

Strike Imminent for University Workers

by Garth Brownscombe
news editor

York University's 1,000 member staff association, (YUSA) is rapidly approaching a walk-out, if contract negotiations continue to stall. A conciliation meeting held last Friday between the union and York administration accomplished little, leaving negotiations in a deadlock.

Unacceptable Offer

As a response to the September 21 vote by YUSA which saw 81 percent of

its representatives supporting strike action, administration made its contractual offer. A six percent wage increase, couple to a 50 percent paid dental plan, comprised the basics of the proposal.

In the view of YUSA, this increase is too far below both its original demand of 13.5 percent, and its revised 10 percent proposal.

In addition, several standing issues of "principle" remain unresolved,

including protection from technological change and the status of supervisory personnel on union bargaining teams.

Devastating Strike

"Administration has put up a brick wall" according to Ava Waxman, a Grade 4 clerk in the Glendon bookstore and veteran member of YUSA's bargaining team. Of particular interest to Glendon's clerical staff is a clause that will protect all unilingual union members from displacement by

new bilingual workers.

"We (YUSA) thought we had developed some credibility since our formation in 1976," continued Waxman, "negotiations shouldn't be so nitpicky." She warned that the strike feeling in the union is running stronger than ever, and that university operations would be devastated if a walk-out ever materialized. All employees of York's administrative offices and bookstores belong to YUSA.

It appears that negotiations will now move to a mediation stage. Conciliator Jean Read is expected to file a report with the Ministry of Labour stating that no settlement has been reached. A mediation officer will then be appointed to meet with both the University and YUSA in order to hammer out some sort of settlement.

Failing such a result, strike action could occur in as little as fifteen days.

14 October 1977

pro tem

Glendon College

Stanfield Makes National Unity Pitch

by Dave Moulton

This past Thursday, the Canadian Studies Union recommenced their lecture series that was so successful last year. This year's opening presentation was given by the former federal leader of the Progressive Conservatives, Robert Stanfield. Approximately 300 people jammed into Theatre Glendon to hear his views on the problems of national unity.

He began his speech by tipping his hat to Glendon College as an institution that not only recognized, but in his mind, symbolized "The bilingual reality of this country." Whether he made this remark conscious of the fact of the college's high 'unilingual' element, he didn't say, but he did make it clear that he saw Confederation, both past and present, as a partnership between the "founding races." He did not take into account heavy "Third Culture" immigration in the intervening years.

The heritage of the linguistic differences between French and English was one of "extraordinary suspicions." In the West, there are still strong reservations concerning the policies of bilingualism and biculturalism. This is compounded in the Westerner's minds by the long-standing grievances of Central Canadian domination of the western economy. The Liberal policy, according to Stanfield, was grossly insufficient, for it courted "polarization" by placing the question of Canadian unity in black and white terms of "federalism" or "separatism."

In his concluding statements, the former premier of Nova Scotia maintained that there was "no smooth or easy road to peace and harmony in Canada." It was essential that an environment of concensus and compromise prevail, for there

is a real need to tolerate those who disagree with government policy and for those who are just different. The desire for independence in "la belle province" will not be defeated easily, but he warned that the confrontation policies of the Trudeau regime could hasten the demise of Canada as a nation.

Ultimately, Stanfield's message can be viewed as a call for moderation in Canadian political life. This

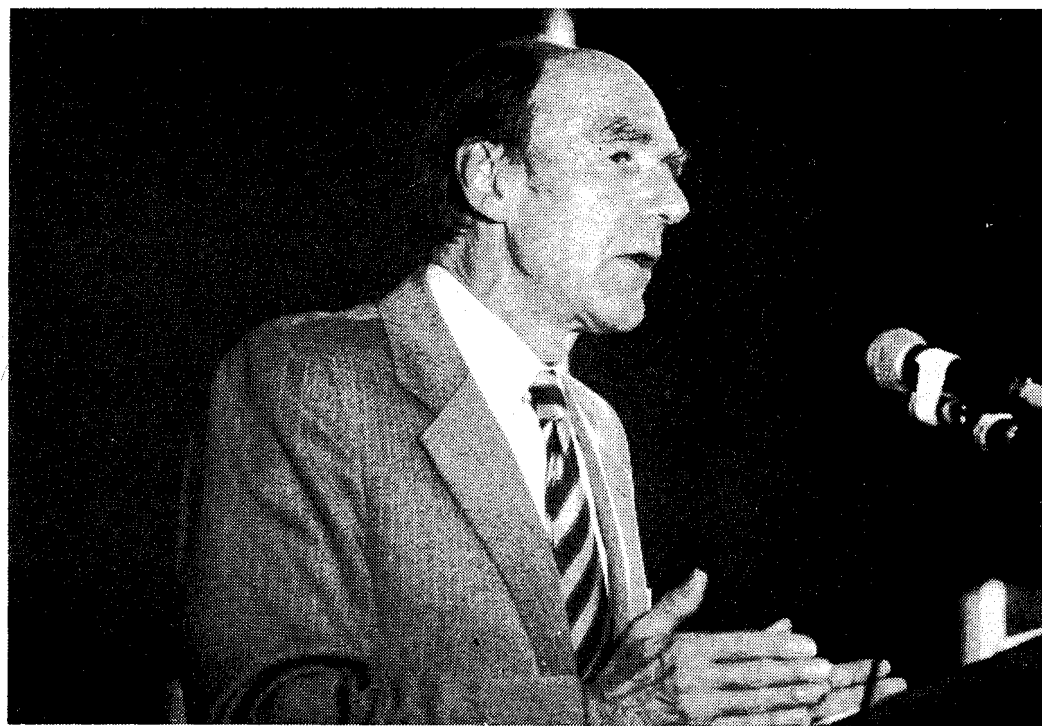
was best exemplified when he fielded a question about his recent criticisms of John Diefenbaker's role in the PC party. Mr Stanfield made no harsh denouncements, but rather made some positive statements about the Chief. He was also very complimentary of the leadership of Joe Clark and gave credit to the Liberal government for certain policies.

Even so, he had not lost the politician's ability to

sluff off a question. When queried about internal economic tensions between the French and English and between the Maritimes and Central Canada, he launched into a general discussion of Canada's deficiencies in the international marketplace. Unfortunately, even an excellent economic climate does not dissipate the resentments against "les maudits Anglais" or the "Upper Canadians." As a man from the

east, he should be acutely aware of this problem.

However, Mr. Stanfield presented himself as a thoughtful and concerned politician, who, if unable to provide specific suggestions, is at least attempting to provide a certain tone to the discussions on Canadian unity. If everyone involved were as pensive and conciliatory as he expressed himself, then Canada would be in no danger of falling apart.



Robert Stanfield speaking at Glendon last Thursday.

Six Acclaimed

by Mark Everard

Once again, the GCSU fall elections have not materialised. Six of the vacant council seats were filled by acclamation, while no candidates could be found to run for the remaining offices.

Marshall Katz, vice-president of communications, told Pro Tem that the GCSU had advertised fairly well for the elections. "The vacancies that have been filled are the glamour positions," he said.

"We could have had three or four nominations for vice president of cultural affairs," he added, but people shied away when they found out Stuart Starbuck was running." Starbuck, a veteran of campus politics, was acclaimed to office.

Also acclaimed were Mike Brooke as chairman, Dorothy Watson as v.p. external, Mary Jean Martin as
Acclaimed--page 6

Parrot Explains OSAP Changes

by Stuart Starbuck

On Wednesday October 6 a conference at Seneca College was organized so that the students of Toronto could air their views on Student Aid in Ontario.

Approximately 700 students came to listen and express their demands to Dr Harry Parrot, Minister of Colleges and Universities for Ontario. Other panel members included Mr John Bonner, Senior Planner of Student Assistance and Mr Bill Clarkson, Director of Student Aid.

The encounter began with

a brief opening statement by Parrot, and was followed by briefs from various student groups. A question and answer period served as the conclusion for the meeting. In his opening statement, Parrot said that his ministry had yet to make a final decision on some matters.

The points that the government is sure on are that: loan and grant assesment will be done separately; the province will not opt out of the Canada Student Loan Plan; the amount set out

for student aid in 1978-79 would not be more than \$76 million; and that the student contribution would be set on actual earnings. He went on to say that the government had not decided what the ratio of savings to earnings should be, but added that it would be decided by January.

Following his remarks, a medical student from McMaster University complained that she will graduate owing \$20,000 on student loans. She would thus
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Mangled Slinky & Other Works

by Jon Harris

White Paintings is a recently opened one-man exhibition at the Glendon Gallery. The works are by John Noestheden and are to be shown until October 24.

Mr. Noestheden is a 32 year old, who has a reputation as a print-maker and academic credentials suggestive of considerable scholastic achievement in his field. Since 1973 his work has been regularly exhibited, predominantly in southern Ontario, but as far afield as Boston, New Orleans, Memphis and Tulsa. He has also received a significant number of distinguished awards.

The pieces on show are of two distinct types--oil and pencil on canvas and pencil on arches paper. There is much use of natural space in the latter which is in contrast to those on canvas where space, or the sense of space, has been created by the addition of white to either cover, obscure or reveal the artist's 'marks'.

This reviewer was confused and had difficulty in developing any understanding, particularly as the artist has stated that he does not 'make conscious moves' in his work because 'everything is very intuitive'. How then can this be reconciled with the impression that the works are contrived? If something is

contrived can it be intuitive? If something is developed intuitively what is it that stimulates the impression that it is contrived?

In the catalogue the artist attempts to deal with these questions, which is in itself disappointing for his statements surely should be those hanging in the gallery. Mr. Noestheden responds to the question, 'What then is the difference between the marks you create and what anybody's kid can do?' The artist's explanation is not relevant to this review for it does not matter how he perceives his own work, but how his work is perceived.

If one accepts the proposition that art forms, in all mediums, should stimulate, then there are indications of success to be found in the comments made to the writer. One lady was so shocked that she felt obliged to take a closer look and another saw a piece called Souvenir H as a "mangled slinky". Another member of the community was less charitable and stated that, from experience gained visiting several avant garde galleries in Europe, he was of the opinion that Noestheden's efforts were "unequivocal trash".

These reactions are probably not expressed by persons with highly developed insights into the ideals, techniques and standards of the visual arts. But so what!

They have the value which must be attributed to honesty. If the artist claims the same degree of integrity, it occurs to the writer that a very healthy atmosphere has been created, one free of pretension and superficiality. Is this what is meant by the creativity of art?

The oil and pencil on canvas were beyond the comprehension of this observer, and that of course may also be true of the other works, therefore comment will be withheld. However, impressions were gleaned and felt from the other work. Souvenir F

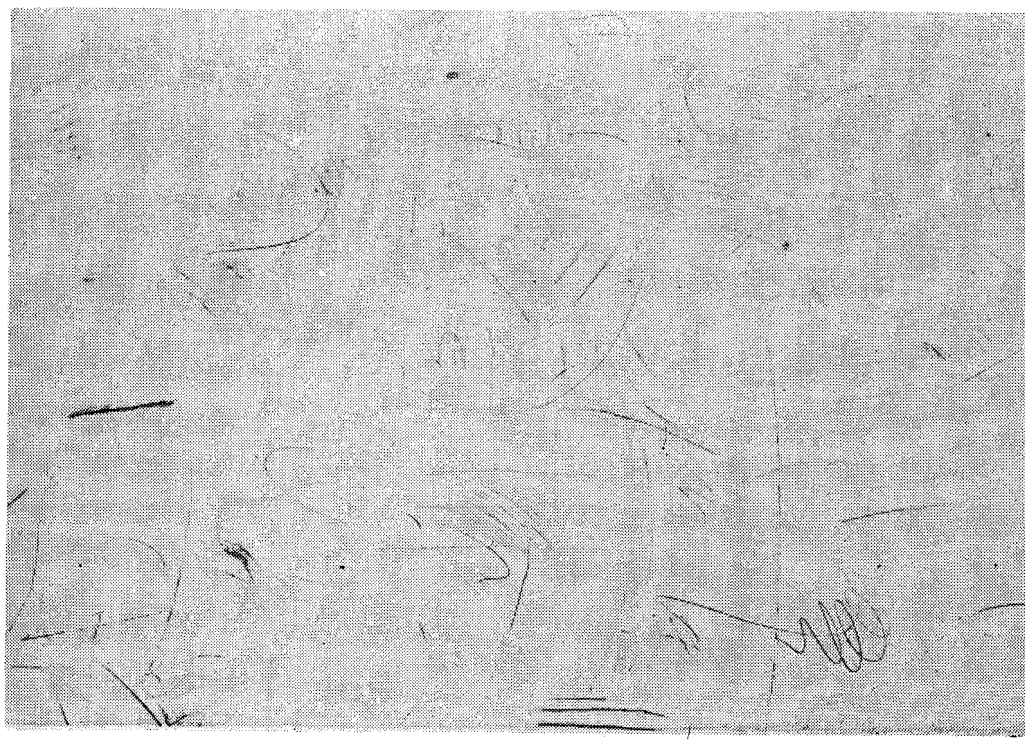
suggests a depiction of a Greek letter and Souvenir B is much like a helical form. Both items are controlled almost to the point of being geometrically precise, executed with what appears to be a single, strong, definite stroke, the author's "mark".

