

IT'S TIME FOR ANSWERS

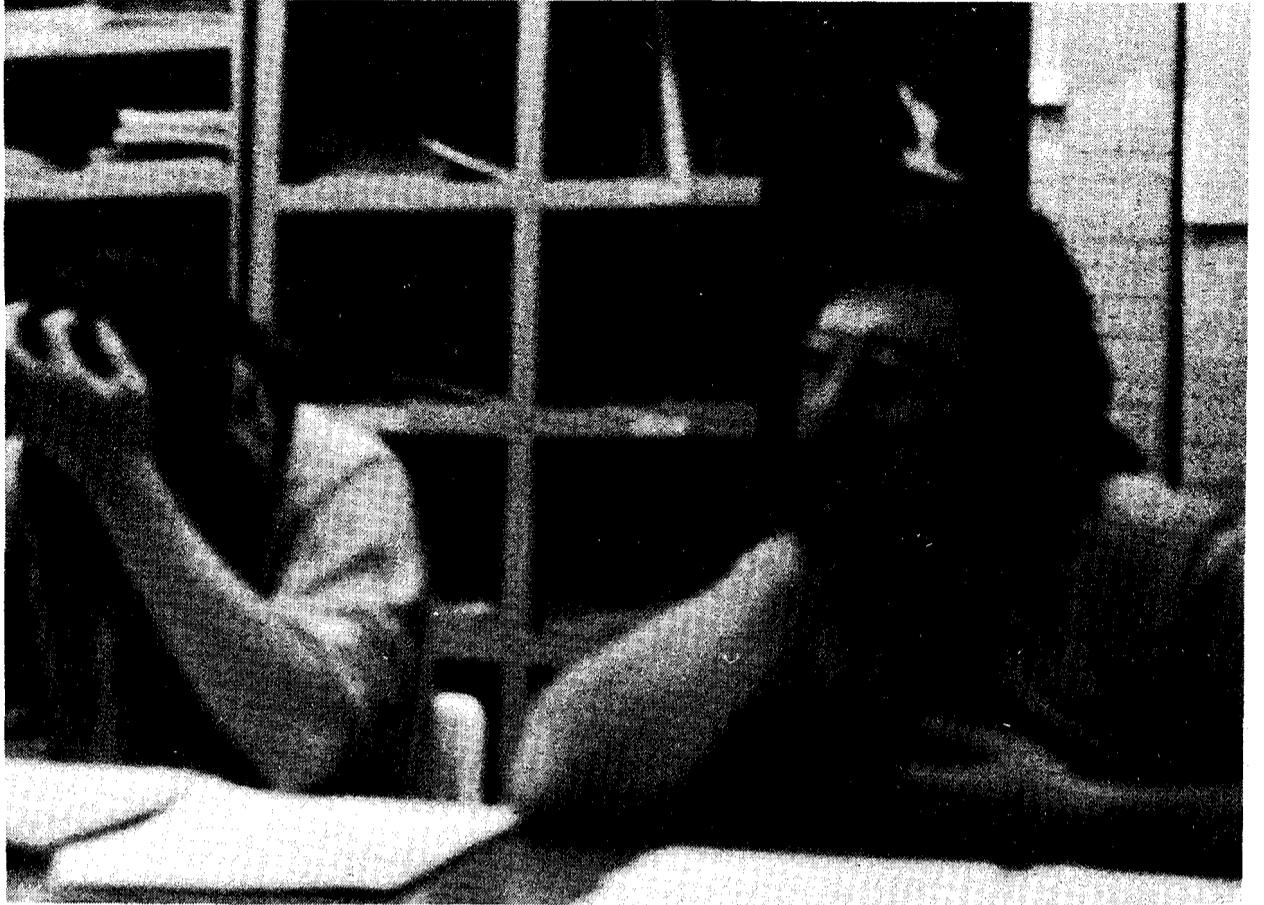
by Dorothy Miller

A far cry from responsible government has been displayed by the Glendon College Student Union in events which have come to light over the past week. There have been allegations of incompetence against Pat Smith, the president, and while many council members are unhappy with his performance to date, few will stand behind their opinions. The council seems to be trying to shift all the responsibility for mistakes made over the summer to Smith and, while such blame may be justified, there have

been no attempts by the other council members at accomplishing a solution.

To say the least, the council is in trouble. The financial situation is appalling. There was no budget prepared for the summer, and \$6,000 was spent from the total budget of approximately \$25,000. Pat Smith was in charge of finances for the summer, and he abused his position by spending \$400 without the approval of the council.

The money was spent on a four day trip to the outlying universities in Ontario.



pro tem

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 5 OCTOBER 9, 1974

by-election 1974-75 coming

NOMINATIONS OPENED

October 1, 1974 to October 8, 1974.
Extended until October 10, 1974 (noon) due to insufficient nominations.

CAMPAIGNING

October 10 to October 17 (noon) During this week if there are sufficient nominations, a forum will be held at 1:15 Wednesday in the Old Dining Hall.

ELECTION DATES

October 17, 1:00pm-4:00pm (afternoon, advance poll in the Student Council Office)

October 18, 8:30am-4:30pm (outside the Junior Common Room)

October 21, 8:30am-4:30pm (outside the Junior Common Room).

POSITIONS OPEN

- 1 - External Affairs Commissioner
- 3 - First Year Reps.
- 2 - Faculty Council
- 1 - Senator
- Departmental Reps. (one each)
 - English
 - Psychology
 - Canadian Studies
 - Spanish
 - Part-time Education
 - International Studies

Jeff Ballennie - Chief Returning Officer.

The object was to illicit commitments from the various student governments to distribute a publication by Bader. "The Missing Political Party". Glendon has an agreement with the author that, in return for the dispensation of the book, there will be a trust fund of roughly one hundred dollars set up. The details of the arrangements are vague and it appeared Smith had spent \$400.00 to make \$100.00. Such false economy typifies various council activities to date.

Pat Smith has wisely decided to repay the \$400.00 to the union. He presented a cheque for \$200 to a rather disgusted business manager, Mr. Lorne Prince, on Monday night. Lorne said that it was up to the council to decide whether or not they will accept the cheques. While Mr. Prince termed Smith's actions an exercise of "perhaps poor judgment", he did contend that such practices could be termed illegal.

The whole budget is vague and in a shambles. There isn't enough money to fulfill the plans of the budget and at press time nobody, including all the council members and the business manager, knows exactly how much money there is. Since the ledgers have been at the auditors for three months, and the business manager was just hired, it would appear that Mr. Prince is above reproach. One thing is clear, however, the

student body should inform the council of their priorities since there isn't going to be enough money to go around. The hopelessness of the situation is certainly magnified when compared to the last year's council budget which spent half as much over the summer, allocated all funds through the proper channels and still had \$6,000 which they put to constructive use. Credit is surely due last year's President, Marilyn Burnett, Business Manager, Tom Leiter, and the rest of the council for their fine work. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of this year's delegates.

Another problem in the council has been the resignations of Marc Duguay, Vice-President, and Lynne Kennedy, the English Course Union Representative. Marc's resignation was based on his feeling that he could no longer remain "neutral and voiceless" in meetings, which he felt was necessary in his capacity as chairman. The council decided that, rather than lose Duguay as vice-president, it would try to find an objective chair-person and change the constitution by referendum.

However, Lynne Kennedy's resignation suggests even more questions as to what kind of council is representing the students at Glendon. In her letter of resignation she states: "Because this council lacks good direction and organization, I feel that it is impos-

sible to continue within its operation. With my workload and necessary employment, I cannot afford to put in the extra hours that I feel would be necessary to compensate for the lack of production and efficiency in the executive. . . ." The fact that this letter was dated October 1 and Pat Smith hadn't seen it on October 7 exemplifies the severity of the communication gap which exists within the council. Ms. Kennedy's feeling finds consensus among the other council members.

There are other questions that need answering. Why was approximately \$500 spent on car rentals this summer? What happened to the \$475 revenue from last year's budget? Where are the law handbooks that were to be available at orientation? And what ever happened to the Course Evaluation Programme?

To express the problem frankly and bring it out into the open for the Glendon Community, this year's council is off to an incredibly shaky start. In order to rectify this poor state of affairs and hopefully improve the situation before it gets completely out of hand, I bring these questions up and ask for answers from the council and more directly from Mr. Smith. It is time for the Glendon College Student Union to take a more responsible position.

Glendon Student Union smothered by red tape

by Farrell Haynes

Four and one-half hours of drawn out issues smothered in bureaucratic red tape and points of procedure hampered any possible efficiency at the General Student Union Council meeting Monday September 30, 1974, and resulting in the resignation of Lynne Kennedy, the English Departmental representative.

Discussion and examination of the Council's approximate \$20,000 budget for 1974-1975 was delayed for two weeks due to the absence of current and understandable figures as well as the recently appointed business manager, Lorne Prince. Contrary to a previous mo-

tion that ended contact with the organizers of Under Attack, a talk show which included a prominent guest questioned by a university panel and audience but would not allow French or the university to choose the querists, the Council voted to re-open negotiations. Again, discussion and ratification was deferred until October 16, 1974.

proposed report

The Council is hopeful that having studied a report from a proposed committee, which will include the Academic Affairs Commissioner Andre Rousseau and the seven department representatives, to research and

prepare this years course evaluations, it will avoid last years complete failure to publish results. With any likelihood instructions will be clear and concise to prevent coding operators from excluding information in their tabulations and course numbers will be included by the majority of students.

