

# Easier Work With New Machines Coming This Week

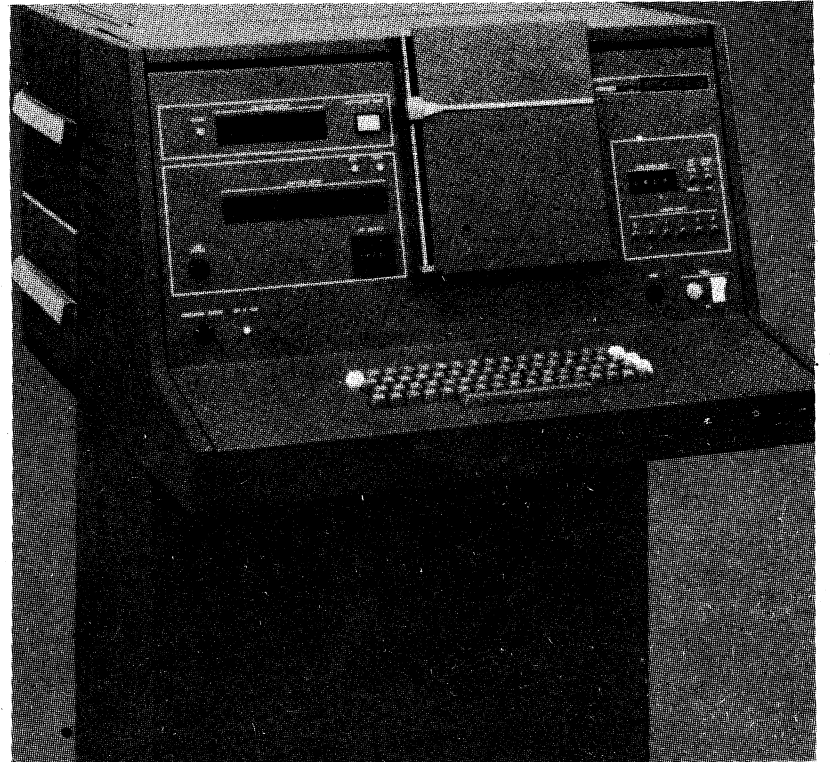
In our efforts to improve the quality of PRO TEM and provide this College with the finest newspaper possible,

this organization has found a way through which the purchase of new typesetting and headlining machinery can be made.

Late last week, the diligent efforts of business manager Peter Russell paid off when he was able to close the deal that will finance the new hardware. He negotiated a loan with York Main. With the new machines, PRO TEM can offer 18 faces of type, quicker typing (about twice as fast as the present equipment), better justification and a more reliable working capacity.

Not only will the newspaper have a more impressive appearance as a result of the new machines, but this organization will be able to handle larger printing tasks, bulletin, handbook, and even the College calendar if the University is so inclined to typeset it on our machines.

All in all, it promises to be a frightfully exciting venture that sends shivers up your back and should leave everyone on this campus smiling proudly with head held high.



The latest in technological advances in typesetting equipment. It will be the newest member on the Pro Tem team. As it stands now it also has the best chance of being next year's Editor, but don't lose heart.

# pro tem

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 22

MARCH 5, 1975



Too lazy to look any further for something to fill this spot!

## CAN YOU HELP?

Any articles of clothing, dishes, appliances and bedding would be greatly appreciated for a young, recently married couple who just lost everything they owned in a fire. My cousin is 24 tall, slender built about 6 feet 1 inch. His wife is 22 also tall and slim 5 feet 8 inches. Please contact Lise Padanyi Hilliard C 322. 481-4920 Many Thanks

## INSIDE THIS WEEK

PG.

2 Doug Graham

PG.

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PG.

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PG.

9, 10 & 11 Entertainment

PG.

12 Haywood Hail Bruin

## CONFERENCE AT BROCK

by Paul Dowling

Brock University in St. Catharines will be the site for a meeting this weekend March 7, 8, 9. Students from across Ontario are invited to come to discuss Post-Secondary Educational Financing and Provincial Government cutbacks in educational spending. Workshops will be held starting Friday evening and continuing through Saturday and Sunday. Subjects to be discussed include the proposed changes in the Canada Student Loans Plan and their effect on the Ontario Student Awards Plan.

Accommodation, meals and daycare will be provided at Brock to enable all members of the community as well as students, staff and faculty to

participate.

A general meeting has been called at Glendon for Wednesday at noon in the New Dining Hall. At this time any persons interested in attending the conference can let it be known. Arrangements for transportation will be made at this time.

The way has been opened for the increasing of educational costs to the individual student. The next few years could see a decrease in the number of students from low-income homes that are able to attend University.

Come together at Brock this weekend; show the government that all sectors of the community are united against cutbacks in education. The time to act is now!

## FOOTNOTES: A PLEA TO PROFS.

By: Sheila Young

For: Glendon Professors  
I(1) wish(2) i(3) had(4) a home in the country.

Footnotes:

1. Primal Therapy, (New York, summer 1974)
2. Hamilton, 1952. Remarks: Accidental learning; I couldn't

help it. Wish rhymes with dish.

3. First introduced to the small letter i, at birth. (Ancaster 1956)

4. Variation on the Proverb: To have is to hold (Author Unknown)

Dear Profs:  
Need I go on? I am in-

debted to all great thinkers before me. (But it is only 1975)(5)

Footnotes:

5. One Rainy Afternoon, Wood Residence on February 24/75. I am indebted to; Johnson, Theresa. Fallen from Niagara, 1955.

## COURSE EVALUATIONS: AN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM



It's that time of year again when students are subject to a storm of paper in the form of course evaluation. Prof. X gets a 5 out of 10. Prof. Y gets 3, is it interesting, if so circle 4. The old number game is a classic example of mechanical sampling.

One department however has played the game, a bit differently and come up with some startling evidence. The history department formed an evaluation team composed of both students and teachers, where in what must be a first, the students outnumber the professors. Its a member of that group I helped evaluate some of the professors in the department.

First we spoke with the professor at an interview, we obtained his point of view on his course and the way it operated. Next we went into

an actual class and observed the proceedings. After that we conducted personal interviews with the students and also distributed questionnaires.

The weakest link in our methods were the questionnaires which generally told us absolutely nothing about the course and its effectiveness. The interview with the professor was generally a soap box affair for the teacher to pat himself on the back. Real information was only gathered by observing a classroom situation and the personal interviews where the students spoke with remarkable candour. It was decided however by the history department to make all evaluations confidential and semi-secret. Therefore this information will never be public nor can the general body of students

have access to it. The method of evaluating courses and teachers can however be adopted by the History student Unions to give us a very clear view of teaching at Glendon College. This should be done every year and kept in the files of the Course Unions with open access to all. While other departments at other colleges have become more open about evaluation our history department remains adamant. For the time being the students here will have to go it alone. Perhaps in the future more democratic professors will change their minds and share the burden of responsibility. The experiment in the department however should serve as a model to other departments at this school as the best possible method of finding important information.

## WHY NOT!

### Pick Up Your Button In The Café

### International Women's Year

# BYE TO A PAL ON HIS WAY TO THE NORD-WEST TERRITORIES

I've done it again. I had a whole week holiday to write a column. I didn't until now. Only this time it is worse. It is now two a.m. on the last day. I have just got home from a gala booze up to celebrate a friend who is leaving for the Northwest Territories. I once told someone I never write a column unless I have at least twenty four pints of good beer eating my stomach lining. Well, tonight it's true. Twenty six to be exact. I ran out of my case a while ago. I've had a couple since then. I feel rather bloated and I'm glad my john isn't a pay toilet. I'd hate to piss away my life savings.

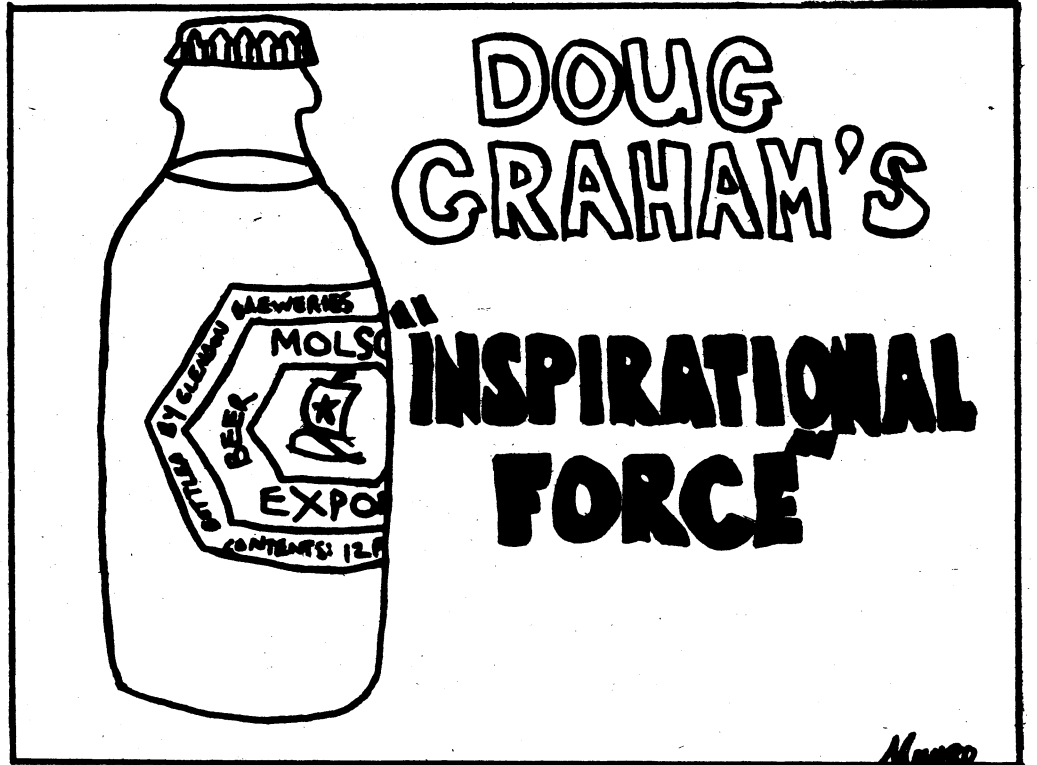
I'm really sorry to see my friend go. I've known him since I was four, I was best man at his wedding, and I was even there when his wife tried to murder him. She grabbed his tie and pulled on it till it ripped (luckily). He turned very red and passed out. We poured beer on him to revive him. I was there when his wife preferred assault charges against him because he had pushed her into the wall while strug-

gling with her to let go of his tie.

He was in the dating service business then. We thought it was great because we used to go down to his office, drink beer in the back and read confidential files on his clients. It was great fun to find out that a fifty-five year old man wanted something around twenty-five with a big set of tits and a meaty ass.

He was not without his share of problems in this business. The cops hassle him constantly, believing he was a pimp for some of his clients. Truth is, that he was, in a way. He hired a girl, who was twenty, and built like you wouldn't believe. Since civic by-laws stated that in dating services, no money could exchange hands until after an actual date, he offered the first date to male clients for nothing. Then he would send them out with Miss Body. He would also pay her forty dollars to go out with the guy.

The girl would then go out on the town with this guy and allow him to pay the shot. All she had to do was accompany him back to his apartment and fuck him blue. The next morning the guy usually called the dating service and signed on for a six month



# THE BIG ONE

Big taste, big satisfaction



**1**  
**EXPORT "A"**  
**THE BIG ONE**



Canada's most popular cigarette.

membership at two hundred bucks. Then my friend would start matching him up with the old bags that were his own age, after he had signed the contract. This is, without a doubt, the most bustproof method of prostitution I ever came across. Business went well until his girl got the gonk and quit.

It was shot to hell after that. I know there are probably quite a few people out there right now climbing walls about how he exploited lonely middle aged men, but everyone was happy. My friend got his money, the girl got hers, and the man got his piece, which was all he was after in the first place. The cops caught up with my friend after a while and charged him with fraud. He breathed a sigh of relief when he read the charges. He figured the girl had told the cops all about her new job after she got burned. He couldn't wait to pay the fine.