The same could be said of the "mangled slinky". Is the work 'intuitive' and produced without 'conscious moves' or is it contrived? Does the work say anything is perhaps the more relevant question.

This last part of the review has been changed, for the writer must confess to

the sin of vanity. Originally the question had been posed in this review that the artist may be playing a game. This could be interpreted as challenging his integrity. It was pointed out that only a vain person would not take the artist seriously. The point is well taken and yet why not play a game?

Is art only serious, can it not be fun? Can it not be stimulated by a game, things which are fun or funny? This rugby player has been struggling with that question for many years.

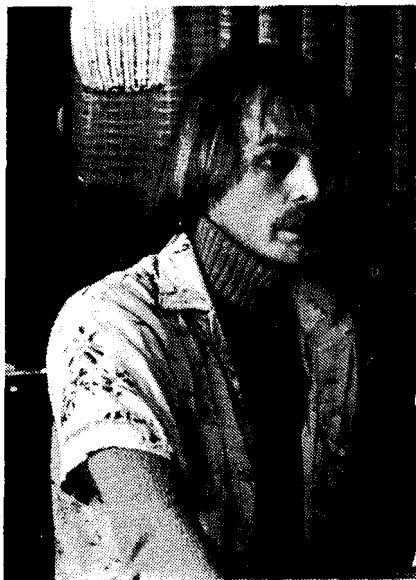


katz eye view

by Marshall Katz
vice president communications

Since its inception, Radio Glendon, now CKRG/FM, Radio Glendon has been the radio training grounds for many an ambitious Glendonite. Though the station has grown since then and its philosophy has changed, this still continues to be one of its prime functions. However, since it received its licence in January of this year, several more experienced off-campus people have been taken on, not so much to throw out the Glendonites, but to ensure that some sort of professional broadcast standards are maintained.

One such person who is at the moment considered an asset to the station is Chips. Chips (who is known by this one name alone) has been associated with radio in many capacities for the past ten years. Most of his professional experience was in Hawaii. There he worked for the island's no. 1 station, KKUA. This station, as Chips describes it, is comparable to CFTR or CHUM AM. When he became tired of the hype and monotony of KKUA, he, along with numerous D.J.s and other personnel, moved to KIKI. This station's philosophy was much like CKRG/FM's present day philosophy. That is, it specialized in all forms of mu-



sic. It, too, aimed at diversification. Chips worked as Assistant Program Director there, a job he describes as being his most rewarding.

From this point until 1976, Chips moved between jobs quite frequently. After KIKI folded, he moved to London where he worked for Doran Productions. Here he was in charge of productions. He then moved back to Hawaii where he worked for KUMU (a middle of the line FM station comparable to CHFI). Next he moved to England where he worked for Revolver Records. And finally he came to Canada in 1976 and worked in Vancouver for a D.J. company where he was Program Director.

Chips has hence worked in almost every field of sound

production. But his first love, as he puts it, is radio. And his first love in radio is fusing diverse sounds. The opportunity to once again fuse diverse sounds arose in June of this year when Chips found out about CKRG in Paul McGrath's famous article in the Globe & Mail.

Chips feels that the most important thing to remember when listening to his show is that he is trying to make music flow and in doing that, to express himself. This flow can start with blues, go to jazz and end up with country music.

He does not however want to merely make music flow in his own show; he would like to see all things flow on CKRG including documentaries. 'At present, he is working on one on Bob Dylan. This documentary will focus on Dylan the artist. It will also look at what social forces caused him to write the songs he wrote. The show, due to be broadcast in the near future, will be entitled "Bob Dylan--an in depth look at one of the most defiant musicians to emerge out of rock music."

Chips sees CKRG and Radio Glendon as having great potential, "but this potential has to be directed in the right direction." He
Chips--page 8

All the President's Men

by Marshall Katz

This weeks' GCSU meeting had all the makings of a straight, clean and simple affair, marked by nothing of any real everlasting significance. However to many council members, this hope turned out only to be a dream. However, the meeting did turn out to be straighter, cleaner and simpler than a comparable meeting of last year would have been.

The meeting was called to order, as President Cheryl Watson presented council with the final budget for Orientation Week. All told, after receipts were in, Orientation Week cost the GCSU \$2,078.27. Since the budget had been discussed and gone over many times in the past, its unanimous approval was a mere formality.

At this point another Watson, Dorothy, (rumoured to be a 6th cousin of Cheryl twice removed on Cheryl's mothers' side) presented a report on last Saturday's OFS Plenary held at the University of Toronto. Issues from student grants to women's rights, to student unions were discussed at this conference. For further information regarding the conference, please see Dorothy in the GCSU office. She would be more than pleased to answer any questions.

Cheryl Watson (Dorothy's

cousin?) then presented her president's report. She reported that council lost \$120 on the poorly attended pub nights, this past week. She also informed us of the fact that nominations for the Annual fall GCSU elections close Monday Oct. 10. Elections will be held on the 17 and 18 of this month.

Vice-president Katherine Arthur then released her weekly report. She reported that two new course unions representatives in addition to Terry Takashima had been elected. They are Patricia Misik, who was elected as Psychology rep., and Weng Chee, who was elected as Economics rep. She also announced that a meeting for the Political Science Union would be held on Thursday Oct. 6 at 7:30 at which time they would elect a representative.

Vice president of communications Marshall Katz then in his usually verbose fashion, delivered his report. He told of the fact that he had not been able to speak to Mark Everard (editor of Pro Tem) about the loan which Pro Tem still has outstanding to the GCSU. However by the next meeting he assured council that Everard would make an appearance to account for the loan.

Up to this point the meet-
Council--page 6

Une Tragédie à Glendon

par **Christiane Beaupré**

En tant qu'éclairagiste, il est de mon devoir d'allumer vos lanternes sur ce qui se passe, depuis bientôt deux semaines, entre 19h et 23h soit dans le Senior Common Room ou dans le Music Room. N'allez surtout pas vous imaginer des choses.

Des couloirs poussiéreux de son labyrinthe culturel, John Van Burek a déterré un chef d'oeuvre. Elle est grecque tout en étant internationale; âgée près de trois millénaires, elle sera de passage chez nous vers la mi-novembre (sauf accident de parcours). Pour ceux qui ne l'auraient pas encore reconnue, il s'agit d'Antigone de Sophocle. D'ici là, pleurs et grincements de dents se feront entendre de plus en plus. Antigone, sage mais violente, saura vous attirer par ses charmes.

Puisque nous en sommes qu'à la genèse ou l'échafaudage de la pièce, je ne vous donnerai ici qu'un exemple des séances de lecture générale de la pièce à laquelle j'ai assisté au Senior Common Room.

Tous réunis en cercle, nous écoutons attentivement chacune des paroles du maître. Les étudiants du cours d'Humanités 253F et les mordus du théâtre qui étaient présents regardaient John gesticuler, expliquer, placoter et aussi fumer (ça c'est nouveau de cette année). Comme il s'agit d'une des premières lectures, la plupart des visages m'étaient inconnus... mais pas pour bien longtemps.

Ainsi, très rapidement j'ai réalisé que, grâce à Lucie, tous sortiront de ce cours avec une connaissance poussée de la mythologie et du caractère de chacun des personnages de la pièce. Ceci était surtout remarquable lorsque, en tentant d'écourter certaines répliques, mademoiselle désirait connaître le pourquoi du comment.

Julie et Diane, respectivement régisseur et son assistante, voient à ce que tout fonctionne rondement i.e. voir à ce que chacune aie son texte, tailler les crayons, préparer le thé et le café et, bien entendu, être celles à qui l'on se plaint des moindres "bobos".

Passons maintenant à nos personnages grecs. Antigone (nous ne pourrions nous passer d'elle) interprétée par Patricia Dumas, notre Sarah Bernard glendonienne, qui tout en trônant devant le Directeur jette ici et là oeil furtif sur ses deux enfants. Créon, qui a la mine basse ce soir, est personnifié par Roger Besner. Pierre Robitaille, de son côté, se propose de nous démontrer

comment il est possible, en moins d'une année, de passer du statut d'avare français à celui de citoyen grec de sang royal qu'est Hémon tandis qu'Ismène (Denise Rioux), afin de répondre aux exigences de Sophocle, devra appren-

dre à pleurer sans oignons et à devenir sérieuse lorsqu'elle cessera de rire.

Des sports aux mauvaises nouvelles, il n'y a souvent qu'un pas et Yves Champoux, dans les rôles du soldat et du messenger, le

franchit aisément. Quant à Karen Zamaria, dans le rôle d'Eurydice, peut se vanter d'être reine pour une deuxième année consécutive et, comme dans King Lear, elle connaîtra le même châtement.

Il ne faudrait surtout pas vous méprendre sur cette présentation amusante de ce que John Van Burek vous propose cette année avec l'aide de ses disciples. Il s'agit bien d'une tragédie grecque.

Exposition de Lithographie

par **Pierre Robitaille**

L'époque napoléonienne importa en France un afflux d'idées et d'inventions,

jusqu'alors inconnus, qui fut soumis à l'approbation générale.

La lithographie, une



technique de copie d'images selon un nouveau procédé fut innovée par l'inventeur bavarois Alois Senefelder. Il vit sa création acceptée et adoptée d'emblée par la vague montante du Romantisme. Le nouvel élan avait saisi toutes les possibilités inhérentes à cette méthode dans la diffusion de sa propagande littéraire et artistique.

Le Musée des Beaux Arts de l'Ontario (Ontario Art Gallery) offre présentement une exposition comportant plus d'une centaine de lithographies des maîtres romantiques français et où Delacroix domine de loin. Aristocrate cultivé et doté d'un pessimisme profond, toute son oeuvre exprime la fougue communicative de son caractère, tel son lion qui possède cet air sauvage au regard dur et à la mâchoire puissante dénotant une volonté d'acier. La plupart de ses meilleures oeuvres sont violentes, souvent elles exposent un carnage et une

férocité indescriptibles. Au zoo, à l'heure des repas, il se disait "pénétré de bonheur". Le cheval participe aussi à cette frénésie. Le dessin, qui nous montre la bête, émergeant de l'onde, ne possède pas la perfection du naturaliste. Essentiellement nous admirons une superbe arabesque de l'énergie animale. Illustrateur né, il a traduit Shakespeare, Dante et surtout Goethe. Extrêmement actives et baignées de pénombre, les scènes de Faust furent bénies par leur géniteur spirituel qui nota que Delacroix avait réussi à surpasser les illustrations mentales qu'il s'était lui-même fixées lors de leurs créations.

Mais regardons ailleurs car le Smithsonian Institute a été généreux. Les dessins de Bayre sont d'un réalisme animalier appliqué, préfigurant Audubon. Boulanger, ami intime de Victor Hugo, le traduit avec panache et turbulence. Les

Lithographie -- page 6

Club Karate de Glendon

par **Lou Ymo Rin**

Karate, un mot qui fait rire certaines personnes et qui permet à d'autres de rêver. Karate, pour la majorité, c'est un mot exotique synonyme de "yeux bridés" ou bien encore de tueurs à mains nues (genre Bruce Lee et tous les autres films Godzilliens).