Probable opposition by Glendon's Student Council will be directed at the newly formed advisory body to the Ministry of Colleges and Universities, the Ontario Council on University Affairs or O.C.U.A. The Board which should have representation from all facets of life instead have a majority of faculty and university administra-

tive members, with only two student delegates and one from labour.

Obtaining a permanent liquor licence for the Cafe de la Terrasse has been repeatedly delayed because funds must be raised to pay for expensive renovations. Eventually, Atkinson will be approached for assistance, on a \$1.00 per student or \$3,000 basis, subject to their approval.

The imminent future will bring reports from Larry Guimond, Social Affairs Commissioner concerning Orientation Week and Gordon Clark, the delegate to the O.F.S. meeting in Sudbury during the weekend of September 27.

PEACE OF MIND

by Sue Elliot

In some circles the word meditation brings back memories; The Beach Boys, the Beatles and George Harrison's first attempts at the sitar as he told us "life flows on within you and without you." To others the word brings fear and trepidation as thoughts of eastern cities infested with opium dens are conjured up in the mind.

To another group it perhaps means total abstinence, and yet to another it is merely a technique. A technique, this latter group proclaims, that when practiced faithfully will



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bring ; peace of mind, more energy, and generally a better ability to cope with daily life.

There are, of course, hundreds of ways to meditate. The meditation this article is concerned with, however, is Transcendental Meditation (TM) which is a technique of mind relaxing that is being encouraged throughout the world by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and his 'disciples.'

The system of learning this technique is extremely simple. Introductory lectures are given several times a week in Toronto. In fact, every Wednesday night there is an introductory lecture at Glendon. During this lecture one is introduced to the history of the Maharishi and his teachings as well as an outline of TM and what can be achieved by the technique.

One must not, however, ask too many questions at this first lecture. When I appeared the other night and asked if a God was relevant to the practice of TM, the lecturer was rather taken aback and quite firmly told me that "most people don't get into it this deeply the first time."

Peaceful conscience found in competition

by Peter T. Crane

Before I can begin this article I must apologize for its content. Last Wednesday I met with Father Tannam, the new Catholic Chaplain of York and I wanted to devote a column to this interesting and sincere gentleman. However, for my own piece of mind I feel I must comment on an article written in last week's Pro Tem. Therefore, Mr. Editor, I will say now to the students that Father Tannam can be reached any Wednesday in Room 120 and I promise that my next article will feature him.

Right now, I would like to write in response to Greg Martin's interesting but very muddled article "Competition not necessary". If you recall Mr. Martin's article questioned just about everything I advocated in a previous article, which talked about sports and character development.

It was on a Wednesday night while eating supper that I took a gander at Mr. Martin's titillating tidbits of unjustifiable criticisms. Half-way through the article my milk was starting to curdle and at the end of this atrocity I knew that I had to take action. I haven't met Mr. Martin (I probably will after this article) and I hope he doesn't feel I'm on a witch-hunt or attempting a type of character assassination. That would, of course, be very infantile. I simply believe that our friend must have read my article either during the "blue movie" or at some other time when concentration was at a minimum.

The point is, Mr. Martin misinterpreted a lot of my commentary and put words in my mouth at the same time.

First of all, I never said that winning in sports is the same thing as physical and intellectual activity. I would have to be insane to say anything like that. Furthermore, I never equated sport activity as the only healthy activity, I just presumed that some of our more advanced readers would give me credit for knowing that this was only logical. There are all kinds of healthy activities.

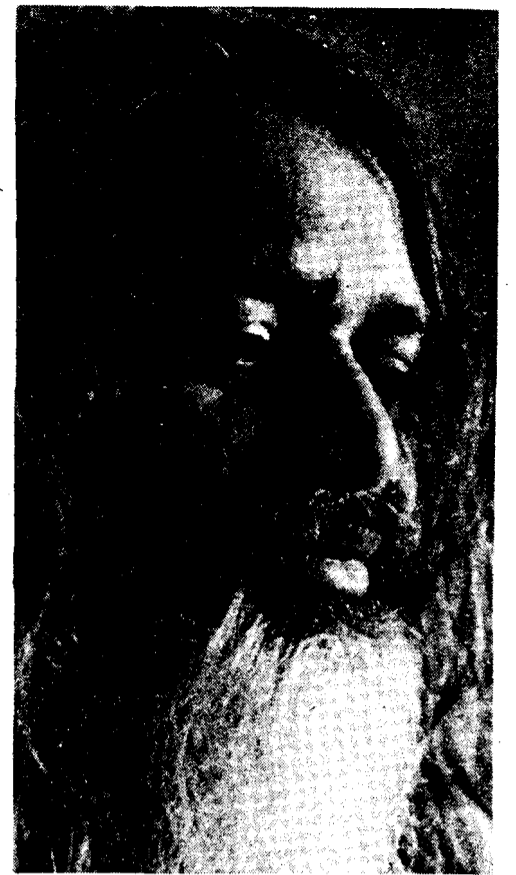
Mr. Martin thinks that I should have studied why team sports teach attitudes (and I used the word attributes) useful in our society. Well, first of all, there is only so much space you can use in a newspaper and secondly my purpose was never to write a book. I simply wanted to express a few beliefs which I personally hold.

Being the only one at the lecture, however, he could hardly ignore my question and, thus, finally discussed, with me, this rather "deep" issue. "Yes there is a God." He cannot be found at our level of consciousness.

In meditation one reaches a level of consciousness quite different from that of every day living. The longer one meditates the more fully he can realize the deeper level, and it is on that level that he will realize the existence of God or "intelligence" as this man also called it.

He further toyed with this intelligence idea by drawing to my attention the intelligence in the world around us. After all, as he pointed out, "why is it that apple trees grow only apples and not oranges." A thought, which I must confess, had, before this time, eluded me.

From the lecture stage, we are taken to the actual learning of the technique, which does, in fact, happen during a ceremony; something which is, in itself, fascinating. Flowers and fresh fruit are brought to the ceremony and given to the instructor. The initiate then kneels and the instructor chants in sanscrit while throwing rice. The movements are



Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

rythmic and, apparently, mind captivating.

The technique of TM involves sitting quietly twice a day for at least one half hour, and repeating to yourself a mantra, which is a sound. It is at the ceremony that the mantra is given to the initiate with instructions not to tell it to anyone else.

Apparently each person has his own special mantra. I cannot help but wonder how they know which one is right "for you". How do they know that I am really who I say I am. I could be someone else pretending to be me.

Once the technique is learned, incidentally a nominal fee is paid for the teaching of the mantra, it cannot be lost. TM can really be practiced anywhere. Think of the advantages instead of going into the bathroom with a book, you could take in your mantra, and return relieved not only in body but in mind as well.

I do not wish to sound sarcastic. In all seriousness, this is an excellent form of relaxation. It does create a more cohesive feeling inside and definitely gives a person more energy. The religious aspect of TM is underplayed, and, thus, it does not go against the grain of one who is not looking for a spiritual awakening.

If the importance of all this escapes you at the moment then turn your cheek. However bring it back this way the next time you have the feeling that life is not flowing within you but without you.

Mr. Martin, I refuse to be humble on this next point. You have the audacity to say that my equation of winning with true Christianity and eternal life is a distortion with the life and teaching of Jesus. Then you use a quote from the Bible, which actually justifies my feelings and makes you look rather silly. Jesus Christ did say "by losing his life for my sake a man will gain it", but in the spiritual sense that's when a man has won. To accomplish this task a man has to act right here and now with all the virtues I mentioned before and I couldn't be bothered mentioning them again. I also said that this type of winning in life is found by loving and communicating with others.

This is what Christ wanted and he didn't fail. This is what I want and I don't want to fail and I'm not too embarrassed to say so. Thank you for giving me the opportunity.

Greg Martin also said that "whatever Christ means I don't think he means to help us win ball games." Now, my good man, do you really think I concluded that in my article or are you just trying to fill space.

My critic also wanted to know what debauchery is and why I believe self-discipline is involved. Debauchery is excessive indulgence of the appetites, i.e. gluttony or drunkenness. Granted though I do go on a bender at the Woodbridge Hotel from time to time, I still feel that it does take self-discipline for some people to stop excessive indulgence. What else is going to stop it?

Finally, Mr. Martin says that he questions the desirability of the competition I describe. Then he says we don't have time to allow for the insane luxury of fighting for each other for financial security and a peaceful conscience at the same time. He says we must feed the hungry and cloth the naked. Well, Mr. Martin, it may come as an extreme shock to you but I think we should feed the hungry also and you know something else, I even think we should cloth the naked. That is exactly what I meant by saying, we should strive for a peaceful conscience.

By looking after our fellow man and working honestly to financially support our families, we can obtain this peaceful conscience. That is difficult, and that is why one needs to obtain and latch onto attributes found along the road of life, in order to make it all possible. The competitor and the determined man will say "yes" to the world, while so many others have said "no".

Pro Tem

**important
staff meeting**

Wed. 3:15 p.m.

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

Editor: John Frankie Layout: Allan Grover
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GRAB BAG

by Peter Russell

Last Friday night there was a French Course party in the pit in Hilliard. A very successful evening. And if you think you can dance you haven't seen Karry Lappin. Marie-Claire Girard supplied the recipe for the punch, and a ripping old time was had by all!

Saturday night (need I go into detail already), was the inimitable, or immutable, or cathartic, or sacramentally sprung-out Michael Hasek. I'm sure R.C.A. can offer student prices for the fan club. I say Christopher, isn't it a little dark in here?