He went bankrupt not long after his fraud charge. He laid low in the city for a while and then took off to Manitoba, where he promptly dumped his newly reconciled wife for a stacked waitress he met. Leaving his wife and child to fend for themselves, he brought the waitress and some big fat guy back here with him.

The three of them set up house-keeping with a cat that climbed the curtains and a dog that would only drink out of the can. I visit him often.

He doesn't get around much because he lost his license. He was caught drunk driving, caught again while waiting to answer the first charge, and picked up two months later for hit and run and driving while his license was under suspension. He still drives, but he is more selective about where and when.

If you're wondering why I am not mentioning his name, it's because everybody in town is after his balls for one thing or another, hence his move to the Northwest Territories, where he figures nobody knows him.

I'm going to miss the guy. He taught me a lot of tricks, like picking locks. He gave me my first cigarette, my first beer, and generally taught me to think that it doesn't matter a damn what you do, as long as you have a good time. The "Fuck It" philosophy is the one I live by, and I'm glad I do. Any student who takes a university education seriously is bound to be let down when he finishes.

NOTE: The exclusive interview with God will have to wait until I feel better.

## TODAY'S BEST

What do you get when you cross an elephant and a prostitute?  
(answer on page 4)



# 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  
 Layout: Paul Dowling  
 Sports: Haywood Hail Bruin, Ms. Stiff  
 Photography: Al Lysaght, Nancy Bloom, Bruce McMulkin,  
 Tony Caldwell. Cartoons: Ron Munro  
 Production: Barbara Munro, Mary Lou Brinker, Charlie  
 Northcote, Liz Brittain, Robin Peterson, Patricia Phillips,  
 Anne Meggs, Jan Penhorwood, Sharon Kelly, Catherine  
 Cooper, Larry Mohring, Roberta Powers, Cathy Scott,  
 Milana Todroff, Marney Gattinger, Gillian King.

## WELL AT LEAST THAT'S THE IMPRESSION I GET

The mind boggling feature, that permeates my thought process and overrides the many pressing issues (pardon my lightheartedness) that should be discussed in this space dull week after dull week, can be distinctly termed 'Impressions.' If you are at all inclined to, you may subtitle the article 'Reputation--true or false,' but it doesn't really matter. In any case, the marvellous feeling that you get about someone and the many factors behind how you get such impressions and why, and where these feelings lead, all gang up to present today's grand idea--do you get an impression of what I'm talking about?

Actually, the main jibe attempted here is directed at the poor souls who get a definite impression about someone without knowing the person at all. I'm almost willing to accept the contention that people generate a power from themselves that, in itself, gives another a good or bad feeling. A person who will form an opinion about someone or some situation without knowing that someone or that situation is truly mindless. To base their impression on what others say about the person or circumstance

in question is to revoke their right to have an impression.

This type of blind acceptance of facts is certainly nowhere near the intelligent standard usually associated with a university community. It is the basis upon which vicious innuendoes and false conclusions about a person's character are built.

There is also no doubt in my mind that once a false impression is conveyed it has a snowballing effect. As it rolls along, it isn't difficult to make information fit a preconceived notion which builds up to monstrous proportions--something akin to the abominable snowman--an awesome myth. Let us rely on an example of how a certain personal characteristic can be shaped to fit an established mold. For instance, the quality of aloofness in someone can be seen as snobbish and conceited or as shy and insecure. These rather opposite interpretations of a single characteristic depend on the impression one has of the person. (Hopefully, that impression has truth. More often than not it unfortunately doesn't.)

What causes wrong impressions to begin? It is mere speculation, but

it is worth considering. Sometimes, something said in jest is taken wrongly and the innocence of misunderstanding grows to become an ugly black cloud of contempt. Certainly jealousy of one person will cause him to see another person as something other than what they might be. But the ultimate cause of wrong impressions is, certainly, the acquisition by some of misinformation about another.

If you are going to involve yourself in interaction with another person, the only true way to get an impression and later an understanding of what that person is; is to go to that person and

talk to him first-hand. To assume things about people, or to accept conjecture as truth is, in my estimation, vicious and degrading--both for that person and for yourself, since you are denying your individual impressions.

Furthermore, operating on information about a person, information obtained second-hand, will mean that you're the real loser. You may be missing the chance to know someone who is a fine individual and who could prove to be a true friend in a time of need.

It just doesn't seem right . . . at least that's the impression I get.



## GRAB BAG

As there is some truth in the observation that the most accepted people are the people who have no secrets, I am going to let myself hang out this week. This is consistent with my desire to assure my avid readers that I am, in fact, quite human. Here are a few of my observations.

Most people find it hard to dislike people that like them. Anyone who doesn't like someone probably doesn't know them very well, or doesn't want to get to know them. I usually find a good reason for detesting people who don't like me. Most of the time I just can't remember their names.

Doug Cousineau's course on deviance would seem to be one of Glendon's best, getting high praise from the majority of its students. One of the points that is made during the year is that one's sanity or insanity is usually a matter of majority rule. So for those of you who like living life on your own terms, and think that freedom of thought and spirit is a good thing, just remember that you'd better keep some good friends around you. They're all you'll have when the ones whose tender sensibilities you have offended are anxious to have you put away. The majority usually hate eccentrics because they make the majority look like the conformist assholes that they usually are.

After the play on Saturday I went to a party in a friend's room to meet her friends from Quebec. After speaking to all of them at some length, and noticing how good their English was, I went to bed. The next day one of them told another friend of mine how insane I was. I had talked in French. It turns out they were all anglophone and probably unilingual. Looking back on it now I'm just as glad I hadn't

washed the grey out of my hair and that I was wearing a trench coat. Listening is the nicest thing you can give someone.

Wear sneakers while climbing the ladder of life, because the people whose faces you step on on the way up will no doubt meet you on your way down.

Anything that lowers the standards of human dignity and self respect should be dealt with. Sycophants should be shot.

To steal money from another person, or anything for that matter, is a good way to cheapen oneself in one's own eyes to the point that one wishes one would get caught. Most creeps usually do wind up getting caught. They just need someone to love them. If no one cares, they stop caring, and so they begin to enjoy lowering humanity's standards. If you find a dishonest person, try compassion. It usually works.

The next time you hear someone writing someone off, look hard at the person performing the write-off. They're usually a hell of a lot creepier than the people they reject.

If no one ever said anything nasty about other people, a lot of people would have nothing to say. It's hard to avoid other people in conversation, but when they do come up, I don't see why they couldn't be handled with a little more feeling. Hawthorne said that the one venial sin was to enter the human heart with indifferent interest. He's right. If you don't really care then what are you doing poking around in someone else's hell, looking for clues as to what makes them tick. Do that long enough and you'll meet someone with the where-with-all to show you how well you'd tick with a timer in your teeth and load of explosives kicked into the right place. If you really don't care then don't bother. It's as easy as that.

## LESS CUT-UPS

To the Editor:

With regard to the letter by "Fed Up" (PRO TEM, February 26), in which the staff of Beaver Foods are criticized for "negative attitudes," it seems that "Fed Up" must eat at different times than myself. I have always found the people behind the counters to be friendly and helpful. People I've spoken with have felt the same way.

In a fairly monotonous job like being behind the food counter, I find it surprising that the staff smile as often as they do. The letter seems to me to be very unfair to the Beaver staff, and the writer was not one to criticize others for "spewing out their poisoning negativism."

In contrast to the above-mentioned letter, it was great to see the interesting description of Glendon's history in the same paper. Ivan Archie is to be commended on the research he did to present the unique background of our institution. Some more articles like Archie's "Thanks for the Memories" and a few less cut-ups like "Service With a Smile," we could all use.

by Allan McPherson

## NICE GUYS

To the Editor:

In reference to "Letter to the editor," February 26. "Service with a Smile".

One can't help wondering whether the anoraguous writer of his letter, is himself (or herself) a "grouch" whose treatment of the staff in the cafeteria is snide and sarcastic.

As a student at Glendon who eats a great many of his meals in the cafeteria I have found that in general the staff are as friendly in their treatment of customers as the customers have been to them. Admittedly at times they are not in the most humorous moods but then everyone has off days, even the staffs of some of the best restaurants in the city.

As for the "uncalled-for remark, hand on hip, head wagging" etc, there would seem to come more from the clients than from the staff. They have seldom failed to respond to my pleasantries and I personally find them to be "sympa".

One further thing: they have little to do with the quality of the food,

so don't blame them for that, blame the management.

Geller

## VANDALS ROMP

To the Editor:

Sometime during reading week Glendon College was rocked by vandalism and theft. Tools were stolen from the set of "Murder in the Cathedral," in the Old Dining Hall, and a number of lockers were forceably opened and their contents removed, in the basement of York Hall. As a result, many of us are now without belongings of an as yet untotaled value.

Despite these losses, however, one must laud the perpetrators of these heinous crimes for their stealth and ability in wrenching open the students' lockers while remaining unheard and unseen by our ever-attentive Glendon Security Force. Surely this must be the work of experienced criminals! To elude the scrutiny of the dedicated protectors of the Glendon community is no mean feat, as you may well know if you have ever tried to park on the grounds without having first paid the required fifty cents at the gate.

But, perhaps these larcenous heathens are more seasoned than we can conclude from a hasty surveillance of the situation. Perhaps they realized that, if they paid their fifty cents, they could gain entry to the grounds and wreak their brand of havoc unimpeded by the faithful watch-guards of our campus.

Or, perhaps those uniformed mannequins, who have the unmitigated audacity to wear the title "Security Guard" emblazoned on their shoulders, were just attempting to confirm what the majority of the Glendon populace suspected: that the title "Security Guard" is a misnomer and that those who wear it are naught but over-paid parking attendants in mock military dress whose primary functions are to intimidate transient students and to provide everyone with the delusion that their persons and belongings are safe.

It somehow seems inconceivable that anyone would accept a position of responsibility and then treat it so casually that he imperils the safety of that which he was hired to safe-

(continued on page 4)

## APPLICATIONS

FOR

**PROTEM EDITOR '75-'76 SALARY \$1500**

should be rushed into the ProTem office immediately. Send applications in care of John Frankie.

# LETTERS continued

(continued from page 3)

guard. Who would have thought that a group of seemingly mature men could prove to possess the irresponsibility so often said to be found in school-boys?

Gentlemen! Your ability to perform your duties in an effective manner was suspect previous to the latest incident. Your ability has now been laid bare for all to scrutinize and has proven insufficient to fulfill that which is required. It is hoped that you realize this and will act accordingly before causing yourselves further embarrassment and the students of Glendon further expense.

by Kevin Fullbrook

## STILL NOT PLEASED

To the Editor:

In his reply to my letter, (Pro Tem, February 12), Mr. Duguay states "we could have done better as a council this year". (Pro Tem, February 26).

Mr. Duguay should realize that you cannot have less than nothing and nothing is exactly what the students at Glendon received from their own Student Union.

Let us examine the budget Mr. Duguay tells me to examine. There are approximately seven budget statements, each more confused than the next. Apparently no one on the present student council can do elementary book-keeping and the records

## SOMETHING WRONG

To the Editor:

As the year nears its end, this Glendon first year student is faced with a dilemma. While I have found the academic part both enjoyable and enlightening, the campus life I found both dull and expensive. And, as a out-of-town student, the resident life is forced upon me. Hence, my dilemma, do I return to Glendon or not?

During the Christmas holidays, when I could look back retrospectively on the past three months of University, I initially felt that maybe Glendon was typical of University life. However, after comparisons with other campuses, I could no longer justify this. The variety of facilities, the numerous activities and the cafeterias that do not exploit students found in other universities, made me disappointed in having chosen Glendon. Why, I asked myself, were there such contrasts?

I remained uncertain as to who to blame, until I read Mike Drache's letter of February 12; I then personally found the answer: an ineffective student council. I must agree with Mr. Drache's charge that the student council has not carried out its responsibilities. And as for President Marc Duguay's reply of February 26, I find his excuses unsatisfactory, as many senior students have told me that "Glendon has always been this way".