En fait, le Karaté, c'est bien plus et mieux que cela. C'est par delà les techniques du combat, une leçon d'équilibre, de concentration, de volonté, de maîtrise de soi.

Le Karaté à Glendon est avant tout, suivant la philosophie moderne, un sport. Contrairement au squash, au basket-ball, à la natation ou à tout autre sport pratiqué à Glendon, le Karaté est un sport d'apprentissage. C'est le développement de tous les muscles du corps humain. Vous découvrirez un nombre incalculable de muscles "endormis" depuis votre enfance: ceux-là mêmes qui vous donnent une crampe en natation, ou bien un mollet douloureux après un étirement au squash, ou encore des chevilles endolories après une partie de basket-ball.

Par contre, il n'est point question, ici, de donner à un maigrichon une stature de quart-arrière ou encore de difformer la silhouette des karatékas féminins. En plus, contrairement à la croyance populaire, le Karaté se veut être un sport non-violent. Le contact entre deux karatékas est ri-

goureusement contrôlé. Physiquement, cette discipline permet à ses pratiquants de se tenir en "forme".

Mais voilà, là où le Karaté se différencie des autres sports c'est dans l'attention toute particulière que cette discipline porte au développement de l'esprit. Pour être plus précis, je veux dire qu'une période de relaxation mentale est obligatoire avant chaque pratique; et cette dernière s'avère très efficace pour calmer le stress ou la tension musculaire qui peut survenir durant la pratique du Karaté.

Un esprit sain dans un corps sain voilà ce que vous offre le Karaté. Si vous pouvez me nommer une autre discipline, autre que les Arts Martiaux, qui puisse me donner ce que le Karaté me procure, dites le moi; pour l'instant, elle m'est inconnue.

Etes-vous intéressé? Si oui rendez-vous au gymnase le mercredi à 5 heures 30. Sensei (professeur) Garry Hails se ferait un plaisir de vous accueillir, ou vous pouvez toujours rentrer en contact avec moi (chambre 233, maison B, résidence Hilliard) (#): Le Karaté, collection Marabout, numéro 226.

N.B. J'aurai, par intervalles irrégulières, d'autres articles concernant cette discipline tout en vous tenant au courant des développements au sein des activités du Club de Karaté du Collège Glendon.

FALL GRADUATES

If you're graduating this fall and contemplating what immediate career opportunities are available, read on.

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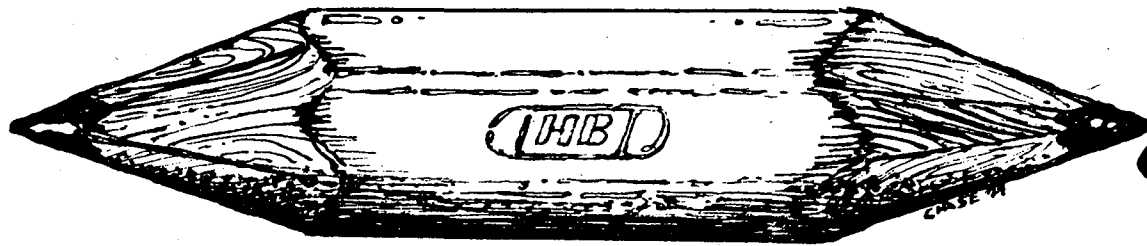
As a first step, we invite you to visit your placement office and obtain a copy of our literature. Additional information is also available in our information binder in the placement office, and job descriptions have been posted. If you are still interested after reading about us; send me your resume indicating your area of interest. You can count on hearing from me within three weeks after forwarding your resume.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE



Letters



Letters

Middle East Peace Talks

To the editor:
 The recent joint proposals issued by the United States and the Soviet Union reveal once again a basic lack of understanding of important issues by the west; and most notably by the USA. Abandonment of Taiwan, while clearly one of the most noticeable turnabouts in diplomatic relations and certainly a clear breach of international trust on the part of the US, is yet likely to be superceded by the current release issued on dialogue between Israel and the Arab states.

The US has thrown a monkey wrench into the machinery designed to work a just and lasting peace between the two parties. In diplomatic affairs, the wording of agreements and resolutions is sometimes more important than the content. Thus the effect of the US-USSR proposal for a resumption of the Geneva Peace Talks under its terms, will be to once again put Israel under the gun.

The recommendations seek no prior committment from the Arabs. It does however impose these conditions on Israel. It requests that: (a) Israel withdraw from all occupied territories, thus leaving its communities open once again, to shelling from high points on the Lebanese and Syrian borders, and (b) that Israel accept the Palestinian delegation at the Geneva Conference, a delegation composed of political terrorists from the P.L.O., who are dedicated to the destruction of Israel. These people have never even recognized the existence of Israel!

This being the case, does the US honestly believe that such people will be satisfied by a mere "pulling back from borders" by Israel? And if not, what are the alternatives? Inevitably, attacks from positions close to central Israel (as a result of the pull-back), and indefensible positions for Israel, in case of war.

The holocaust of World War II is still too near and too real for Jews to again lay down arms and to meekly and trustingly be led to their deaths. Or will the P.L.O. simply accept the terms, for a month, for a year, or for a hundred years, biding its time and always awaiting a chance to destroy Israel.

Is this the just and lasting peace that Carter proposes? The US should know better!

Israel cannot only think of its emmediate future. The government decisions of today affect the citizens of tomorrow. What an inheritance for the future sons of Israelis, if they face a situation worse than that of today!

A just and lasting peace in the Middle East is possible; but only if well-meaning countries like the US leave the decision-making to the parties involved; and act only as mediators in whatever discussions take place.
 Sincerely,
 David Wexler

North Bay Nora

Sweetie-Editor:
 Once again I am forced to complain about the antics of Glendon's pubescent males. On my way home from Oktoberfest late Wednesday night, I was awoken from my drunken stupour by the sound of a disturbing waterfall.

Peering out the bus window I soon discovered that the rushing water emanated not from the mighty Credit, but instead from the swollen livers of a handful of blitzed Glendonites. Who says that rats don't like the cold?
 Yours lovingly,
 North Bay Nora

Blintz's Mailbag

To the editor:
 No makee fun of me. Velly sick of clumsy jokes. Me president of E house. Me big man. Ha! Ha! Make rittre joke. Maybe I wlite for Natarar Ram-pon?
 Telly
 P.S. you klidding? We rost the war?

To the editor:
 Instead of calling it Katz Eye View, I can think of a better part of the anatomy. His remarks are almost as crusty as his pyjama bottoms.
 Jack Doff

To the editor:
 Never mind Champagne Charlie in the pub. For real ragtime, go to Hilliard.
 One who has been there

To the editor:
 I read with dismay, the Pro Team essay on hunting. I think Ross Nicebottom ought to be shot!
 A big, flying goose

To the editor:
 I find your dirty little rag disgusting. And that goes for your newspaper too!
 An ex-friend of Sarah's



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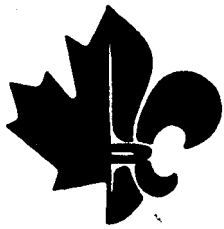
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Pro Tem is the independent weekly newspaper of Glendon College. Founded in 1962 as the original student publication of York University, it has been a member of the Canadian University Press since 1967. **Pro Tem** strives to be autonomous of both university administration and student government, and all copy and photographs are the sole responsibility of the editorial staff. Editorial offices are located in Glendon Hall. Telephone: 487-6133. **Pro Tem** is printed by Webman Limited, Guelph, Ontario. Circulation: 4,000, including Glendon and main campuses of York University. National advertising is handled by Youthstream, 307 Davenport Rd. Toronto.

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you can't argue with a sick mind

by Mark Everard
editor-in-chief

We of upright Anglo-Saxon stock tend to think of Thanksgiving as a quiet, almost religious holiday. Thanksgiving is a time for such exciting things as getting together with family and friends, eating turkey dinners and catching up on television sports. Any physical activity other than a quick cheer when the Yankees hit a home run or a sigh of relief when the gravy doesn't turn out lumpy seems out of place.

The popularity of Thanksgiving is now being supplanted by a vastly more energetic boisterous celebration, however. I am speaking of that delightfully debauched and unabashedly barbarian festival which got its start centuries ago in Bavaria, and which we all have come to know as Oktoberfest.

This German-inspired event, traditionally held to

celebrate the completion of the harvest in mid-October, is catching on. Originally, the only Oktoberfest in Canada was at Kitchener-Waterloo, an area in southern Ontario having a high concentration of German ancestry. In the last five years though, copies of that more or less authentic festival in K-W have sprung up everywhere, to the point where every centre with a population larger than 300 has its own Oktoberfest.

This has its advantages and disadvantages. I'm sure the Germans are proud to have their traditions carried on, but any Deutschlender worth his sauerkraut would choke in his Lowenbrau if he had to sit through the Stittsville (Ont.) Oktoberfest.

The Canadian version of Oktoberfest tries to retain much of the flavour of the German original, down to the leather-clad omm-pah-pah band and the sudsy

mugs of beer. However, due largely to the ridiculous liquor regulations of the Puritans who run this province, there seems to be a few things missing, namely outdoor beer gardens and the traditional chugging contests.

Also, something seems to be lost by housing many of the festivities in hockey arenas, which are, after all, designed for end-to-end rushes and not for swilling beer. It's a little tough to conjure up an authentic German atmosphere sitting in the same sort of place in which you spend half the winter drinking rye and cheering on the home team.

Nevertheless, Canadians will persist in abandoning the usually staid holiday of Thanksgiving for the always outrageous celebration of Oktoberfest. All I can say to that is, Ein Prosit, and get my wash and wear shirt out, Mom.

editorials

by Bill Hepburn

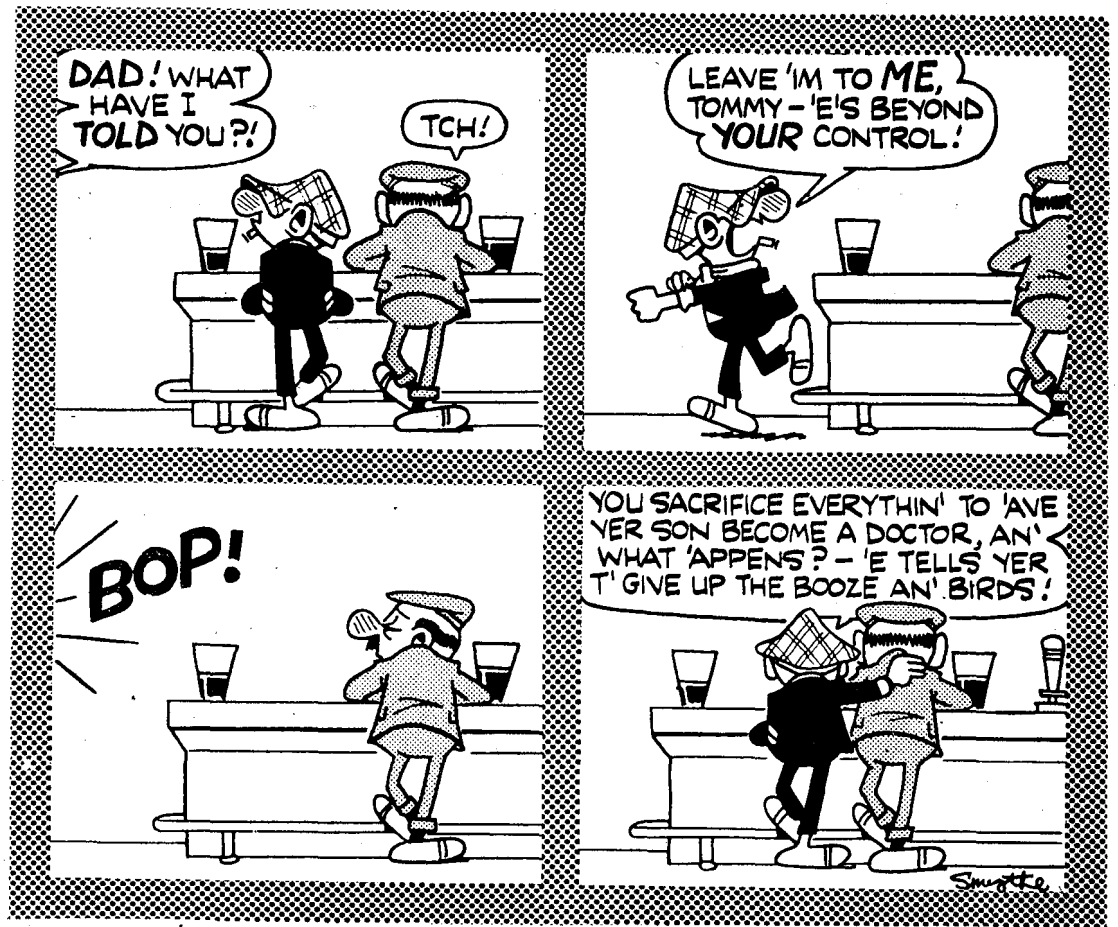
Every day hundreds of students enter Glendon College through the main gates at Lawrence and Bayview. For these students, it is a day of constantly playing cat-and-mouse with the local traffic.