Birthdays have been sweeping the campus. Mine was a week ago Tuesday, Marie-Claire Girard's was Sunday, and Anne Meggs' Monday. And to France, wherever you are, there is nothing particularly remarkable about wearing yellow polo pyjamas. I realize no one French Canadian would be caught in them, but what can you expect from the English, eh? We don't have the advantage of being minorities in majority situations. The French Canadians here do. So naturally they are more supportive of one another. Once the group's boundaries are defined, you can afford to wear your integrity close enough to the surface to be half way human. The real secret to the success of biculturalism here at Glendon just has

to be a little more humanity. As George Shearing so salubriously put it: TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS. So easy on my pyjamas, huh?

It has been brought to the attention of PRO TEM's AGENCY FOR SOCIAL CHANGE, that there are, still, at this very time, certain persons who have not paid their social activity fees to their house treasurers. In keeping with the AGENCY'S REMEDIAL ACTION PROGRAMME, tours of convicted rooms will be conducted early next week. Tour times are random, in order to produce maximum impact upon the occupant, and to provide the keen with alternatives. Tickets are 50 cents for a quiet perusal, or \$1.00 if you want to smash something, and can be purchased through your don. "Chic alors! J'ai envie d'essayer mon bâton neuf!"

The only thing I want you to remember this week is that Michael Ondaatje has come up with the sincerely good idea of having two or three poets, (and perhaps himself as well), read their poetry in the Art Gallery on November 14. Hopefully there will be students who will want to read some of their work as well. So if you think you might be interested, please think seriously of participating. The date is subject to change, but a Thursday in November about then, would be good. See you next week Peter.



Someone still has something to say about orientation week

by Lance Romance

During the last few weeks, a number of articles and letters have been published in this newspaper criticising the Glendon College Student Union's efforts in producing Orientation Week '74. It is the fervent hope of this writer that upon appearance of this article the controversy surrounding the events of that week will, once and for all, cease.

Firstly, it is granted that Orientation Week was a "screw-up". A number of events scheduled on campus notably Shinerama- were severely handicapped in their chances of success due to the lack of an adequate sound system. The sound system was there- never fear- but its use was hampered by the presence of persons desirous of maintaining a minimum amount of 'noise' so that the premiers meeting here at Glendon (coincidentally held on Thurs. and Fri. of our Orientation Week) might be undisturbed.

The "Student at Glendon" seminar, mentioned in last week's Pro Tem article, ran into difficulties because York President Ian Macdonald, scheduled to participate, was not able to attend.

Other activities, dating back to previous orientations "crash beds, field and fun days, double-decker city tours, corn and winner roasts- to name a few" were well-nigh impossible to stage, because of (among other reasons) a lack of organisational staff. In previous years, you see, the organisational staff consisted largely of first-year students. This year's students who "arrived" at

Glendon's gates for the first time apparently misconstrued 'Orientation Week' to read 'Lay Glendon on me' week. Not so.

As this student sees it, Orientation is not so much an introduction to Glendon, but rather a direct inducement into campus life. The events during the week were designed not only to inform the student but to allow him or her to contribute positively to the College. To take the example again of 'The Student at Glendon'; the seminar was meant to be a forum-provoking ideas from those who attended. It was not supposed to be a glossy, NFB produced advertising film depicting "notre petit garnison francophone a Toronto."

The fact that the seminar never did get off the ground is unfortunate but indicative of the attitude towards Orientation Week at Glendon. Far be it from me to preach (I've been doing it all along anyway!) but in order to get anything out of an experience, one must put a tremendous amount into it. I suggest that the organisers of this year's Orientation did the best job they could do under the circumstances and should be congratulated. Those who partook (for want of a better word) of the activities during the Week should let bygones be bygones and concentrate on making the rest of their year at Glendon the most fruitful and meaningful year they have yet experienced.

The writer has viewed the many critiques that have appeared in Pro Tem as of yet with great optimism. Hopefully, their authors, with their perception of the problems here on campus and their experience of orientations at other universities, will

be able to make positive contributions- both to the year's upcoming events and to the years to follow (I mean this sincerely.)

It has been noted in this newspaper for example, that events here at Glendon have a tendency towards disorganisation. This would suggest (correctly) a lack of staff. Therefore to rectify the situation, it is in your

best interest as a student at Glendon, to buttonhole Larry Guimond or Ted Paget (both very visible on campus) and say 'Hey can I help?'. You will be put to work, never fear!

It is high time that we cease sitting at our respective desks writing to Pro Tem about the dearth of things to do at Glendon. Let's get out and do something about it!

LETTERS:

the last word

To the Editor,

Not being able to stand by idly and accept last week's article on orientation, here is that letter to the Editor I imagine you expected.

To whoever wrote the article (since it was not signed, I do not know to whom I am addressing myself), I would rather meet you on a personal basis and answer the questions you raised. I would do it here, but I do not believe that it would make interesting enough reading to justify printing it.

Since orientation week was chiefly my responsibility in the first place, I also wish to have the last word. In my recent reading for a sociology paper, I noted the following definition for a professional: "... not merely doing his work by his own best judgement and conscience, but that he chooses his own style of work and effort." I accepted the job of organizing that week under my own terms as a professional in the field of entertainment, and I leave it with a satisfied feeling.

To the Editor:

Sitting in the library overlooking the rose garden, I have just observed a woman come into the garden, take a pair of scissors from her handbag, and cut 8 or 10 roses, which she has proceeded to hide away in her handbag. She has taken just about every rose in sight.

I would like to take this opportunity to express my indignation and to protest such selfishness.

J. L. Allen

Larry Guimond

BOOKSTORE: By gosh the price IS right

by Cindy Randall

An article concerning the bookstore is painfully overdue for two important reasons. You and the bookstore. Firstly, it will let you see what sorts of problems are involved in running the bookstore and secondly, it will, I hope, free the bookstore from false accusations of high prices.

I must confess my voice was among the many heard crying "Rip-off" concerning the bookstore's prices. So, armed with clipboard and pen, I wandered around the bookstore pricing various books (31 in all). I tried to get a fair cross-section as I rambled from Sociology to English to Psychology to French and through Poli Sci. I may not have hit every subject area but I attempted not to concentrate on one in particular. I priced paperbacks, and soft and hard backs as well. I was careful to note publisher and edition so that I could make exact comparisons elsewhere.

Then as any self-respecting roving reporter would do (Saturday being a beautiful day for roving anyway) I roved on down to SCM at 333 Bloor West to do some good hard super-sleuth work. I was able to find the majority of books at SCM that I had on my list from Glendon. And in every single case Glendon's price was equal or better than SCM's.

To give you a few examples, all of them from different subject areas, Hobbes' "Leviathan" Parts 1 and 2, ed. by Schneider sells for \$1.95 at Glendon and SCM's price is \$2.20. "The Vertical Mosaic,"

John Porter's old standby, was priced \$6.00 at Glendon and \$7.50 at SCM. Another wide spread was with Ruch and Zimbardo's "Psychology and Life", 8th edition: SCM's price was \$14.25 while Glendon's sticker read \$13.15.

I was also in Totton's Bookstore at 337 Yonge on Saturday and although I didn't make as close a scrutiny there as I did at SCM, the books I took note of were either the same as Glendon's prices or higher.

discounts

"Well", you may say, "SCM and Totton's both give a discount. Yes, but SCM's discount does not apply to mass produced paperbacks (that lets out a fair number) and also to books they have marked with an 'N', on which they claim their mark up is small. Also, Totton's discount applies only to text books, and not many university level books are classified as such.

Glendon's bookstore used to provide a 5% discount for cash, but as you have no doubt noticed this practice is noticeably absent this year. I asked the manager, Ms. Judy Hooven, about this and she explained that although the bookstore does not make a profit, the university administration wants it at least to break even. If the 5% discount policy were to continue, the university would be in the position of financing a deficit; ergo the Senate Committee discontinued the discount for cash.

Another complaint I have heard about our bookstore is that there are



occasionally two different prices for the same book. This happens sometimes by error, and sometimes because there are books left over from last year's stock, with last year's prices even though a new shipment comes in with this year's prices. This way, explains Ms. Hooven, the first students who are there to buy the book will receive the better buy. Before coming to Glendon's bookstore approximately two years ago, Ms. Hooven worked for a couple of years at Cole's and it is apparently their practice to raise all old stock to the new price levels. There are also some books with a publisher's price printed on them and a Glendon sticker which reads higher. This is because the publisher's invoice is higher this year, but they have shipped out books which were printed perhaps 2 to 3 years ago.

hassles

In my talk with Ms. Hooven I learned a lot about what sort of hassles she has to deal with and what is involved in supplying the bookstore. To begin with any books we receive from the States are automatically priced 10% higher to cover the brokerage fees when they cross the border. If they aren't obtained directly from the publisher, there is then the distributor in Canada to deal with. Books from France are outrageously high priced but this is not due to our bookstore. There is the transportation cost to be considered, and also French editions are consistently higher priced than the English translation. Gabrielle Roy's "Bonheur d'occasion" published by Beauchemin of Montréal cost \$5.95 last year and this year's price is \$7.95. In translation by the New Canadian Library as "The Tin Flute" it is selling for \$1.95. "Kamouraska" by Anne Hébert, published in Paris, Aux Editions du Seuil, sells for \$4.95, while the English version by 'paper-jacks' of Don Mills goes for \$1.75. Perhaps the most flagrant example is, as pointed out by Ms. Hooven, Durkheim's "Suicide", which sells for around \$4.00 in English and \$11.00 in French.

