

Pro tom
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Glendon Dialogue

By ELAINE FREEDMAN

Why did you come to Glendon?



Cathy Drohan,
Guelph

"I came for the French course."



Danny Gilbert,
Quebec City

"I wanted to get away from Quebec. I didn't like the system of education there."



Tina Kuenzner
Toronto

"It was close and I was interested in the bilingual aspect because I wanted to take a good course in French."



Al Jackson,
Toronto

"I applied to York and they're full up, so they sent me here."



Jack Radovan
Toronto

"The first part of York I saw was Glendon. It's a beautiful place and I never considered the other place as York."

Both residences full

The room's all gone

By ALLAN GROVER

Hard-pressed to cope with the demand for on-campus accommodation, the dean of students' office last week was forced to allot rooms it had hoped to reserve for late-arriving students.

Both Glendon residences were fully occupied by the end of last week. There is currently a waiting list of 21 Glendon students for rooms in Wood Residence (men) and seven for Hilliard Residence (women).

Priority is now being given to applications from students enrolled in the Glendon curriculum. Applications from students enrolled in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences Program will not be considered until all Glendon students are accommodated.

Mrs. Joan Brown, who is co-ordinating Glendon's off-campus housing service, says however that recent ra-

dio and newspaper advertisements soliciting Toronto residents to offer accommodation have yielded more offers than students willing to accept them. Most of these, however, are rejected because they offer free room and board in exchange for babysitting and light-houskeeping services, while other offers run from \$12 to \$25 per week.

Although accommodation has been found for at least six or seven students that she knows of, Mrs. Brown says that generally those offering accommodation are more interested in exploiting the shortage situation than they are in helping students out in the cold.

She has found that many students arrived at Glendon expecting no difficulty in securing residence only to find that no room was available. Mrs. Brown terms such administrative problems "not unusual."

Students seeking a room and board arrangement in any area east of Bathurst can see her in room C205 York Hall. But Mrs. Running at the main campus, is covering west of Bathurst. However, those looking for an apartment or more student-like prices will have to go it on their own this year.

The night porters at Hilliard, meanwhile, report that they have had little difficulty so far this year in enforcing the women's residence rules and have encountered only isolated 'problems'.

Among these they include the now-standard tendency of men to wander through the corridors after hours, and sporadic cases of drinking in the common rooms and lobby.

In general, though, the porters regard both the men and women whom they have come across as a "good bunch of kids", and look forward to a good year.

Kent approved for task force

By ERIC TRIMBLE

At a meeting held Sept. 16, Glendon students' council conditionally approved the selection of Oliver Kent as student representative on the presidential task force studying Glendon.

The condition was that all meetings of the task force be open to all students. Students' council president

André Foucault said that if the task force refused to hold its meetings in public, the council would have "nothing to do with it."

Kent agreed, but said he would serve "only if I have the confidence of the student body."

The task force was established by York president David Slater to investigate the future of Glendon. Its other members (from Glendon) are principal Albert Tucker, and English professor Richard Handscombe, plus three professors from the main campus. A report is due by Oct. 30, (1970).

An organization of students set up to challenge the task force was given a grant of \$25 for publicity materials. David Starbuck explained that the group wants "to maintain the autonomy and identity of Glendon."

They are afraid that the task force might recommend turning Glendon into 'College G', just another liberal arts branch of the main campus, rather than maintain it as a separate faculty.

Also at the meeting, a few of the members of council voiced reservations about the draft of the new constitution. Foucault pointed out that the constitution committee is expected to submit a draft by Sept. 25.

Council also decided to try and get course unions functioning before council's term expires in October. Charley Bryan described the present state of disarray in course unions and wondered if "we should get this off the ground while we're in office or leave it for the next council."

It was eventually decided to hold a general meeting for all the unions to try and recruit new students.

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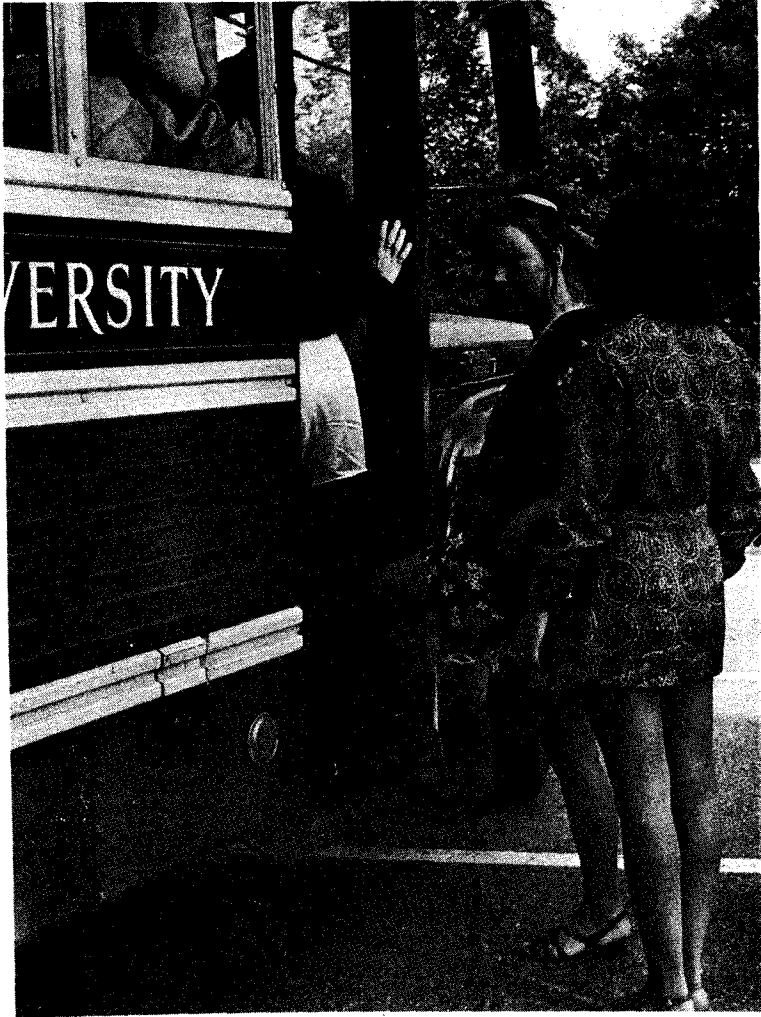
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Students board 'rare' York bus
Photo by NIGEL OTTLEY

Bus service cut to 4 runs

By KEN SPROUL

Inter-Campus bus service between Glendon and the main campus has been reduced to two-hour round trips four times daily.

The change, a reduction from last year's hourly service, was effected as an economizing measure.

The purpose of the service is to carry mail, library books, and faculty members and students who have commitments at both campuses.

Mr. Dobbin of the Physical plant pointed out that, "The bus service is scheduled in connection with student and faculty timetables. However we have to look to where we should be committed. If you run services to please everyone it could be an expensive economic venture. You see a lot of students like to travel back and forth on the Inter-Campus bus and save gas, but this is not legitimate. It is the legitimate commuter we

serve."

A cross-section poll of student and faculty revealed complaints about the change in service.

Ed Nordhagen, special student in residence at Glendon with late classes at the main campus said "I have no car and will have to take public transportation back to Glendon."

Carol Hanna is in the similar position of having late classes at the main campus. She said "Since many FAS students are forced to reside on the Glendon campus they should at least be provided with transportation back. It's an essential service."