Last year, we heard several justifiable complaints from students, and the consensus was that some form of crosswalk should be implemented in front of the gates. A petition calling for action in the form of safer access to Glendon was circulated by concerned students. The res-

ponse was overwhelming. The idea for the petition was conceived after many narrow misses with cars were reported. However, it seems that someone must be physically hurt before something will be done.

And this is exactly what has happened. Perhaps you forgot that someone was hit last year by a car. Thankfully it was not critical, but it is a disgrace that students walking to school have to play Russian Roulette with traffic.

Is it possible that maybe this year we can finally solve the problem?



TURN THE PAGE

the text pistols

Welcome once again to the column that got me in trouble with my parents at Thanksgiving. Ego maniacs in the crowd will be pleased to know that all you have to do to get your picture in Pro Tem is join the staff, because we feature a different staffer each issue in this space.

This week we reluctantly put the spotlight on Stephen Lubin.

Stephen is our social editor. We let him have this position because we didn't want his disgraceful prose on an important section of the paper, and, besides no one else wanted the job.

His prime responsibility is the preparation each



week of the infamous Social Disease page. Stephen spent most of the summer (when he wasn't journeying up to Syracuse for romantic weekends) agonising over the name of his column. Originally intending to call it ProphylacTem, he had to

change it to the present name when the Joseph Schmidt Co. objected.

Stephen was born in London, England, but moved to New York City at age 11, which might account for his slightly mixed up frame of mind. He attended UNIS, which is short for the United Nations International School and has nothing whatever to do with a certain part of the male anatomy for which Stephen has attained quite a reputation.

On a tip from his bartender, Stephen decided to choose Glendon over several other Canadian and English universities. All we can say that their loss is our gain.

Food Fables & Beaver Tales

by John Everingham

If you are new here at Glendon, you may not be aware of what is about to befall us, but for the seasoned veteran of Glendon affairs this time of year marks the beginning of the most traditional and predictable of Glendon's annual events. (And by the way, let's make this a year to remember.)

What am I talking about? None other than that which is near and dear to all of us, namely the annual debate over the present state of our relationship with Beaver Foods Ltd.

As a word of caution, let me warn you that the author of this contribution is a virgin of sorts, this being my first contribution even to Pro Tem. It's not that I never have anything to say (those who know me will bear me out on this point.) I just never seem to get my opinions down on paper. But since this is my fourth and final year here at Glendon, I find I can hold neither my tongue nor my pen any longer.

May I first of all submit the following proposition--that we members of the Glendon community are entitled to a certain number of basic human rights, one of which is the provision of "satisfactory" food services. While satisfaction implies something very different for everyone, it seems that in connection with Beaver, virtually no one is being "satisfied". Indeed simple satisfaction is days, however, before everyone gets excited, let me explain.

I don't expect white line tablecloths and personalized table service from Beaver, but rather this basic minimum--healthy quantities of good quality food at reasonable prices. Easier said than done you say. Of course it is, but the fact remains that as a human being (of the species "residentes studentus"), I expect, need and respectfully demand a certain standard of service, which I feel I am not receiving now. At the same time it seems highly possible for the present caterer to satisfy my above need--and to make a reasonable profit. Let me ex-

plain.

Beaver is the only licensed caterer on campus. In this capacity, it has a captive market of close to 400 residence students who literally have no choice but to eat there. As well, there is a potential market of some 1,000 day students, not to mention numerous visitors on campus, the Living and Learning Group, Atkinson students, the permanent office staff, professors and various conference groups. So without a doubt, there is a substantial market to be tapped.

But because people aren't satisfied with the food, Beaver is not attracting a substantial portion of that market. It is hurting itself by

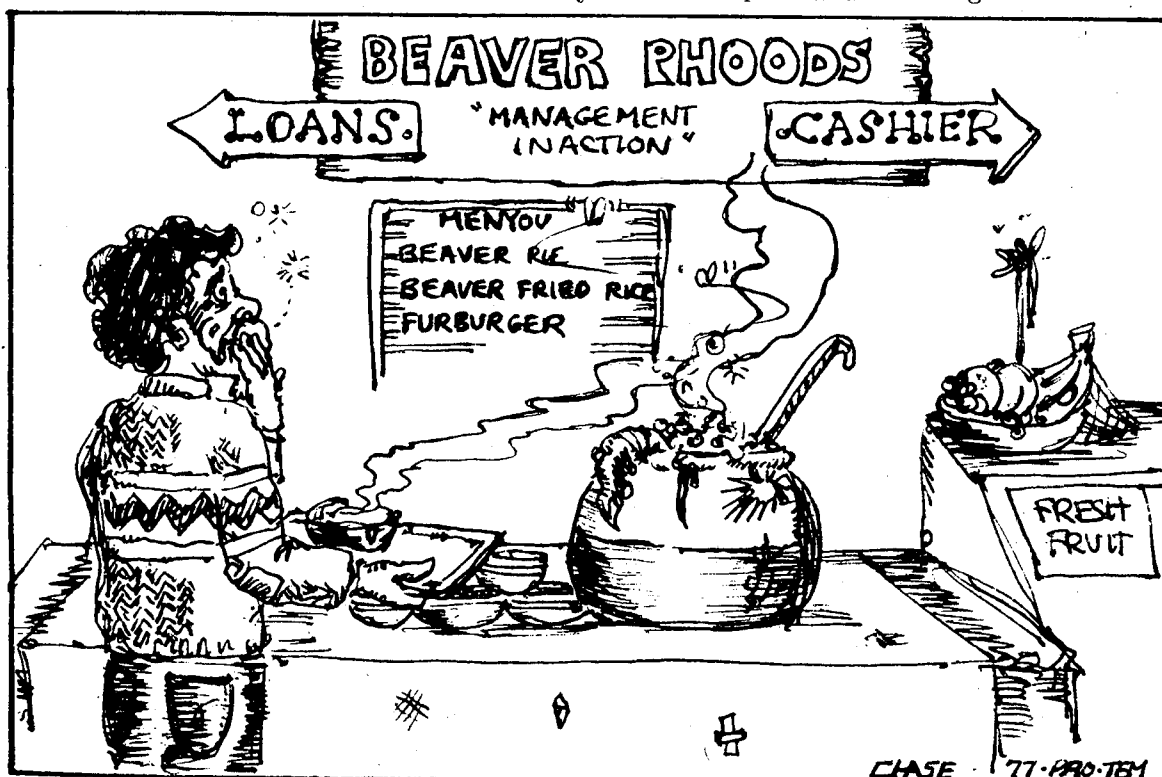
But can we blame ourselves? After all, for years now we've had innumerable letters to Pro Tem, several petitions, grumblings, outright confrontations and the Food Services Committee.

Now ask yourself, how far have we come? Not very far it seems. I realize that the Food Services Committee is the "official" body on campus that can seek to redress any wrongs committed by Beaver, but at this point we seem to be worse off than ever before. While I'm not writing off the F.S. Committee a possible vehicle for improving services, I do seriously question its effectiveness.

Now before you fall asleep

But were all our hopes in vain? Was this just a sham so that Beaver would get their contract again? I would hate to think so, and at this point I believe Beaver was sincere in their efforts. But what I want to know is what happened to all of that? At this point, all the improvements introduced last year have disappeared. Apparently when manager Don Smith left, innovation left with him.

So I would like to suggest that the present Beaver management make an effort to continue what was begun last year. We should not have to go through this yearly battle to get back what we fought so hard to



not offering better quality food services. When asking people to fill out the GGG survey of Beaver foods recently, the most common response from day students was, "I can't fill one out because I don't eat here anymore. The food is bad and the prices too high, so I bring my lunch or go to the Pub." Unfortunately for those of us in residence, we are stuck with \$600 in scrip that we either spend at Beaver or lose outright.

Regarding efforts by students to improve the situation, there seems to be a sense of hopelessness. "It won't do any good anyhow" is the most common reaction. Indeed cynicism seems to be the popular mode of thought these days.

or check out Hepburn's Treadmill, let me say that an attempt was made last year under manager Don Smith to improve the lot of those who just can't resist the pull of Beaver. A new salad bar was installed and the salads were in fact improved and varied. Bravo! A line of "vegetarian" soups and entrées was introduced which seemed to meet with general approval. Bravo encore! Certain specialty foods such as nuts, raisins, prunes, dates and other dried fruits were also introduced. Special dinners like "Italian Night" and "Bavarian Night" all-you-can-eat complete with music, singing etc. added greatly to Beaver's credibility.

get the year before. As a matter of course the health foods should be re-introduced and expanded if possible. (Granola, rice dishes varieties of tea, cheeses and dried fruits would be a start.) The salad bar isn't bad either, but please find some way to standardize prices so one day I won't be charged 80 cents for a salad, 40 cents for the same salad the next day and 50 cents the next.

If food services don't improve, who knows, Glendon may once more become that hot bed of student radicalism that it was known for in the past. Perhaps the sixties aren't dead after all--they're just recovering from a hangover.

Parrot Explains Student Aid

be forced to seek work in the larger cities to pay back her debt.

One of the last people to speak was an unidentified student, who called Parrot and his associates "gangsters". At this point, the crowd began to heckle the student, and he was forced to sit down.

Dr Parrot was then asked if the change in the aid plan was to lower costs or to reduce enrolment. Parrot pointed out that in the last

five years the amount of money allotted to student aid had risen from \$31 to \$74 million.

OFS chairperson Miriam Endelson asked whether the government was planning to set a limit on family income when aid in the form of grants would be ended. Ms Endelson suggested \$10,000 per annum as a possible cut-off point. Dr Parrot quickly responded by pointing out that the

\$10,000 figure ignore the number of dependents an income earner must support.

A system of regional price indexing which would allow for more even distribution of aid has been dropped.

The question was also raised as to whether or not students who don't achieve jobs within six months after graduation would be allowed an extended re-payment period. Dr Parrot replied that, even

though most banks did not like the scheme, unemployed graduates would be allowed to make interest payments only.

The meeting concluded on this note, and many of the 700 students who journeyed to Seneca College to see Harry Parrot departed feeling as confused about the ambivalent changes in the Ontario Student Aid Programme as they were when they arrived.

Acclaimed (cont)

v.p. internal, Gord Cochran as student senator and Claud Martel as first year rep.

Those positions for which no nominations were received were the more "undefined" offices, said Katz. Rookie chief returning officer Tim Whittaker announced at Monday's council meeting that nominations for the positions of general rep, part time rep, two first year reps, secretary as well as four positions on student caucus will remain open until Friday, October 14.

Council members were not optimistic that these positions could be filled without having to extend nominations or draft candidates.

Lithographie (cont)

modelés de Chasseriau, élève d'Ingres, sont techniquement étonnants mais un peu froids. Par ailleurs, beaucoup de force et d'énergie chez Gericault dont les chevaux étaient la passion. "Mazceppa" dégage cette force massive et la présence qui impressionnaient l'artiste. Quant à Honoré Daumier, peintre réaliste d'une grande maîtrise, il gagnait sa vie en faisant des caricatures pour la presse. Il ne prenait parti ni pour les romantiques, ni pour les classiques et se tenait à l'écart des mouvements littéraires et laudait les représentants vaineux (surtout Hugo) de toutes les écoles de ses flèches acérées. Ses peintures du peuple révèlent une chaleur et une tendresse inattendues. Près d'eux, ici dans cet opulent sarcophage - ce que nous appellons aujourd'hui "romantique" n'est que nostalgie déplacée sans connexion légitime à cette tradition appartenant irrévocablement au passé.