If there is an obvious case of high pricing the staff at the bookstore expect you to ask about it. They even ask about it themselves: when a small book comes in with a high price on it, the practice is to call the publisher to check it.

But consider the problems they run into: Macmillan Publishers lost four orders from May and June; the Bookstore is still waiting for orders they placed in July. And there is also the inevitable budget, the limiting red tape. Ms. Hooven is hard pressed to run the bookstore with 3 full-time people, including herself. There is also one permanent part-time person and of course more are hired during the first two weeks when it's busy.

Now that the first big rush is over, refunds are starting and the book-

store staff would be most pleased if people would keep their receipts. Is it really that much to ask? Just throw them in your desk drawer, and a little rooting around should produce it in a moment of need. Be fair to the bookstore staff. You need a receipt to return anything today. How are they to know that sticker isn't from another book, or from last year's edition?

the report

The biggest eye-opener for me concerning the bookstore was its committee report to Faculty Council on November 6, 1973. This was supposedly an open meeting but only one member of the student body at large showed up. The main recommendation was that orders for books be placed in the spring. The reasons were that the publishers would most likely have the books.

point; the bookstore would be able to retain old stock if the book would again be on course lists for the next year, instead of returning them to the publisher, the publisher would have ample time to deliver the order if it were placed early; and the bookstore would have time to inform faculty members about delays or problems they encounter, so that solutions could be found.

Yet consider the response as noted in this committee report:

"Out of a total of 280 courses for which books were ultimately requested only 31 had placed orders by the 30th April deadline. By the 1st of June only 41% of the orders had been placed. By the 1st of July only 65% of the orders had been placed. Orders were placed for 44 courses in July; for 39 in August."

This is the kind of information that the students are not aware of. And when their texts are not in the bookstore come September, they blame the bookstore. But what of the faculty? I am not blaming them outright for the delays, but I sincerely invite response from them concerning this matter. Is there a good reason why these orders are not being placed in the spring? Why is it necessary to wait until July or August to place them? Ms. Hooven is even receiving orders for books for this year's courses in September.

I fully expected when I set out to research this article that I would find the bookstore's prices higher on the average. I am glad that I was wrong, because I honestly feel that the bookstore staff is doing its best for the Glendon community. If you still feel their book prices are high, do some comparing for yourself and if you can prove otherwise, say so in PRO TEM.

As a closing note the bookstore will revert to normal hours starting the week of October 7, 1974: Monday and Thursday, 9:30 a.m. - 7 p.m.; Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 9:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.

Art gallery exhibitions

by Catherine Cooper

Glendon is fortunate in having a very interesting and interested art department consisting of Pat Fulford and Ray Spiers. I noticed on speaking with Mr. Spiers that they feel very strongly about what they would like to see happening in the art department this year. They have lined up almost continuous exhibitions for the art gallery of both work done by Glendon students and also outside artists as well.

At present in the Gallery is a variety of prints done by artists B. Hall, E. Mazzei and R. Sewell.

Following this will be an exhibition done by Barry O'Leary of the English Department, and one of his classes. A show by Kim Ondaatje will follow. This will consist of prints and paintings, and also a lecture open to all interested students.

By the end of December there will be a show of work done by Glendon students which will be carried into the first week in January.

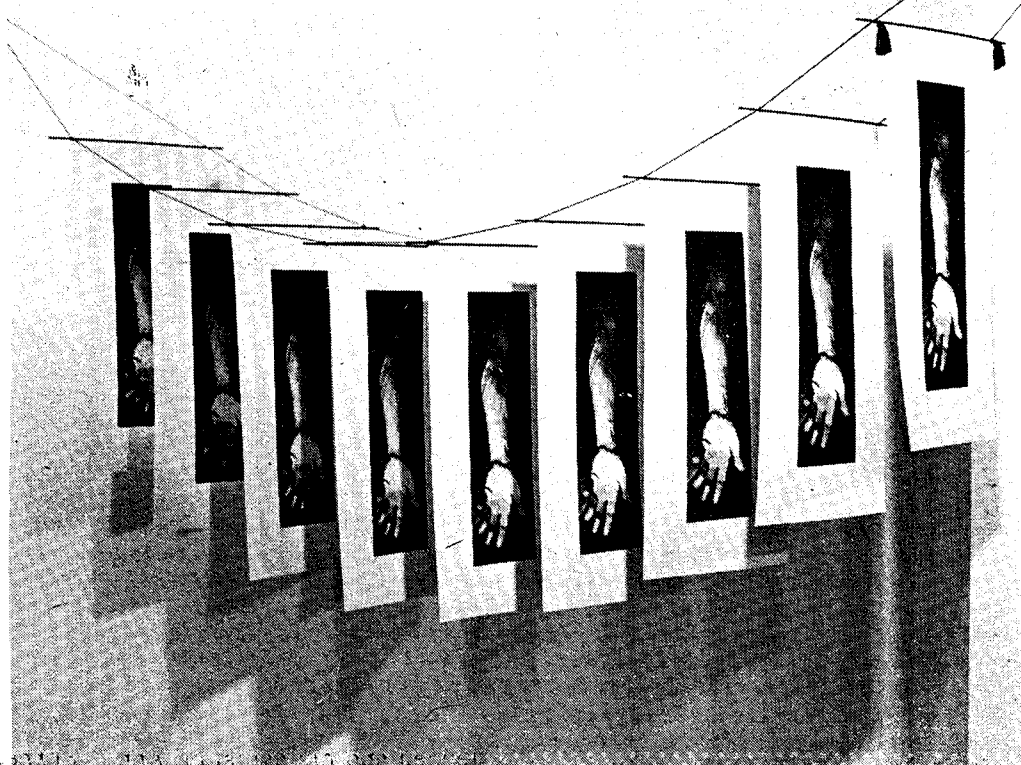
Next will be an exhibition of sculptures made from turned wooden forms

done by Stephen Hagkita. He will also be bringing in his lathe and will be giving demonstrations. In February we will have an exhibition of drawings and prints by Peter Glaberman. This will be followed by a display of old and new patchwork quilts accompanied by slides and hopefully with a demonstration using a quilting frame.

March will feature an exhibition by Ray Spiers himself. The year will be rounded off with another show of work by Glendon students.

Watch for more information about exact dates of shows as they each promise to be very interesting. The Gallery is on the second floor of York Hall in Room B217 and is open from 10:00 am to 5:00 pm and then again from 7:00 pm to 9:00 pm.

The Gallery is very obviously a place of creative work but it also provides us with a calm in the middle of the storm here at the College. Take advantage of the beauty and relaxation it provides by simply dropping in, and enjoying the hard work Glendon's art department does.



UNIVERSITY LOAN HASSLES FROM O.S.A.P.

by Paul Dowling

Obtaining a Student Award through the Ontario Student Awards Programme can be a complicated process. Here's an example of what may happen with one person's application from day one.

Sometime in June, Joe Student decides that since the summer job he has pays terrible wages, he's going to have to get a student loan. So, he writes to the Ministry of Colleges and Universities requesting application forms and information.

His letter arrives at MCU two or three days later and is read by a mail clerk in the Inquiry Section. In his letter Joe Student has mentioned that he will be attending Waterloo, so the mail clerk says, "Aha! here's another P4!"

The clerk then writes a big P4 on Joe's letter and places it in a folder for all form letters. Sometime later in the day this folder is sent to the typing pool and Joe's name and address is carefully typed on a form letter.

P4 says: "Since you are planning to attend an institution that handles its own applications, please address your inquiry to that institution."

Three days later and approximately one week after he first wrote his letter, Joe receives his "P4".

A little bit perturbed, Joe sits down to write a letter to the University of Waterloo, Student Awards Office. Two days later the letter is received in Waterloo and an office worker mails the application kit to Joe Student. This kit contains a booklet explaining OSAP, a working copy of the application form with explanations of each section and two application forms.

Two days later and about two weeks since he first wrote, Joe receives his application forms. Very excited Joe sits down and begins to fill out his application form, but very soon he realizes that it's not as easy as it looks. "What's this independent business?" he mumbles, "And where am I supposed to enter my summer earnings?"

So he calls the Inquiry Section of the Student Awards branch of MCU and a very nice woman explains to him that:

In order to be an independent applicant you must be: 1) married before the first day of the month in which classes begin, 2) have spent two periods of 12 consecutive months as a full-time member of the workforce or 3) have four or more years of successful post-secondary education or a combination of 3 years post-secondary education and one period of 12 consecutive months in the workforce.

And that on this year's application form one does NOT have to enter his summer earnings. A Student's contribution is figured according to a table that takes into consideration the sex of the applicant, the number of years of post-secondary education and the number of weeks he or she would probably be available for work (usually the beginning of May 'til the end of August).

Joe now has everything he needs to fill out the application and he quickly finishes it off and sends it to the Ministry. Three days later he's casually glancing over the work sheet with all the figures on it and Joe notices that 1) he did not send a copy of his birth certificate and 2) he's mailed his application to the wrong place! It should have

gone to the U. of Waterloo. "Oh, well," he says, "that should speed things up 'cause the application goes to the Ministry in the end."

Wrong! Four weeks after he first wrote, Joe receives a small card from MCU saying that they have forwarded his application to Waterloo, and would he please address any further inquiries to the Student Awards Office at U. of Waterloo. What Joe doesn't realize is, that this will probably delay the processing of his loan by a week to ten days.