Mrs. Wood of Glendon's political science department said "It is an inconvenience. I will have to take the TTC back to Glendon."

Last year two small buses operated on an hourly basis between 8:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. with the larger 44-passenger bus in operation between 3:00 p.m. and midnight on a two hour round

trip schedule. The new service provides no evening buses with the last bus returning to Glendon at 4:05 p.m.

The library is also affected. Jim Quixley, Glendon's new librarian, said "I strongly criticize the extreme cut of the bus service. We used to have four book deliveries a day. Now, we have two."

"However, I would hope that this minimum service will be carried out perfectly. Most students could cope with a two hour service if it extended further into the night."

"This is not a luxury, it is a necessary service."

Mr. D.A. Dawson of the physical plant said "It's an economizing feature. It is one of several reductions we have had to undertake to remain within our budget. We are anxious to serve any way we can. We want to provide that service which best suits the needs of students and staff." Dawson implied that the present schedule might be rearranged but not expanded.

Committee says 'Drop compulsory French'

By BOB WARD

The ad hoc committee on bilingualism decided on Friday, Sept. 18 to recommend the suspension of compulsory French.

Hand in hand with this was the dropping of the French prerequisite for admission to the college. Both proposals are for the academic year 1971-'72 though their status in following years is subject to review.

The proposal now goes to faculty council for ratification at tomorrow's emergency meeting at 1 p.m.

Though the French requirements be ended, the committee was strongly of the

opinion that the bilingual and bicultural atmosphere was crucially important for Glendon and was in fact succeeding on the campus.

For this reason the first recommendation of the committee was that "bilingualism be reaffirmed as an integral part of the aim of Glendon College."

Principal Albert Tucker stated that though the suspension of French might be misconstrued as an admission of the failure of the 'Glendon experiment', he hoped that it would be realized that it was a "positive decision demonstrating that the Glendon program has now reached a point in its maturity whereby obligatory French is no longer necessary."

Richard Hanscombe, a member of the committee, stated that in dropping the

compulsory aspect of French the college would have the best chance for fulfilling its bilingual aim because "compulsion weakens motivation."

Because it is recommended by the committee that more subject courses be offered in French in all years, it believed that the desirability of learning the language will increase for English-speaking students who do not want to be limited in course choices.

In other ways and means "to foster the growth of bilingualism" the interim report suggests that unilingual faculty be encouraged to learn the second language. It also stated that prefer-

ence be given in hiring bilingual staff and that serious consideration be given to the appointment of faculty from Quebec on a visiting basis.

There was firm agreement on the need for more French-speaking students and approval of the idea of more student transfers to Quebec and French speaking countries.

The committee felt that if its recommendations are adopted, the essential character of Glendon would not be changed but in fact enriched as the bilingual element of the college would be approached from a less forceful but more potent direction.

Quiet here, in Greece

By EDUARD MARCOS

So much quiet abounds that the 'Students for a Free Greece' (SFG) troubled to hold two discussions on the subject.

Both were held in the Junior Common Room (JCR); the first, Sept. 11, attracted about half a dozen students. The second, Sept. 17, better publicized, got about a dozen.

The purpose of these discussions was to recruit support for the SFG's cause and to establish a base at Glendon.

The SFG's aims are to gain national independence, popular sovereignty and democratic processes for Greece.

Greece has been governed by a right wing military junta led by George Papadopoulos since April of 1967. He and a group of colonels successfully executed, with the acquiescence of the U.S. Pentagon, a coup d'état which brought the country under martial law.

The SFG spokesman York student Speras Draenos claimed that if it were not for the U.S. military aid supplied to the junta under the NATO alliance, "the colonels' dictatorship would soon collapse."

Thus, the SFG implores NATO to cease all aid which

enables the junta to retain control over the Greek people. It calls for the condemnation of the present régime and the expulsion of Greece from the alliance.

The SFG spokesman, argues that a dictatorship violates the principles on which NATO was founded.

Lobbying for Greek expulsion from NATO and petitioning against continued U.S. military support of the junta, the SFG hopes to engage in a fund raising for Greek patriots and increasing the public's awareness of the Greek dictatorial régime.

The SFG is but a minute minority in the much broader, massive and intricate organized resistance against the junta.

The opposition consists of two major groups operating both internally and externally from Greece, - the 'Panhellenic Liberation Movement' lead by Andreas Papandreu, finance minister under George Papandreu's government (and now professor at York), and the 'Patriotic Front' headed by Theodorakis.

Judging from the modest response received from Glendon's rather skeptical and pessimistic gathering, Draenos must have left Thursday's meeting with either a poor opinion of his delivery or a dismal view of restoration of political life in Greece.

City forum runs on Tucker's \$500

By EDUARD MARCOS

'Is the City Viable' is the theme of the forum which is to take place on Oct. 14-15th.

The forum is being organized by a solely voluntary, non-paid central committee headed by Dave Phillips. Its current budget totals but \$500.00 (a grant from Dr. Tucker).

Nonetheless, Dave Phillips sounds optimistic about the forum's success. He hopes to involve 400 to 500 participants: "This is no feat."

"There are over 150 students enrolled in the first year course on urban politics. I'm sure the remaining number we can attract from college and high-school students."

T.O. council prefers parties to research

By GARY O'BRIAN

Toronto city council turned down a request by Pollution Probe for a research grant of \$12,000 on Sept. 16, and instead approved a recommendation from the Executive Committee that the grant be reduced to \$1,000.

The \$12,000 grant would have promoted the study of

noise pollution in the city.

The action sparked the anger of Ald. John Sewell, Ward 7, who asked why Council was willing to grant a request of \$6,000 by the Grey Cup festival committee to sponsor such things as a Grey Cup dinner, skating party and reception for distinguished guests, but failed to give Probe a grant which was desperately needed to help them evolve

an effective noise pollution programme in Toronto.

Spokesman for the executive committee Ald. David Rotenberg, explained that a reduction was necessary since the City cannot provide all the funds requested by citizen groups, and that since noise pollution was not a specific concern of City Council, Probe should go to other levels of government for grants of this proportion.

That crazy game

In a week-long election, members of faculty council will be voting by secret ballot for nominated members to sit on committees.

The faculty council, which is the supreme academic body for Glendon College, passes judgements which are rarely contradicted by the York Senate or board of governors. On it sit the 90 faculty members and 17 students. And this week is an anti-climax to the struggles that went on last year.

For most committees, the work is humdrum, sometimes burdening but mostly boring. There are two that are not. There is the executive committee, and the committee on tenure and promotions.

The executive committee, like a mini-cabinet, passes a few 'orders-in-council' that need not be discussed by the entire council. It can be rather powerful.

But the tenure and promotions committee is indeed delicate. For it is here that faculty records are mulled over, and the decision to grant, deny or hold off promotions is checked over in an agonizing fashion.

To sit on this committee, the student caucus elected David Moulton. Not known for his tact or diplomacy, he executes theatrics in council meetings with aplomb bordering on the insane. Hardly inspiring faculty confidence, he rarely tries to keep any particular ideology (though he may consider himself a self-proclaimed radical). He is reputed for his own political expediency that behooves any maverick. But in his own way, he has enlivened many dull meetings.

The faculty objected to having Moulton sit on such a delicate position, but in the hallway politics, the student caucus held firm.

The faculty of the nominating committee then broached an unwritten rule. To find a student on the committee, they went outside the council. Just like each faculty member of council this student would be responsible to no one but himself.

