again. Of course, we could get larger amounts and face the possibility of major loss through theft or carelessness. Or, we could borrow scrip when ever necessary, if we can find someone willing to lend over five dollars.

We also fear long line-ups in the office and feel that once a year is plenty of that garbage--we don't need it every week.

In conclusion, we don't believe that we are putting anyone out by asking them to spend five seconds checking off our withdrawals when we drop in between

classes. After all it's our money, isn't it!

Yours Collectively,
"F" House Hilliard

ECO UNION

On Tuesday November 14, 1974 in Student Union Office (Glendon Hall) All students interested are welcome

Subjects to discuss
Course evaluations
Tenure
Economics Club
Budget

HISTORY

HISTORY COURSE UNION meeting in Hearth Room at 1:30 p.m. on Thursday, November 21.

POLI SCI

POLITICAL SCIENCE COURSE UNION HAPPENINGS

EVENT: Professor Alex Macleod will be speaking on the MONTREAL MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS being held on Nov. 10/74.

DATE: Thursday Nov. 14/74.

TIME: 7:30 p.m.

PLACE: Senior Common Room 3rd floor, York Hall.

--Everyone is welcome--



be there

WHAT'S GOING ON IN CINEMA : NOT MUCH IT SEEMS

by Jim Kane

Most films haven't changed much in over fifty years, that is, in the short history of the medium of film. This may seem a rather silly absurd statement; but if one traces the development of film from about 1915 to 1974, one can see that what appealed to the cinema audience then, appeals to many people in the cinema audience today.

People still go to the "Movies" or the "flicks", as that group who identify themselves as knowing film goers say. Do we say that we are going to the "plays" or to the "stage shows" when we go to the theatre? Of course not! Theatre is not only going to a play after work or school - it is an event - it is getting dressed up (often), going out to dinner and maybe going for drinks after the play is over. Theatre going is not only an evening of treating one's eyes to the artificiality which has nothing to do with the play itself. It's that little bit of street theatre and glitter which compliments a night at the Opera! It's all theatrics! But enough put downs for now. The theatre is an old tradition for us. We expect something from a drama; we have some critical tools for evaluating that we have seen-it's hard to put a play over well since the audience is just waiting for a slip up. In a sense the theatre audience participates in what it is looking at. Plays have to try hard to attract audiences and they have to fulfill an expectation in the audience-somehow the play has to hold some meaning about the way we live and the way we experience life. Plays have to work for an audience.

In contrast, film audiences are passive. The films we see don't work for us - we just sit back and absorb the images like blotting paper. As a closed system, the cinema (the film we are watching) says to us (the audience), bring your preconceived notions of what you want to see; what you expect, and the film will give you just that. But what

we don't think about is that what we expect is what we have been getting for a long time now. Our ability to criticize film is almost nil. We say, "I liked it", "It was good". We recommend a film by saying, "Go see it". We don't sit back and think to ourselves how illiterate these statements are because it hasn't come to our consciousness that they are illiterate.

It is for this reason that Trash has become a tradition in the cinema. Even those people who wouldn't pick up one of the trashy best seller books will not hesitate to go and see that trashy book translated to the screen. It's easier to sit dreamy eyed, through a trashy film than it is to wade through a poorly written book that could be discredited without even considering it. But people enjoy trash in the cinema. Riddled with a sense of irony and self denigration, as well as feeling that cinema is only there for entertainment and pleasure (vicarious - ie: "The Exorcist"), people rush off in herds to see Humphrey Bogart movies, Marx Brothers, and W.C. Fields comedies. Fellini came to New York to open his film, "Amarcord" recently. A journalist asked him if he would take in some of the museums and plays in while his visit lasted. Fellini answered by saying, "American culture isn't its museums and plays, it's Popeye and Mickey Mouse". I don't think he was far off. I think the same thing that makes Popeye a folk hero is the same thing that makes Humphrey Bogart a hero. People say, "film is a junk tradition and going where the crowd goes is a lot of fun-going where the crowd goes has always been a lot of fun. One loses oneself in a crowd. It creates a sense of anonymity as well as one of belonging. I feel as though these people are saying, "We enjoy Bogey movies, is the cinema anything else?" Yes it is, but with attitudes like this no wonder film after film comes off the assembly line looking like duplicates of one another.