The U. of Waterloo receives his application, and the office worker notices that Joe has only sent ONE copy of the application form. This one copy is returned to Joe (add another delay of a week) and he is asked to resubmit it in duplicate to U. of Waterloo.

But, Joe for some reason doesn't notice the address to which he is to return the applications, and he sends them back to MCU.

Arriving at MCU the application is forwarded on to Waterloo (Allow another 4 days for mailing).

Finally Joe's application forms arrive at the Student Awards Office, U. of Waterloo. The officials fill out the required spaces on Joe's tuition and other educational costs, keep one copy and send the other on to MCU. (Allow 3 to 4 days for mailing again). Once the properly completed application form is received at MCU it takes about six weeks for Joe's notice of assessment to come through.

So how long has it taken since Joe first wrote to MCU, in June, requesting application forms and information. By my calculation it's been about 4 or 5 weeks and it's now close to the end of July.

At MCU the application is sent to be translated by a key punch operator into language that the computer can understand. If all goes well, the computer can calculate on the basis of Joe Student's costs (tuition, living expenses, etc) and his available resources the total amount of award that the Ministry will agree to provide.

However, if the keypunch operator makes some minor error e.g. putting an asterisk instead of a check mark next to male (*) at the top, the computer rejects the card; it has to go back through and be processed by hand.

If on top of this, there is a transit strike and one third of the keypunch operators and other persons involved in the processing fail to get to work then things get even further behind. By now it could be well into September and Joe Student, (Could that be you?) still hasn't heard how much, if any, he is going to get from OSAP this year. Oh, well, it could make a nice Christmas present.



WILLIAM DAVIS, ONTARIO

PROFILE: DR. TUCKER



Dr. Albert Tucker
Principal of Glendon College

Glendon college since 1969, he is currently in his 6th year. Prior, to his duties at Glendon, he was chairman of the history department at the University of Western Ontario.

Dr. Tucker's arrival at Glendon was not accidental, but undoubtedly a result of his regarding the potential of this college. "I felt it offered a real alternative to students." A small liberal arts college does not have the tradition in the Canadian university system as it does in the States. Glendon provided an option for those students who disliked the anonymity of larger universities. Consequently, at a time when many professors were aiming towards York main for recognition, Dr. Tucker opted for Glendon.

There were other reasons as well. In 1966 when he arrived, the distinguished professor Escott Reid was principal and professor MacKinnis was chairman of the history department. A duo which equated anything York main had to offer. It was Principal Reid who instituted the bilingual program, and defined the college in terms of Quebec culture.

York main offered considerable freedom to the college to work towards its goals, for example in experimenting with its curriculum, knowledge of Quebec culture was and still is obtainable. From 1966-1969, Dr. Tucker enjoyed working with Principal Reid, a man whom he had a great deal of respect for.

Glendon's ideal

The ideal of Glendon college was a highly ambitious one. Principal Reid's bilingual stream only made the college wholly unique, yet by 1969 when he stepped down and Dr. Tucker took over as principal, this same ideal had posed somewhat of a dilemma. The practical aspect of funds had hit home. Glendon was seriously short of funds and students. These restrictions were the boundaries within which the ideal of the college had to

be implemented. It was at this juncture that Dr. Tucker introduced the unilingual stream. Many critics labelled him a traitor for instituting this move at the time.

I spoke with the principal about the effects of this move on the college as a bilingual and bicultural experiment. More precisely, did the unilingual stream betray Professor Reid's original intention? (Unlike Deaf Gentles. Principal Tucker is encouraged by the enrolment figures, which provide a fairly accurate picture of student response to the experiment of bilingualism). Relying on Mr. Pilley's (the college's registrar) figures, a first year enrolment figure of at least 450 of which well over 300 are in the bilingual stream, tends to support such an argument. Similarly, of 1100 full-time students, 700 are in the bilingual stream. He expressed no regret over the decision he made and is of the opinion that Glendon has made great headway in establishing itself as a unique alternative to other university and college programmes.

Difficult decision

The decision to create a unilingual stream was undoubtedly difficult yet to Dr. Tucker a necessary one.

The situation required someone who could perceive Professor Reid's ideal, and concomitantly, implement the scheme on a practical level. Tucker, in my estimation has an uncanny ability to harmonize the two. I spoke of a colorful past. I suspect that this more than anything enables him to function on both levels.

Academically speaking, Dr. Tucker graduated from University of Toronto with an MA. He recalled a feeling of alienation particularly in first year which is common to all freshmen. But in third year, he turned down membership in the prestigious history club because he did not feel he would "fit in".

"I have never been a garrulous individual". Yet in conversation he strikes me as a very warm person.

Harvard man

After university, Tucker was accepted at Harvard graduate school. Albert Tucker -- MA, Ph.D. -- impressive? Undoubtedly, yet unbelievable when speaking of a man who quit highschool in grade 10 and didn't begin university until the age of 23.

He is a self-made individual. After his mother died when he was 15, (his father died when Albert was very young), he entered the workforce. During the war, he joined the airforce, an experience which he strongly disliked owing to the authority and regimentation. Yet it was the veterans post-war program which enabled him to take a grade 13 crash course and enter university.

Harvard was a totally new experience. As son of Dunster house, he became convinced of the necessity for the alternative of a small liberal arts college. For himself, it meant being a real figure in the college.

As principal at Glendon, Dr. Tucker is a very capable administrator. The success of the Glendon experiment is evidence of this fact.

Yet, he imparts a human aspect as well to his functions. "I have always thought that the principal should teach." And so he has retained his teaching position as well as his administrative role as principal.

Dr. Tucker is currently working alongside his other duties, on a book. His tenure of office will end this year. If offered a renewal of position, Dr. Tucker would not say whether or not he will accept.

Next week's profile will be on Athletic Director Peter Jensen and his assistant Ann O'Burne.

by Anne Marzalik

This year student population at Glendon has been considerably enhanced by 450 1st year students. Last week, one of the aforementioned commented that he wouldn't know Albert Tucker if he fell over him. (I don't doubt that he has) Furthermore, he speculated most freshmen are probably in the same boat. Essentially, I would like to rectify that situation with this article.

The photograph may provide a logical starting point. However, it doesn't reveal the depth of the man, nor does it illuminate a colorful past. Dr. Tucker has resided as principal of

DRAMATIC ARTS PROG



Michael Gregory started the D.A.P. in 1968.

by Peter Russell

In the spring of 1967, Escott Reid, who had just seen Glendon through its first academic year in his capacity as principal approached Michael Gregory, chairman of English, about possibly establishing some theatre at Glendon. He felt that Glendon ought to offer its students an alternative to what was then referred to as the York University Players, which operated out of Main Campus. Gregory agreed with this. He then approached Beth Hopkins, who had been assistant to Carl Hare, then director of Dramatic Arts at the University of Victoria, and together they conceived and planned the DRAMATIC ARTS PROGRAMME at Glendon.

Gregory then went back to Escott Reid, and together they agreed on a sum of \$4,000 per annum, which was paid by the principal directly to Gregory, for use in the Programme. This money enabled him to produce the DAP's first play, 'TIS A PITY SHE'S A WHORE (1968), which incidentally drew larger audiences to the Burton Auditorium than had any

other play to that date. HAMLET was produced the following year, and OEDIPUS REX in 1970.

Michael Gregory

Before continuing with the current status of the DAP, let's meet the DAP's director, Michael Gregory. I interviewed Mr. Gregory last week, and discovered that his aspirations for theatre at Glendon are as positive as they were in March of 1968, when he was interviewed about the DAP by Radio York. I was interested to know what Mr. Gregory's interest in the theatre and the DAP were founded on:

"My own personal experience? Well... I acted while I was a boy, as a professional actor... for a short time... I was trained as

a boy at theatre schools briefly... that is to say I had to go back to school when I was 18, (17 1/2 actually). I returned to directing then, first of all at Oxford... directing and acting for the UDS (University Dramatic Society), and while I was there I also directed professionally... in small repertoire theatres, and also for some senior shows in the arts-theatre-complex in London... and then I did some work in television as an assistant director. When I returned to universities as a professor mainly concerned with linguistics, I also continued to direct rehearsal technique in classes in schools of drama, and then in the job I had before I came here, I directed courses in practical drama within the university framework."

But it wasn't simply Mr. Gregory's activity in the theatre which was responsible for his interest. His parents, while not being directly involved with theatre, were always keenly interested in it, and many of his relatives were active in the Irish National Theatre.

It was at the age of 22 that he made the choice not to go into theatre full-time. There were many reasons for his decision. It wasn't a good period for young directors, and while he felt he might have been able to continue with good work in television, he had developed a passion for linguistics and the study of language. The decision to abandon the pursuit of professional theatre as a métier wasn't easy, as the following quotation reveals:

"I think it would be wrong to say that I only wanted to do what I thought were good plays. What I was afraid of was that I would become interested in anything that was theatrical... you see what I mean... you could very easily waste your life directing plays which were rubbish because you just enjoyed directing plays and doing theatre, but that the end product, in looking back, was something which wasn't worth doing. Now at that time, for example, in the professional theatre, I might have got a job on H. M. Tennant's staff, one of the major producers of plays in London's West End. But at that time, and things have changed now, most of the plays were rubbish. Now I knew I would become seduced by this because I just liked the theatre, but I suppose in a way I took a type of moral judgment and felt... well you will like this and won't be able to get out of it because you love working with the theatre, but what you really have to ask yourself is whether this is worthwhile to do as

a life unless you are going to do the best plays... and I think that this consideration helped me make the final choice."