Council (cont)

ing was calm and tranquil. However the tempo of the meeting shifted some 180 degrees when the "dynamic duo" from Radio Glendon (Bill Hunt and Al Ly-sagt) asked council for \$5,000. The money, they assured council, is needed for operating costs. Advertising revenue will cover some of these expenses, however. Hunt explained that an additional \$3,500 on top of Radio Glendon's stand a \$1,500 annual GCSU grant would be needed to fully qualify for a much needed Wintario grant.

After much discussion of this request three motions were proposed by Kate Arthur and seconded by Marshal Katz. The final outcome of these motions saw council rejecting a proposed survey to determine if students felt the station was a service to them.



Your poetry and prose are needed now to fill this page. Please bring these to the new Pro Tem office in Glendon Hall (the former Counselling Services office). Don't delay. Ensure your immortality today.

laudrum's short story.

Samson Castrate sets down his breakfast plate, brushing aside the money and the note which he had placed there the night before. Another of those GET A HAIRCUT reminders which he persistently writes and ignores. His limp spineless self sinks lower into the breakfast chair, conforming to its cold un-natural curvature. He sullenly sips his strong black coffee and munches his hard black toast. And throws the crumpled note onto the floor.

On the kitchen floor is the dog. Viciously gnawing a limb of the eagle's-claw-legged table. NO, says Samson to the dog. NO. THAT'S NAUGHTY. STOP. But the dog does not listen.

Stupid beast. It seems to me that dogs are very inefficient drinkers. Dogs drool. They're rude. And dogs should be obedient.

Samson sits in front of the television in the second most comfortable chair, which is not occupied by the dog. On the T.V. screen, a hero frees himself from the jaws of a potentially embarrassing incident, only to be ravished by an ugly seductress portrayed by an unknown actress.

During the commercial break, Samson becomes heroic and dares to picture himself trampling the prostrate naked torso of each virile hero his mind encounters, who fart and grunt as Samson treads upon their buttocks. And Samson lays all of the voluptuous women that he knows from the late late shows and the movie magazines end to end and side to side and this to that like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle spread out upon the ground. And he snoozes their adulation and applause from the heroic depths of his dream.

Long long ago in the Garden of Eden, Adam awoke and tickled his loins and looked out upon the dawning of Sex. And Samson Castrate, aroused from his afternoon nap, sits upon his toilet and wishes that he had been born earlier. And his thoughts grow old despite himself. . .

Little Sammy Castrate sitting on the johnny singing BING BONG THE BELL HAS RUNG TO END THIS DAY OF SCHOOL.

I'm a good singer but Mackie only moves his lips and Marsha Marshmallow sings like a toad so I don't like it when Old Bag Hickie my teacher makes me sing in front of the class when MackieAvelli makes bum sounds at the national anthem and says it was me because Marsha Marshmallow giggles and I hate her like liver.

BING BONG THE BELL HAS RUNG THERE'S NO MORE GODDAMNED SCHOOL.

Old Samson Castrate's dog bringing him back to now. Biting his ankle. Wants to go across to the park to do his.

Samson locking the front door. Watching through the window the dog crossing the road to the public park where little girls are pursued by little boys for a kiss and a squeeze and frightened to the point of ecstasy.

As beautiful as a movie setting or a photograph in a magazine, the park extends one hundred and eighty degrees in front of Samson to the artificial horizon created by encircling apartment buildings which cast their civilizing influence over this weed and bug-free natural setting.

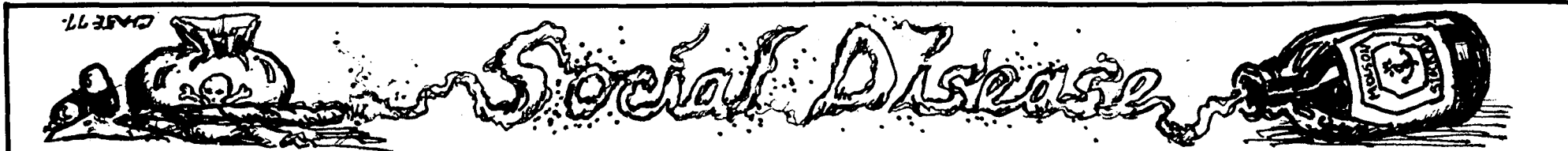
Samson fears the mysterious beauty of the park, and not since his youth when he and Joey Buggery spied on lovers and huggers there has he ventured across the grassy expanse.



And now, far across the park, Samson sees a tall thin dark form moving toward him. Erect. Biped. A vision of one's ancestor in this primaeval place? Samson perspires at the prospect. But this form now appears to be clothed in a style which suggests a more recent origin. Could it be the ghost of poor dear departed Mommy coming to tell me to get a haircut? But now sunlight shimmers on blond hair, and the body appears to possess breasts which don't look like Mommy's at all. Who could she be? It doesn't matter. Cause all it takes is HOW DO YOU DO? Then an I LOVE YOU. Like in the movies. And then I give her a ring to make us engaged for a wedding. The telegrams will congratulate Samson on being married to the girl from the park. She is crossing the road now. Samson smiles and waves. She doesn't notice. He taps against the windowpane. She glances up at a foolish old man and continues on her way down the street.

BITCH, he cries, when she is gone from sight.





'Smack Your Face Visits Oktoberfest



by Peter Pan

To the general relief of the residents of Kitchener-Waterloo, all the Glendonites who participated in the Tuesday Oktoberfest excursion were returned home safely. It was widely rumoured that any stragglers who dared remain behind after the festivities would have a price on their head. (Marshall keeps asking which head?). Bus # 538, with Gary Orr as driver, and **Dave Moulton** and **Steve Lubin** as marshalls (hired help is hard to get these days) left at six thirty p.m. and its first stop was at the Avenue Rd. Brewers Retail store.

additional help from the Greek national choir that gave the crowd a fine rendition of the North Atlantic Squadron. The final stop before Kitchener was at the Fina station so that the ladies on board (all two of them and not including **Livia**) could get some relief--and not from Roloids.

Once the bus arrived at the K-W Auditorium, most of the occupants needed directions to find the door to the bus. To say that we poured into the place is an understatement. The band was good and gave more than a fair share of 'Prosit' cheers. Everyone drank to their hearts content and inhibitions began to disappear. **Steve Lubin** broke a world's record for being in love by proceeding to fall in love with eight females in one evening.

Aileen Tite certainly was in love and she almost tongueed this correspondent to death. This was nothing compared to the antics of **Cathy Drabik** whose major exploits are barely mentionable but indeed memorable. **Mark Everhard** can't remember when we left because he left his consciousness somewhere on the dance floor.

And **Roman Kostov** won the interior decorating award for his ambitious release of paper towels around the tables. However the police were not very impressed with his wallpapering work. Better luck next year.

The return trip was a sombre (but definitely not sober) affair as many Glendonites displayed distinct signs of weariness. **David Moulton**, by this time, not only lost his sobriety but also his voice. Some people would claim that he lost his puberty but how can one lose something one has never had. And **Ian Lovelace** lost his cookies--he claims something just schnapped and away they went.

It appears from all accounts that a good time was had by all and people are eagerly awaiting Oktoberfest '78. It does give everyone enough time to recover and prepare to get themselves reamed once again.

Dutch Mason

by Mark Everard

I had to wonder what I was doing at the Horseshoe Tavern two Fridays ago. I mean here I was, a confirmed rock & roller waiting to see the Dutch Mason Blues Band.

As I bellied up to the Horseshoe's rather chintzy bar, I rationalized the whole situation as being part of my never ending quest to broaden my horizons.

Just as the name implies, Dutch Mason is a blues band, and not a bad one at that. They played three solid sets of standard blues, such as B.B. King's "The Thrill is Gone", to a full house that warmed very much to their music.

Their instrumentation consisted of Mr Mason on lead guitar, a bassist, a drummer, an electric piano player and a guy who spent the whole night smoking and playing the harmonica. Dutch handled many of the vocals himself, and an im-

mense guest singer did the remainder.

The entirety of the band, excepting the pianist, hail from Halifax, which at first seems like a strange place for blues musicians to come from. The blues, however, are international, and Dutch Mason were by no means out of their depth.

They seemed very relaxed on stage, drinking beer between songs and frequently lighting up cigarettes. At times, they almost seemed too relaxed--I'm amazed the harp player didn't set his instrument on fire. Dutch himself was very loose, smiling and trading quips with his band. The overall effect was one of control.

Having recently taken in Toronto's own Downchild Blues Band, I could not help comparing the two, and it has to be said that Dutch Mason suffered in comparison. Though they were technically adept, they had

none of Downchild's originality. As a tribute to the Toronto bluesmen, Dutch covered one of their hits, "Flip, Flop and Fly".

If Dutch and the boys can ever develop some original material, they seem to have the technical skills to warrant a recording contract. As for now, they seem content to keep club audiences happy.

As a special treat, Dutch introduced "The Curse", a four-person, all-girl punk rock band, who favoured us with a mercifully quick set at midnight. The Curse seem a very contrived act, just going through the motions of what in England is a genuine outlet of outrage--punk rock.

The lead singer was embarrassingly weak in her attempt to mimic the raunchiness of a Johnny Rotten, leaving her band very much in the lurch. The normally placid Horseshoe crowd showed their appreciation of these four young ladies by launching a shower of verbal and physical abuse in their general direction.

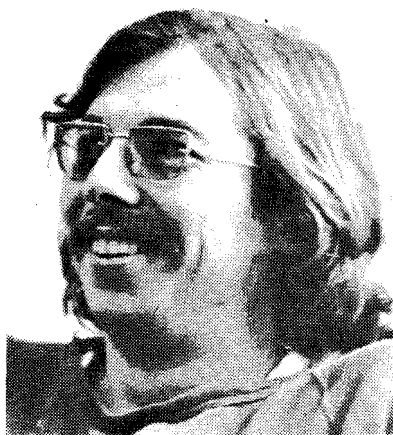
CKRG (cont)

feels in order for the station to progress it must take a much more "professional attitude towards news, documentaries and continuity." He sees this professionalism arising in a good cohesive station executive.

Chips' stay at CKRG will be short lived, for within the next three months he will return to Hawaii. There he will again work as a D.J. at one of the local radio stations. CKRG, as he puts it, is a "stepping stone" in his career.

The utilization of professional D.J.s can only be

beneficial to CKRG & Radio Glendon. They can help set new standards at the station, while teaching less experienced D.J.s some of the tricks of the trade. I personally can see CKRG FM having no trouble fulfilling the stipulations of the CRTC licence if it continues this practice.



"Sure I'm Mature"

It was at this point that **Al MacPherson** became the sole contender for the "beer sleaze" award. While everyone else was content to buy their own liquor, Hang In There Al decided to use his good graces to obtain liquid refreshments from everyone and anyone on the bus. It was difficult to turn down a guy whose best line all night was "Well I don't know."



"got a beer?"

The second stop was somewhere past Hwy. #6 on the 401 when an impromptu male chorus line was formed on the side of the road. The Congo chorus had some

WHY DOES THE WORLD NEED NEW MOICHEV VODKA?

- Moichev and orange.
- Moichev Bullshot.
- Moichev and tomato.
- Moichev Daiquiri.
- Moichev and tonic.
- Moichev and clam juice.
- Moichev martini.
- Moichev and blackcurrant.
- Moichev and lime.
- Moichev and cranberry.
- Moichev and bitter lemon.
- Moichev and lemonade.
- Moichev and apple juice.
- Moichev and ice.

Moichev. Canada's bright new vodka.

sports

Scheckter Wins Grand Prix

by Carol Williams

MOSPORT-A blown engine in the second last lap cost Mario Andretti a chance to win the Canadian Grand Prix at Mosport last Sunday.

Andretti led from the pole position, followed closely by James Hunt in what developed early into a two-way race. At one point, the two drivers were a lap ahead of everyone except third place Jochen Mass,

including Jody Scheckter, who started ninth in the grid and moved up steadily into fourth place.