Even those people who will contend that some cinema is trying to present life as it really is, are for the most part, sadly deceived. The so-called social-realism films, ie: Serpico, The French Connection, Sounder, etc, are no more than an "exploitation of our alienation and boredom". We don't learn anything new about the human condition from these films. We only reinforce our prejudices and commonly held beliefs, because the cinema gives us a pat on the back for feeling the way we do, by presenting us with something we already know. It isn't as we think though. We don't hold any insight into societal conditions that someone else doesn't. The film producers have the insight. They have the insight into what the commonly held beliefs and needs of public are; they know what sells - and they feed us on our own drive. Films "perpetuate a system of conditioned responses to formulas. We see that man is conditioned by, and reacts to, certain stimuli in the man-made environment. The cinema (as it is now) is a manipulator of these stimuli. If the filmmaker employs a certain trigger mechanism, we're guaranteed to react accordingly, like puppets, providing he manipulates the trigger properly".

As a slight diversion and in an optimistic vein, there is a film in Toronto now which I could recommend. It is called "Lacombe Lucien" and has already been reviewed here. But it is time to note something about the review. It was written in a very sophisticated hand, but it missed the point of the film. The review traced the development of the major characters quite thoroughly but unfortunately the critic didn't place the characters onto the backbone of the film.

Lacombe Lucien is about guilt, essentially the lack of it. The film tries to challenge our traditional criteria for evaluating if someone is responsible and therefore guilty of his crime. It is a film with a lead character to whom we have a hard time identifying with. We only look

at him as do the characters in the film itself. Their dismay is ours. Part of ourselves say he is guilty, part says he isn't. We are thrown into a moral confusion. And that confusion isn't Lucien's (he is not able to feel guilt) but it is ours. Just how do we react to a boy who is responsible for a number of deaths but to whom we can't hold responsible. How do we evaluate guilt? The film poses this great question and problem which is very contemporary because isn't it difficult to accuse justifiably. Do you have difficulty in doing so? This is the type of film which asks us something intimate about ourselves and it makes us question. There are not many films like this.

A recipe I found in a book by Gene Youngblood (whom I have already quoted) entitled Expanded Cinema, asks this of us:

"Is the film I am seeing revealing to me some previously unrecognized aspect of my relation to the circumambient universe, or providing a language with which to conceptualize old realities more effectively or in a different way-does this discovery help me to use this feedback by implanting it into the environment, creating the

existence of a more creative potential, which may in turn, be used by the artist for messages of still greater eloquence and perception?"

Unfortunately this question isn't asked often, nor is it thought about. Until we do ask questions like this the cinema will help to create an entropic view of the world and of life. The redundancy and stasis of the cinema will reflect the redundancy and stasis in our outlook to life. It is a medium which ponders to this stasis. It doesn't challenge and awaken a sense of our own participation in life, rather it is a diversion from it and an insulting one at that.

Closing Note: Think of the industry you are supporting and the second rate goods it is producing.

BY-ELECTION AGAIN



Jennifer Kasper

The role of vice-president can be seen two ways. One is to perform the role of a chair person, the other is being assistant politically to the President. I feel the vice-president can be a chair person and assist the President in various tasks and still remain impartial. It cannot be resolved either way in this election because the fault lies within the constitution.

I consider myself a hard, earnest worker and I feel that non-political tasks can be performed by the vice president even as a chair-person - simple things, like organization,

phone calls and insuring there is a member in the offices at all times to handle affairs there.

My working knowledge of procedure comes from many years of active involvement in Student Council in high school so I also know there's more a vice president as chair person can do.

I feel that being a freshman and a resident at Glendon allows me time to assist the Council in whatever way possible and fitting. I believe that besides chairing meetings, any other duties can be carried out objectively with an industrialist effort, not a political one.

Je ne parle pas le français couramment, mais je crois que je comprends assez bien pour me débrouiller dans le Conseil comme vice-président.

