

PROTEM

Volume IX, Number 8, Toronto, Canada, October 29, 1969

Next week:

feature issue

on university govt.

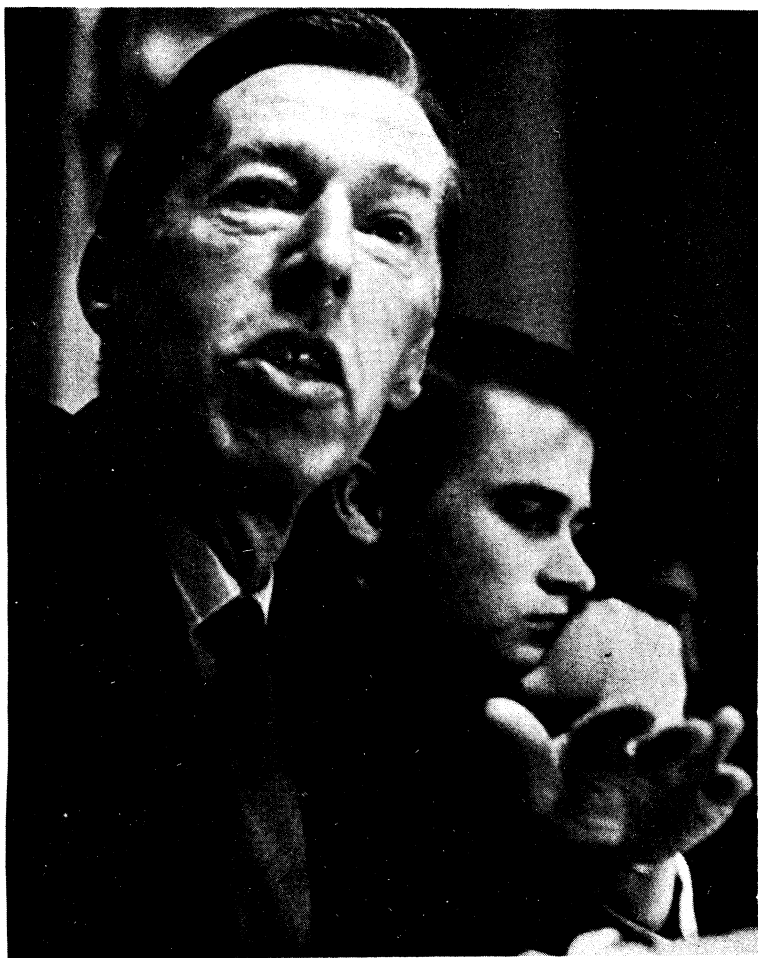


There were several contradictions, which were hard to recognize and impossible to cope with in the context of the conference last weekend.

Most obvious and distracting was the contradiction between radicals and non-radicals--radicals wanting to jump into discussion of theory and tactics; non-radicals wanting and needing basic education: "You're all talking about imperialism, but no one's said what it is!"

Men and women were often in serious conflict, as was noisily and disruptively demonstrated at the Women's Liberation Movement plenary session.

There was contradiction in student and worker oriented discussion, for the two are no longer separable in the movement. The structure of the conference with paid tickets, plenary "lectures", and structured seminars, bothered many people who felt this was not reconcilable with an anti-authoritarian, worker-oriented movement.



"End the lies or shut it down"

Participants picket Globe

When you have to end something, end it with a bang. This was the philosophy of the people attending the Year of the Barricade conference.

The participants decided to organize a march on the Globe and Mail to protest its "systematic campaign of slanders and smears, falsehood and distortion" against the radical separatist movement in Quebec. The demonstrators objected particularly to an Oct. 23 article which claimed that Quebec nationalist groups received funds from Moscow, Cuba and Algeria.

To me at least, the concept of Glendon students, who supposedly support federalism, bilingualism and biculturalism, marching and shouting slogans of 'Quebec Libre', 'Pouvoir Populaire' and 'Revolution' seems somewhat contradictory.

But there we were.

Everybody met in the pit at 7 p.m. Sunday. While we waited for the trucks that were to take us downtown, we discussed our purposes, tactics and what to do if we got busted.