They picked, as a hapless, unknown and unknowing individual, Paul McKerry to stand for the job. When approached last April, McKerry admitted that he knew very little about council. But, furthermore on that Friday evening, he told this reporter that he was no longer standing for the appointment.

But then came Saturday morning. A 'faculty friend' of Donald Pilgrim, who was backing McKerry, saw him 'over lunch' and pushed him into the job once more.

And so it stood until September. The faculty will probably vote for McKerry, and why not? With his knowledge and experience of faculty, and the faculty council, he'll be as good as no student at all. They'll be consistent in their patronizing role of "we like you students as niggers, but don't be a pain."

The students, with their inferiority complexes of minority status, have stuck to their guns behind an incredible candidate. Moulton does not inspire confidence, despite his pledge to keep secret the negotiations of the committee.

Until student-faculty parity is achieved within council, faculty members responsible to an electorate of their own, and with students no longer placed in a minority status, then this sort of intellectual debauchery will only climb at a steeper rate.

— ANDY MICHALSKI

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Ashes and diamonds

Sad, love -

I have asked her to have supper with me, but you told me no because I was a stranger, and she was sad; I have asked her to read me the Bible, but you told me that you don't believe, and I was sad; I have asked her to smoke grass, but you told me no, and we were sad;

I have asked her to come down to the ravine and with Siddhartha to hear the sound of the river, but you told me that you were deaf, and I was sad; I have asked her to join me in the Pipe Room, but you told me that poetry is not your bag, and I was sad;

I have asked her to do shopping at Kensington Market, but you told me it's more convenient at Dominion, and I was sad; I have asked her to put her arms across my shoulders, but you told me that it was far too much and far too soon, and I was sad;

I have asked her to leave the light on while making love, but you told me to forget about it, and she was sad; I have asked her to get stoned on Chopin, but you told me that classical music doesn't interest you, and I was sad;

I have asked her to come to a Plato's lecture, but you told me that philosophy is useless, and I was sad; I have asked her to entertain me with red wine and camembert but you told me that these are Mediterranean hang-ups, and I was sad;

I have asked her to speak

French, but you told me that you are an F.A. student, and I was sad; I have asked her to have a good fuck, but you told me that you are a virgin, and we were sad;

I have asked her to be in love with Glendon, but you told me that it's impossible, and we were sad;

I have asked him to love more than one woman, but you told me that this is deviant behavior, and I was sad; I have asked him to suck my prick, but you told me that homosexuality is

immoral, and I was sad;

I have asked you to help me not being lonely, but you told me that you don't give a damn about it, and I was sad; I have asked you to have compassion for my chauvinistic Italian friend, but you told me that you don't get along with ethnic people, and I was sad;

I have asked you what the hell are you doing here, but you told me, "je voudrais bien le savoir moi-même," and we were both sad.

-Ton Copain



The Miller's Tale

By JIM MILLER

The very idea! How can I possibly express my shock at the flagrant contempt displayed by this college towards its French Canadian students?

Lord knows, I'm generally tolerant. I can watch our poor exiles forced to eat with English Canadians in mixed dining halls; forced to share rooms with us in the residences; even forced to share the same washrooms.

But I cannot tolerate the Anglo-Saxon revenge tactic which is now of this campus. I refer, of course, to that hideous, fat frog in the rose garden.

Go take a look at it sometime. There it sits - a shockingly, distasteful symbol of English Canadian contempt for the glories of La Nouvelle France. Being a Frenchman en esprit (though, hélas, not in the flesh) I can vividly imagine how shocked our 'hommes frais' must be. Even if their delicate sensibilities have not already been crushed by its symbolic implications of the statue, I'm sure none would write poetry again.

Take, for instance, the spray of stagnant water issuing from the thing's mouth. Is that not a disgusting comment on the state of French literature? O Racine! Corneille! Sartre! Guillaume Shékespeare, or any other great French writer! Are your immortal words to be so basely mocked? Stagnant

thoughts, indeed, from such great minds!

As if this overt symbolism were not sufficient to ulcerate anyone, the statue heaps even more insult on the unsuspecting French. Upon close scrutiny, one can see that the frog is sitting upon a sluggish, ugly turtle whose every frightful contour has been sculpted with ghastly delight.

I say 'sitting' in order to avoid offending the charming oreilles of Glendon's mademoiselles. Actually, the frog appears to be having a lewd and disgraceful time of it (I'd say in position thirteen). Although he doesn't expose his 'je ne sais quoi', the mounting posture of the beast coupled with his garrulous smile implies a host of nasty things about

French manhood. Not to mention womanhood! After all, our little Frou-Frous are hardly sluggish, shelled reptiles.

I firmly believe that immediate action must be taken to rid Glendon of this vile and insulting statue. Radicals - here's your cause! Mobilization committees must be formed. Somehow this lusty frog has to be replaced with something pleasing to the mind and eye - why not a pretty bust of Mayor Dennison or Michael Gregory? At any rate, I think it a heinous sin that our dear French minority should suffer so, after we've given them our campus, our curriculum, and our committees so kindly.

Oh, the bitter ironies of this institution! How patronizing some anglophones can be - and how contemptuous.

An insult to any francophone

backstabbackstabbackstabbackstabbackstabbackstabbackstabs

Blowy stardust smothers Glendon's silver cloud

Jim Daw is a third year student at Glendon. Considering himself "one of the boys", he has spent all three of his university years at this college, and makes the following observations of local social units.

The letter has been slightly edited, and the subheads are from PRO TEM.

Since Glendon's inception, many people have tried to describe or establish an ethos for this 'small liberal arts college' on the brink of the Don River. But the true nature of our "underlying and distinctive character or spirit" has, as yet, proved to be illusory.

It quickly becomes apparent to Glendon newcomers however, that most people here are not unwilling to align themselves with stereotypical ideologies, it is just that the tendency is towards less grandiose and all-encompassing ideologies than those usually connoted by users of the term 'Glendon ethos'.

Glendon students have in the past tended to band themselves together into a variety of social groupings which are formed around common interests, situations, ideologies and needs and which provide the members with various forms of stimulation, security and identity.

The four main social divisions are the sets, the circles, the coteries and the cliques. A clique is a group of persons whose common interest is selfish and hostile to a larger group, while a coterie suggests "amiable congeniality." A circle centers upon a person or an activity and may be small or large. A set is a large and loosely bound group.

The most common sets are the first year, day student and resident student sets. Membership in a set is based purely upon the student's situation.

If it is your first year here you are naturally in the first year set and you will almost certainly display many of the characteristics of your peers: confusion, insecurity, naive optimism and en-

thusiasm. Your membership in this set will be the basis for forming initial alliances and friendships but this set rapidly disappears as you break into either the day student or resident student set or perhaps a circle, coterie or clique.

Circles

There are the residence dinner clubs (people who gather together at meal time in order to complain about the quality of the food), floor associations like last year's D house girls (Glendon's own chapter of the Women's Temperance League), drinking circles like the 'Beavers' and 'The Boys' (Residence jocks), card circles like the Friday afternoon poker club, organized clubs like the curlers and the 'Thespians' (Charlie Northcote's entourage), mutual admiration societies like the waning James Miller fan club and choir, and the common purpose alliances such as the political 'heavies', the radicals, the Women's Lib girls and the middle class 'do-gooders'.