Chuck Eisel

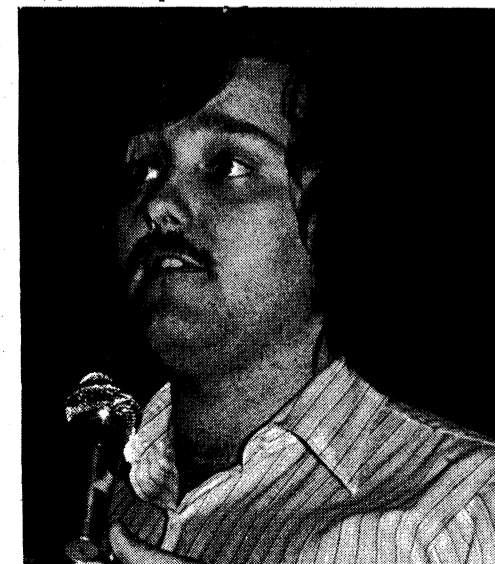
Without attempting to present an all-inclusive platform on every issue facing the Glendon community, I offer the following areas of particular concern, which I believe are of prime importance:

A change in the constitution of the student union to separate the two present functions of the vice-president: that is, to chair the meetings, and to assist the president. I believe there should be one person to be the chairperson, who, like the business manager and secretary, would be neutral as to the issues facing the council; and another person elected to be vice president to assist the president in the political matters.

More frequent council meetings, to improve communication between the executive and the council, and also between the council and the whole union. For this reason, I especially applaud the creation of the weekly bulletin, and the furthered use of the announcement board.

An expansion of the role of departmental reps. on the council. This is the logical level at which to confront the important matters of tenure and promotion, hiring and course evaluations. Through its departmental reps., the union could best press an opinion affecting all the college, such as preference to Canadians in hiring.

Finally, let me urge you to vote for a vice-president of the student union on November 13, 14 or 15. No matter which candidate you support, show your support for the continued work of the council by voting for this important position.



Chuck Eisel

**Tonight &
Tomorrow
in the
Pipe Room
CHAMBER
MUSIC**

8:00 pm 50¢

Coming Soon

Here's your chance to get involved in two different plays in one night's entertainment. There's the absurd world of JACK OR THE SUBMISSION, sometimes referred to as the 'onubilation of puberty,' which is followed by the tense drama, SORRY, WRONG NUMBER with an original stage production. So you wouldn't want to miss this incredible double feature never to be compared! Don't forget--in the Pipe Room, Wednesday, November 20 and Thursday, November 21 at 8:00 p.m. Admission is only 50 cents and there will be a brief intermission. It's dynamite!

Another View Of Dick Kimberly

by Larry Guimond

I had no intention of writing an article until in my wanderings through Pro Tem's office I noticed someone else had. I do not think that the article describes at all what took place. So here is another author's view of what happened.

The show started shortly after nine. Just after some of Glendon's own got up from a series of antics on the floor. It was sing along music or so I thought. With a massive crowd of fifty to sixty people I settled back for an enjoyable evening. I was seated with about ten friends, about ten more Glendon people were off to one side, about ten more on another side. The rest of the people were duly registered guests, mostly from the University of Toronto.

The whole thing started as a sing along but during the first set it turned into somewhat more of a zoo. Mr. Kimberly took it upon himself to be rude, obscene, and simply

disturbing to several people in the audience. Don't assume that I do not approve of rude jokes and overall grossness but it does have its own style which Kimberly and a good part of the audience lacked. Our guests were anything but polite. With the helpful persuasion of a bouncer three or four of them were told they were not welcome in the Café. Not that night or any other night. The blame for the entire night should not fall on our guests. They probably got encouragement from Glendon's own. Should the majority of people feel they had a good time we will not bother to hire a piano player again. Next time, we can put the mikes on and you can be foolish, rude and outrageous entirely by yourselves. It was not the kind of night I or anyone else I know could enjoy but if that is the type you want, let us know, and we will be sure to have some entertainment that can only be described as a zoo.



So maybe Kimberly wasn't so funny.