Andretti managed to avoid a near collision as he tried to pass Mass in the tight hairpin at Moss Corner, but the split second time loss was enough to enable Hunt to make his move in lap 61 and take over the lead. Hunt's victory was short-lived, as he was eliminated from the competition when he collided with Mass, his team mate, while attempting to pass him in the same lap. Hunt was later fined \$2,750 by race of-

ficials after waving his fists at Mass from the edge of the track and punching a marshall who tried to get Hunt off the track.

That left Andretti on his own, with Scheckter squeezing through to maintain second position, directly in front of Andretti, almost a full lap down, Andretti appeared to slow somewhat, taking the final laps in stride. Or was he in trouble? Scheckter came under the Uniroyal bridge in his 78th lap (Andretti's 79th) but there was no sign of Mario! Once again a blown engine had taken its toll on Andretti's Lotus. Scheckter, driving a Canadian car owned by Walter Wolf, completed the final lap to take the checkered flag followed by Patrick Depailler (Tyrell), Mass (McLaren), Alan Jones (Shadow), Patrick Tambay (Ensign) Vittorio Brambilla (March) and Danny Ongais (Penske).

Canadian driver Gilles Villeneuve, in his second Grand Prix, (his first for Ferrari), started from the

17th position in the grid and managed to move up through the field to eighth position. However, a spin out in his 73rd lap caused Villeneuve to drop back to 10th position and a spin out in his 77th lap caused by oil from Andretti's blown engine eventually prevented him from finishing the race, leaving him 12 in the official standings.

The Ferrari team had been the subject of controversy earlier in the weekend as World Champion Nikki Lauda flew home to Austria Friday without attempting to qualify. Lauda's mechanic was fired by Ferrari after Lauda approached him with an offer to accompany him on a move to the Brabham team next season.

The race placed Scheckter securely in second place for the World Championship, eight points ahead of Andretti with only one race left in the season. Andretti must win in Japan, with Scheckter doing no better than seventh place, if he is to gain the nine points necessary to finish ahead of Scheckter.



James Hunt in the McLaren M23

at the gardens

by Mark Enchin

Last week Leaf coach Roger Neilson assigned Bruce Boudreau, Paul Evans, Bob Warner, John Anderson and Blair MacKasey to the Dallas Blackhawks of the Central Hockey League for what hockey people refer to as "seasoning".

These players were sent down to the minors to get the necessary ice time to develop their skills. Usually, they progress far enough that the big league club sends for them periodically throughout the season, and if they play well enough, one of them could land a starting po-

sition with the Leafs.

Monday the NHL has its annual unprotected player draft so that the weaker teams may pick up players from other team's unprotected list and thereby strengthen their own squad. This draft is an attempt to create a balanced distribution of talent in the league.

In somewhat of a surprise, the Leafs failed to protect veteran goaltender Wayne Thomas, leaving Mike Palmateer and Gord Macrae to handle goaltending duties. Also unprotected were Claire Alexander, Scott Garland, Mike Pelyk and

Stan Weir, all veterans of the Toronto club.

Roger Neilson announced that defenceman Trevor Johansen will start on defence when the season opens and that penalty-killing ace Jimmy Jones will also make the club. Neilson's decision to add Johansen to his defensive corps is a sound one because the Swede has played exceptionally well in pre-season.

Sunday night Toronto ended their 1977 exhibition schedule with a 4-4 tie in Chicago, which left their record for the pre-season at three wins, three losses and two ties.

pro team

WHA HANGS ON

by Ross Longbottom
Sports Editor

Like the proverbial snows of winter, this fall once again sees the return of the WHA for another year of the beg and borrow act.

This marks the sixth season of the WHA show, which always starts with a bang and ends with a fizzle and president William MacFarland passing his size twelve hat for donations. Gary Davidson, the man who started it all is no dummy. He is now living in the Dominican Republic, where he's well out of reach of those who would like to see him go for a skate on the pond in late spring, and where hockey is about as big a success as HAI-LAI is here.

It was 1972 when he announced the formation of a second major hockey league. Who could forget these great first teams; New York Raiders, New England Whalers, Los Angeles Sharks, Minnesota Fighting Saints, Philadelphia Blazers, Ottawa Nationals, Cleveland Crusaders, Québec Nordiques, Winnipeg Jets, Chicago Cougars, Houston Aeros and Alberta Oilers.

Most of these teams went under or changed their locale after the first season. But the WHA carried on relentlessly into the second year. Again the board of governors were throwing out financial life-jackets to the floundering franchises as fast as they had convinced them to take a dip into the big leagues in the beginning.

Soon it became evident that the only solution to the WHA's problems was to merge with the stronger NHL league. This summer, Howard Baldwin, the president of the New England Whalers, began a campaign to merge the WHA with the NHL.

An agreement seemed to have been reached at the NHL meetings in Montreal last June. Six WHA teams would form their own division within the NHL. Four teams would enter the playoffs with two of them finally meeting with the NHL in the quarter finals.

CHANGE OF HEART

But come August the big bear crawled out from his cave beneath the Gardens' ice and roared in disapproval. Rumour has it that Uncle Harold (Ballard) is one of the key figures in disallowing the merger to take place. If these teams were admitted to the league, especially the Canadian teams, (Québec, Winnipeg, Edmonton) the Leafs would stand to lose money on their television dealings.

The three new teams in Canada would want, and probably get, television coverage. Hockey Night in Canada, allotted so much money to pay out to team owners, would now be paying television rights to six instead of three teams. This would mean only about one third the income of before for the Leafs, and there is nothing Mr Ballard dislikes more than dropping to a lower income bracket.

So the brakes went on and with a little help from other club owners the merger fell through.

But Harold might be thinking about more than money. It might just be the pleasure of sweet revenge. For was it not the WHA that stole Mark Napier, Wayne Dillon and a few others right out from under his nose? So when they came crying, well...isn't revenge sweet.

Let's face the music though. The surviving teams of the WHA will join the NHL sooner or later. They just need one more year of weeding.



Gary Davidson, Original WHA President.

Inside These Pearly Gates

by Brian Barber

Well, it's been a week now and I still haven't had anyone donate to my fund to bring Grand Prix auto racing to Glendon. Someone did leave five cents in scrip for me in the Pro Tem office, however, in light of the note that it was attached to (which suggested where I might personally stage such a race), I cannot realistically call this a donation. So it would seem that this scheme will have to be abandoned, due to financial shortcomings.

This does not mean that I have abandoned my efforts

to lift this campus out of the doldrums into which it has fallen. What it does mean is that perhaps my goals shall have to be more conservative ones. The only problem is that this leaves me with literally hundreds of abandoned ideas and nothing to replace them with.

For example, the glossy skin magazine I wanted to publish. That idea has gone by the boards. Too bad. A lot of aspiring student models and photographers could have made some extra money and gained valuable professional experience by

working on this venture. The only snag occurred with regards to the title; it seems that the cafeteria has exclusive campus rights to the word "Beaver".

Oh well.

To add insult to injury, Café Manager Phil Roche flatly rejected my idea of having exotic dancers in the pub from noon until closing. Someday you'll see the light Phil.

Even my old buddies in the Dramatic Arts Program let me down. When I managed to get some big-time Holly-

wood producers interested in using Glendon as the location for the remake of that classic horror film, "The Night of the Living Dead", using Glendon students in the title roles, the D.A.P. blew it for me with their outrageous demands. Firstly, they wanted the film set in Elizabethan England, to give it a Shakespearean feeling. Secondly, they refused to reconsider a proviso that required all actors with speaking parts to have British accents.

It's not surprising then that the producers have de-

cidated against the Glendon site and are currently negotiating with the City Council of Hoboken, New Jersey, to shoot the film there.

Anyway, while I'm searching for something that will bring Glendon the notoriety it so richly deserves, I'm proud to announce that full-colour posters of Peter Pan and Captain Crook, in compromising positions, are available in the editor's office for only two dollars.

Yeah, I know you've seen it all before. But after all, this is Glendon, isn't it?

The Tread Mill

by Bill Hepburn

Something very interesting happened here last week. The Rose Garden's walls have been repaired.

Early Friday morning the grounds crew revved up their engines and ended the long restoration drought from which the garden has suffered.

At the same time, the men in green ended another drought. For a long time I believed that there was very little the press could do to effect change, but because of their work, following an editorial which I wrote, they have restored my faith in the power of the press.

I can just see myself now. Sitting alone at my typewriter I diligently fight for all mankind, taking on the evils of the world. The universe will be mine to

defend; I can do no wrong.

I will be the superman of all philosophers. Poetic prose will flow from this pen. Majestic thoughts will leap from this page. I understand how Woodward and Bernstein felt at Watergate.

My first task will be fought right here on our own doorstep. Glendon College and the betterment of its students will become my cause.

Glendon Security will fear my words. They will eliminate the ticketing of cars. They will forget about charging us to park on our own grounds. And, yes, they will even allow me to park my terminally ill Javelin in front of Wood Residence.

Even the Glendon accounting department will come under my scrutiny. No

longer will residents of this fine institution have to borrow scrip because of their failure to remember scrip day.

And the residence buildings? Yes, Wood and Hilliard will have their long awaited face lifts. York Main will return to the Glendon students their own money by painting and refurbishing the two dorms.

The Students Council will finally find out that their role at this college is to provide us with things to do. No more politicking; even Lex will forget his Bill Davis smile. There will be no more debates, just parties, dances and good times.

And as for Beaver Foods; they will...well come to think of it, even I may have the occasional set-back,

and four out of five isn't bad though.

As I continue along at my task at hand I will be regarded as the Aristotle of Glendon. I will become the recognizable force on campus. Fame and fortune will be mine.

Even as I lift my head after my upteenth beer I will be able to make people realize the realities of the world. They will finally realize that they've been had! For they will conclude that this column is just another beer induced dream.

It is, however, unfortunate that so many good things come from scattered dreams. A sober reality is that Glendon will remain the same; until I can once again disgustingly intoxicate myself enough that the dream

returns.

Reflective Footnotes:

A previous Tread Mill dealt with Michael's Steak & Burger. Unfortunately my beloved editor edited the most important aspect of the column, namely, prices. No, prices are not reasonable. They are fantastic! Just a sample: steak on a Kaiser (up because of inflation) has risen to \$1.10 from \$1, and yes the plate of french fries is free. Milk shakes-45 cents (up 5 cents) sundaes, 50 cents and the banana splits an incredible 55 cents (made with real ice cream).

This is why I chose to give Mike's recognition at Glendon. Do go down and visit John and his family.

By the way, no he didn't pay me to say all this.

Hanging in There

by Al McPherson

We seem to have been in a recession for quite a while now. As those in government are quick to note recession are international in nature and completely out of our control. Some factors, however, are not of this type--on the contrary, certain causes of our economic stagnation result from value decisions that many people have supported enthusiastically.

During the sixties, things like ecology, social benefits, leaving time for family life, etc., were suppor-

ted in a view to improving the lives of people in our technological society. A humanistic movement, consisting mainly of youth, called out for more concern for the way people actually lived and more translation of our principles of justice and equality and brotherhood into reality--and less concern with money, status, job promotions, etc. This movement has led North American society to shift to the left, and many of the benefits are being felt today.

As with most decisions,

you win some and you lose some. Focusing more concern on these humanistic concerns has also taken some of the power out of society's economic system and these effects are being felt today as well. Forcing companies to buy pollution control devices ultimately means higher prices for consumers and/or lower profits for the company--which lead to inflation and/or unemployment respectfully. Taxing the rich more to provide benefits for the poor is very nice,

but this leads to less incentive to produce, as well as less capital to invest in new job creating ventures.

With more consideration for family life, many young executives are staying put in the city they're living in rather than moving to another centre in order to get a promotion and/or a raise. This results in someone whom the company considers less capable getting the job, which results in the job not being done as well, which re-

sults in less production, and so on.

I'm not saying that I disagree with the above value-decisions--in fact, I feel that most of them were good ideas. We must not forget, however, that part of the responsibility for our poor economic situation lies with ourselves. Many today are like the fellow who on Friday night decides to have a ball and gets drunk, and then blames those around him on Saturday for making him feel hung-over.