Some talked about occupying the newsroom, but most emphasized the need for non-violence. The need to protect those comrades who came from Europe and the United States and those who had records was also emphasized.

When the trucks came, we clambered aboard -- 40 or 50 people in a five-ton Hertz rent-a-truck. It was very dark and there were old torn newspapers on the floor.

Most people were gay and confident and shouted revolutionary slogans. Some were a bit more apprehensive; all felt we were setting out to do something positive.

I sat next to a high-school girl. She was very quiet, nervous and probably a little afraid.

"How will we know when we get downtown?" someone yelled.

"When you can't see the stars for the buildings," another answered.

We got out on a sidestreet off Dundas so the cops wouldn't see us in the truck. It's illegal to transport people in the back of a truck.

Everybody met at the Dundas subway station. We crammed into a small alley for a last minute discussion. Again non-violence was emphasized. A lawyer advised us of our rights in case we got busted. "Don't resist, when you get to the station, ask for a phone-call and the bail-judge."

The march started out down Yonge St. with the chants of 'Pouvoir Populaire'. Placards denounced the Globe and Mail and called for a 'Quebec Libre'.

The demonstrators had previously prepared a leaflet to hand out to passers-by. It stated in part: "The Globe and Mail is the mouthpiece of English-Canadian capital, which oppresses the people of Quebec and is responsible for the current wave of repression against them...Its aim is to whip

up an atmosphere of hysteria in Canada, in order to isolate the people of Quebec from Canadians who would support their struggle if they knew what was going on...Quebec Libre Socialist!...All Power to the People!"

The few people who were on the streets at 9 p.m. seemed quietly astonished at the demonstration. Some glanced briefly at the leaflet. Others refused to take one. Many kids skating at the city hall rink seemed oblivious to our march.

As we crossed Queen St., two of us were busted for jay-walking. The cops circled the march on motorcycles--like cats waiting to pounce.

It began to rain as we reached the Globe. We split up into single file and formed a circular picket line in front of the building.

Four cops stood at the entrance to the building with a middle-aged man with gray hair and a gray business suit. Photographers from the straight press stood on the road to take pictures of demonstrators with the longest hair and scraggiest beards. Radical press photographers participating in the march were ordered off the road by cops when they attempted to take pictures.

The demonstration lasted for about half an hour. Some people chanted, "End the lies or shut it down." Others sang "We shall smash the yellow Globe and Mail" to the tune of Yellow Submarine. Paul McCartney would turn over in his grave.

About five minutes after we got there, the rain became quite heavy.

Finally, we crossed the street and formed a huge circle and danced and sang. Suddenly, we all rushed to the centre, yelling. The mood became more one of gaiety than sombriety.

Lib Spry got up on a guy's shoulders to make a speech. She said, "We have come down to protest the campaign of hysteria conducted by the Globe and Mail against the people of Quebec. We have three demands--the release of all political prisoners, including Pierre Valiere, the defeat of Bill 63 and the end of the repression by police against the Quebec separatist movement."

After this the demonstration began to break up. Some vowed that they would be back Nov. 7, the day of the mass march in Montreal by the Front de Liberation Populaire (FLP) in support of the same demands.

The dichotomy between theory and practice which was discussed at the conference became concrete at the demonstration. The objective was mainly educational, not only for those from the conference, but also for the English-speaking people of Canada.

But how can you expect to get an accurate interpretation of your views when you must depend upon the media that you are denouncing as inaccurate to publicize your position?

After a weekend of speeches condemning capitalism and sympathizing with the working class, someone finally clued us in. "Where are the workers," he asked.

The only workers I saw were moving the tables before and after meals and serving food in the cafeteria.

It seemed rather ironic that a convention primarily concerned with anti-capitalist action should be held here. At least 80% of Glendon students come from upper middle class families and are strongly influenced by capitalist values.

What really bugged me was that in five or six years I'll be out in the "real world",

probably with a fairly good income because of my education. Because of my own upbringing, I will probably want a "good" home in a "nice" area where my kids will grow up.