However, my main criticism, of which Mr. Drache failed to touch upon, is that of our scrip system. For exploitation, this could rank with pay toilets.

I cannot understand why our student council lets this system continue. The function of a campus cafeteria is to



Student Union critic Mike Drache

on financial transactions have become extremely muddled. One budget should be made for the fiscal year of 12 months and followed with proper records kept of revenues and expenditures. Aside from this technical bumbling the Council has misspent thousands of dollars and awarded its paid members excessive salaries. How many students realize that \$3000 was spent on Orientation week? Close to \$5,000 was spent on Council salaries with \$3,500 going to the President. The Student Handbook was turned into a ridiculous waste of paper consisting of 90% advertisements and little useful information. The total expenditure on all "social affairs" was close to \$10,000, surely this sum could have been used in a wiser fashion. Student Council should provide us with services not offered by the school.

give students a financial 'break', not exploit them. Here we are 'stuck' with this scrip, 'forced' to buy Beaver's high priced food, or forced to sell it at a loss. It is not surprising then that Beaver has gone the usual way of all monopolies. Fruit, worth ten cents in a store, is sold for fifteen, three glasses of milk at forty-five cents, add a few more cents and we could get a quart, fish worth twenty-seven cents, is sold for eighty, these examples and more, I am sure the reader encounters everyday. What is more upsetting is when other University systems are compared. Carleton, Queen's, to name a few, use a card system where the student is allowed doubles, even triples, and as much fruit as he wishes, all for the same price as we pay.

In my opinion, reform in this area is necessary. If only we had a student council with enough courage. In fact, to me, an easy solution would be, since Beaver is a company seeking profit, to replace it with a student run system, similar to the University of Waterloo. The large profit Beaver is now making could be then put back into the system. However, this will probably sound 'radical' for conservative Glendon.

In all, then, the only solution to Glendon's 'old folks home' atmosphere, in my mind, is a new student council. And if President Duguay is correct in his statement that Mr. Drache is spreading "usual political propaganda one uses for an upcoming election", then Mr. Drache will have my vote. For maybe through him, my dilemma can be solved.

Rick Periard

The present Student Union has not given us a weekly film program on the flimsy excuse that last year's program was \$400 in debt. They expect to take in \$5,000 from the pin-ball machines but they can't spare a dime for the students who fund those machines.

The one conference that Duguay lamely dredges up for public mention is reserved for student bureaucrats. What about a conference on Canadian Film-makers or Women's Year or Nationalism or Quebec or anything? I mean a three-day con-people and something people can get involved in. All this was never been proposed at any time during this year.

Glendon also has another problem, it has one of the worst food services of any university in Canada; lousy food, poor quality, forced meal plans and generally overpriced in terms of nutrition and taste. What has the Council done in this area? Absolutely nothing.

The cost of rent for residence students is very high and will become higher - Has this Council done one thing?

At present students have only 1 small room in the basement of Glendon Hall, what about increasing facilities and getting out of the atrocious rent rip-off? Silence again.

Community services such as day-care centers or an environmental center are never even discussed - less implemented. If Duguay is such an ardent purponent of bilingualism why not get up an information service in the community promoting this. Is Glendon a little island divorced from Canada living in a separate world?

The present Student Council has

done nothing to curtail the new and oppressive financial measures handed out by the administration at the main campus. These measures have forced many students to lose their year, due to lack of funds. The Students at this campus should realize they will be pushed harder and faster by University officials until they counter this notion of beating the student for as much money as they can shake out of them.

Lastly Duguay tries to somehow insinuate that I am against bilingualism or the promotion of the two official languages. This is totally false. I feel that if Glendon was founded on these ideas, we should implement them and see them function properly. If the demand exists more classes should be taught in the two languages and more cultural activities in the same direction should occur.

While bilingualism is important the Student Council has failed us miserably in all other areas.

Only a reform student government can act to change the mistakes of the past Council. Let us hope this happens.

Mike Drache

## ANSWER TO TODAY'S BEST

page 2

You get a 2000 lb hooker who will do it for peanuts and never forget you!



## More than an Engineer.

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# FUN-FILLED DAY FOR THE FARMWORKERS UNION...

by Barbara Clark  
 Thursday, March 6 marks the biggest single event for the United Farmworkers of America at Glendon College so far this year. Two benefit dances have already been sponsored within the academic year, 1974-1975, by the Glendon College Support Committee and these have both been tremendously successful for the United Farmworkers.

Exploited?" is the theme of the Farmworkers Forum which takes place at 12 o'clock noon in the Old Dining Hall of York Hall. Terry Meagher, Secretary-Treasurer of the Ontario Federation of Labour will participate in the panel discussion with Marshall Ganz, Vice-President of the United Farm Workers of America. This should prove to be a rather informative if not entertaining lunch-

hour for anyone who has this period free. Everyone is invited to take part.

The movie, "The Grapes of Wrath," an old classic based on Steinbeck's novel will be shown right after the forum. There's no excuse to miss this real tear-jerker folks, even if you've already seen it; no charge to ODHers. Come and see Henry Fonda and a cast of thousands who'll play the roles

of Okey farmers who, through an unfortunate experience, are forced to leave their dust-bowl land and move to California, land of plenty and of Hollywood stars.

To finish off the day, Perth County Conspiracy will provide the Farmworkers Folk Festival with some lively sounds also in the ODH at Glendon campus starting at nine o'clock p.m. Rock on!

## BUT IS THE CAUSE A JUST ONE

by Susan Elliott

For some year now a big union struggle has been taking place in California over the rights to represent the grape pickers, most of whom are Mexican, and thus secure for the union treasuries the dues of these disenfranchised workers. Cesar Chavez, a well-meaning Chicano undertook to organize the workers in a Chicano-mexican based union. In the meantime the Teamsters, the wealthiest and most powerful of all the unions in the USA, discovered a real source of revenue and further power if they could organize these farmworkers. Both groups undertook organizational programs. The Teamsters won.

However, Cesar Chavez, by this time, having grown beyond

the point of concern for the poor farmworker had come to believe his own press releases as written by himself. Cesar began to visualize himself as a "Cesar" and nothing would do but that he represent the grape pickers. There are those who regard Cesar as the selfless and altruistic leader of his fellow Chicanos. The Teamsters, however, regard Cesar as a strong organizer in the union movement. He is their competition. This then, identifies the issue; who is to represent the grape pickers--the Teamsters or Cesar Chavez.

Meanwhile back on the farm the poor small farm owner is confronted with incredible economic stress, on the one side with the Teamsters' insatiable economic demands and on the other with Cesar

and his followers who are organizing grape boycotts throughout North America. Even many of the workers themselves have become disenchanted with Cesar and his efforts and would quite willingly return to the fields.

It is essential then that one become aware of both sides, as up to now, most of our information has been painted with the white brush of the boycotters. The situation is not quite as simplistic as Viva Steinberg's (which is now taking part in the boycott) and down with Dominion (which is now being harassed by the boycotters).

The boycott issue is one of union control and, I'm afraid, has become an issue whose salient parts are founded in the human love of altercation and not that of altruism.



The exploitation of child labour is a concern of Farmworkers.

## LE CRISE D'AUTOMNE 1971

par Gordon McIvor

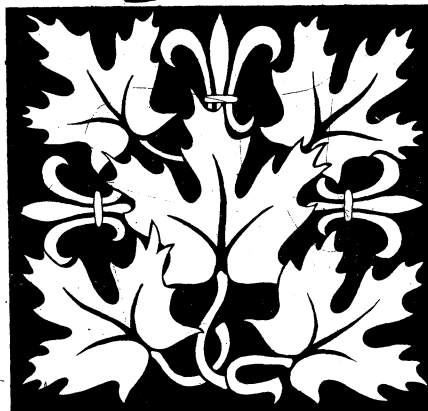
En 1969, Glendon avait une population de 1,050 étudiants. Bien qu'on n'avait prévu que 1,000 étudiants pour cette année là, le collège se trouvait déjà dans des ennuis financiers. Il fallait accroître la population du collège, mais personne ne savait comment le faire. Albert Tucker, le nouveau "principal" du collège (Escott Reid venait de prendre sa retraite), songeait de changer our bien "modifier"

les exigences d'entrée pour avoir une population plus nombreuse. Auparavant, il fallait prendre des cours en français si on était anglophone, et des cours en anglais si on était francophone. M. Tucker, durant l'automne de cette année (1971), a fait passer une nouvelle loi... maintenant, plutôt que de prendre des cours en français, l'étudiant anglophone pourrait prendre un cours de CIVILISATION CANADIENNE - FRANCAISE. Pour sauver la vie de notre collège, M. Tucker était forcé de sacrifier le but principal de Glendon... le bilinguisme et le biculturalisme pour tous les étudiants du collège. Aupar et à mesure (entre 1971 et 1975), Glendon est devenu de plus en plus unilingue, et aujourd'hui on est arrivé au triste point de n'avoir qu'une garnison d'étudiants qui sont vraiment actives dans la dilemne bilingue

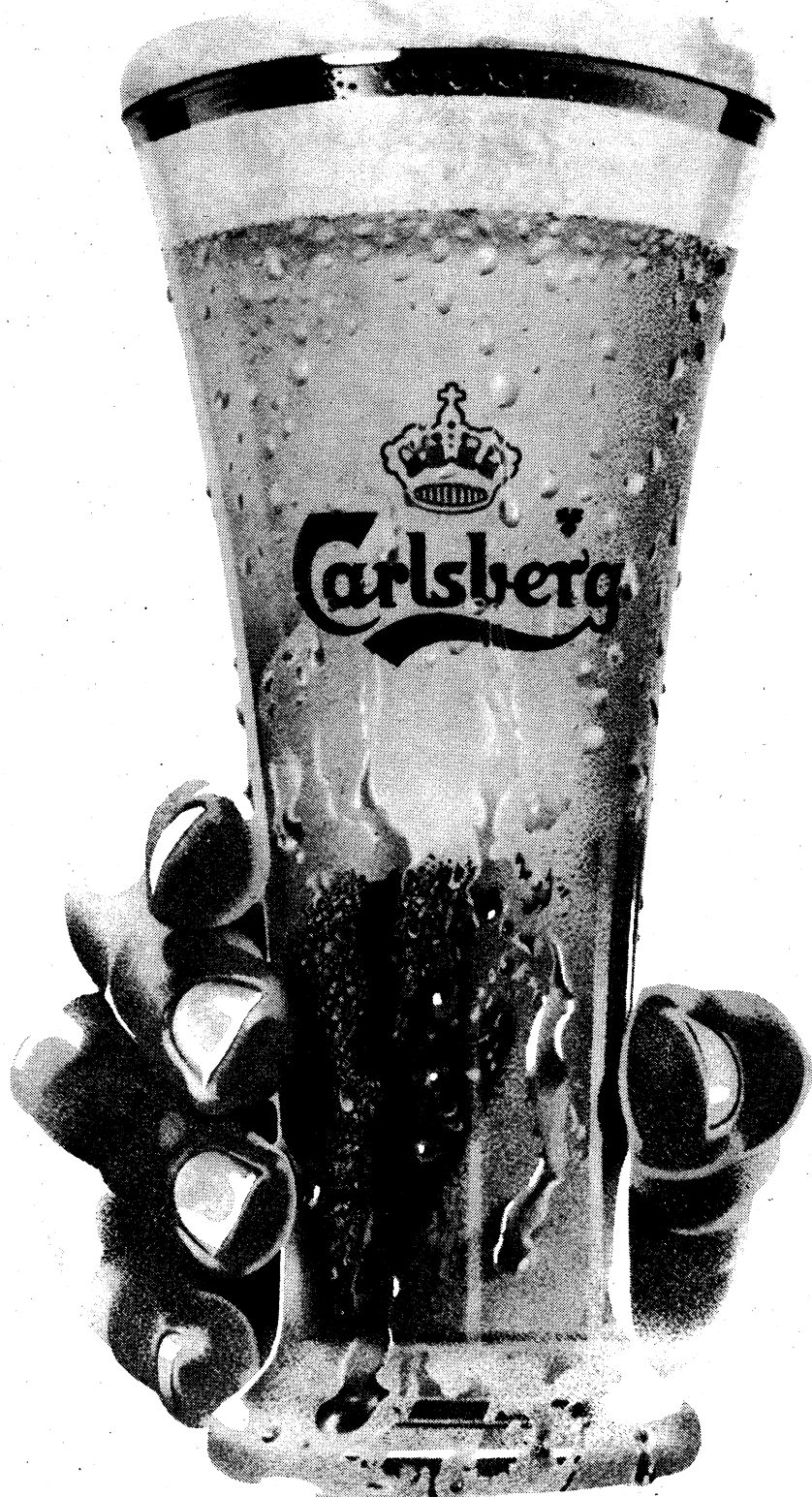
au collège-universitaire Glendon. Les anglais arrivent et quittent le collège sans avoir la capacité de tenir une conversation dans leur deuxième langue. Les français viennent au collège et le quittent après un ou deux ans parce qu'ils croyaient, en choisissant Glendon, que c'était vraiment une communauté bilingue. Donc eux aussi n'apprennent pas l'anglais. Evidemment il faut faire quelque chose, et après des heures de contemplation, je vous propose, chers lecteurs, une réponse. Peut-être que c'est une réponse simple et pas trop brillante, mais dans notre cas désespéré on est près d'essayer n'importe quoi, n'est-ce pas?