The resident student set is perhaps the most clannish and close knit of all Glendon sets because the people in residence have the most in common. They must endure the same food, live under the same conditions and suffer each other's company for seven months of the year.

As a result of their pampered, secluded life on campus, residence students tend to become indolent, irresponsible, introspective, self-centred and overly self-indulgent. They are often accused of being snobbish or unfriendly towards day students.

The reason for this may be a lack of incentive or oppor-

tunity to meet with people outside of the residence community. Apparently social activities on campus this year will be aimed at bridging this oft' talked about 'rift' between the two sets.

There are numerous circles on campus, formed around many different activities and interests.

When a circle starts to develop an individual character and attractiveness and gains a reputation as being a powerful force on campus, then it becomes a coterie. Last year, and to a certain extent this year, there was a coterie which was centered around a group of young gentlemen on the second floor of A house who acted as a group on so many occasions and in so many different situations that aspersions were made about their masculinity and sexual preference.

Coteries

Coteries are very rare because usually when a group of friends becomes that close knit, they tend to become isolated from the rest of college life and be-

come very cliquish.

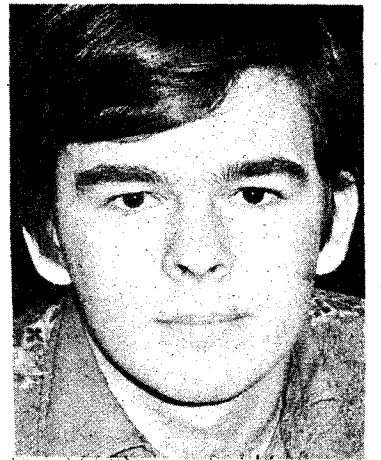
All of the social groupings previously discussed can be criticized for one reason or another but nevertheless are not without merit. They are all interesting segments of the Glendon mosaic or microcosm or whatever and the interaction between groups help to keep the community alive. The only harmful divisions which exist are the cliques.

Cliques

Cliques by their very nature are prohibitive to a great deal of social interaction on campus and for that reason should be discouraged. The groups towards which I would level my attack are the hard core druggies and les français.

The druggies, so caught up in their drug culture, are possibly damaging their own lives, but are moreover contributing very little to the college life as a whole.

As for the French clique, both the French and the English speaking students are to



Jim Daw

blame because each have contributed to the creation of this close knit faction.

The anglophones are to blame for not working hard enough at learning their French and for not attempting to meet and interact with the francophones. The francophones are to blame for not using their native language enough outside of their own little group and for retreating to the security of a French-speaking clique.

Put together, - we could all do with fewer cliques.



"Glendon shall not become a language training centre"



Walter Beringer

An assistant professor of History, Walter Beringer is presently a member of the ad hoc committee on bilingualism at Glendon. He comments on Claire Ellard's editorial of Sept. 9, 1970.

Sir:

Please allow me a few questions and comments on the editorial 'French Alternative' in the first issue of PRO TEM.

"Many students are turned off by Glendon because of the compulsory French."

Questions: how many? what statistical evidence does back up that statement? Could it be that other students apply to Glendon because they want to become bilingual?

"Over one third of the students in first and second year classes felt that French should not be compulsory."

Did all the students in first and second year return the questionnaire? or a certain percentage only? and how representative of the whole first and second year stu-

dent body would that percentage be? and what about the other two thirds of those surveyed?

"Very few felt that they were fluent in French."

Not surprisingly, because to become fluent in another language requires high motivation, hard work, and time. Some people manage in a short period, others take many years. Not all people are equal, and circumstances differ.

"An intensive immersion course could be offered."

What is a "total immersion course"? Total language immersion has been practiced for ages by people who lived in an environment where their mother tongue was not spoken, perhaps not even understood by anybody. On another level, total lan-

guage immersion has been practiced in special military institutions all over the world (for example, espionage training). Total language immersion means that absolutely no language other than the one being taught is spoken and heard by anybody participating in the programme.

Staff and trainees must use only the language-to-be-learned, 24 hours a day, sleeping and waking. During the programme, the participants are virtually shut off from contact with the outside world. Obviously, this type of total immersion is impossible to achieve at Glendon. Nor were it desirable. Glendon is a humanities and social sciences college: it is not - and shall not become - a language training centre.

There is no shortcut to becoming proficient, articulate and literate in a second language. There is no 'instant bilingualism' and not all persons can achieve

proficiency. The best method cannot produce linguistic miracles.

There are quite a number of people at Glendon, both faculty and students, who are bilingual, or almost bilingual. Not all of them handle both official languages with perfect ease, and some are not bilingual in English/French, but in other languages. Ask them how long it took them to become bilingual; ask them whether they are also biliterate and if there is a connection between learning a language and studying its literature.

Bilingualism is a challenge to which everybody must respond by himself. The question is: are we, i.e. the English-speaking majority, determined to stick to Glendon's often proclaimed ideals - or do we reject them as unrealistic and impractical because we shun the disciplined hard efforts to implement these ideals?

Walter Beringer

On FRAPpe 'a ta porte, Jean

Le roc de Gibraltar conservera indéfiniment son titre de merveille indestructible, ce n'est pas à contester. Une autre merveille, celle de Montréal, pourra-t-elle subsister aux dangereux remous qui la menacent actuellement?

En effet l'institution qu'est le maire Drapeau depuis une très longue décennie, risque de reléguer une administration absolue, qui selon plusieurs, s'est avérée plus ou moins profitable pour la populace.

D'un côté c'est Jean Drapeau, dieu envoyé des cieux pour élever le status quo de Montréal à ceux du monde entier. Avec lui, il y a Lucien Saulnier, président de l'exécutif du conseil de Montréal.

Pour citer quelques-uns de ces miracles, rappelons l'exposition universelle, l'équipe de baseball professionnel, et encore plus récemment des glorieuses Olympiques pour 1976. D'autre part, c'est Jean Drapeau, le négligent. Plusieurs citoyens, déconcertés par le fait que rien de plus fructueux que des extravagances bizarres soient sorties de L'Hôtel de ville, n'ont pas du tout admiré de bon oeil l'équipe Drapeau-Saulnier et les lauréats remportés.

Soudainement au début de l'été, un groupe de ces citoyens ont décidé d'essayer de mettre fin au régime par la création d'une organisation très avant-gardiste nommée 'Le Front d'Action Politique' (FRAP).

Qui est FRAP? C'est une organisation composée de comités de citoyens, d'associations de locataires, de divers syndicats, d'étudiants, enfin de travailleurs qui veulent abolir l'administration et le redistribuer à la masse dans les cadres d'un système urbain décentralisé.

Les structures du FRAP impressionnent d'autant plus qu'elles relèvent du coeur de la masse, c'est-à-dire des ouvriers qui travaillent à la sueur de leur front pour ne demeurer que dans une classe inférieure.

Le Comité d'Action Politique (CAP) est comme l'explique le Devoir "l'unité de base du FRAP". Il constitue en fait le point de ralliement au niveau de chacun des districts électoraux de la ville de Montréal. "Le conseil est formé de deux élus de chacun des CAP; d'un représentant de chacune des organisations affiliées au FRAP; des cinq élus au secrétariat."

Comme priorités, ce comité relativement radical en principes, se propose d'attaquer le Parti Civique sur trois points bien déterminés: le front de la consommation pour le bénéfice de la famille, le front du travail pour les travailleurs et ouvriers et enfin le front politique pour accorder aux citoyens le privilège tant convoité de rendre des décisions. Comme l'a fait entendre Pierre Cliche, président du FRAP, ces trois fronts sous-entendent logement, loisir, transport en commun, santé et développement économique et social.