So I'm on my way to becoming the bourgeoisie I have been screaming about all weekend.

Or will I? There are many kids who are radicals while they are in university but revert to "The System" on graduating. It's a question of dedication.

When the crunch comes, when I have to decide what my ideals are and how to live by them, which side of the fence will I be on?

"The lesson of the PSA strike at Simon Fraser is that when you take democracy at the university seriously and try to make education relevant, the establishment smashes you. We must therefore go on organizing till we have enough power that injunctions and police can't stop us." Harding.



"Chase Manhattan Bank estimates that the average American housewife does 99.6 hours of work a week."

While many radicals ego-tripped and pointed up the divisions within the radical ranks, the sisters of Women's Liberation presented a solid integrated front at their plenary session and the ensuing caucuses.

Many men and some women too, were demanding "Just what do you women want anyhow?" At one point during the plenary, derision was heaped on the white women of the panel who spoke of their oppression, an oppression that was nothing as compared with that of black and brown women.

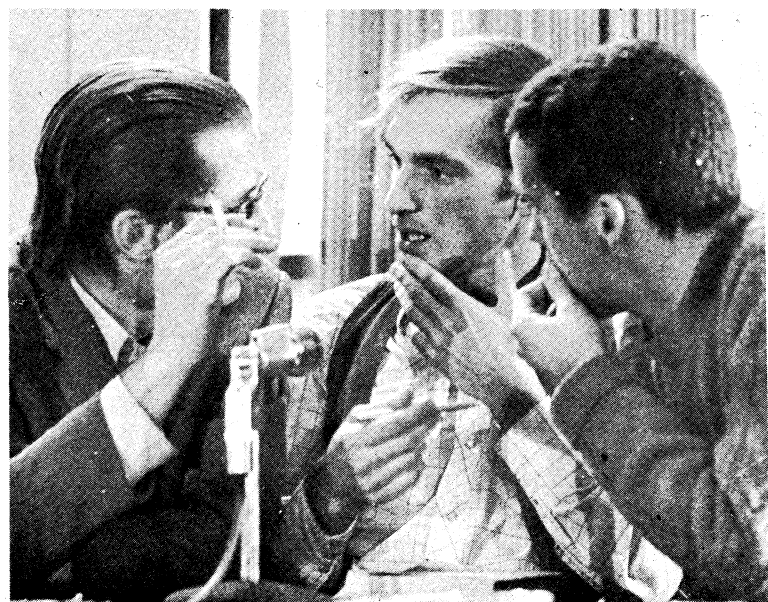
The panel answered that the lower class black woman is oppressed in a real socio-economic way, but that her oppression is further compounded by her womanhood. Then comes a triple difficulty of obtaining an education, of earning a real wage, of learning and obtaining birth control measures, of being in competition with men, black and white, of all classes.

Each individual has first to relate to the revolution on a personal level, within a sphere of experienced conditions. For women, a common biological existence with its resulting social and economic implications can provide the link-up.

Women of all classes are subjected to cultural abominations, and the answer to the question "just what do you women want anyhow?" is:

We don't want to grow up playing house and told we can't be Tarzan or join Little League. we see no fulfillment in that ideal American woman...Miss America. She is a dull ideal and something most of us can never be. We want other role models for adulthood than just Mama, homemaker and wife. We want to create history ourselves and act in the world of thinking people. All we know is that we are blocked...not able to be free, and kept in cages with economic and psychological walls.

(Marilyn Saltzman Webb)



The Year of the Barricade - Everywhere students discussed, disagreed, demonstrated...

Martin Nicolaus, one of the resource speakers at Year of the Barricade, is a radical socialist and student leader from San Francisco.

Nicolaus was on his way out for a beer. Talk to us, we said. We're all screwed up. We told him that we agreed intellectually with socialist theory, and that we recognized the need for revolution, but the thought of being incorporated into a mindless mass of demonstrators repulsed us utterly.

We talked about our individuality and how the marching, chanting, and emotional reaction of a large group would force us to betray our own private personalities. We are afraid, we said, of being dehumanized, and we are afraid that the crowd would make decisions for us that we never made ourselves.