Ce que je propose comme solution, c'est la publicité. Oui, vous avez bien lu... publicité en Ontario et au Québec (aux autre province, ça n'existe guère). On colle des affiches dans quelques lycées et puis l'affaire est classé. Moi-même, qu'habitais à Toronto avant de venir à l'université, je ne savais pas ce que c'était qu'un "Glendon"! Donc la publicité a besoin, évidemment, de beaucoup d'amélioration si on veut regagner notre population et notre atmosphère de bilinguisme. Il ne faut pas que ça coûte chère non plus... je peux même imaginer une grande amélioration si chaque étudiant québécois apporterait une affiche dans sa ville, et les collaient dans leurs anciens lycées et CEGEP. Les étudiants ontariens pourrait faire exactement la même chose, peut-être même en discutant avec des élèves des lycées qui s'intéressent à une université avec une atmosphère bilingue. Je suis absolument convaincu qu'il y a assez de jeunes gens au Canada, qui aimeraient l'idée de vivre et d'étudier dans la deuxième langue de leur pays, pour remplir ce collège des étudiants bilingues. La rêve est trop beau pour le laisser pourrir dans les marécages d'unilinguisme.

How much bilingualism?



GLENDON



Something to "cheers" about:

Now the glorious beer of Copenhagen is brewed right here in Canada. It comes to you fresh from the brewery. So it tastes even better than ever.

And Carlsberg is sold at regular prices.

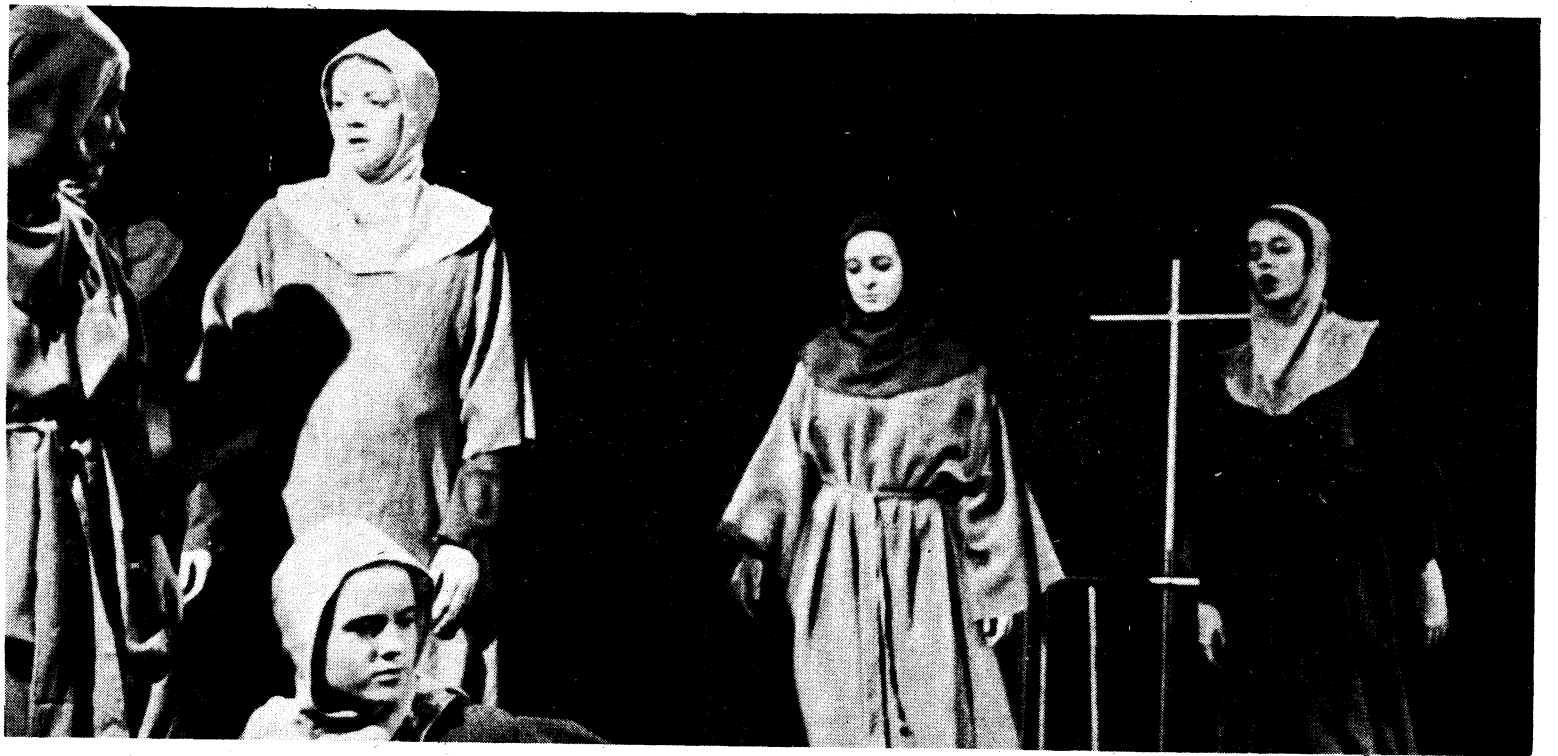
So let's hear it, Carlsberg lovers. "One, two, three... Cheers!"

# MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL

**Editor's Note:**

It is a rather difficult position that I find myself in with regards to Pro Tem's coverage of this year's D.A.P. production, "Murder in the Cathedral". It is certainly impossible for me to claim objectivity in my approach as an editor due to my involvement in the play. Hence, I have not made any of the decisions regarding this page. The idea for its format, the implementation of that idea, the page's layout and the actual content expressed has been left totally to the discretion of the staff of this newspaper. The opinions expressed by the various people cited below were prompted by the question "What were your impressions, your likes and dislikes of the play, "Murder in the Cathedral"?"

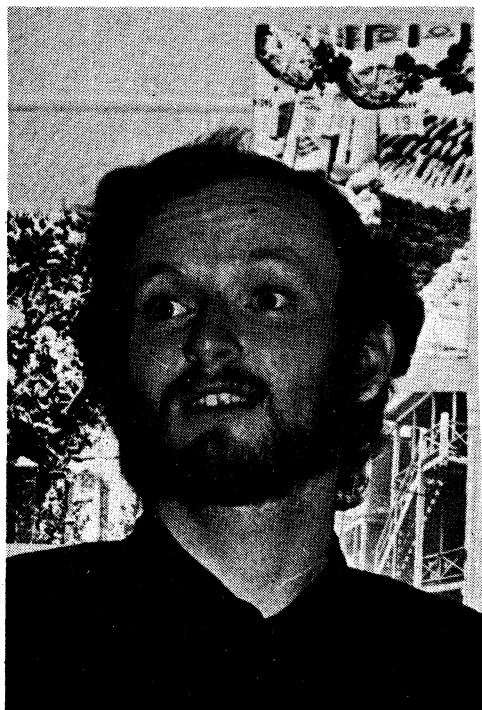
It is our hope that this approach is an acceptable one, since we see criticism as one person's opinion, and thus we provide a more extensive view of this year's major D.A.P. production.



Dr. Albert Tucker (Principal)

**Sally Kilgour**

"The calibre of acting was superb. I found that for the first half an hour I had to get my level of concentration up for it ... but after that half an hour was up and I started to get into the whole drift of the play, I found that I was appreciating the acting much, much more. The only thing that bothered me about it (the play) was the clicking on and off of the tape recorder which made me aware that the sound booth was right there ... I thought that the costumes were just excellent ... the performance involved me emotionally which is the true test of how good the play was because I got completely into it myself so that at the time when Becket was murdered, I was right there on the stage with him and felt very much involved with it that way.



**Peter Bennett**

"I liked the sets and costumes very much. I felt that the three priests were weak. And I felt that there was not enough contrast between the Archbishop (Becket) as dynamic leader and the Archbishop as pastor or shepherd. I felt that there was

I think that what struck me when I first walked into the Dining Hall was the impressiveness of the set,

The arrangement of the lighting and the creation of the set simply transformed that room into a more successful theatre than I think I have ever seen at Glendon. I simply enjoyed the sense that one had of a production being created from the floor up, and it really did give you that sense. That became more evident as the various actors went up to the top. I think also what impressed me was the diction. Eliot is in many ways wordy, basically a poet, not really a playwright. I think this is probably the most dramatic of all his plays, and I have very mixed feelings about it as a play. I didn't go expecting to enjoy it; I was really quite surprised.

I think the acting on the whole caught Eliot's poetry. Even though I was sitting at the back, I could hear every word. I think the most dramatic moment was the immediate contrast between the play and the way the director caught that contrast on com-



Jane Couchman



Doug Watson

not enough contrast between the powerful and the compassionate -- the passionate and the compassionate. But generally I thought that the production was very tight and obviously a real director's chore to stage and I thought it was carried off quite well."

mentary of explanation, by turning the four Knights into modern political journalists. I think some people in the audience were really quite surprised, but of course if you know what Eliot is doing, there is even a Shavian touch, and I think that was caught very well, especially by Ted Paget, Bruce Litvak, Bob Sherman, and Peter Russell. In terms of acting I think what John Frankie did was to hold it together. He tended to be very conscious of his function, as an actor, to receive and to hold together the responses of the diverse group around him. It seemed to me that what he was working at was a kind of understatement so that he didn't cause a kind of friction or apprehension.

The Chorus, the women of Canterbury, expressed that apprehension so you knew it was there, and it seemed to me to be implicit in the others. I think that what John Frankie was doing in the way he used his voice was to try to reassure the people around him. Of course when it came to the scene of the confrontation with the Knights, everyone expects the inevitable; the play

built to that so that it comes as no surprise that he is going to die. That is part of the play, it seems very inevitable, and John caught that very, very well in the sense that his death was inevitable; he is fully prepared for it spiritually as well as physically.

I think that the only hesitation for the play I have is in some of the acting and I do prefer not to single people out, but in some cases I felt that the lines just sort of came out and fell on the floor.

I have very mixed feelings about a major production, because I thoroughly enjoyed productions like "Brussels Sprouts." It went very well and the set there was just as impressive in its own way as this one, but I guess you just can't go on doing that sort of thing throughout the year ...

As student productions go, I think this play was one of the best I have seen.