Captain Video

I do not intend to waste your time, or mine for that matter, so I'll keep this review as short as possible. It is not often that I am so moved by a piece of entertainment that I just have to warn you not to waste your money or your time even considering it. Such is the case with the re-release of Murder By Death (currently filling

in space between new releases at the Odeon Hyland).

As an original Neil Simon play it is clever and sometimes witty (witness the title). As a multi-million dollar motion picture it is beyond me how anyone would even consider making such a trivial piece of celluloid.

The sets were elaborate and intriguing, as they

should be in a mystery story, but the players who fill the sets put in some of their worst acting efforts to date. Outstandingly disappointing was the guest appearance of Truman Capote as the mad and cunning genius behind the whole event. The seasoned professionals must have been tremendously embarrassed while they waited for Capote to chew out his words.

And the so-called professionals were no better in their lazy performances as various spoofs of famous detective novel heroes. It

appeared to me like they were all there for a party at our expense (similar to the cast of Murder on the Orient Express) and the film was inconsequential for them.

To top it off, I found it possible to guess the general outcome in the very first scene as the credits were rolling by. You first see a chest with a lock on it. That lock is opened by someone wearing what appears to be a man's tuxedo suit and black leather gloves. You only see

the person's right hand and arm. But every detective novel and movie fanatic worth his or her salt knows that appearances are deceiving. Since it looked like the arm of a man, it had to be a woman as indeed was the outcome of the story: a woman disguised as a man. The only reason I did not pursue the woman's exact identity further was that the story simply became too stupid and the guessing game became a waste of time. And at \$3.75 a head, you're wasting your money too!

entertainment and review

Fantasia

par Pierre Robitaille

Près de quarante années ont passé mais Fantasia demeure toujours l'oeuvre la plus ambitieuse du cinéaste américain. Le film contient sept parties liées par les commentaires de Deems Taylor. Le splendide orchestre de Philadelphie, alors à son apogée, était conduit avec éclat par Léopold Stokowsky. Pour la version originale, sept pistes sonores et trente haut-parleurs furent utilisés.

Le film débute par une majestueuse orchestration de la toccata et fugue en ré majeur de Bach aux formes abstraites et semi-classiques qui commandent le respect par son audace. Dans la section suivante, le Casse-noisettes de Tchaïkovski représente un tour de force technique à la sauce romantique où scintille quelques moments d'inspirations éblouissantes (ah, ces petits champignons chinois!). Mickey Mouse figure dans le meilleur segment. Par sa bonhomie et son brio spectaculaire, l'épisode de l'apprenti-sorcier, mis en musique par Paul Dukas, représente l'art disneyen à son apex artistique. Quoique racontée avec une verve amusante, cette vieille légende millénaire présente les seules idées psychologiques qui traversent le film, d'où son attrait touchant pour des générations de spectateurs.

Avec le Sacre du Printemps de Stravinsky, partition encore surprenante pour l'époque, nous assistons à un changement brusque d'atmosphère. La musique d'une vitalité crue aux rythmes frémissants évoque une création du monde mystérieux et, souvent cruel, qui laisse perplexe. Les scènes suivantes illustrées par la symphonie pastorale sont difficiles à évaluer objectivement. Au charme considérable, à l'élégance plaisante des premiers moments--les

chevaux ailés amérissant près des paysages arcadiens succèdent les follatrics mièvres de centaures et de petits amours fort mal raccordées à la nature réelle de la musique de Beethoven. Le tout est affadi par un style décoratif plus près des pires exemples de l'art nouveau et de café-conc que de reminiscences propre à la mythologie grecque. L'interprétation de la Danse des heures de Ponchielli est un triomphant morceau de sur-réalisme (Dali y a participé) où l'absurde est vainqueur du ridicule grâce à un humour débridé. Le résultat est hilarant. Un hipotame dans un tutu négligé fait des pirouettes comme s'il pesait une plume, les autruches dansent des entrechats et des éléphants timides tournent autour des collones en faisant des bulles. Tout ça conçu avec une absence de grâce très appliquée. La raison et le sérieux s'inclinent devant la folie la plus drôle.

Fantasia se termine avec une combinaison d'une suite sur un Mont chauve et de l'"Ave Maria" de Schybert. Techniquement saisissant, l'épisode est insatisfaisant émotionnellement (kétaine). Le contraste élémentaire du bien et du mal n'accroche pas malgré une composition vigoureuse de Satan. L'ampleur du sujet échappe aux talentueux dessinateurs. Il a mieux trouvés ses traducteurs dans les génies de Blake et de Toya. Fantasia est un film aux mérites et aux lacunes également remarquables. Sa structure est avant-gardiste et Disney demeure un pionnier sans précédent et avec peu de véritables successeurs. La plume de ses artistes ont créé quelques uns des plus beaux morceaux d'animation à être vu à l'écran. Un surprenant témoignage d'inspiration, Fantasia continuera longtemps encore à fasciner les audiences.



L'apprenti-sorcier.



The cast of Wozzeck.

Wozzeck

Theatre Review
by Richard Schwindt

"Wozzeck is the man we pass on Yonge street, the solitary figure sitting in Allan Gardens, the unemployed worker in the corner tavern. He is pushed, shoved, ignored by all of us." WOZZECK brochure.

It's easy to ignore Wozzeck--the production that is. Missing, is that rare quality of theatre (at least

in my experience) that reaches out and grabs you, shouting: "HEY YOU BASTARD--LISTEN TO ME!"

I sat back in my comfortable pew (Bathurst theatre is a converted church) and objectively watched Wozzeck's downfall: "uh-huh... yeah... 'wife's' upset...very interesting...uh-huh...daughter's traumatized...yeah surrounded by sordid brutality in a harsh inhuman environment...quite...hmm,

half-hour past...well well, she's cute...poor old Wozzeck..."

I wasn't too perturbed by what was going on onstage. As a matter of fact I was distracted by other things that were going on onstage, pretty girls and the ilk... I'm ignoring him now. Why is Wozzeck such a loser? Because of what he does to himself of course. Self-destructive: can't hold a job, lets himself get pushed around. I'm out in the audience looking in--objectively. I didn't care then; why should I care now? Wozzeck is such an alienating individual. No wonder people don't like him, poor chap. They've really made a mess of this plot. I really couldn't follow it.

"Hey, did you hear about Wozzeck?"

"No, I've lost track of him actually...you know, sometimes he's around and sometimes he isn't."

"He's dead you know."
"Really."

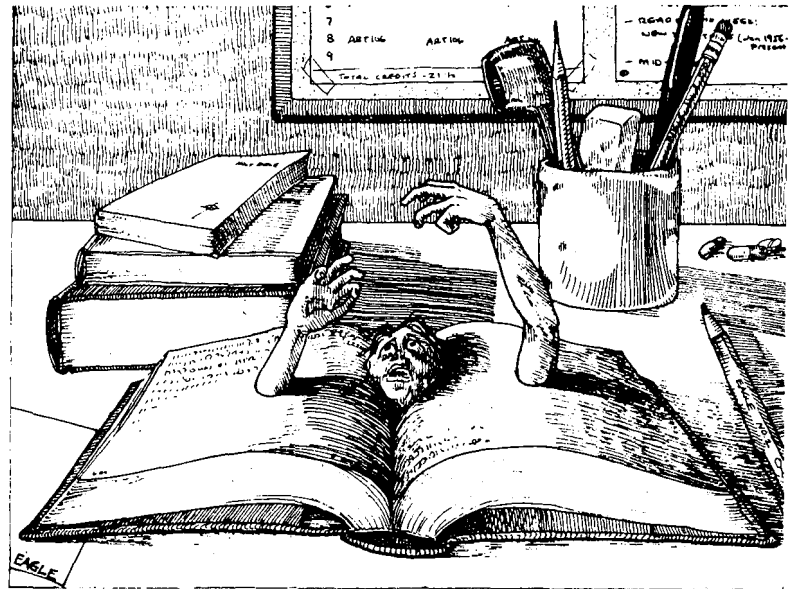
When Wozzeck reeled about that slanted stage shaped like a brassy wheel of fortune, I felt an indescribable feeling of horror. He had blood on his shirt and carried a bloody knife. I didn't exactly follow what happened but it jolted the hell out of me and I felt momentarily stunned and sick--but that soon passed.

Cover Your Ass

book review
by Garth Brownscombe
Cover Your Ass: by Bureaucrat 'X'
illustrated by David Shaw
published by Mel Hurtig

The bureaucratic nightmare known as the Canadian government has received yet another biting criticism in the form of Cover Your Ass! Brought to us by the same people who developed the self-defense manuals known as The Peter Principle, and Parkinson's Law, this irreverent volume exposes the convoluted monster into which various governmental agencies in Canada have been allowed to develop. We are told that Bureaucrat X is a disillusioned senior civil servant who feels compelled to cleanse his soul. However, the reader quickly realizes that 'X' is simply a pseudonym for a collection of horror stories collected from civil servants presently on the 'inside' of various levels of government.

In a satirical autobiography, Bureaucrat 'X' traces his career climb up the bureaucratic ladder. From his first day as a green recruit (he was told to spend two weeks in the washroom due to a shortage of work), to his final days as an empire-building man-



Help!

darin, 'X' constantly succeeds by following the Cover Your Ass principle.

To put it simply, C.Y.A. means not taking responsibility for anything; a theory which naturally leads to a wide range of ancillaries. For example, a good bureaucrat wouldn't write one memo when six or seven could do. He wouldn't solve problems too quickly as it might indicate he was underworked. Neither would a civil servant solve a question that a commission or a committee couldn't be assigned to. In short, the key to success in a bureaucracy is for one to be as inefficient as possible.

There can be little doubt that Cover Your Ass will

achieve popular and commercial success. It has recently become very fashionable to criticize government wastes and inefficiencies, and this book is timely enough to cash-in on this trend. The fact that such incompetence has also been known to exist in the private sector has apparently phased neither the authors or the pundits in literature land.

Plans are in the works to turn the book into a National Film Board feature length production next year. Given the book's critical stance and negative tone, I'm sure it will be a hit with Canadian moviegoers.

On Campus

On Campus

Deborah Donleavy and Brimful appear at Café de la Terrasse for two evenings of entertainment this **Friday Oct. 14** and **Sat. Oct. 15** at 9 p.m. \$1.

Glendon College's Art Gallery presents "White Paintings" and exhibition of new works by John Noestheden, to **Oct. 24**. The Gallery is open Mon. through Thurs. open Mon. through Thurs. from 11:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m., Friday from 11:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m., and Sunday from 2:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.

All The President's Men on **Fri. Oct. 14** and **Sat. Oct. 16** at 8:30 p.m. at Main Campus, Ross Bldg. Curtis Lecture Hall "L". \$1.75

Bound For Glory on **Sun. Oct. 16**, 8:30 p.m. at Main Campus, Ross Bldg., Curtis Lecture Hall "L", \$1.75

Nightclubs

Fingers at Queensbury Arms, 1212 Weston Rd. at Eglinton Av. W., 762-8204
Dianne Heatherington at Midwich Cuckoo, 240 Jarvis St. North of Dundas E. 363-9088.

Hot Knives and Village at Horseshoe Tavern, 368 Queen St. W. at Spadina.
Hott Rox at Gasworks, 585 Yonge St., N. of Wellesley.
Thomas & South at Hook & Ladder Club, Seaway Beverly Hills Motel, 1677 Wilson Av. W. of Jane St., 249-8171.

David Wilcox Band at upstairs El Mocambo, 464 Spadina Av. at College St.
Dreadful Snakes appear downstairs.

Andy Krehm Quartet at Blondie's, 1954 Yonge St. at Davisville, 482-0055.

Bernie Senesky at Yellowfingers, 1380 Bay St. at Yorkville Av. 964-1984.

Downchild Blues Band at Chimney, 579 Yonge St., N. of Wellesley.

Goddo at Geronimo's Black Hawk Motor Inn, Yonge St. and Elgin Mills Rd., Richmond Hill.

Sweeny Todd at Knob Hill, 2787 Eglinton Av. E. at the Danforth.

Zon/Creed at Larry's Hideaway, 121 Carlton at Jarvis, 924-5791.