There is no room for individualism in the revolution, he told us, not the kind of individualism that capitalism teaches us.

We began to struggle with our definition

of an "individual". Somehow we had learned that to be individualistic was to formulate a policy of personality and then wall it up with protections--pride, cynicism, reticence, or rhetoric--in order to keep out other peoples' individualism. And we had learned that what we have within us, because it is precious, must be private.

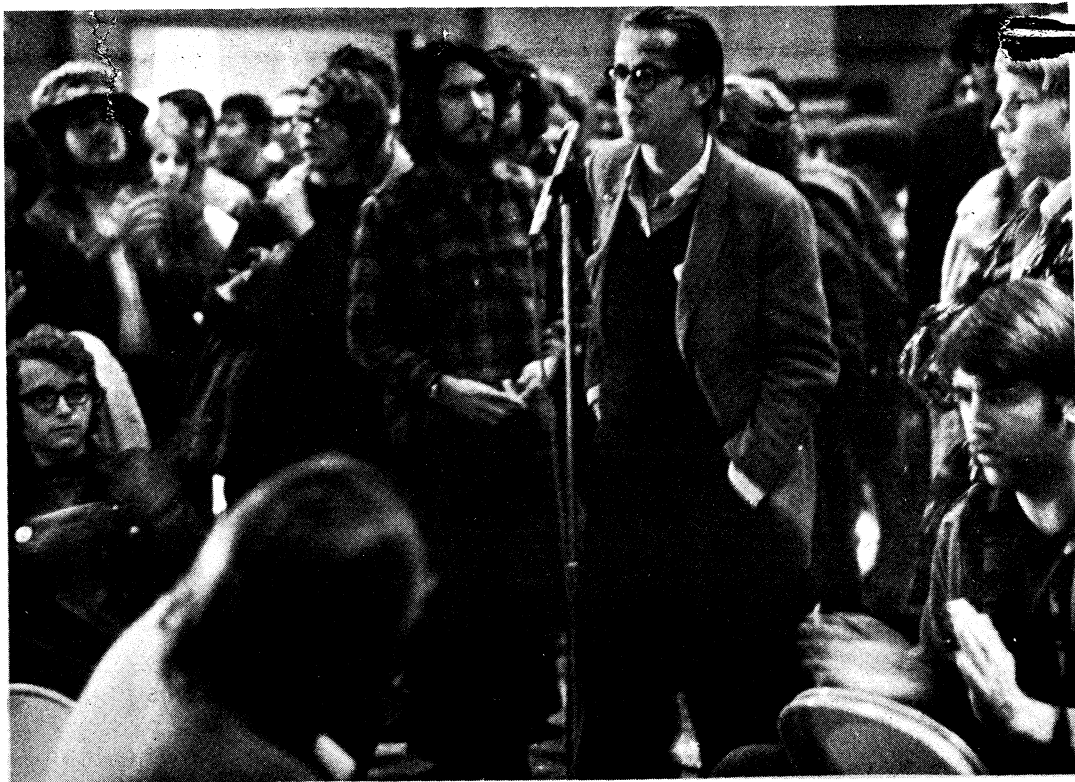
Participating in a demonstration is a way of building a new kind of individualism to replace the old--a need to share and not to exclude.

Go to the demonstration, said Nicolaus. Some people spend their whole lives thinking, some act first and think later. But you can't stay a political virgin all your life.

We went. Words, we learned are only one kind of answer. The demonstration was another.

"As radicals we must go to the people and start from the ground up, not from theory."

Harry Daniels, Native Alliance for Red Power.