Services publics

La question du logement urbain saute immédiatement aux yeux. L'administration Drapeau-Saulnier n'a pu fournir pour une population des plus croissantes, que 2,238 logements sur une période de 10 ans. Les recherches démontrent cependant qu'il en faudrait pas moins de 7,500 par année. Il faut ici que la question des entreprises prestigieuses nous vienne immédiatement à l'esprit comme une des causes primordiales du retardement dans le secteur du développement urbain.

Les loisirs à Montréal sont sujets à une critique sévère. Malgré les grandes apparences de l'Expo et d'autres projets, FRAP ne considère pas suffisant les services actuels offerts à la populace. On suggère le regroupement du service des parcs, Terre des hommes et des bibliothèques. Ce plan resserrerait de beaucoup les liens communs et permettrait plus d'harmonie et de diversité dans une organisation déjà louche.

Dans le domaine du transport, une redistribution des services de taxi semble en règle (on se rappelle de l'incident Murray Hill) FRAP exige également que les services en commun obtiennent priorité car ils rejoignent la majorité de la masse.

Ces quelques exemples illustrent bien la situation existant à Montréal. En plaçant le tout en perspective, on arrive très rapidement à constater que le Parti Civique n'a jamais su concentrer ses efforts pour toutes les classes, qu'elles soient ouvrières ou non, avec équité.

D'où l'importante question de la représentation ouvrière ou des salariés au sein de l'administration municipale.

Portes ouvertes

FRAP laisse entendre qu'il invite tout travailleur à s'intégrer dans une cellule de base (CAP). Par l'intégration de la majorité de la population FRAP désire rendre publique toute étude ou enquête.

Jean-Claude LeClerc écrivait dans le Devoir: "Les citoyens devraient normalement s'attendre à ce que ces travaux administratifs, faisant par exemple le point sur les problèmes de pollution, de circulation, de logement, de spéculation foncière, soient mis au service de la collectivité."

Par une telle possibilité, tous seraient mis au courant des problèmes qui les touchent de près, et désormais une participation active aurait sa raison d'être.

FRAP tient à ne pas contredire ses principes, en se débattant à portes ouvertes aux journalistes et à tout observateur intéressés. De cette façon démocratique, le public, en cause lors des élections du 25 octobre, passera au dessus de l'ignorance politique.

Cependant, le Parti Civique, aussi formel que jamais, persiste à tenir ses caucus à portes closes. A l'issue d'une réunion du 26 août, le maire Drapeau a rencontré les journalistes seulement vers la fin et il avait peu de nouvelles à leur annoncer.

Comme emploient public ma le plus dé

Interet

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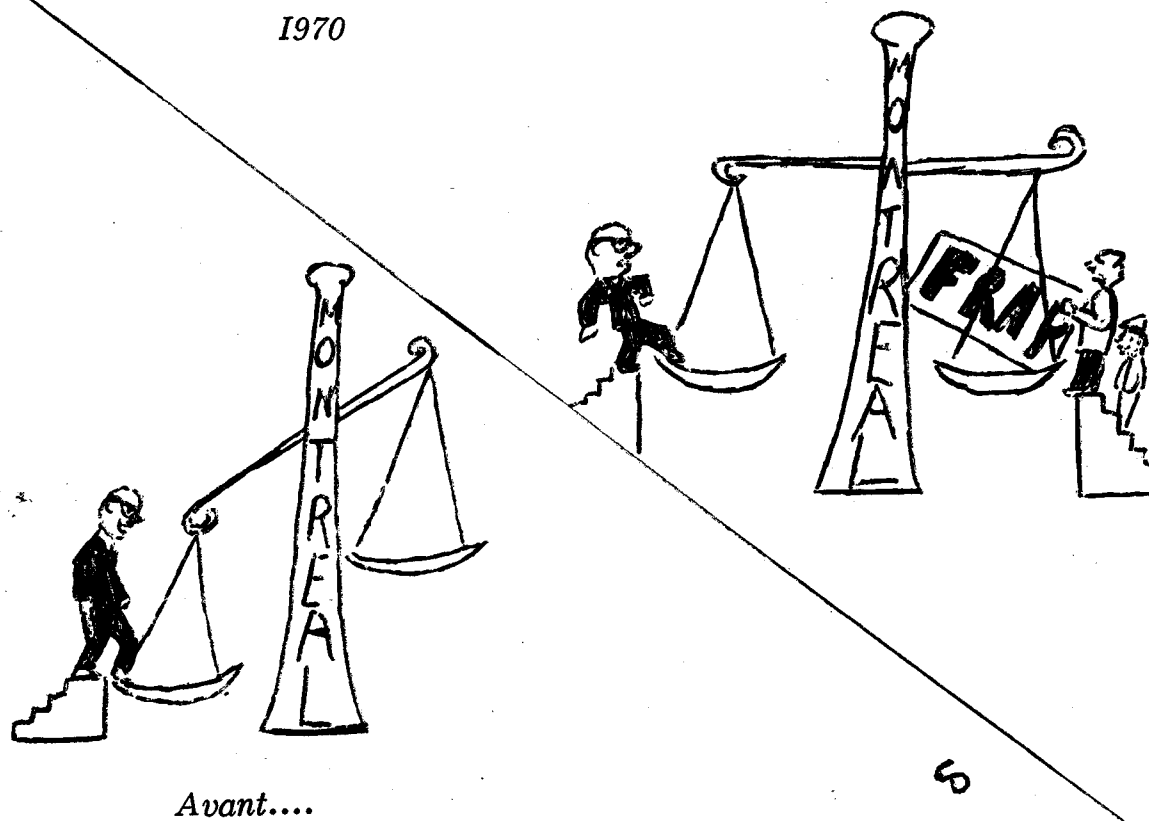
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'Chicago 70' is a social comment

By JOHN RILEY

The 'Chicago 7' were raped by Judge Julius Hoffman and the American judicial system. And 'Chicago 70', which opens Oct. 1 at the Baronet Cinema, allows the public to view this carnage.

The off-broadway play, performed by the highly acclaimed Toronto Workshop, has been transformed into a movie. The movie, spliced with the trial from Alice of Wonderland, is not as forceful as the play had been (not that I saw the play), because I was conscious of the fact that I was watching a movie. Therefore it was harder for me to drift into the flow of what was happening.

In a play it is easy to be involved in the action; because of the proximity of the actors, the design of the theatre, the continuous ac-

tion, and sometimes even audience participation. A trial is also easy to get into because of its closeness to a play. And 'Chicago 70' is a play of tragedy.

But this is only a minor drawback to a beautiful production of how the seven defendants' constitutional rights were repeatedly brutalized, and how Miss Justice was murdered.

Characters victimized

The cast was extremely effective in portraying the different characters, and they seemed to be living, breathing and feeling the parts. They were the ones who were victimized by the courts. They felt the frustration of Bobby Seale's (Mel

Dixon) forced silence, the anxiety of listening to Judge Julius Hoffman and his simple 'black and white' mind, the arrogance of Mayor Daley (Neil Walsh). And they conveyed these feelings to the audience, so that we also could suffer with them.