Spacraft at Piccadilly Tube, 316 Yonge St. N. of Dundas.

Ray Materick at Riverboat, 134 Yorkville Av. near Avenue Rd., 922-6216.

Buddy Miles at Colonial Tavern, 203 Yonge St., N. of Queen, 363-6168.

Moe Koffman Quintet at George's Spaghetti House, 290 Dundas St. E.

Gap Mangione at Bourbon St. 180 Queen St. W. at University Av.

Live Theatre

Yuk Yuk's: A new club aimed at providing a launching pad for young comics, revue troupes and a feature act Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. 519 Church St.

Wozzeck: Linda Thorson and James Edmond star in George Buchner's tragedy *Wozzeck*, presented by Theatre Compact. **Continues to Oct. 22**, Tues. to Sun. at 8:30 p.m., Sun. matinee at 2:30 p.m. Tickets Tues. to Thurs. and Sun. evening \$5. Fri. and Sat. \$6. Sun. Matinee \$3.50, students and senior citizens \$3.50 Bathurst St. Theatre 736 Bathurst St. Reservations 535-9996.

The Importance of Being Earnest: Oscar Wilde's comedy continues at the Aladdin Theatre to **Oct. 23**, Wed. to Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Admission Wed. and Thurs. \$3, Fri. and Sat. \$4, Sun. pay what you can, students \$1 discount. 2637 Yonge St. Reservations 482-5200.

The Primary English Class: Isreal Horovitz' comedy presented by Open Circle Theatre under the direction of Ray Whelan.

To **Oct. 30**, Tues. to Fri. and Sun. at 8:30 p.m., Sat. at 6 and 9:30 p.m. Sun. matinee at 2:30 p.m. Tickets from \$4 to \$8.50. Bayview Playhouse, 1605 Bayview Av. Reservations 481-6191.

The Mousetrap: Agatha Christie's most popular mystery at Toronto Truck Theatre for an indefinite run, Wed. to Fri. and Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Sat. at 7 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets Wed., Thurs. and Sun. \$4, Fri. and Sat. \$5, students and senior citizens \$1 discount. 94 Belmont St. Reservations 922-0084.

Jack of Diamonds: a new musical family show with music and lyrics by Phil Schreiber. **Continues to Nov. 12**. Tues. to Thurs. and Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10 p.m. Tickets \$5 and \$6. New Theatre. 736 Bathurst St. 364-5202.

Absurd Person Singular: Alan Ayckbourn's comedy presented by University Alumnae Dramatic Club to **Oct. 22**. Tues. to Sat. at 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$4.50, students \$2.50. Firehall Theatre, 70 Berkeley St. at Adelaide St. Reservations 364-4170.

Desperados: Carol Bolt's fast-paced comedy-drama, opening the season at Toronto Free Theatre. **Continues to Nov. 13**. Tues. to Sat. at 8:30 p.m. Sat. and Sun. matinee at 2:30 p.m. Tickets range from \$3.50 to \$6. Subscription for the series available. 368-2856.

Relatively Speaking: Tim Fort directs Toronto Truck Theatre in Alan Ayckbourn's comedy opening **Oct. 14** and continuing to **Nov. 20**. Wed. to Fri. and Sun. at 8:30 p.m., Sat. at 7 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets Wed., Thurs. and Sun. \$4, Fri. and Sat. \$5, students and senior citizens \$1 discount. Colonnade Theatre, 131 Bloor St. W. 922-0084

Intersection: A mime presentation exploring the life of a clown from birth to his encounter with the city. **Oct. 14 at 9 p.m.** Tickets \$3.50, students, \$2.50. There's a special benefit show **Oct. 15** at 8:30 p.m. and dinner and show \$5.50.

on tap

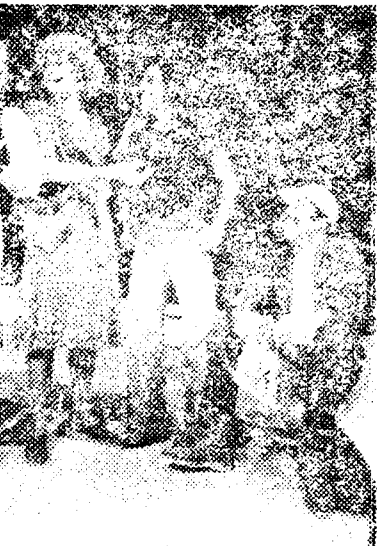
by Rob Williams

The Unlimited Space, 95 Danforth Av. Reservations 461-6551.

Movies

Films at Innis: Sussex and St. George, Regus Films presents a series of Sunday and Tuesday screenings. \$2.50 Call 536-7382 **Oct. 16** The Voice of Nightingale and The Eagle (Rudolph Valentino).

New Yorker: 651 Yonge St. 925-6400. Admission \$2.75 \$1.50 for late film every night. **Oct. 14 and 15**, Annie Hall at 7 and 10:20, Where's Poppa at 8:45 and a punk rock concert at midnight.



Wozzeck

The Kingsway Theatre: 3030 Bloor St. W. at Royal York subway. Admission \$2. Nightly at 7 p.m. **Oct. 14** The Texas Chainsaw Massacre at 7 and 10:30, Delinquent Schoolgirls at 8:30. **The Screening Room:** Kingsway Cinema II: 3030 Bloor St. W. at York subway. 236-2437. Admission \$2. **Oct. 14 to 19**, Swept away and Seven Beauties. Admission \$1.99. Shows at 7 p.m.

University of Toronto Films: Medical Sciences Auditorium, Queen's Park Cres. at College, 922-9229. **Oct. 14 and 15**, Silent Movie at 7 and 10, Young Frankenstein at 8:30.

CBC Silver Screenings: A series of programs from CBC TV's first 25 years of broadcasting will be shown at the Ontario Science Centre, 770 Don Mills Rd. **Oct. 15** at 3, Pale Horse, Pale Rider.

Women In the Movies: Innis College, Town Hall, 2 Sussex Av. and St. George St. Admission \$3, students \$2.50. **Oct. 16**, Wuthering Heights (Merle Oberon & Lawrence Olivier)

Revue Repertory: 400 Roncesvalles Av., 531-9959. **Oct. 14 to 15**, Jules and

Jim (in French with English subtitles) at 9:30.

519 Church Street Community Centre: 519 Church, 923-2778. **Oct. 14** Svengali **The Hollywood Cartoon:** Regus Films presents an animated cartoon retrospective, 1908-1960, 2 p.m. at Innis College, Sussex and St. George. Admission \$2.50. **Oct. 16** Tex Avery festival (1936-1954) featuring Porky Pig and Bugs Bunny.

Sights and Sounds

Harlem Globetrotters at Maple Leaf Gardens on **Sun. Oct. 23** at 7 p.m. \$4.50, \$5.50 & \$6.50. On sale now. **Eaton Centre Entertains**, at Trinity Way Level 3 of Toronto's Eaton Centre from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. **Oct. 14** Peter Savory's Louisiana Joymakers, **Oct. 17** Darcy Wickham **Oct. 18** The Tryn-birds, (Caribbean)

Canadian Opera Company: Daughter of the Regiment on **Oct. 14, 16 (2 p.m. mat.) 18** at 8:15 p.m. Tickets from \$6 to \$22.50. O'Keefe Centre, Front and Yonge Sts. 363-6633

Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall. Grand opening **Tues. Oct. 18** and **Wed. Oct. 19**, 8:30 p.m. \$5 - \$13.50, 363-9797.

Concerts

The Dead Boys, The Viletones, and The Poles at the New Yorker Theatre on **Fri. Oct. 14** and **Sat. Oct. 15** at midnite. Reserved, \$6.60 **New Music Concerts:** The Norwegian Wind Quintet teams up with the York Winds in a concert of works by Bibalo, Kotonski, Mather, Jaeger and Truax.

Oct. 15 at 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$4.25, students, \$3. Town Hall, St. Lawrence Centre, 27 Front St. E. Information 967-5257.

Steve Goodman at Con. Hall U of T, on **Sun. Oct. 16** at 9 p.m. \$6.50. Now available.

Trooper with **Domenic Troiano** at Massey Hall on **Mon. Oct. 17** at 8 p.m. On sale now, \$4.40, \$5.50, \$6.60.

Firefall at Con. Hall, U of T on **Wed. Oct. 19** at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m. \$7 and \$7.50. Now on sale.

Tom Waits at New Yorker Theatre on **Thurs. Oct. 20** at 7 and 10 p.m. \$7.70 Available at 651 Yonge St. **Bécaud** at Massey Hall on **Thurs. Oct. 20** at 8:30 p.m. \$9.50-\$5.50 Available now.

Be Bop Deluxe with **City Boy** on **Sat. Oct. 22**, 8 p.m. at Seneca College's Finch Campus. On sale now. \$6.60 **Seals and Crofts** at Massey Hall on **Sun. Oct. 23** at 6:30 & 9:30 p.m. \$5.50 \$7.50. 363-7301

The Steve Miller Band Maple Leaf Gardens on **Mon. Oct. 24** at 8 p.m. Tickets \$8 & \$9. Now on sale.

Thin Lizzy at Seneca College Fieldhouse, Finch Campus, on **Fri. Oct. 28**, 8 p.m. (with Graham Parker). On sale now, \$7.70.

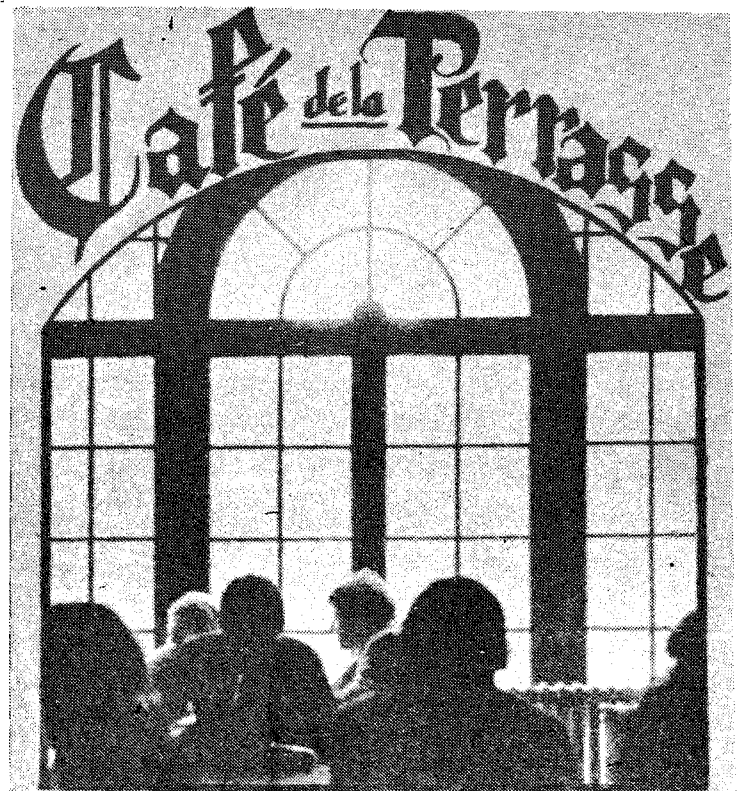
Stomu Yamashta's Go at New Yorker Theatre, 651 Yonge St., 925-6400 on **Fri. Midnite Oct. 29**. Reserved seats \$7.

The Brotherhood of Man at O'Keefe Centre on **Sun. Oct. 30**, 8 p.m. On sale now. \$10, \$8, \$6, \$4.

Chicago at Maple Leaf Gardens on **Mon. Oct. 31** at 8 p.m. On sale now. \$7.50 & \$8.50.

Harry Chapin at Massey Hall on **Sun. Nov. 6** at 6:30 & 9:30 and on **Mon. Nov. 7** at 9 p.m. only. \$5.50, \$6.60, \$7.70. Available now.

The Good Brothers at Massey Hall on **Fri. Nov. 18** at 8:30 p.m. \$6.50, \$5.50 and \$4.50. Now on sale.



Debra Dunleavy
and
Brimful
Fri. & Sat., 14 & 15 Oct.,
9 p.m.
Admission \$1
Folk, Blues and Country