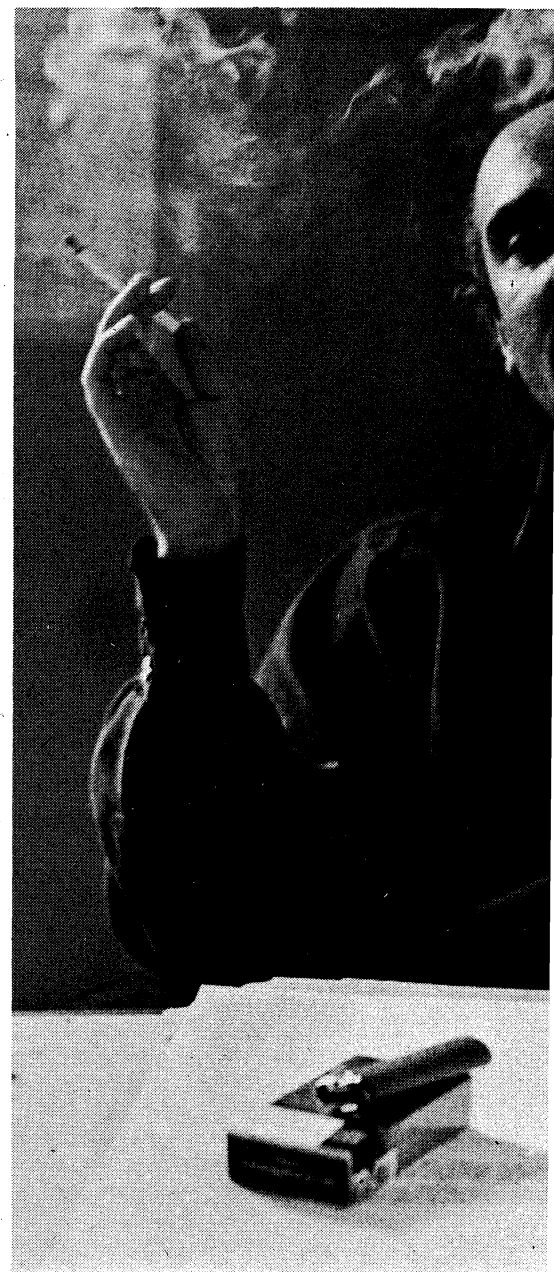
**Jane Couchman (Head of General Education)**

Well, I mostly liked it (the production), best of all the balance between the technical side and the acting side. The set was absolutely superb; everyone will say that, I'm sure. Also the mastering of the ritual and the rhythm of ritual by the actors as a group impressed me very much. I didn't think I would mention anyone in particular. I think the general tone was good. I don't see Becket quite the same way as John Frankie portrayed him, but it was a possible interpretation, a distant interpretation.

**Doug Watson (fourth year History)**

Very generally speaking, as far as the audience goes, I thought the set and lighting were excellent, at least from where I was sitting. I thought it was difficult. The one thing that bothered me was that I didn't think we got the full benefit of the lighting from where we were sitting. I thought the acting was excellent, and that John Frankie performed his part very well. I think the three Priests could have had a little more inflection in their voices. Their parts could have had a little more emphasis. The Tempters, I thought, were excellent.

On the surface I don't think the play was difficult to understand, but there was something underneath that the audience really didn't get for the audience, to some extent, didn't get to, because they didn't know that much of the background. Everybody has seen the movie (BECKET) or read the play, but you have to really go into the background of it before you can understand a lot. I think that the big problem with that play; perhaps it should not have been the major production of the year for that reason.



Michael Gregory - Di



# AL : THE PEOPLE ON CAMPUS TAKE OVER

Anne Savoy (second year Sociology)  
 "T. S. Eliot is a fine poet but is lacking as a playwright. The play failed to 'click' for me mainly because it was predominantly poetry. I was caught up in the lines, not the acting. A play's main purpose, I feel, is to entertain in a relaxing manner and since I found it necessary to concentrate so much on theme, I failed to appreciate the acting."

"One part that necessitates reference was the dressing of Thomas by the Priests. John Frankie projected a great sense of power and beauty in this scene. However, it was one of the only times I got any feeling at all."



Anne Meggs (third year French)

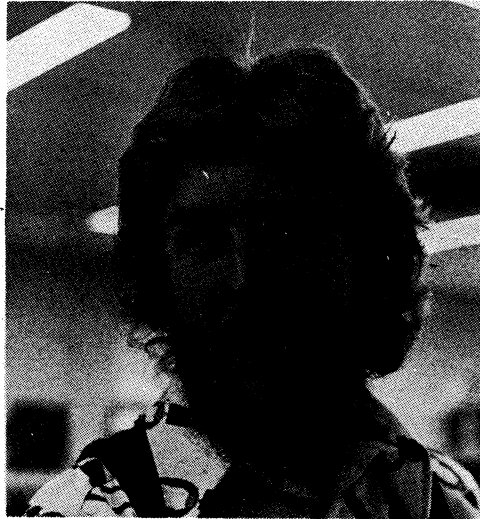
I was favourably impressed; I thought it was very good--a great improvement on last year. The acting generally speaking was excellent. Improvements I would have made: the blocking was very poor, and positioning of the stage was poor--having to watch the sound and lighting people make their signals and switch on and off their tape recorders, etc., is a distraction if you were sitting in the wrong end of the theatre. I thought the set was too high because you had to look up and see all the lights when you were watching the people in the pulpit.

But generally speaking, I think the production was excellent. The problems could have been overcome if we had a theatre. This place needs a theatre, no doubt about it.



Tony Bauer (Library staff member)

Well, I decided that I don't like Eliot. The other bad opinion I got was that people pronounced too clearly, for my liking. I suppose that's partly the problem with the poet. They didn't slur the words enough, they clipped the words, left spaces, etc. It's certainly as good as anything I've seen here . . . and as good as the other of Gregory's productions.



Paul Dowling

I was actually disappointed by this year's production. The acting was good, I thought, especially Bob Sherman as the Fourth Tempter. However there were a few moments when I thought that the actors seemed not to be acting between their own lines merely waiting for a cue.

Christopher Hume

This year's Glendon Dramatic Arts Programme (DAP) production, "Murder in the Cathedral," is from many points of view excellent. A number of roles, notably those of the Second Priest and the four Tempter/Knights were highly successful due largely to the strong acting abilities of the respective players. Thus the high point of the play occurred when Becket's assassins appeal to the audience for a fair and understanding hearing (this, despite the damage done to the drama by the abrupt change from poetic historic to colloquial present).

By breaking up the Chorus' lines, Professor Gregory most certainly managed to avoid a sure source of monotony. Caroline Gregor's costuming contributed perhaps more than any other single factor to the success of the play. This is a very important point, as Eliot has himself noted, "Picturesque period costume renders verse much more acceptable." Certainly in the case of Eliot's own verse play, this would appear to be especially true. Maybe in the exceedingly religious and ritualistic atmosphere of events like the Canterbury Festival, an audience does, in



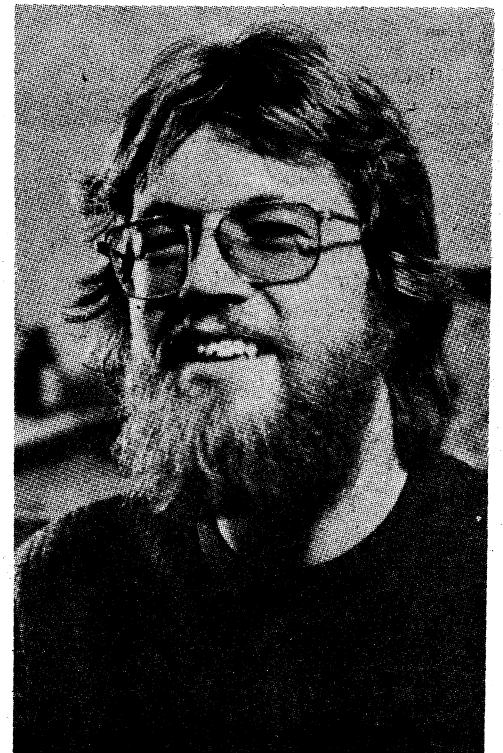
B. Williams (Schools Liaison office cum Pro Tem reviewer)

John Frankie in the role of Thomas à Becket conveyed in a self-assured manner Becket's strength of conviction and his unperturbed view of life. Bruce Litvak played his part with gusto; he was entertaining and effectively brought out the humorous aspects of the role. My only dislike was that the pulpit was maybe a bit too high off the ground for the audience really had to crane their necks.

John Anderson (fourth year French)

I was very impressed with the play. The set was really imposing; it contributed to the imposing nature of the acting. I was especially impressed by the interplay of sentiments, as between the Canterbury women and between the Knights/Tempters and the clergy.

The lighting was marvelous, especially in the murder scene, technically perfect considering our present facilities. The set led to amazing profiles. Generally a tight performance which left the spectator much to ponder.



Paul Dowling

The set was excellent; however, the ramp was a little too high, I thought, for while watching Becket's speeches from on high, I was very aware of the presence of lights, chandeliers, etc. I did not feel that the play was well-chosen--it may have been a learning experience for those who participated but it was not very entertaining.

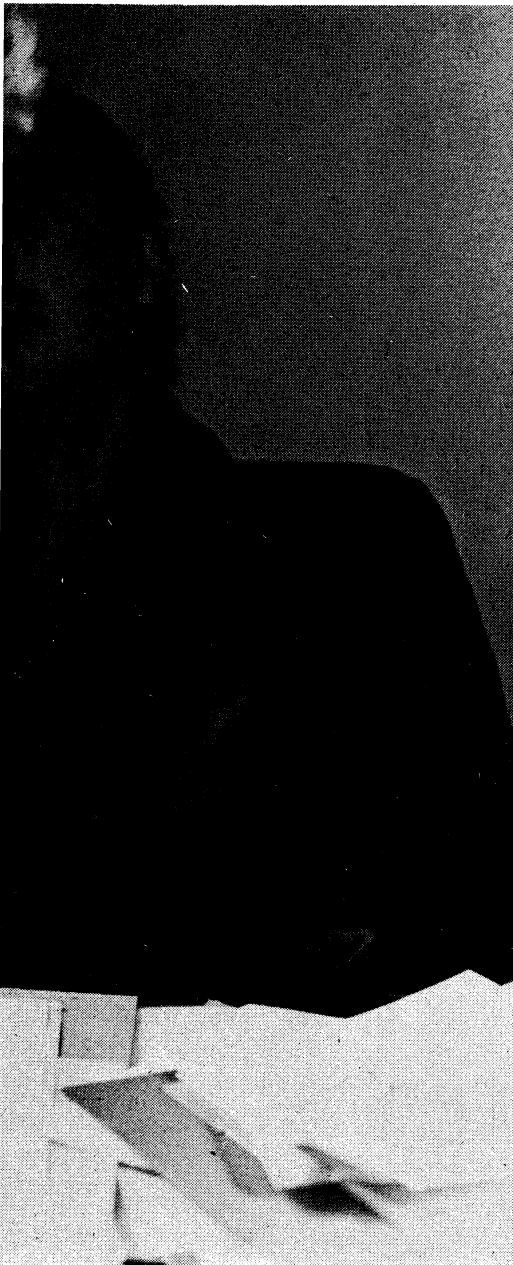
Eliot's phrase, "expect to be patiently bored," however, the suggestion might be offered that the ODH, in 1975, is not the best location for the necessary "willing suspension of disbelief" to take place.

Of course there are limitations involved anywhere, and no one expected a mock Canterbury Cathedral. But why, to bring up the obvious, would the set be designed so that at its highest point an averagely tall individual would be at most a foot or so below the ceiling while sharing the spotlight with a rather distracting chandelier? Becket's sermons were delivered, it seemed, from a third-floor fire escape, not from the pulpit. Unlike many of the problems, this one COULD have been avoided.

The play itself is less than great, and is of interest probably as poetry more than drama. Rhymes like "strains the brains," "sadness, madness, gladness" tend to clang a little less when read silently to oneself. Lines such as "pleasure and power at palpable price" are more tongue-twisters than poetic alliterations and detract accordingly. Eliot's play also assumes (somewhat vainly) that the audience already knows the story of

Thomas à Becket, and that it can therefore appreciate the ritualistic enactment of his martyrdom as "meritorious" boredom. Such a high-minded and religious subject might be better received by some audiences more than others. As mentioned, a typical Glendon audience, for all its powers of discrimination and intelligence, may have been more receptive to something other than T. S. Eliot's rather priggish version of High-Anglicanism.