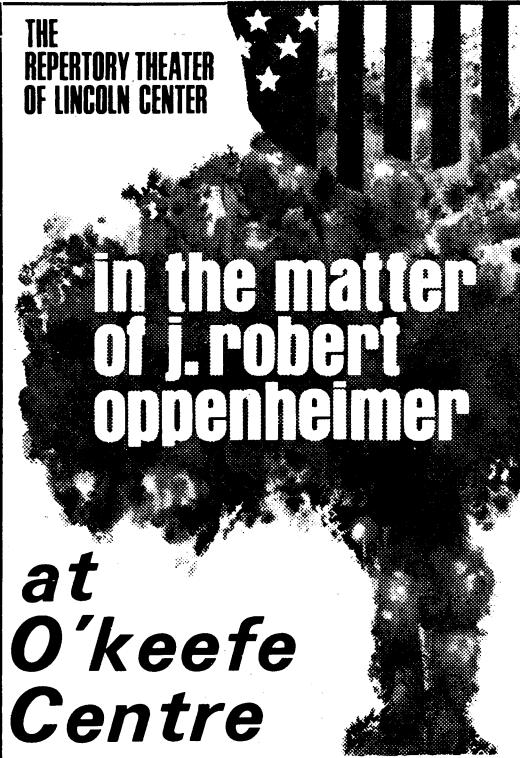
The recipe for "street theatre" could go something like this: Take one Mediaeval-type morality play (entitled "The Bribe") complete with Good, Evil, and Innocence in stereotypical doses and simmer slowly over a burning rage. Add a pinch of vaudeville (preferably "Marx Bros." brand) and a touch of modern audience involvement (in the tradition of the "La Mama" company of New York). When the villain has been roasted, top-off the

event with joy--singing and dancing. Follow this simple recipe and you'll always make a hit with your friendly local conference of radicals.

The Vancouver Street Theatre, who are setting up winter quarters in Toronto (winter quarters? in Toronto?), did the street drama thing from twelve until three in the morning on Sunday. Like Standard Time, they set the clock back that night and turned witching hours into witch-hunting hours.

Photos by Andy Michalski

Stories by Dave, Marilyn, Claire, Brian, Sally, Dee



By BRIAN PEARL

Religious persecutions and the ethics of inquisitions have been prime dramatic source material since the Mediaeval Passion plays. In the well-established manner of Shaw's 'Saint Joan', and Brecht's 'Galileo', Heinar Kipphardt, a German psychiatrist - turned - playwright, has written a play based on the inquiry in 1954 which revoked the security clearance of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer and discredited 'the father of the Atomic Bomb'.

The repertory company of the Lincoln Centre in New York presented an English version of the play last year again during last summer and have toured all over this continent with it. The critical response has been very favourable, and the play deserves the measure of success it has achieved if only because of the expertise of the Lincoln Centre players.

But the play's major flaw is that data as drama, even if the data is of

the magnitude of the Hydrogen Bomb, is not a valid concept in stage plays.

The first act of the play, for instance, is 90 minutes long, and except for some emotional moments in the cross-examination of Oppenheimer, the bulk of the act is devoted to the simple presentation of data.

The only non-didactic moments are during short soliloquies by the principles and even then we are handed more data on the explicit political position of each character. There is nor room for insight, only collation. The audience sympathizes with 'Oppie' all right, but only as a symbol of the repressed individual and the perversion of Science by the Military.

DRY TEXT

To combat the dryness of the text, the production itself tried to turn the weaknesses of the play into its strengths. Prior to each of the two acts, there is a newsreel of the testing of the Nuclear and Thermonuclear bombs. And the ultimate dramatic effect is a sense of revulsion at the impersonal, unemotional

way the accusers of Oppenheimer and the tribunal as a whole handle the banal data. And, of course, we empathize with Oppenheimer's "moral scruples" concerning the Bomb all the more.

The highly formal, stilted communication which inevitably takes place in an inquiry is quite often presented in its boringly original form. But sometimes the direction converts the jargon into an exciting verse-like cadenza which is much more appreciated for its bleak surroundings.

While the play itself is far from great, the production as a whole is by far the most professional, expertly acted and directed presentation that I have ever seen. For anyone interested in theatrical techniques, this play would be a textbook.

As drama, however, the play is flat. The new genre of the Historical Play is still very much the personal domain of Rudolf Hochhuth, the German author of the 'The Deputy' and 'Soldiers', just as the future of repertory theatre in the U.S. is in the hands of the Lincoln Centre Repertory Theatre.