Having settled on an academic career, Mr. Gregory was most anxious to bring to the university aspect of theatre the same advantage that the professional theatre has. Namely that of not being bound up with the academic curriculum.

"Theatre in its educational system should always be voluntary. It's a very vulnerable position to be an actor in the theatre, and participation should always be voluntary."

I asked Gregory what he is aiming for with the DAP here at Glendon: "I want to ensure that we have a situation in which all people, no matter what they are reading as a major, can have the opportunity to



Jeff Ramson as Creon, Ron Buston a star in the D.A.P.'s 1970 produc

get some experience and training in aspects of theatre. Please let me stress that the only thing we are looking for in the DAP are people who want to get involved with theatre. The course is not part of the English department. I see no reason

Brussels Sprouts

by Larry Kardish

The First Dramatic Arts Programme Production of 1974

to be directed by

Charles Northcote

Auditions--Music Room, Basement of York Hall) 5 & 6
Today Wednesday, October 9, 4-6p.m.
Thursday, October 10, 9-10:30 p.m.
Tuesday, October 15, 4-5 p.m.

No preparation or experience necessary



Martin Gorman and Charles Northcote in the 1974 D.A.P. production of "The Merchant".

RAMME

economists and people in Political Science should feel that the Dramme is a peculiar offshoot of English. The auditions for the productions have always been open to members of the community for this very reason. I auditioned members of the workshops the same as I audition anyone else. The auditions are open to everyone." Having heard the background information, I returned to the subject of the present status of the DAP.

I asked Mr. Gregory what kind of help the DAP could offer, and I was covered with no little disappointment that there was a time when the DAP could afford to bring in professionals from the outside to teach various aspects of theatre. Mark Tucker, Elliot Allan, and David Wea-



Bob Haynes as soldiers in production of "Oedipus Rex".

When I was at Glendon when the DAP could afford the practical experience of Nicholas Ayre and Don Easter, two professional technicians. These three students then auditioned Paul Axford and Ted Paget. Naturally I wanted to know why the DAP couldn't still go on hiring such beneficial people, and discovered that the funds for the DAP had been reduced and channeled through a committee on Cultural Affairs. This change was made by the principal, Mark Tucker. I then sought out Mark Tucker for explanation and comment.

Tucker's reasons

Mark Tucker explained that when he came to the principalship, there was no machinery set-up to oversee what in effect had been a direct granting of funds from the principal to the director of the dramatic arts programme. He resolved to set up such machinery after OEDIPUS ran over budget by \$3,000. The production, while very successful, had cost \$7,000, and the principal resolved to make sure this didn't happen again. Accordingly he set up the Dean's Committee on Cultural Affairs, which has in the past at Glendon been reduced to the Pipe Room Board. This was to be a committee that would administer the monies to be spent on cultural affairs at Glendon, of which the principal felt that the DAP was only one. He felt that there should be student interest in art as well, and an art workshop was set up under the di-

rection of Pat Fulford, assisted by her husband Ray Spears. Tucker felt essentially that the money that had been spent up until that time only on the DAP would be better spread over a number of smaller activities.

I asked Mr. Tucker why other monies couldn't be directed into other activities, thereby preserving intact the DAP's operating budget. He told me that his problem has always been one of rationing and paring. With decreased enrolments there wasn't a hope of sustaining the DAP budget on the strength of getting other monies. The DAP was having the lion's share of what little there was. I'm afraid I had to agree that this wasn't fair. But really. No more money in a place the size of York?

The long and short of this was that the DAP has only \$2,300 this year. Out of the \$2,500 the Pipe Room Board has allocated for Drama and Creative writing, \$300 goes to Dime Bag, \$900 for French plays, and \$1,300 for the DAP. The Student Union has voted an additional \$1,000 of its funds for the DAP, leaving it with \$2,300. This is quite a reduction from the original \$4,000, especially when one considers that prices for theatrical supplies have risen between 10 and 15% per annum. It is even more unfortunate when one considers that the whole college benefits from the purchase of such capital goods as stage sets, flats, platforms, lights, etc. We are still using some of the OEDIPUS flats in fact, but there has been a deterioration of capital stock over the past few years to be sure. How much longer can the Contemporary Drama course survive on what's in the "wood room"?

Mr. Tucker and I continued talking about the aims of Glendon. He wanted to stress that the budgetary cut-back of funds to the DAP was not designed to strangle it, and he certainly wouldn't want to see it die,.... the cuts were simply necessary. Tucker felt that the DAP was operating outside the focus of Canadian Studies here at Glendon, by offering only cast productions along the style of Stratford. He feels it isn't focusing as well as it could on the many new and good Canadian plays that are being written. Offering standard university repertoire, it isn't doing a great deal for bi-culturalism at Glendon. The principal also felt that it would be a healthier thing if the DAP were associated perhaps with Humanities or the new General Education Department here at Glendon.



Escott Reid, Glendon's first principal, was instrumental in the formation of the D.A.P.

DAP now

Now that you all know the history of the DAP, the time has come to discuss what the current plans are. Charles Northcote will be directing the DAP's first production of the season: "Brussels Sprouts". I asked Gregory what the second play would be, and he wasn't sure. The decision is still being made. You can be sure however that it will be made taking into careful consideration what will offer most of the people who want to get involved something rewarding to do. The choice of the play is always made in terms of what a company is set up to do. Stratford began with just Shakespearean plays and gradually extended its range. The same is true of the DAP. Why not more Canadian plays?

"We are essentially a Shakespearean Company. Plays are something that you give the public as well as yourself, and without that element you are a theatrical workshop of an experimental nature. . . ." Mr. Gregory is also aware of the limitations placed upon university players. They

operated in a usually diverse market for theatre, such as we have here in Toronto. Large cast productions which are well known are perhaps the best standard against which the learning actor can measure himself. They are plays (very often) which have points of reference which keep both the actors and the audience honest.

To conclude this I can't resist a personal opinion. The DAP looked at from all sides, does seek to provide what is best for Glendon theatrically. Having acted in many plays myself, I know that the most challenging and rewarding ones have been those which were a success in all departments. Success however is not an accident. Professional theatre is not an accident. And the DAP isn't an accident.

I learned just as this story was going to press that Kate Nelligan who is the current star of the London stage was once in the DAP. It looks like name dropping, I know, but Marc Connors is going to play Jesus in Godspell at the Neptune Theatre in Halifax.

Personally I think I'll stay with my role as God.



Andrew McAllister, Charles Northcote and David Jarvis in the 1972 D.A.P. production of "The Country Wife".



EL CHE VIVE

by Andrew Nikiforuk

I am not going to give you a romantic account of the life of Che Guevara. There are many books one can read for that. I have but a few things to say about a man who was consistent with his beliefs, and how what he lived and died for continues under new banners of intransigence.

On October 8, 1967, Ernesto "Che" Guevara was executed in a small school house in the village of Higuera, Bolivia. Smiling officers and curious journalists posed for photographs for with the dead body. After the hands of the corpse were amputated for fingerprint identification, the body was incinerated. The ashes were scattered. This is how Che, the humanist, Che, the great guerrilla fighter, passed from legend to myth. From revolutionary to revolutionary archetype.

A great many people have examined Che's abortive guerrilla campaign in Bolivia and have pronounced it a complete failure. These people based

their conclusions on short term effects and immediate consequences. Too often they equated death with failure. They, as liberal westerners, had no conception of the virulence and perpetuity of revolution.

"In revolution one either wins or dies," but the revolution is immortal. This is why Che did not fail in Bolivia. He only died there as one "who risks his skin to prove his truths." ("The duty of every revolutionary is to make the revolution.") His convictions and his beliefs did not perish for they were and remain revolutionary truths and revolutionary beliefs. This is what is meant by the slogan "El Che Vive".

Che fought and died for the realization of two revolutionary objectives; the creation of a new revolutionary man and woman and the initiation of continuous and violent struggle against capitalism and its superstructures of liberalism and imperialism. The former he referred to as one "who would represent neither the ideas of the nineteenth century nor those of our own decadent and

morbid century", "The man of the twenty-first century." The later he spoke of as "the creation of many Vietnams".

Che recognized that his conception of a new socialist man and woman was a "subjective and not a realized aspiration". He believed that only through revolution, which brought into existence its own human ethic, could a new moral man and woman evolve. Revolution is a form of liberation, and "every emancipation is a restoration of the human world and of human relationships to man himself" (K. Marx) "The spiritual emancipation of man, of his liberation from the chains of economic determination (Capitalism), of restituting him in his human wholeness, of enabling him to find unity and harmony with his fellow man and with nature" is the long-term purpose of revolution. This conviction made Che the humanist.

Che's "many Vietnams" long guerrilla wars of attrition, has in part become reality. But the focus of struggle has shifted from the countryside to the cities, the power centers. From experience Latin American revolutionaries have learned that rural guerrilla movements are too isolated from the people and too vulnerable to counter-insurgents. The cities, as concentrated areas of social unrest offer greater mass support and innumerable targets.