The question is then posed, what is the purpose of the major production? Is it to give the participants an opportunity to gain experience or to provide entertainment for the community? Unlike some, I don't believe that this boils down to a decision between the serious but dull over the entertaining but empty. There are a number of works that are perfectly capable of satisfying the demands of both groups. In this instance, the members of the DAP may have stood to profit a little more than did the audience; indeed they may have done so at the expense of the audience.



tor of MURDER

# A SERMON ON THE EVILS OF LIBERALISM

by A. Nikiforuk

To attribute the anxieties and crises of "modern civil society" (le beau monde) to one ideology, liberalism, would appear to be an illiberal if not intellectually vacuous presumption. Not so!

Liberalism, as the philosophical rationalization of capitalism, pervades every aspect of Western society. Like the elusive proteus it assumes many shapes, manifesting itself in Western culture, politics, and social values. It is a "corrosive" that corrupts and alienates all human relations.

Liberalism is essentially based on the fallacious principle that individual freedom is anterior to all society and that "man is a complete being, absolutely independent, apart from and outside society". Liberalism idolizes the individual, and, by doing so, perpetuates the myth that each individual is a sovereign inviolate god. The liberal sees freedom, any type of freedom, as a means of glorifying and accentuating the individual, of demonstrating his separateness. The liberal deceives himself by ignoring the truth of Donne's axiom "no man is an island". Man is a social being who recognizes his existence and realizes his freedom by engaging in social relations. "It is not the consciousness of men that determine their being but on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness". "When the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all", freedom ceases to be privilege and irresponsible bourgeois caprice.

Liberalism regards the freedom of the individual as a hallowed right divorced from the interests of society. The products of unlicensed and unprincipled freedom are money and property. These material gains are a reflection of "natural human desires". The fulfillment of these desires produces an euphoria known as happiness. Everything that produces happiness must be utilized and acquired, and everything that produces pain buried and discarded. To achieve the blissful state of happiness one must compete with others so that "I profit myself when I harm someone

else." In expressing my freedom to exploit, degrade, and use other human beings, I shall acquire wealth and increase my happiness. This is the essence of liberalism. It is "barbarous indifference, hard egotism", unfeeling arrogance, and crash materialism. Liberalism reduces all aspects of life, including human relationships, to the function of a commodity whose value is determined by the amount of pleasure it provides.

Man is not a depraved consumer nor is he naturally inclined to desire money and property. His means of production, the way he produces and labours, determines his consciousness and needs. In a capitalist society everything is oriented towards achieving material gain and self-glorification. In early Christian communities asceticism and the renunciation of earthly riches were the promoted virtues and sources of motivation. Liberalism would have us believe that all individuals are naturally greedy and self centered. We are no longer deluded by such counterfeit statements. Greed and egotism are characteristics of liberal societies. Liberalism merely exploits and exacerbates man's potential to be greedy and inhuman.

Liberalism attempts to redeem itself by embracing and championing philanthropy. The unlimited exploitation of labour procures great wealth which enables its appropriator, on occasion, to practise charity or to entertain grand humanitarian notions. And when the conscience aches and property is threatened even token political reform is granted like manna from heaven. Let us remember that the philanthropy of the bourgeois liberal "is a rain drop in the ocean, lost in the falling". Liberal humanism is not aimed at solving problems but at appeasing them. It is directed towards short term wants and not long term needs. It is giving a distraught person valium, an alcoholic a new bottle, and a child a bag of candy. The price of cosmetic peace is that both principle and human dignity are compromised.

Liberalism resembles the drunk motorists who meanders in the middle of the road, miraculously avoiding collision by momentarily darting into one lane and then into the next. We are never sure of its destination or direction. Liberalism has no defined goals or purpose save expedience which masquerades as amoral moderation. The vanity of liberalism

is aptly demonstrated by the following statements of Mitchell Sharp: "As the minister of finance said in the statement which has just been quoted, there is something to be said for this. But, regrettably there is more to be said than that."

"I would not look upon the statement of the minister of finance as being an endorsement at all. He merely comments that there is something to be said. There is something to be said on the other side too."

Mao Tsetung has isolated liberalism into various types of social attitudes. Four are worthy of our attention and reflection.

"To let things slide for the sake of peace and friendship when a person has clearly gone wrong, and refrain from principled argument because he is an old acquaintance, a fellow townsman, a schoolmate, a close friend, a loved one, an old colleague or old subordinate. Or to touch on the matter lightly instead of going into it thoroughly, so as to keep on good terms. . . . This is one type of liberalism."

"To let things drift if they do not affect one personally; to say as little as possible while knowing perfectly well what is wrong, to be worldly wise and play safe and seek only to avoid blame." This is another type.

"To work half-heartedly without a definite plan or direction; to work perfunctorily and muddle along - So long as one remains a monk, one goes on tolling the bell". This is liberalism.

"To be aware of one's own mistakes and yet make no attempt to correct them, taking a liberal attitude towards oneself." This too is liberalism.

We as human beings have a responsibility to expose the fraudulent and decadent nature of liberalism and all of its manifestations. We must combat it as a demeaning political ideology and defective social morality. We must purge ourselves of all liberal values and attitudes, and enter into debate with and correct those who would degrade exploit and manipulate man, woman and child. Let us practise militant Christianity or revolutionary Marxism, and then where will the "centrist manikins" and oscillating crapartists hide!



Gods of the Modern World; a mural by Jose Orozco

## THE NATIONAL WAY TO GO



### BOOGEYMAN LOSES GROUND IN LATEST SURVEY

Los Angeles (ZNS/CUP)----A study of fear has found that children are usually not afraid of the boogeyman or ghosts.

Instead, their greatest fears are of killers, dying and the atom bomb. A team of researchers from California State University told the Western Psychological Association Convention that they asked second-through-sixth grade children to rank their 94 greatest fears.

The top three were killer, dying and the atom bomb, followed by kidnapers, fourth, and dope peddlers, fifth. Others near the top of the list included war, plane crashes, earthquakes and snakes.

Teachers and fathers tied for 62nd place, while mothers were not mentioned.

The study has found that as children grown older their fear of the devil declines rapidly, while their fear of "flunking" jumps sharply.

### NON-BUMBLING BUMBLEBEES

Sydney (ZNS/CUP)----As if things weren't confusing enough these days, an Australian researcher is out with the word that bumblebees don't really bumble.

Doctor Graham Pyke, after spending

two summers chasing through the Rocky Mountains after the insects, found that bees follow a straight "ongoing" course.

Pyke says the bees go directly to the heart of the flower

Marseilles (ZNS-CUP)---Police here raided a brothel for senior citizens arresting two prostitutes and eight of their clients.

The arrested clients ranged in age from 60 to 77 years. The two prostitutes were in their fifties.

French police say that the senior citizens, paid only \$10.00 for the bordello's hospitalities, but noted that the old age pension in France is a trifling \$4 a day.



Dadda, will you buy me the Alamo?

### REMEMBER THE ALLAHMO?

Alamo (ENS/CUP)---It seems that Americans are not the only ones who "remember the Alamo"; and Arab oil sheik now wants to buy the Texas historical site as a gift for his son.

Sheik Masound-Al-Sharif Alhamdan of Saudi Arabia has written his Houston lawyer instructing him to make all necessary arrangements for the Sheik's purchase of the old mission building.

The Sheik's decision to buy the building was prompted by a trip his son took to the Alamo while a flight student in nearby San Antonio. The son liked the building so much his father decided it would make a good gift.

The Alamo's caretakers, The Daughters of the Texas Republic have flatly rejected the offer.







David Silverstein's oil abstracts are on display at the Canadian Fine Arts Gallery, 92A Scollard St. Mar. 8 to 22. He also sculpts his own wooden frames. 922-7007.

**on campus**

- 1) Mercredi: Humanities 373 présente 'Le Retour D'Afrique' (Suisse, 1973) de Alan Tanner, dans la salle 204. L'entrée est libre.
- 2) Thursday: Perth County Conspiracy in the ODH at 9:00 pm. Admission \$3.00.
- 3) Friday: Café de la Terrasse will be open to midnite tonite. Why not drop by!
- 4) Sunday afternoon: Orpheus Choir in the ODH: Free Admission.
- 5) Mardi (le 11 mai): Humanities 383.3 présente Noel et Juliette de Michel Bouchard dans la salle 204 à 3 h15. L'entrée est libre.

**movies**

- The 99 cents Roxy Theatre (Danforth at Greenwood) 461-2401.
- Wednesday: They Shoot Horses Don't They? at 7 and 10:55 pm. Straw Dogs at 9:00 pm.
- Thursday: The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie at 7:00 pm. The Ruling Class at 8:45 pm.
- Friday: Magical Mystery Tour at 7 and 9:30 pm. The Magic Christian at 7:50 and 10:20 pm.
- Saturday: Those Magnificent Men and Batman and Robin #12 is a 2:30 pm Matinee. American Graffiti at 7:30 and 10:20 pm. Pink Flamingos at midnite.
- Monday: M. Hulôts Holiday at 7 and 8:45 pm. Bustor Keaten in Seven Chances at 8:30 pm.
- Tuesday: The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz at 7:30 and 9:30 pm.

**music**

El Mocambo (464 Spadina: 961-2258): Willie Dixon to Saturday.



**Willy Dixon sings the blues.**

- Colonial (203 Yonge Street; 363-6168): Jimmy Castor to Saturday.
- The Chimney (579 Yonge Street: 967-4666): The Climax Jazz Band.
- Paul McCartney Special: Friday at 8:00 pm on Global TV.



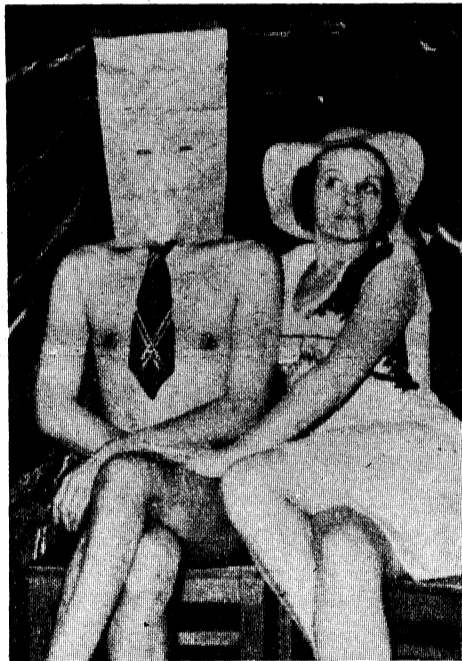
**Paul McCartney**

Mireille Mathieu: Saturday to Monday at Massey Hall.

**theatre**

A partial listing of live theatre in Toronto.

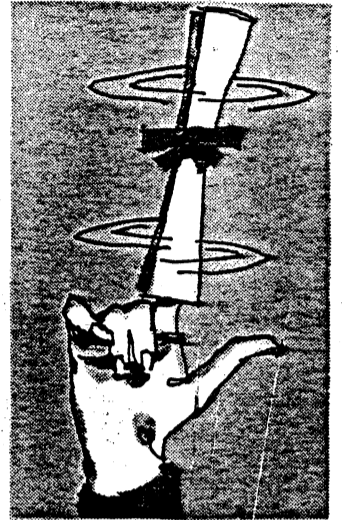
- 1) Question Time: by Robertson Davies at St. Lawrence Centre (27 Front Street, 366-7723)
- 2) Odyssey: at the Royal Alexandra, (260 King Street West: 363-4211).
- 3) Captain of Kopenick Toronto Workshop (12 Alexander Street - 925-8640)
- 4) Bonjour, là, Bonjour: Tarragon (30 Bridgman Ave; 531-1827).
- 5) Follies of Conviction: Theatre Passes Muraille: (Dundas at Sherbourne; 961-3303).
- 6) I love you Baby Blue: Bathurst St. United - 961-3303.



**| I Love Baby Blue |**

- 7) On Demande un Merroge: Theatre du P'tit Bonheur (95 Danforth 466-8400)
- 8) Man for all Seasons: (Studio Theatre 1750 Finch Avenue: 491-8877)
- 9) Anyone for Kelp? Second City (110 Lombard St. 363-1674).
- 10) Homemade Theatre: Factory Lab (207 Adelaide Street 864-9971).