Voice of the People

MISINFORMED

The resignation of the Student Council affords an excellent opportunity to correct the basic problem of the Student Union: compulsory membership.

All members of the Union should receive a refund of the money that remains in the treasury. This money belongs to the students who were forced to put it in. Now that the Council has resigned, it is only logical that these same students are given back what has not yet been spent.

Once this is done, any interested students can organize an association if they wish. But membership in any organization, including a Student Union, should be optional and not compulsory. This will ensure that students belonging to any group, want to belong to it. Because they will have voluntarily chosen to join, they will take a greater interest in the functioning of that body. At the same time, the Executive of such a group will have to be representative of the members. If it is not, the members can always refuse to join next year, and thus deprive the association of their fees.

The recent Referendum has shown that the students at Glendon are not in favour of a fees increase: has it not also suggested that students are against compulsory fees in general?

Yours respectfully,
Anonymous

COMPULSORY UNION

I just read the article about the mass Student

Council resignation and I just get a little browned off when the party that says we, the students aren't getting involved enough and then they turn right around and resign just like that? Who do they think they are?

At least they were elected even if it was only 37.7%. So 37.7% of the kids here really do care about how and who runs their council. Do they not have the right of representation which they are losing when you the council quit. And it's not just a matter of caring. The other 70 odd % who didn't vote and even most of those who did vote didn't know what was going on. It was the most disorganized election I have ever seen. Disgraceful for a place that's supposed to be higher education (?)

First of all--how do you expect us (I am speaking for first year students) to know all these people. Okay--granted there is no way after only being here for a month we can't know them all personally but these "dedicated" people interested in the running of Glendon wouldn't even have interviews. No one knew what their platform was and I'm damn sure I'm not going to vote for someone just because they're cute, etcetera.

Second--when we had that meeting in the old dining hall where all the candidates were, no one could hear them. Most of these candidates would not say what they would do or want done or even what they stood for. They said, "Well I'm not going to make a speech". Half of them never even got near the microphone. If

they're going to run they have to damn well commit themselves. You have to have some sort of platform. It doesn't have to be original as long as you believe in it. Just the desire to be on student council isn't enough. Also that day at lunch, I was sitting about half-way back and I could hear next to nothing of what was going on. It wasn't just the candidates fault either. Everyone was gabbing and most were not paying attention to the meeting. Surely to God someone has some authority there that they can tell those who aren't interested to either shut up or get out. The whole meeting was a shamble and accomplished nothing.

Kids aren't going to vote unless they know the candidates through their issues if nothing else. We try to do our part but it's pretty hard when everything don't even know the issues of the election. We're being convicted of disinterestedness when we don't even have a chance to get interest.

A First Year Student
Who Cares

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AVALANCHE WARNING

On Tuesday evening, November 4th at 8:30, the Faculty of Fine Arts will sponsor an avalanche in Burton Auditorium. The full title of this mixed-media musical-happening is "An Avalanche for Pitchman, Prima Donna, Player Piano, Percussionist and Pre-recorded Playback." It will be created by Lejaren Hiller who, last summer, created a five-hour happening with John Cage at the University of Illinois.

Avalanche will be one of six experimental works that will be performed that evening by the Creative Associates of Buffalo, a group of the world's foremost experimenters in the field of electronic music. The very nature of this event just could mean the total destruction of Burton Auditorium. We think you won't want to miss it.

TICKETS NOW ON SALE

(students \$2; staff \$2.75)

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PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario. Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinion of the newspaper and not necessarily those of the student union or the university administration. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press, the fourth estate, and an agent of social change.

sports

Scott wins MVP

By NICK MARTIN

Geoff Scott, outstanding flanker with the Sons of B House, has been named the Most Valuable Player in the Glendon Football League this year, edging out Gobby Cohen of the D House Animals for the honour. Scott is the leading scorer in the GFL at this time with 87 points, followed by Cohen with 76 and Ralph Trodd of D with 70. "Sudden Death" DelBouno of 3rd Year, the logical choice for MVP, was declared ineligible when officials discovered he was also playing pro ball under the assumed name of Russ Jackson.