Brecht Comes To Colonade

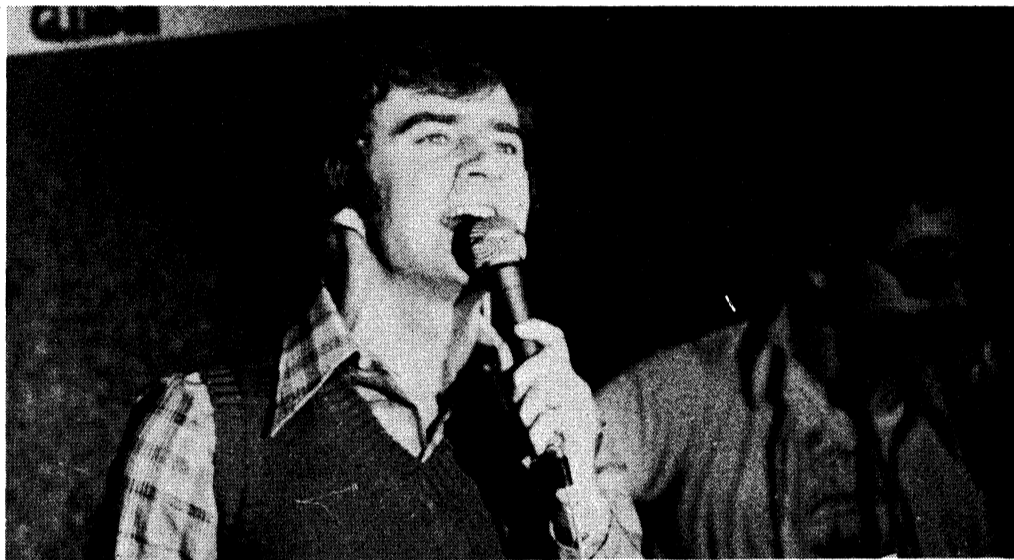
by Peter Russell

The only thing better than a 99cent movie is a 99-cent play, and inasmuch as I've never had the chance to see one I plan to take in Bertolt Brecht's THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE which will be playing at the Colonade Theatre on November 17, 24, and December 1 at 8:30 p.m.

The play is being presented by a small group of last year's Ontario Youththeatre program, who call themselves "Cheapseats Theatre." In what may be a theatrical first for the world, the actors each kicked in \$25 in order that the production would have some funding. The group was unable to get funds from anywhere (including Ontario Youththeatre who fraudulently squandered a great deal more than was worthwhile on their summer production of CHATSKY which appeared at the St. Lawrence Centre). The actors in the troupe don't need much more introduction than this. He who will pay for the opportunity to perform is surely a rare creature. It rather reminds me of the verbal excesses of an elderly acquaintance of mine who is wont to speak of how young people ought to be prepared to pay for the privilege of working at a job of some kind.

I have never seen THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE produced, but from what I gather, this production will be a good one. The cast is fully aware of what it takes to do a Brecht play Brecht-style, as some of the actors appeared in THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE (two years ago at Hart House). True to the form they will dispassionately weave a story which tells of class struggle within society. Humanity is seen as the exceptin and inhumanity as the rule. The story line sounds intriguing: A merchant, a guide and a coolie are on their way to Urga to close an oil deal. The merchants, for all the expected reasons, wants to get there first. When he finds that the coolie and the guide are friends, he gets rid of the guide at about the half-way point.

I'm very much looking forward to seeing this play, as I am to seeing CHAMBER MUSIC in the Pipe Room this Wednesday and Thursday nights. CHAMBER MUSIC is the story of what happens to the Women's Wing in an asylum when the inmates decide to convoke a meeting. When their plan is eventually decided upon, more than your skin will crawl. DON'T MISS IT.



MERCI..

Au nom de Réjean Garneau et aussi au nom du Jolly Hearts Club Band, j'aimerais beaucoup remercier ceux qui sont venus au Café samedi soir. VOUS avez fait de cet événement l'activité la mieux réussie depuis le début de l'année. Merci beaucoup.

daniel richard

GEORGIA STRAIT

We tried to have Georgia Strait for a dance in September but due to a misunderstanding the event never came off. Never say, that at the Pipe Room Board we do not try. On Saturday night, the Old Dining Hall will "rock on" to the sounds of Georgia Strait.

The band originally came from Vancouver and have been in and around Toronto for the past two or three years. As seems to be the case in most rock bands, this is not the Georgia Strait of a while back. With the changed personnel, the band approaches seriously an fm style of commercial rock music. So while there will be a lot of good dancing music, you should keep your eye on the band for just plain good music.

Georgia Strait is one of the most sought after rock bands in the Toronto area. You can find out why by being there on Saturday night to dance and listen to Georgia Strait. The door opens at 8:30 and with an admission price of only one dollar you can not go wrong. It could be your last chance before the academics pile up, so come out and have a good time.

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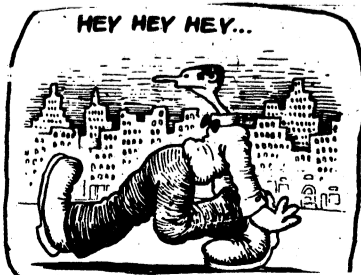
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With comments from Henry Longhurst
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AIDED BY
MISS STIFF

Good afternoon sports fans and welcome once more to Eyewitness Sports as reported to you by Hail Bruin (or Haywood as I am sometimes called) with the able assistance of my fleet-fingered cohort, Miss Stiff (Miss Stiff, will you look that one up for me? Thank you, Miss Stiff).