The movie was making no social comment of its own, because it was a social comment. A comment on how the American judicial system is failing, and how a person can be persecuted for behaving differently from the norm (the norm being what the majority dictates). How courts are truly blind. The reason why Spiro Agnew can exist. The reason for hardhats and Berkeley and Kent State. Our society can be built-up or shredded by the judicial machine.

Both sides are so intent upon building up themselves and creating an America that thinks their way, that they are, in effect, tearing away at their own foundations.

'Chicago 70' shows this through Judge Hoffman's (Ray Whelan and Peter Faulkner) continual remarks about justice. The defendants were told that they had con-

stitutional rights, and that he, Hoffman, was here to defend those rights. But by the time all the sustained objections had cleared, the seven didn't have anything left. They were robbed of their guaranteed due process of law. Was a crime then not committed against them? Judge Hoffman was no better than the King of Hearts in the Mad Hatter's trial.

The judge was lost, swallowed up in his own mass contradictions and lies. Lies so blatant that they not only enlisted people's sympathy for the seven, but also sent the justice scales to the bottom of the garbage heap.

The defendants wanted to kill the courts, and Judge Hoffman was the unwitting trigger man.

Actors double roles

The actors and actresses sometimes doubled in their roles, but this neither added nor subtracted from the play's effectiveness, although one critic stated that he found it distracting and meaningless. Distracting--yes, meaningless--maybe.

The only other difficulty was the 'Laugh-In' type of technique of cutting in with a cute one liner. The comments were relevant, but the continuity was spoiled. By the time you got into the trial events, it was time for another political remark. Now this was distracting.

However, even in the real trial the continuity was spoiled by childish, trite conversation about the use of washrooms, the judges not understanding Ginsberg's (George Metesky) sanskrit, Foran's (prosecutor) continual objections and his eloquent speeches as to the why and the argument over Country Joe's (Neil Walsh) real name. And the play was taken right from the transcripts.

'Chicago 70' shows the world that the courts are unable to defend, prosecute, protect or even sentence. Chicago shows the world the quagmire of futility the courts are drowning in.

The movie should be seen by all who have forgotten that Perry Mason is only a fictionalized vehicle of justice.

G.T.W.T.Y. reads an instant book

By JAMES MACKINNON

'Gordon to Watkins to You' (A) Documentary: the Battle for Control of our Economy Edited by Dave Godfrey and Mel Watkins, New Press, Toronto, 1970. (The 'A' is on the cover but didn't make it to the title page).

Anyone who could struggle through a title like that and still want to read either this review or the book itself must be aware of certain basic facts: 1) that a ludicrous and growing proportion of Canadian industry is owned in the United States (and elsewhere); 2) that no Canadian government has bothered to do very much about this situation, and 3) that most prominent among those who oppose the latter policy are the names of Walter Gordon and Melville Watkins, the former as a long-time Canadian capital-

ist, and the latter as a very recently converted Canadian socialist. Reading this book will probably not advance your knowledge much beyond this point.

'G. t. W. t. Y.' is very obviously an instant book. It consists largely of newspaper articles, excerpts from Hansard and other sources, cartoons, short chapters presumably written by one or more of the authors, and other miscellaneous material (including a frighteningly long list of the foreign takeovers in the last seven years): One suspects the authors spent more time getting releases from earlier publishers than in actually writing new material.

This potpourri construction does not lend itself to hard analysis or cogent argument; accordingly, none is in evidence. Its main advan-

tage is that the reader can start anywhere and end almost anywhere else, without feeling lost or missing very much; this means you can read 'G. t. W. t. Y.' in easily digestible chunks at your local bookstore, without burdening yourself with a copy of it.

A secondary advantage of the medium is that it lends itself to wild humour; sometimes one wonders if Gordon and Watkins take themselves and their crusade seriously (though perhaps it is simply a matter of forcing oneself to laugh, for fear of being compelled to weep).

Some day, one hopes, Mel Watkins will get around to describing in a moderately sophisticated way just why and how he would build an independent Socialist Canada; that book will be worth reading.



'Virgin and Gypsy' real D.H. Lawrence

By ELIZABETH COWAN

Fashions in literature come and go as they do in clothes, or cars. Forty years after his death, D.H. Lawrence's work has been 'rediscovered' to create a cult.

Hollywood has recently been busy trying to transfer his subtly but pervasively erotic novels to the screen - a difficult task because so much of his writing evokes sensation rather than image, and is awkward to visualize. 'Sons and Lovers' was a hopelessly mediocre film; the makers of 'The Fox' showed how much they underestimated the brains of the public by providing a glossary for all the film's symbolism; 'Women in Love' almost succeeded, but it was too self-conscious.

Finally, 'The Virgin and the Gypsy'. It is completely Lawrence, and a good movie as well. Perhaps because its creators had less to live up to - the author died before he had a chance to polish and refine his work. But the theme is there as it is in all of Lawrence's books, and the director, Christopher Miles, brings it out clearly. It is the conflict between what is man-made and over-civilized and respectable, and what is natural and elemental and strong.

On one side is Yvette, the Virgin, a clergyman's daughter, and her family. They are restrained, unhappy, shackled by a genteel Victorian up-bringing in the North of England. Their lives are lonely and celibate - the grandmother,

(a tremendous role, by Fay Compton), is a widow, the father has been divorced for many years, the aunt and uncle have never been married. No hint of the changes taking place in post-war England has ever reached them.

Until Yvette and her sister return from school in France, nobody has ever opened one of the tiny leaded windows: fresh air is dangerous. The house is a fortress protecting its inhabitants from nature. Yvette not only opens windows, she struggles savagely to escape from the fortress to the other side, where she feels, in an inexpressible way, that she belongs.

The family's enemy is the Gypsy. Like the gardener of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover', he is strong, taciturn, intense, indifferent to bad weather, discomfort and dirt. Being a Lawrence-hero, he naturally rides a huge black stallion.

Yvette is fascinated by him - he is so unlike the dull wealthy boys who surround her. There is a series of erotic day-dreams by Yvette while she sits at dinner, or staring out a window, when she imagines what she and the Gypsy would be like together, but always she is interrupted by Granny, or Aunt Cissy.

In the novella, Lawrence never actually says that the Virgin and the Gypsy make love. He ends with a description of a terrible flood bursting through the dam of a near-by reservoir and surging through the ground floor of Yvette's house. The film - almost by necessity - is more explicit.

The point of the destructive water, which breaks down the physical barriers around Yvette, is made obvious by interspersing shots of the flooded ground floor with scenes of the two making love upstairs.

But even this piece of clarified symbolism is not heavy-handed. Lacking the poetry of the words, Miles has made pictures do nearly as well, contrasting the natural, (and therefore beautiful), bleakness of the North with the enforced and sour bleakness of its inhabitants.

All the colours are pale and far away; always rain seems just to have fallen.

Through the chill landscape the characters move in their once-again fashionable 1920ish clothes. They bicycle down muddy country lanes, attend High Church services, pay obligatory calls on dull neighbours. There are many marvellous sequences - a 'Continental Revue' at the village hall, Yvette stealing the proceeds of the Revue for no particular purpose, the friendship she develops with an unmarried couple, who appall her father, a dreary coming-of-age party.

Joanna Shimkus is a perfect Yvette, determined and bewildered and beautiful; and Franco Nero, who has at last found a rôle where blankness of expression is an asset, is the right man for the Gypsy.

No Lawrence fanatic can resist seeing 'The Virgin and the Gypsy'; and for the rest, it's a painless way to become a follower of the cult.