**Getting a Degree?**



**So What!**

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# QUESTION TIME? INCOHESIVE AND FRAGMENTARY

by B. Williams

If you've never read anything by Robertson Davies and have never seen one of his plays, don't begin with "Question Time" playing at the St. Lawrence Centre. You will become disillusioned. The best of intentions run amuck in a play that is incohesive and fragmentary.

The theme of "Question Time", in Davies' own words, is "power -- what power may do to a man, and what that man in his turn does to the people around him, and to the country he leads." Prime Minister Peter Macadam (an everyman name with a hint of British ancestry! - Davies apparently loves symbols), played by Kenneth Pogue, is the sole survivor of a plane crash in the Montagnes de Glace in the Canadian arctic. On the brink of life and death, he rises from a comatose state to determine his fate. The task before him, as pointed out by guide Stephen Markle in the role of shaman, is to come to terms with his inner self. Is it strange or not that the coldest place in the country is chosen as the "place of truth", the site for the self-examination and regeneration of the country's leader? Anyway, there isn't too much substance there to be restored; the Prime Minister's character lacks depth, and such statements as "I want to be valued for what I am" ring hollow.

A procession including the minister of External Affairs, the secretary of State and the Prime Minister's wife all mat-

erialize before Macadam in conversation, planning his funeral, expressing their concern at his disappearance... Lloyd Robertson of CBC, projected on a screen, relays his up-to-the-minute reports of the P.M.'s whereabouts and health, in one of the more amusing parts of the play. Sara Macadam's blunders in a personal television interview are cleverly realized (or fantasized) by Jennifer Phipps.

Murray Laufer's set is admirably suited to the Arctic setting of the political fantasy, with bod icicle formations and ice cube seats, all varying mysteriously with purple, green and blue lighting that mingle well with sometimes tinkly, sometimes ominous music.

However, the intrusion of stabs aimed at the Canada Council, the Canadian Medical Association, our national identity, and a long refutation of our symbolic heaver, although witty, give the impression that Davies is incorporating too many Canadianisms into the play, for no other reason than their wit.

Finally, Peter Macadam's question time concludes, or fizzles out, with a token optimistic phrase that wouldn't restore my faith in the leadership of this country. It just wasn't possible to put the pieces of Question Time together. Could it be that this time, as in F.R. Scott's poem "W.L.M.K.", Robertson Davies "on the one hand" didn't know what his "on the other hand" was doing?



Arnak (Diana Barrington) comforts the Rt. Hon. Peter Macadam (Ken Pogue) while the Shaman (Stephen Markle) looks on in the premiere of Robertson Davies' "Question Time".

## FESTIVAL SINGERS COMING SOON

On Wednesday March 5, 1975 at 8:30 p.m. The Festival Singers of Canada will appear at the Lawrence Park Community Church located at 2180 Bayview Avenue (just across the road from Glendon).

They will be presenting the fourth series concert of the current season, under the baton of its distinguished Conductor, Elmer Iseler, and sponsored by Shell Canada.

The programme comprises sections of the sung Mass of the Church, drawn from the works of five composers and spanning almost five centuries of choral music. These are

interspersed with motets on Old Testament texts, mostly taken from the Psalms, but including passages from the Books of Exodus, the Song of Solomon and the prophet Zechariah.

The concert features particularly the work of four present day Israeli composers - Giseller Klebe, Benjamin Bar-am, Mordecai Seter and Abel Ehrlich - whose music has seldom been available to North American audiences.

Records by the Festival Singers will be available at the concert or through our office.

Records are sold at \$5.00 plus .50 postage and handling charges.

Tickets for the concert are priced at \$5 for adults, \$4.50 for senior citizens and \$3.50 for students. Tickets and information may be obtained from

Festival Singers Office  
Suite 455,  
151 Bloor St. West  
Toronto M5S 1S4  
Telephone - (416) 961-5221  
(ask for Chris Karwandy for further information)

Following the concert there is an open reception with free food and drinks.

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# CONAN ~ FASCINATING ESCAPE LITERATURE

by Stephen Barrick

A number of years ago while traveling from Toronto to Montreal I stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. Being an insatiable reader I tend to check every book stand, rack, counter--in short, any place that sells books. It so happened that this particular restaurant had a revolving wire book rack so I busied myself perusing the titles. A single book stood out from among the usual drivel. The book was entitled CONAN by Robert E. Howard. I must confess it too, had the appearance of pure, unadulterated garbage yet the cover painting (by Frank Frazetta) looked so fabulous that I simply had to lay out the seventy-five cents. Even if I read no further than the cover I reasoned it would be money well spent. I was not entirely correct. The book turned out to be even more fascinating than the cover. Thus, I embarked on an eventual eleven volume love affair with the books about Conan.

From time to time every individual needs an escape of sorts from the real world. This can take on many forms, some far more harmful than others. Emersing oneself in a book when a change is needed is perhaps one of the least harmful modes of escape. What this article is dealing with is a peculiar kind of escape literature.

There are many diverse forms of escape literature, we all have our personal preferences. Mystery stories, Agatha Christie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Ian Fleming; compile your own list. Science fiction, romance, adventure, westerns, even humour. All fall in the broad category of escape literature. Within science fiction exists a little known branch referred to as heroic fantasy or sword-and-sorcery. Robert E. Howard pioneered this genre with his barbarian

hero, Conan.

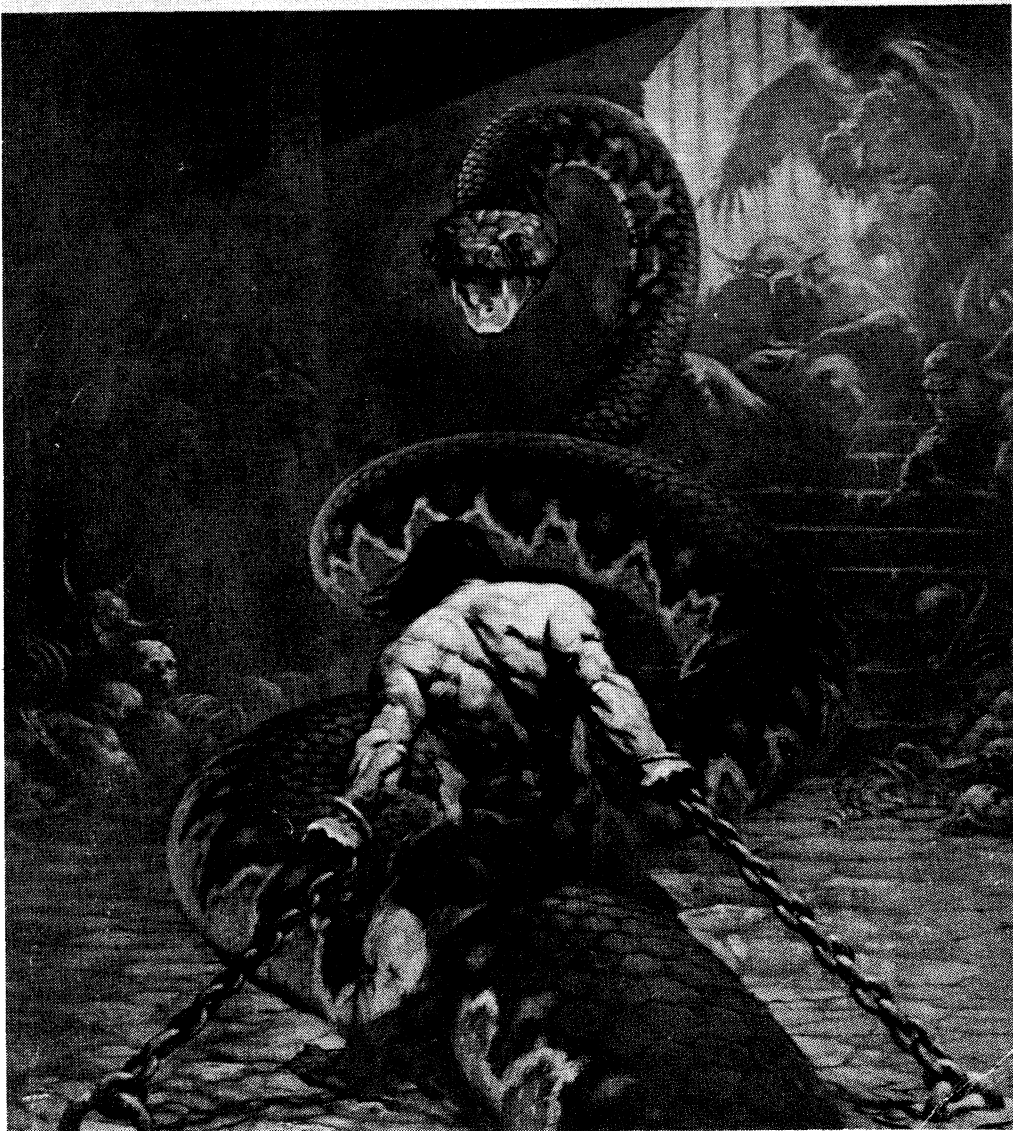
Robert Ervin Howard was born in Peaster, Texas in the year 1906. Howard was the first writer in his region to make a living solely by his pen. Of this he was extremely proud. Howard wrote copious quantities of romance, westerns, horror stories and heroic fantasy. The Conan saga (the basis of which will be discussed later in this article) was his most prolific and, at the same time, his most inventive form of writing. Howard struggled greatly in his attempts at writing. He was extremely modest, never thinking that any of his writing would be of enduring quality. He committed suicide when he was only thirty years of age. Howard left a large body of work behind him, much of it mediocre in quality. His saga of Conan has survived and flourished. In fact, he left it incomplete, only eighteen finished tales and one novel being published. However, within the past ten years, L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter, two well-known science fiction writers, have filled the gaps in the story of Conan to make the chronology complete.

The stories were originally published during the 1930's in popular pulp magazines. The Phantagraph, Weird Tales, The Fantasy Fan and Fantasy Fiction were among the more prevalent of the type. The stories completed by Howard plus the additions by de Camp and Carter have been published by Lancer Books in The Complete Conan series. (At one time these books were readily available; unfortunately, they are now difficult to obtain. Apparently though, the books are still being printed.) The complete list consists of Conan, Conan of Cimmeria, Conan the Freebooter, Conan the Wanderer, Conan the Adventurer, Conan the Buccaneer, Conan the Warrior, Conan the U-SURPER, Conan the Conqueror, Conan

## CONAN THE WARRIOR



## CONAN THE USURPER



the Avenger, Conan of the Isles.

Conan of Cimmeria was a gigantic barbarian who roamed a world entirely of Howard's invention. The sage deals with this epic character adventuring his way through the 'civilized' world. Howard created his own world divided into many strange countries. He also set his stories in his own fictitious 'Hyborean' age before recorded history. The Conan sage is the complete work of imagination.

Conan himself is depicted possessing incredible physical attributes. He is enormous, powerful, lightning-fast, part animal. One distinction Howard always stresses is the fundamental difference between the barbarian and the civilized man. "He saw a tall, strongly made youth standing beside him. This person was as much out of place in that den as a grey wolf among mangy rats of the gutters. His cheap tunic could not conceal the hard, rangy lines of his powerful frame, the broad heavy shoulders, the massive chest, lean waist, and heavy arms. His skin was brown from outland suns, his eyes blue and smoldering; a shock of tousled black hair crowned his broad forehead. From his girdly hung a sword in a worn leather scabbard."

Most of Conan's adventures contain numerous bloody battles. A quest for great treasure or reward is usually present accompanied with multitudinous beautiful women. A strong overtone of the supernatural pervades many of the stories.

The battle scenes have to be read to be believed. The narrative is headlong, compelling, fast-paced. Howard invokes battle scenes with unbelievable carnage. Conan is a fighter among fighters, a towering warrior. The reader is drawn into this fantastic world where all men are strong, all women exceedingly beautiful and life is a constant adventure. In spite of the tremendous violence one can always remember, yes, this is just fantasy, just fiction. It is not real, yet Howard makes it compelling enough to involve the reader totally.