With only three short weeks behind me here at Glendon College, or Le College Glendon as my French amis would prefer, I am underwhelmed by the unlimited opportunities to study in depth the heroes (both the unsung and those who I wish hadn't sung) that reside within the hallowed halls of this sports complex. Each week a new drama has unfolded itself before me.



Some of the action in the Maple-Lys game against Osgoode.

LE ICE PALACE AT LE CAMPUS CENTRAL—NORD OF TORONTO

Mercredi last, that is to say Wednesday passé, our shinny team of intercollegial fame, the Maple Lys appeared as if they were in the autumn of their existence in dropping a close 5-0 decision to their cross town rivals, the Owls of Osgoode. Although in the match from the opening whistle, the Maple Lys could not combat the courtroom rhetoric of the Owls for the DEFENCE. In the spirit of their patron saint Perry Mason, the Owls utilized every loophole possible to bring forth the inevitable verdict. Coach Young, with full approval of

team management has announced that he will appeal the decision to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. ("Keep a stiff upper lip lads," Henry Longhurst was heard to profer) (No, that does not mean you Miss Stiff.)

Scorers for the Owls included Judy LaMarsh with one, while Owen Marshall objected for two. (But only got one). Closing out the scoring was F. Lee Bailey who on the re-direct tallied for three. The 'jury', comprised of the SRO crowd of twelve, was particularly bi-partisan, thereby

proving once more that a fair trial cannot be had in the hometown of the opposition.

Due to an unforeseen mechanical breakdown in Miss Stiff's K-tel Record Selector, the Maple Lys scorers cannot be accounted for. Although it was rumoured that one Paul Banner was ejected from the match for contempt, the evidence is purely circumstantial and cannot be substantiated. Objection sustained!

To you my avid reading and viewing public, I Hail Bruin (or Haywood as I am sometimes called) appeal

on behalf of the Maple Lys to you for some measure of support, with the same zest for life that the Hoot Owls exhibited.

In closing, to you the Maple Lys, let me remind you of that ancient British saying, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going", or "one loss does not a precedent make". Tune in next week for the continuing saga or the Maple Lys Sapped or Must the Lys fall.

OILERS SLICK PAST FLAMES AXEMEN ASCEND ALSO

DATELINE: GLENDON HOOP HALL
Last Monday afternoon, November 11, the GBA (Yes that is the Glendon basketball Association) season officially opened with all the pomp, glory and hoopla accorded to such a prestigious event. In attendance and in the tradition of Ascot on Derby Day the local gentry exhibited themselves in their finest attire. After much red carpetry and the Scottish Highlanders' rendition of the Queen, the Season began in earnest. (No, that is not you Ernie G)

The initial encounter brought the Bayview (Sons of B (and E)) Oilers against the First Aid and Faculty Flames, (or as they were known in the pre-expansion era, Freshmen and

Bookies) in what proved to be a match of intense excitement. Led by All-GBA import Juan 'the Puerto Rican Pistol' Beniquez and with the stalwart assistance of veterans Ernie G., Paddy 'Hoop' Hall and Artis Sullivan the Oilers quickly assumed control. However, the flames roared back under the fire of 'Big Mac' MacDonald and 'Mayor Mc' Chee too, very nearly engulf the Oilers. It was not until the de-benching of Boodle 'Too Tall' Noodle that the Oilers were able to slide back into the lead. Under his indomitable and omniscient influence (not to mention his ever accurate shooting prowess) the Oilers quickly doused any and all of the Flames' aspirations.

Also involved was rookie import Christian de Gayardon de Fenoye the 'Shockin' Morrocan' who stymied the opposition time and again. Mike the Devine made his presence felt in more ways than one. Exhibiting an admirable combination of Strong offensive thrust and a thick defensive crust, he was a stabilizing factor throughout. Meanwhile Tom 'the Belgian Bomber' Lietaer was heard to say that he would begin practicing immediately for future endeavours. For those of you interested in the numbers racket, Miss Stiff informs us that the Final outcome read thusly, Oilers 48, Flames 39.