'Goin' to Carolina' like red dirt hills...

You could think of his loose frame as easily broken, and his face gaunt with the bone and thinness of poverty, and his music born simply, from land whose towns make loneliness, and hotel rooms, cheap. His music is far more than that. He is not from the country and did not grow inward hating the rigidity that land, and its possession, wears into people. If he is from a leisure class his experience feels the earth very well as he wanders, alone with joy, in the country of his own soul.

Because of the Dylan legend - leaving home young, bitterness and a mean wide land - you don't expect James Taylor's father to be dean of the North Carolina medical school. His 'hit', as he calls it, 'Goin to Carolina' - feels more of red dirt and hills in the south, green hot summers. It doesn't go quite as well with Chapel Hill - that is too specific. But the moment the song talks about, the friendships in it, is without any movement and could have happened anywhere, the afternoon of any child-

hood. It is as clear and consistent as a line of sunlight.

"Karen she's a silver sun, you'd better walk her way and watch it shine, Watch her watch the mornin come, And hey babe the sky's on fire, I'm dyin ain't I, Goin to Carolina in my mind.

In my mind I'm goin to Carolina, Can't you hear the sunshine, Can't you just feel the moonshine, Ain't it just like a friend of mine, To kick me from behind Goin to Carolina in my mind.

You know there ain't no doubt in no one's mind, Love's the finest thing around, Whisper somethin soft and kind, And words that might be omens say I'm goin, goin, Goin to Carolina in my mind."

Aside from being slightly misquoted - I don't have the album in front of me as I write this - the words of course lose most of their meaning, life without the music. That is the way of nearly all songs, especially folk songs that strike as poetry. But those words do show much of the clarity of James Taylor.

His landscape is gentle. As he said, "People like to talk generally about roots, but I find it difficult. I am the produce of a haphazard musical environment which, I suppose, makes me a folk artist. Green rock 'n roll."

He fools around with the blues - 'Oh Baby, Don't you loose your lip on me.' or 'Steamroller' where he says "I'm a churnin urn of burnin funk" - but those were not the songs he sang at Mariposa. There it was 'She's around me now', 'Country Road', 'Sweet Baby James', 'Sunny Skies' - a song by his brother Livingstone. He did one by Joni Mitchell called 'For Free'.

"I'd like to do a song by a friend. She said I could, at least I don't think she's goin' to do it tonight. I wish I had written it. It's about performers, and what it's like to be a performer I guess. I am thankful that she wrote it."

He didn't do a song called "The Zoo" that night. In the fall of 1965 he spent 9 months of voluntary commitment in the MacLean Psychiatric Hospital in Massachusetts.

It is the heavy breathing of the land he knows. As he sings in 'Sweet Baby James'

"Now the first of December was covered with snow, So was the turnpike from Stockridge to Boston, Though the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frostin, With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go, There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway, A song that they sing when they take to the sea, A song that they sing of their home in the sky, Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep, Singin works just fine for me."

Again the song should be sung; its harvest is only with music and music is very hard to write about.

At Mariposa he held the guitar by the neck as he came on stage, walking with large strides and the determined insistence ungainliness gives. He sat, and tuning with long fingers, cradled the instrument between his knees, the knobby fragile bones of a tall man.

Between songs he talked and made jokes and he sang a funny song about coke. But the wit in the patter wasn't quite easy enough, or maybe it seemed too professional, somehow hurried, although his singing was slow and his guitar playing exact, clean with the runs and preciseness that distinguish the way he plays.

The crowd was restive from earlier when most of the gate crashers had been let in. Perhaps that was why they listened more to his talk than his songs, more his jokes than his lyrics. The jokes seemed to be recognition of the capability of his wit, to verify it. He talked of truly funny things, the humour was real. But the smoothness came too easy, as if he didn't quite believe in it. He was too hidden in his convincing.

They applauded him in the cool humid night, enthusiastically but still polite, clapping for something good with the huge dull appreciation of a crowd that is not that excited. Only the occasional raucous voices revealed the crowd's potential for stimulation either good or bad, the potential of a muscle for convulsion.

As he walked off after a curtain call he made a silly vaudeville type bow, loose-jointed and apologetic. Someone yelled for more.

"I'm not a juke box," he said. I told my friend then that people didn't listen closely enough to the words. They were good. Yes, he said, but would people listen to them in 100 years, like they probably would Dylan's.

That didn't matter. The fact of his creations and his chronicles, his lost and rambling vision is all that counts. A fence of values or worth doesn't matter. It isn't that there aren't standards, but he does call out and sing. That is wonder enough.

By TERRY KELLY



ON CAMPUS

Wednesday Sept. 23

Five Canadian underground films (in colour and black and white) will be shown in the Pipe Room at 8.30 pm. Admission 50 cents.

The film, 'Les Quatre Cents Coups' de François Truffant sera projeté à 16 heures 15 et à 20 heures, dans la salle 129. L'entrée est libre. S'il y a suffisamment de personnes intéressées, la séance de l'après-midi pourra être suivie d'une discussion.

Thursday, Sept. 24

From 10 am to 4 pm. Glendon's new art director Ray Speirs will be in the art studio, basement of Glendon Hall, or in his office, Room A, Glendon Hall, to help students with any art project they wish to undertake.

Friday, Sept. 25

The Glendon College Liberal Assoc. will stage a meeting in the Hearth Room, next to the JCR at 12.45 pm. New members are welcome. If you are interested but unable to attend, phone George Hewson at 461-3446.

Georges Dor, chansonnier et poète sera dans la vieille salle à manger à 20 heures 30. Prix d'entrée \$1.25 étudiants et \$2.50 adultes. Billets en vente à la salle 241, York Hall.

The Pipe Room will be holding a discotheque at 9 pm. Admission 25 cents.

Saturday, Sept. 26

There will be a band in attendance for a dance at 9 pm in the Pipe Room. Admission \$1.00 per couple or 75 cents single.



Bernie Bernard (center) and crew jive Pipe Room

Photo by NIGEL OTTLEY

Bumbler backed by banjo

By KEN HULL,

'Sweet Evening Breeze' (Steve Scantlin, Bernie Bernard, and Paul Hornbeck) and Eric Nagler sang in the Pipe Room Sept. 17.

Nagler had an apologetic, bumbling stage manner, made worse by the fact that he was nervous, but between frequent tunings and pick searches, he played pure folk from the Southern Appalachians on banjo and guitar, and also some finger-picking bluegrass and fiddle music on the banjo.

Bernie Bernard often backed up while Nagler played on the banjo. The picking was impressive and Nagler's gui-

tar playing suffered by comparison. He achieved an interesting effect during a blues song about a blind man by playing with his eyes closed; on the whole, the performance was enjoyable, if not memorable.

'Sweet Evening Breeze' played bluegrass, and some Cajun music. Paul Hornbeck played banjo, while Steve Scantlin and Bernie Bernard alternated on guitar and fiddle.

Personally, I dislike this kind of music. But from an objective point of view 'Sweet Evening Breeze' played well; the audience was enthusiastic, and Steve Scantlin's fiddle playing was particularly notable.

Luv's labour lost at local library

By PAUL WEINBERG

You knew there was something wrong with the play from the beginning when the only people who came were dotting mothers, relatives, and a few old drunks who normally sleep in the library but came to the theatre section instead by mistake.