"The great black wings rose and fell. Livia, dumb with horror, saw the Cimmerian enveloped in the black shadow that hung over him. The man's breath came pantingly; his feet stamped the beaten earth, crushing the white blossoms into the dirt. The rending impact of his blows echoed through the night. He was hurled back and forth like a rat in the grip of a hound; blood splashed thickly on the sword, mingling with the white petals that lay strewn like a carpet."

"And then the girl, watching that devilish battle as in a nightmare, saw the black-winged thing waver and stagger in midair; there was a shattering beat of crippled wings, and the monster had torn clear and was soaring upward to mingle and vanish among the stars. Its conqueror staggered dizzily, sword poised, legs wide-braced, staring upward stupidly, amazed at victory but ready to take up again the ghastly battle."

As pure entertainment the Conan of Cimmeria books are without equal. There are no great earth-shattering morals perpetrated, no profound philosophy expounded. This is reading for the sole purpose of entertainment. Howard was the natural story-teller, and Conan is his perfect vehicle. The reader could easily imagine Howard seated by a fire, the gloom of the night all around, spinning his fantastic yarns of the gigantic barbarian from the north. Perhaps this is merely appealing to the childlike qualities in an individual, to be spell-bound with the world of unimaginable bound with the world of the unreal. Everyone still has much of the little girl or little boy within; it is for this facet of the individual that Howard's stories hold their appeal.

Let your imagination run free. Stride through the incredible world of Conan in the stories of Robert Howard. There is no such thing as 'outgrowing' stories such as these.



# The Shiny Canadian

Good afternoon sportsfans whoever and wherever you may be (if indeed you be at all) and welcome to the rarely sane world of Eyewitness Sports '75; brought to you by that very same crew which has so faithfully served for the past three months; Ms. Stiff, the incomparable mistress of fact and fortune, who has never once allowed herself to transcend the world of sexual fantasy for that of factual reality. Then of course there is the K-Tel Record Selector without whom Ms. Stiff would be just

another pretty face; ah yes, good old Henry Longhurst, our man on the road, hip-flask and stylo at the ready, to bring you outrageously fictitious accounts of his latest binge; and personally yours, Hail Bruin (or Haywood, etc., etc., etc.).

In recent semaines, the crew and myself have been subjected to great criticism. It appears that some members of the local community feel that we have been neglecting our assigned duty, the reporting of athletic activities of our fair campus. May I assure you that these comments have not fal-

len on deaf ears. But rather they have fallen on grounds that I have trodden upon many more times than you, my avid reading and critical public. But even if my feet aren't calloused, I am.

If at any time, I have failed in my duties, it has not been solely my fault. There are others who are to blame as well. Why there's my mother, who one day left me on the doorstep of that over great metropolitan daily, The Daily Planet of Gotham City, leaving me to the journalistic wolves within. Then there's my father, who retrieved me and took me back home.

Well, that's neither here nor there, but then again what is? Simply allow me this, in the future, it shall be my endeavour to snoop about as never before, unearthing stories that will undoubtedly disgruntle some, mystify others, but on the whole, will be entirely meaningless, or is that meaningful. Ah! it matters not. I am what I am and that's all what I am, I'm Haywood the Fantasy Man.



Close checking and sound positional play was the story behind the Leafs astounding successes.

## EYEWITNESS SPORTS EXCLUSIVE

The czars of international hockey have finally agreed to terms which will enable that long-awaited match between the staff of this metropolitan daily, PRO TEM and those individuals who are presumably giving you an education, the "Faculty." This match

will surely create about as much excitement as a slap on the wrist with a wet noodle. For those of you who are fond of this form of S/M, the game will transpire on Thursday, March 13 (Is that the Ides of March!) at 1:30 p.m.--Nord Toronto ice rink. If we don't see you there, so what!

## Shooting the Bull To The End

- Mark Shannon, Springfield College basketball star, asked what he would do if he were a coach: "I'd be demanding, stern, happy, concerned, encouraging, respectful, gracious and aggressive. I'd be a hell of a coach."
- David Owen, Toronto Zoo executive, explaining the zoo's intention to get more animals: "We are acutely conscious of the high profile of the low animal count."
- Eddie Sutton, Arkansas basketball coach, commenting on the decision of the Southwest Conference to use lie-detector tests during investigations of recruiting violations: "If you strapped a couple of coaches I know into a polygraph chair, they'd be electrocuted."

- Marv Hubbard, Oakland running back, after the Raiders lost the AFC championship to Pittsburgh: "Joe Greene comes off the line so fast sometimes you don't even have time to close your eyes."
- Pierre Plante, asked why he picked up a brown hat, one of four tossed onto the ice after his second hat trick of his NHL career for the St. Louis Blues: "I kept this one to go fishing in."
- Larry Wingate, Bowling Green freshman basketball player, asked if he had been nervous before his first game: "Scared, man? I'm from Harlem, and the only thing I'm scared of is rats."

## STONG SHORTBREADS CRUMBLE

Dateline: Le Barn des Vaches. Le Campus Centrale, nord of Toronto, home of more massage parlours than Carter's has pills.

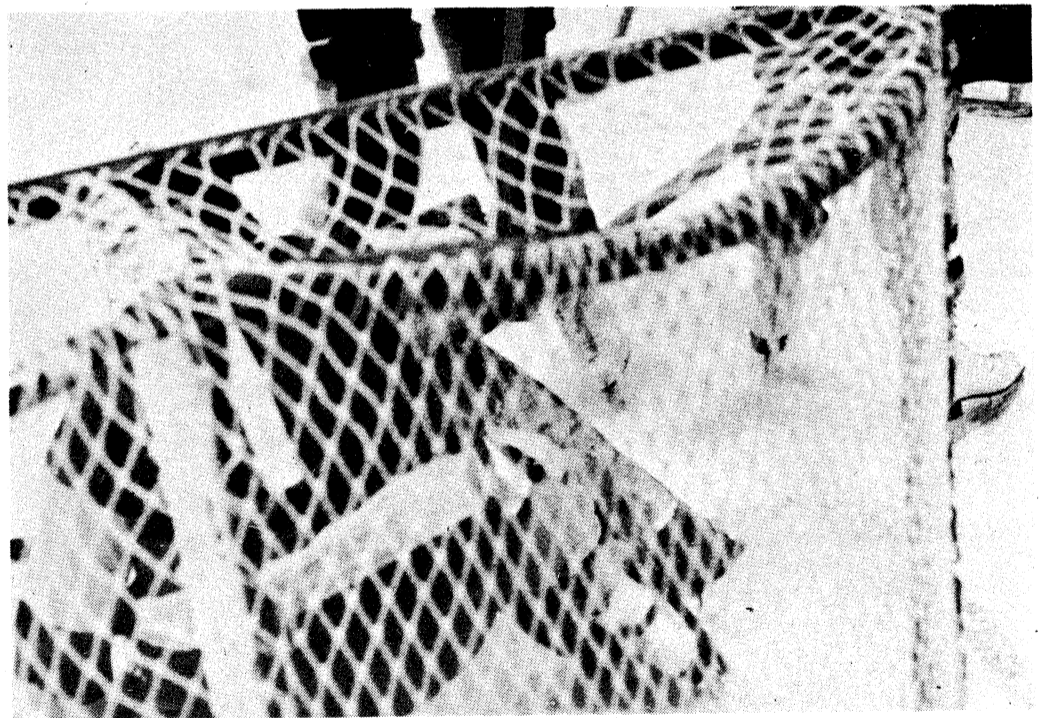
Jeudi last, or Wednesday passé, Glendon's own Suffrage Jets really put the StongShortbreads to the Crisco Oil test and came up winners by all but one tablespoon.

In a pre-game ploy, the Short-breads' goalperson (WHY NOT?) ate a clove of garlic, hoping to blow the Glendon team off the rink, but most of our players, being of ethnic descent, were not bothered by this and in fact they seemed to rather enjoy it, as they buzzed around the Short-breads' net for the entire game. This game also marked the return of Marion Treene who not only scored two goals but acted as the team leader both on and off the ice. Other Jet marksmen included Jane Clappison with another two, Sue 'Golden Skate' Arnoff with yet another two and Lindsay Histrop with a single tally to round the 7-0 score.

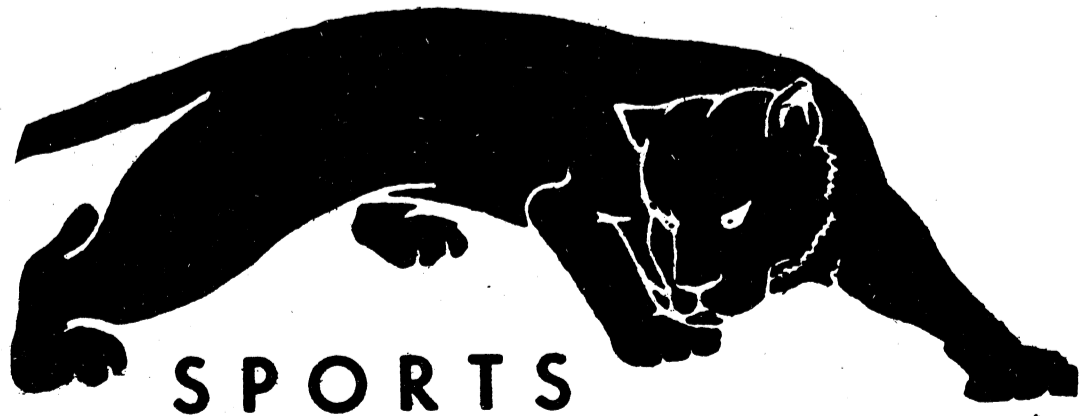
It was only a match of intense excitement. Though apparently Jet net-minder, Marnie 'Little Princess' Stranks was not so enthused. With little activity to keep her amused, she quickly fell into a deep sleep, and was awakened only by a kiss from a frog, who later turned into Paul 'Ernie G. Picard. Coach Frank E. Yofnaro made some line changes in this game, which seemed to have brought some new firepower to the Jets. Former high-scoring winger Roberta Powers was shifted to rearguard where she played

a stand-up game (but then again you don't play hockey sitting on your ass!)

In a second contest which transpired during approximately the same time period, the Jets defeated the MacLaughlin Big Mac's where you still get change from a dollar. Led once again by the very same Jane, Sue, and Lindsay and the goal tending prowess of Marnie 'Fine; yourself?' Stranks, who was reported to have said that she wished someone would turn Ernie back into a frog. Undeniably however, the indomitable influence of the team's most recent acquisition, trainer 'Lucky Charm' Northcote, has enabled the Jets to become a truly united équipe. It was a game highlighted by lowlights. 'Lucky Charm' paced the bench and in the end had disposed of no less than ten boxes of his favourite cereal, which in his own words is 'magically delicious!' After the game 'Lucky Charm' presented each and every player with a 'pink heart,' a 'yellow moon,' and a 'green clover' to show his appreciation of a game well played. 'Lucky Charm,' well done, we could use more like you! (Ms. Stiff: cut the bullshit, Haywood. I gotta blow this pop stand for a heavy date with Henry.) It should be noted that a third game was also to have been played against the Vanier Vandykes (adj. Pertaining to the style of Anthony Van Dyke or Vandyke, the Flemish painter--n. A short pointed beard) In the words of Coach Yofnaro, 'They were scared to show up.'



Action is fast and furious around the Fleur de Leafs net.



IS THIS A TRAGIC ENDING TO THE BRUIN STORY!? WILL THAT BIG BRIGHT PROCTOR BUILDING BE BLOWN SKY HIGH!? WILL THE CROWDS IN THE YORK ELEVATOR BE GOING UP? FOR AN ANSWER TO THESE AND OTHER IDIOTIC QUESTIONS EITHER READ NEXT TIME, OR PUT AN AVALANCHE IN AN ENVELOPE AND SEND IT TO BOX 93429, NEVSKI PROSPEKT.