When confronted with the evidence, "Sudden Death" begged PRO TEM, "Will you give me a break?" (Send your replies to Contest, C/O PRO TEM. Winner gets a date with the Widow Mona, whose late husband was unable to resist the smell of the surf, in his medicine cabinet, and was devoured by the Serpent of the Don. How ya doin' guy?)

The D House Animals and E House dominated the 1969 GFL allstars, each placing three men on the squad. Animal Ron Maltin is the quarterback, Larry Scanlan of the Beavers, Renault Marier of E, and Terry Irie (French for spooky) of the sophs are the halfbacks, and Scott, Cohen, Axeman Roy Hanna and Mike Eisen of E are the flankers.

On defense, Bruce McDonald of B was voted the outstanding pass rusher. "I'm the best linebacker," said Dave Ellis of 3rd. "Like mung you are," replied Chopper Kidd of A. "You two are off your perch," countered Old-timer Pete Gusen.

Doug Street of E, Bill Elkin of the Animals, Axeman Pat Flynn, and Hammerin' Hank Wood of Ye Greene Machine made up the defensive secondary. Murray Shields of 2nd Year was the only unanimous choice, being picked as the league's best kicker.

The allstars were picked by representatives of PRO TEM 3rd Year, and C, D, and E Houses. A and the sophs nominated players, but didn't send any voters; the Sons of B the Frosh, and the Methuselaha didn't take part at all, for reasons of their own. If you guys don't like our picks, then we would quote you the immortal words of Ace Bailey.....FRO.

Glendon minces Mac

By NICK MARTIN

"Geez, Martin, why don't you mention the intercollegiate football team? We're doing great this year." (From "The Memoirs of Ronald Maltin", volume 16). Glendon remained undefeated and in first place by maceing Mac 14-7. Allstar defensive back Doug Street turned his talents to offence as he scored a touchdown. Usually reliable sources refused to divulge the name of our other hero, as we were unable to pay the required bribe. If only that referendum.....

The intercollegiate rugger league has had the bun, but soccer is going strong as the Red Guards eradicated E 3-0. What does E stand for? Perhaps we were never meant to know.

Dave Cox, Craig Donovan, and Serge Colekessian did the scoring, while goalie John Bramberger maintained the purity of Glendon's goal. With Bramberger and Wild Bill Wade patrolling the goalline, Glendon has yet to allow a goal in league play.

For all you aquathletes, the intramural swim meet is coming up on November 6th. As a highlight of the evening, the Serpent of the Don will have a rematch with Morgul the friendly Drelb in the fifty yard glug-a-lug. The Serpent lost last year's race after bumping his nuga on the diving board.

Also on the agenda in the near future are the co-ed outdoor archery meets and the men's novice squash. Check the bulletin boards

for more info.

C House (Ye Pinke Machine?) are leading the women's volleyball league with a 3-0 record. All the ladies of Hilliard are entered, but there's no day students at all. Girl sportsie Beth Redmond wants to know why this is so. "Ask them howcum," she instructed me. So I'm asking. Surely if the res girls can get six teams, the day students can get a few.

In the race for the Glendon Cup, the frosh have a big lead at present, leading 3rd Year 555-275 following victories in golf and tennis. Ye Greene Machine has 265, the Axemen 200, the Animals 155, and the sophs 150.

The Masked Beaver has issued a public warning that he now possesses the names

of all the commie perverts who attended classes and engaged in other subversive activities during World Series telecasts. A-r-r-r-r-it undula mucho mung msagro freup Serpent of the Don ayayayayiii," the Defender of Liberty told us as he described the fate awaiting these evildoers.

He confided to us that he is worried about the escalating militancy of the local squirrels, and the Beaver Legion will soon increase its nightly patrols. He is awaiting the return of his troops; Peerless Possum has been sent to the Gobi Desert for more mung, while Captain Bourgeois, the baron of Bay Street, is presently in Manitoba trying to oust the pinko government. 'Chee chee kill the fascist pigs,' warned Viet Squirrel.

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