What I saw was proof of the death of Broadway when the Menagerie Players, an amateur group, put on a rehash of the old 'hit' 'Luv'.

Did I say hit? The play was rather a bad knock: a pathetic mass of clichés hung together like string by tiresome one-liners that would shame Red Skelton by comparison.

It purported to be the story of one Harry Berlin who fails to find any meaning in life. (So what else is new these days?) He is about to kill himself but (unfortunately) is saved by one Milt Manville, who teaches Berlin that there is a purpose to life: love. (How original!) At the same time, Manville tries to take care of his problem of getting

a divorce. He then matches up his own wife and Harry.

In the second act, the wife, Ellen, abandons Harry and runs back to Manville. At the end, the reunited couple try to help Harry commit suicide again.

There are a few good points in the play--the ending, for example, but they are lost in the general muddle.

In light of a fantastic performance by a fantastic performer, Aaron Moses, who played Harry Berlin, this muddle is unfortunate. Moses resembles a character out of a Don Martin cartoon in 'Mad Magazine'. He is entirely convincing as the tormented clod who should have ended it all in the first place. Watch out for more of Moses. With a name like that, he cannot miss.

The Menagerie Players will be putting on a few more plays in November, February and May at the Central Library. They will have more to work with in future. 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf' and 'Joe Egg' are now scheduled. The company is worth seeing, just for Moses' performance.

GEORGES DOR

Venez écouter en spectacle, Georges Dor, chansonnier et poète. Ici à Glendon dans la vieille salle à manger, vendredi à 20 heures 30.

Prix d'entrée \$1.25 étudiants, \$2.50 adultes.

Billets en vente à la salle 241, York Hall.

Hâtez-vous, il reste très peu de billets!

Hear George Dor sing his celebrated 'La Manic' this Friday in the O.D.H. at 8.30 pm.

Tickets \$1.25 students, \$2.50 adults, available at Room 241, York Hall.

Hurry, very few tickets remain!



PRO TEM STAFF MEETING

today, 4:30 pm. in the office, Glendon Hall
COME ONE, COME ALL
(YOU TOO)

Photo by NIGEL OTTLEY



Andy McAlister Yousas dancers on at Marathon dance

Glendon Gophers open training camp

By NICK MARTIN

Glendon Gophers, winners of the Mel Famey Trophy last year as intercollegiate hockey champions, will be holding their first practice tonight at Arctic Arena on York campus from 7:00-8:30.

Team owner K.C. Haffey reports that a good crop of rookies are out to vie with a veteran nucleus for positions. However, the team has lost 1st draft choice Humpty Dumbunny, who, after switching to Extra-Brite toothpaste, was hit with 18 pater-nity suits and was forced to flee the country.

Co-ed golf will be held this Friday morning at the Don Valley course. The athletic department will re-imburse you for your greens fees. Last week we reported that the tournament would be held on the 22nd. Would you %\$#)(*&/%\$#** guys let us know when you decide to change your announced playing dates, before we develop a

credibility gap? (This is not a contest question.)

The greased pole contest was won by the team of Karen Howells, Terry Kelly, Ron Maltin, and Gordo the Wierdo Way. (Editor Andy Michalski c o m m e n t s, "Great Caesar's Ghost, Armpit, this is blatant racism.")

Tryouts for freshman basketball start on October 5th, but if you've got real confidence in your ability, you can go to the varsity tryouts on the 13th, both at Tait Gym up at York Campus. Although all York students are supposed to be eligible for varsity teams, you may have trouble if you want to play varsity hockey.

Practices start October 16, but last year coach Bill Purcell sent a letter to Glendon students stating that anyone without Junior B experience was wasting his time by asking for a tryout.

And if you were wanting to tryout for varsity football, then the athletic handbook

will inform you that practices started on August 19, which you wouldn't have known about unless the coaches asked you to come. But console yourself with the knowledge that you do have the right to try out for any York team. After all, the athletic handbook says so, and athletic handbooks never lie.

Musical interlude

Is it true that the men's and women's intramural tennis tournament will be held this weekend, singles on Saturday and doubles on Sunday? Perhaps we were never meant to know.

The Glendon Football League kicks off its season this afternoon (typical PRO TEM pun) with 9 teams fighting it out for the Grey Saucer. The pros have been granted an expansion franchise, while 3rd & 4th year are once again a single unit. The pros will be without star quarterback Joe Buck, who left camp last week. Said t e a m spokesman Orest Kruhlak, "He mentioned something about the sun shining through the pouring rain, and skipping stones over the ocean."

The Serpent of the Don has announced that any footballs going into the river this year will not be returned and any student attempting to retrieve them will be summarily devoured.

The intercollegiate basketball team will start workouts early in October, as will the soccer Red Guards. Watch the athletic bulletin board for the exact time.

Outdoor archery (co-ed)

will be held on October 1st, while the men's cross country will be run on the 6th. Students practicing for the latter event are warned that the woods are crawling with the Viet Squirrel's raiders.



Serpent of the Don

Captain Bourgeois has bought a season ticket to the movie "Joe", and the Masked Beaver cannot protect runners alone.

It is twenty-five years ago this week that Cap'n Scurvy and the crew of the River Crab destroyed the Russian ocean liner Gnottonight Ivan on the Don, leaving a tiny baby as the only survivor.

Rescued by the squirrels of Glendon forest, the baby was adopted by them and raised as one of their own, in time becoming a squirrelman of the forest. Now, as the Viet Squirrel, he is using his human physique and squirrel cunning to lead the squirrels in a war of liberation to drive man from Glendon Forest.

The instructional pro-

gramme begins at Proctor next week, with expert lessons in archery, fencing, judo, karate, paddleball, squash, swimming, lifesaving, and weight-training. Times are listed on the athletic bulletin boards.

The Beaver-of-the-week award goes to the U of T engineer, who, upon hearing a creep outside Rochdale call a police officer a "#\$%/* fascist pig", asked incredulously, "Is that the same mouth you eat with?"

With intramural sports getting underway this week, it is a good time to point out to new students that the idea behind intramural sports is participation and recreation. Everyone on the team must be given decent playing time, no matter how bad they are.

Would those frosh responsible for placing ads for Place Pigalle of 89 Avenue Road and its topless waitresses please refrain from doing so, as you are offending the morals of the upper classmen, and incurring the wrath of the Masked Beaver. "Kobasa undula spokane nuga mung ayayayi" warned the Defender of Decency.

Referees are still needed in all sports. C.K. Doyon is the man in charge. The athletic publicity committee is interested in any artist types willing to draw posters. Gary Young is the leader of this secret subversive group.

Are we the only ones, or has anyone else noticed the whistling moans on windless nights and the mysterious footsteps echoing throughout Glendon Hall late at night?

The dead walk

Cinematumière, on College just west of Spadina, is a little theatre specializing in film festivals. Their latest effort is a series of pictures of superior quality, but largely overlooked by critics. One of their features this Saturday and Sunday is 'Night of the Living Dead', which played for one week in Toronto in 1968 at the Alhambra, but which since has come to be recognized as not only fine science fiction, but tense drama, one of the most effective comments on violence to come out of the sixties, and probably the best pure horror movie ever made.

On Friday, channel 7 has a great double feature. At 9 pm is the western classic 'The Magnificent Seven', with supercool acting, unlimited violence, and a fantastic musical score, followed at 11:30 by the original 1932 Frankenstein, played by Boris Karloff in his finest screen performance.

— COUNT YORGA



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