The best organized urban guerrilla movements in Latin America today are the Montoneros and People's Revolutionary Army (ERP), located in the cities of Argentina, and the

Tupamaros centered in Montevideo, Uruguay. Each movement has responded to Che's "Battle Cry" by waging a relentless and intransigent struggle for human dignity. Each movement has patiently constructed over a period of several years material bases for cover and support necessary to maintain a staying power. What about the people? The people, who are thoroughly dissatisfied with the regime, have a much easier choice. They demand change and can choose between a distant improbable change promised by some through proclamations, manifestos and parliamentary legislation, and the direct method represented by an armed movement and its revolutionary action.

I believe that an armed group should at a certain stage of the revolutionary process be part of the political apparatus of the party of the masses; if this apparatus does not exist the armed group should help to create it.... We must realize that there are true revolutionaries in all the left-wing parties and there are also others who do not yet belong to any party. The task of the left as a whole is to unite these people and overcome sectarianism. But the revolution cannot wait till that day comes. For each of us and for each group there is work to be done: to start preparations for a revolution. As Fidel said in one of his recent speeches: "With a party or without a party the revolution cannot wait."

What would your general strategy be for the present? To form as soon



Che Guevara, born June 14, 1928, is seen here immediately after his death on October 8, 1967.

if not an effective fighting power that appears inexhaustible. The despotic regimes of Argentina and Uruguay find themselves confronted with the prospect that they cannot destroy these guerrilla movements without destroying the cities. This is the great lesson of the invincibility of guerrilla warfare: that the enemy cannot win without defeating himself.

I have not the time to give you an account of the history of the Tupamaros or the Montoneros. It is enough to say that they remain viable and active forces in Latin American politics. Instead I offer excerpts from an interview with a Tupamaro in which the philosophy of the Tupamaros which is, in essence, the strategy of all truly revolutionary organizations, is expressed.

It is in these words that the spirit of Che Guevara lives. What is the fundamental principle on which the activities of your organization have been based up till now? The idea that revolutionary action in itself, the very act of taking up arms, preparing for and engaging in actions which are against the basis of bourgeois law, creates a revolutionary consciousness, organization and conditions.

What is the essential difference between your movement and the other left-wing organizations? Most of the other left-wing organizations seem to rely on theoretical discussions about revolution to prepare militants and to bring about revolutionary conditions. They do not understand that revolutionary situations are created by revolutionary actions.

as possible a military force capable of using favourable situations produced by the economic crisis or other causes. To make the population aware, either through the actions of the armed group or by other means, that without revolution there will be no change. Strengthen the trade unions, radicalize their struggles and enlist them in the revolutionary movement, prepare for the future development of the urban and rural struggle, make contact with other Latin American movements with a view to continental action.

Is this a strategy exclusively for your organization? No. It is for all truly revolutionary organizations and all people who believe in revolution.

In a word we want the abolition of all property which can be speculated with; absolute equality between the government and those they rule, both in sacrifice and pay. This, in short, is our program. We do not call it an 'ism'. We are a huge movement whose militants include all sorts of groups from Marxist to Catholic and we do not need an 'ism'.

"Today we demand the right to control our own destiny and we demand this right with our weapons in our hands."

Recommended Books:
Alain Labrousse, THE TUPAMAROS,
Robert Taber, THE WAR OF THE FLEA,
Erich Fromm, MARX'S CONCEPT OF MAN.



Che Guevara seen here beside his comrade Fidel Castro

Student Handbook: a poor and patchy publication

by Mike Church

Orientation did not only bestow upon us fortunate students a week of "spectacular" glorious events, it also brought (for those of us lucky enough to find an issue) Glendon College's 1974-75 Student Union Handbook. Wow! Can you believe it? Two opening spectaculars for the price of one? Truly a blessing from the Gods?

The Handbook is supposedly designed, as in most universities, to be an interesting and informative collection of academic and socially related articles to introduce the student to the upcoming year at Glendon College. Usually special emphasis is directed towards new students because of their rash unfamiliarity with the campus. In some cases a handbook becomes a student's rulebook in his/her quest to acquaint him/herself with the terrifying game called: "Let's play university."

In the introduction to the 1974-75 Glendon College Student Handbook, GCSU President Pat Smith outlines the reasons and objectives for its publication.

Firstly, there is the Course Evaluation for all students. This attempts to give an objective analysis of the courses offered at Glendon. It is NOT COMPLETE this year because of the lateness in distributing the questionnaires. It is, however, as objective as it can be, and is in most cases statistically valid."

Not only is it not complete it does not even exist in published form of any kind to the student body. So, how can it even possibly be remotely objective and statistically valid. Face it students, there is NO 1974-75 Course Evaluation to be complete in the first place, but, in all fairness I will explain this independent fiasco later.

Secondly, quoting Pat Smith, "This is an orientation handbook. This part is primarily for new students. We hope to give you an idea of the physical layout of the campus plus an insight into the facilities and activities offered by your Students Union." This area of the handbook does indeed exist and was handled adequately with several informative and interesting articles by some concerned individuals. However almost all the articles perpetually lack the depth and insight usually expected in a publication of this nature. In other words our handbook does offer some straight informative writing but lacks considerably in originality and crea-

tivity that could have spanned this sixty-eight page extensive waste of a scarce natural resource: Paper.

This HANDBOOK in my opinion has done the impossible! Yes indeed accomplished an epic close to a miracle. This is the first student publication I have ever read as long as "sixty-eight" pages and stated virtually nothing. What rare interesting articles, that were in the handbook, were to a large degree re-printed from previous years.

If you were either lucky enough to find a copy of the Student Handbook "lying" around and patient enough to struggle through it, you would've noticed a phenomenon second to none. Advertising, Advertising and MORE advertising. This publication is almost a whopping 50% filled with some of the digest, formal ads that would rival the Globe and Mail's Business Section.

The reason for such an excessive amount of advertising space can be partially explained in Glendon College Student Union's methods of publication. Although the Union assembles all articles they desire to print, an independent outside agency becomes responsible for the handbook's publication. This agency assumes control of marketing all advertising space, final printing and publication. Glendon's Student Union receives either a sum of \$1000 or 10% commission on all the advertising profits plus royalties. Whatever commissions and royalties we receive are channeled back into the Student Union's funds to defray, administration costs, salaries, inflation rises, etc. This year so far we have received approximately

\$1,400.00.

On the question of Course Evaluation, Pat recalled quite a complex story of screw-ups and mistakes that eventually led to a "horror-show" concerning the 1974-75 Course Evaluation. First the course evaluation questionnaires were distributed too late last spring for many of the students to receive and return the completed forms. Exam time is perhaps not the best time to begin passing out questionnaires to students running all over the place. Result: many students did not return the questionnaires provided, the GCU never caught up with the students to distribute them. Since many courses had finished, the turn-in rate on most subjects was anything but the best.

Secondly, many of the students when filling out the course questionnaires made many assorted mistakes such as omitting course number, Professor's names, etc. to the inevitable result that accuracy in many aspects was becoming a dream and accuracy is probably the most significant characteristic of a survey of this nature. However the GCSU relentlessly determined to offer some semblance of a course evaluation sent the best of the worst to the computer facilities at the main campus. To make matters worse, the keypunch operators and computer people at York Main through misconceptions and other unknown reasons, returned a very delayed and almost unusable print out of our 74-75 course evaluation. To sum up the matter, the course evaluation was ruined beyond repair for this year with the result that a crisis erupted in the printing of our Student Handbook.

Almost thirty pages of expected space in the Handbook was now empty plus many other articles from sources such as COSA and PRO TEM did not appear for a variety of reasons. The 1974-75 edition of the Glendon College Student Union Handbook now found itself in the position of avoiding an apparent literary disaster by somehow publishing an attempt at a handbook that would be ready for September.

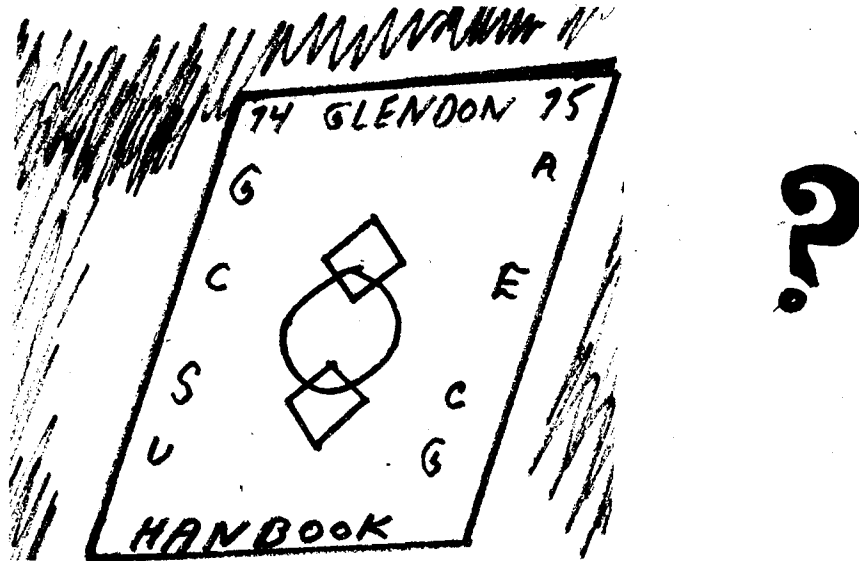
The result was a very poor edition of a handbook that should have been and very well can be infinitely superior in all aspects--format, literary quality and overall presentation. Aside from the articles introducing individuals and their functions (Radio Station, Manager, Café Manager, etc.) virtually all the remaining articles are re-prints lifted from previous handbook issues. Surely Glendon students have more originality and creativity to offer than simply resorting to re-prints of written selections from previous years.