Last year's champions the A-house Axemen came up against nothing,

in the defaulted version of the 2nd and 3rd Year No Shows. Faced against a starting line-up that averaged one metre, ninety-six centimetres in height, (not including the coiffure of Barry 'the Wilted-Stilt' Nesbitt) the No-Shows who showed quickly took to the showers.

Regardless of the outcome of this non-event, the Axemen seem formidable indeed. Veterans Kaseem Abdul Kulach, Stuart 'So Tall' Spence vide experience and leadership for the likes of imports Mike 'Tee-hee' Heehan and Brian 'Big Time' Burns. Former Axemen great Paul Bunyan offered this comment, 'No comment!'

That's basketball for this week, folks!

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN TORONTO GOOD TIMES ONCE AGAIN

MUSIC

- 1 Barry White and Love Unlimited Orchestra: Masey Hall, Thursday, November 14 th at 7:00 and 10:00 pm
- 2 McLean and McLean plus Mike McKenna's Diarnon back at Convocation, November 14 at 8:30 pm: McKenna's new group is a disappointment.
- 3 Larry Coryell: Convocation Hall, Sunday at 8:00 pm
- 4 Elton John: Monday at the Gardens: Without doubt, a dynamite performance: opening act will be Kikie Dec.

THE CLUBS

- El Mocambo (464 Spadina): Downchild Blues Band: downstairs, The Rhythm Rockets 961-2558
Riverboat (134 Yorkville Ave) Mimi Farina to Sunday: 922-6216
The Chimney (579 Yonge Street) Buzzy Lindhart to Saturday 967-4666.
- Colonial (203 Yonge) Bobby Blue Bland for two weeks 363-6168

MOVIES

- 1 The Original 99cents Roxy, Danforth at Greenwood subway 461-2401
Wednesday: Ciao Federico at 7 and

9:55 pm.
El Topo 7:50 and 10:50 pm

Thursday: Fellini Roma at 7 and 10:40 pm
Mean Streets at 8:50

Friday: Yellow Submarine at 7:00 and 9:45 pm
Let it Be at 8:25 and 11:15

Saturday: Farewell Cream 7:30 and 9:30 pm
Pink Flamingos at Midnite

Monday: MASH at 7:00,
Patton at 10:00 pm

Tuesday: Day of the Jackel 7 and 10:45 pm
Slaughterhouse Five 9:25 pm.

2 Church of the Millenium (99 Gloucester Street):
Wednesday: Charlie Chaplin Festival: 8:00 pm. free

3 Soviet Cinema (666 Eglinton Ave West) free admission, 8:30 pm
Thursday: Vertov's Man with a Camera (1929)

4 Cederbrae Library (545 Markham Road)
Sergei Eisenstein's Alexander Nevsky (1938)

THEATRE

1 Tarragon (30 Bridgman Ave) The Donnelly's (Part II), 531-1927

2 Hart House (U.A.T.) 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, opens Thursday 928-8668

3 Theatre du P'tit Bonheur (95 Danforth) Macbett 466-8400

4 Toronto Workshop (12 Alexanber Street) You Can't Get There from There 925-8640

5 Toronto Centre for the Arts (390 Dupont Street) The Dumb Waiter 967-6968

6 Poor Alex (296 Brunswick Ave) Paul Gaulin and The Caompagnie de Mime 920-8373

7 Toronto Free Theatre (24 Berkeley Street) Collected works of Billy the Kid. 368-2856

8 Theatre Psse Muraille (Bathurst St. United Church) Cojco: a comic look at Newfoundland 961-3303

9 Global Village Theatre (17 St. Nicholas Street) Subalay 964-0035

CBC

Wednesday: First Person Singular Part IV: Crossroads: Pearson works in Chicago, Then attends Oxford, finally returning to U of T.

Friday: (midnite) Billy Preston, Al Wilson, and Brownsville Station.

ST. LAWRENCE CENTRE

(27 Front Street East)
Public Affairs Forum: Sex and the Law. Free admission 8:00 pm.

ON CAMPUS AT GLENDON

Wednesday and Thursday:
English 253 presents Chamber Music in the Pipe Room at 8:00 pm
Admission 50 cents.

Friday
C-House Wood and F-House Hilliard present a Calypso evening in the O.D.H. at 8:00 pm. Admission \$1.00

Saturday
Dance with Georgia Strait in the O.D.H. at 8:30 pm Admission \$1.00