Also we can in the future avoid some disgraceful insults to our francophone students such as an article written as a guide to Anglophones to learn French and understand the culture simply literally translated to state in French: "Sit with Francophones while they eat. Don't isolate yourself by restricting your extra curricular contact to anglophones."

"S'assoit avec des francophones quand ils sont assis. Ne t'isole pas en comptant les possibilités des contacts avec les anglophones." If that was a serious article it was in very poor taste.

Well, I'm not satisfied with this effort and I have yet to meet a student who describes it as anything else but a worthless waste of paper. A handbook for the upcoming year is expected to contain informative schedules and news regarding student activities. This handbook contains such a lack of pertinent information and current articles that it is difficult to guess when it was printed for and for whom.

I agree with GCSU President Pat Smith that a full time editor be hired for a period of 4-6 weeks in the spring to ensure that such a POOR indicator of Glendon's qualities and talents is never published again. What is the purpose of producing such a lacklustre publication to greet students as they begin an enjoyable year at Glendon College?



St. Pierre: more vacation than french school

by Debra Scott

St. Pierre; a French island off the coast of Newfoundland, controlled by the French government, surrounded by ocean green water, mountains and almost hidden by the thick, continuous brume; is really a lovely spot to visit, but I certainly wouldn't care to take up permanent lodging there. For myself, one month was sufficient, and had I not been going to classes most of the day and planned activities during the evening, I'm sure one to two weeks would have been most satisfying.

The schooling mentioned is a course offered through the University of Toronto each summer (not available for credit). Three groups of approximately fifty people with any degree of French background, find their way to this stranded little island, the first group for the month of July, another for August and the third for a six-week session from mid-July until the end of August. This last group is reserved for those lucky students who manage to receive a bursary of approximately \$600.00 from the Canadian Government for which the only requirement is that one had been a full-time student the previous year.

Unfortunately, I had worked the year before and therefore the entire cost fell on my shoulders, \$60.00 weekly to the family with whom I stayed,

\$185.00 for the course, spending funds, and naturally the transportation costs. There are two ways to reach the island, by ferry from Fortune, NFLD. a 2-3 hour ride for something like \$15.00 though I'm not sure; and by plane from Sydney, Nova Scotia. I was happy to experience the flight in the DC-3 from Sydney, the fare for which was \$60.00 return.

The first day there, we were tested in order to be placed into one of 4 levels. The profs were both St. Pierrais and Canadians. I had the pleasure of being in the class of Peter McKonkey, from main campus (York). He taught many proverbs and sayings which have proved to be very useful. However, I was certainly disappointed when homework was assigned, written exercises.

Therefore, after having classes all morning, one class in the afternoon plus a lab, we were expected to sit in to do this written work. How absurd! When were we supposed to savor the true French culture of St. Pierre? Work can be done in Toronto. Thinking along this line, I gave it up after two weeks and went to the bars to talk to the people who were very friendly. For one hour each evening, I attended the singing, which as ridiculous as it may sound, was helpful in acquiring vocabulary and better pronunciation. Besides, it was "le grand spectacle" at the end of the

program. After singing, it was over to le bar français commonly known as "chez Maurice" the owner, then, to l'Escale, at 11:00 p.m. when the band began to play until it stopped playing at 1:00 a.m.; time for the Yacht Club until 3:00 a.m. and then, before retiring, a quick visit to the bakery at Marcel Dagort's, brother to Maurice where the men were baking all the bread and pastries for the next day. That I miss, they were so fresh and good and warm right from the oven.

I thought I was going to buy many sweaters, etc. in St. Pierre, but as it turned out there really weren't any. The shops reminded me of Woolworths, and the only good buys were on perfume and wine. If you have an empty bottle, 50 cents will fill it with a good dry red table wine and brand name bottles of wine are at least 1/2 the price we would pay here. What a shame only 40 oz. is allowed through customs.

St. Pierre is a beautiful little setting despite the continuous wind, rain and fog. One can certainly hibernate there considering that mail comes in only when the plane does which is not too often because of the fog. If you are there and happen to be mailed a newspaper or time magazine, look out! You'll probably never get to read it since everyone is

hungry for news when it comes in.

What is there to do? Sit and wait impatiently for mail, watch the Russian ship the "Pushkin" coming and going on Wednesdays, frequent the famous bars, see a film or two at the cultural center or play a game of basketball and go for a swim there.

Or, if you are feeling lonely take a stroll out to the lighthouse. The place is everything you would expect of a tiny fishing village of 5,000 inhabitants after seeing all those geography films in high school. Cottage-like homes, thin streets with no sidewalks or stop signs, little old cars, young girls of 17 walking their babies in the afternoon brightly-coloured fishing boats along the shore, hospitable people, etc., etc., etc.

I'm sure I will return one day, probably for a week as a holiday, unless I manage to get the government to pay for the U of T course. During the month I didn't learn enough to merit spending near \$800.00.

The best thing it instilled in people was confidence, confidence to open their mouths to utter French words and find that they aren't so bad at it after all. This will last with us as long as we try to speak the language as much as possible. The opportunity is here at Glendon, and I hope I can discipline myself to take advantage of it.

*There was once a young man from Delano *
Who got tired of Californian style Chicano.
So he picked up his gear of peanuts and beer
And off he headed for Toronto.*

Why did he come here? Well listen and I'll tell you how it happened.

*Now when over those sunny southern fields he'd ploughed,
after seeing row upon row of those bloody grapes boughed,
He made a great resolve*

*Amid the farmworkers who'd been involved with the violence and hatred of the growers
He resolved that he would for just as long as he could
Fight for the plight of the oppressed.*

*Men and women comprehending
that which he was intending (For he was fluent in Spanish)
Organized themselves*

So now neither guns goons nor cells Can prevent them from singing this song:

"OBREROS UNIDOS JAMAS SERAN USIDOS"

(THE WORKERS UNITED SHALL NEVER BE DEFEATED)

So today if in this fair city of Toronto you happen to see this dedicated young man named Miguel.

*(He's been here already almost one year living on nothing but peanuts and beer
which is why incidentally he's so fat)*

Don't tell him "thank you" for restoring your faith In the goodness of all of mankind.

Just say that you've joined in the battle for JUSTICE,

DIGNITY, and FREEDOM for the farmworkers

Which is as necessary as the air we breathe.

Then pick up your sign that says BOYCOTT U.S. GRAPES

* Chicano—from "chicanery"—legal trickery,

by Barbara Clark
a U.F.W. Supporter

Is the Canadian farmworker's situation better ?

editor's Note:

This is the fifth in a series of 5 articles on the grape and lettuce boycott by Richard P. Wagman, a Glendon student who has worked fulltime for the United Farmworkers. In this issue Mr. Wagman retells a brief history of the movement and concludes with a note on Canadian farmworkers.

If you were a farmworker in the south-western area of the United States, you would probably be a migrant labourer of Mexican-American origin. There's a good chance you'd be between 8 and 16 years of age, since 25% of all farmworkers are children. You would receive an average wage of 80 cents per hour. Your entire family would earn an average annual income of \$2,700. You would probably live in an overcrowded bunk house in one of the ranch work camps. Each day you would have to pay a dollar to the labour contractor for the privilege of working--this is over and above the rent which you would pay for the accommodation. You may have to work a 12 hour day in 120 degrees weather without any breaks. If you wanted a glass of water, you'd have to pay the labour contractor for it, even though it'd be served to all workers in a single tin can--a carrier for disease. You'd probably want an ice cube with it, since it would be lukewarm,--but you'd have to pay the labour contractor extra for this. If you did contract disease, you would have to suffer at home, since poverty-stricken Chicanos aren't allowed into the city hospitals without a \$100 deposit. Some time in your life you would likely suffer from symptoms of pesticide poisoning (frequent nosebleeds, headaches, sore lungs, painful

breathing, nausea, skin eruptions). If you escaped death from TB as a child, you would probably not live longer than 49 years--the average farmworker lifespan, and if you were a farmworker this very day, you'd be on strike.

The plight of the farmworker almost defies belief in the midst of North American affluence. But the history of farm labour's attempts to organize goes back one hundred years. Ethnic minorities have always been exploited by California's large landowners as a source of cheap labour--Chinese, Japanese, Sikhs, Mexicans, Filipinos, and "Okies" (bankrupt mid-western dirt farmers during the depression).

The history of recent farmworker organizing goes back until 1962 when Cesar Chavez, a young Arizonian farmworker, started to organize grape pickers near Delano, California. Even then Chavez' small National Farm Workers Association, organized by personal visits to people's homes, provided its members with a credit union, death benefits and other personal services. In only three years the NFWA had a substantially increased membership and in 1965 it joined a strike of Filipino grape pickers in Delano.

which gave the UFW a clear mandate as the bargaining agent of the farmworkers, the other growers refused to hold elections and negotiate with the union. Therefore, after two years on strike, the farmworkers decided to carry their struggle into the cities.

first boycott

The first consumer boycott, lasting three years, was organized in cities across the continent with local support. In 1970 victory came as the growers agreed to recognize the UFW, and union contracts were signed

with agricultural workers for the first time in labour history. The contracts provided for an increased wage to \$1.75 per hour, work breaks, the abolition of child labour, the abolition of contractors through hiring halls based on seniority, controls on pesticides and free medical clinics. But on 15 April, 1973, when the growers refused to renegotiate the contracts, cries of "Huelga" were once again heard in the fields--"on strike".

Originally it was only the Filipino and Chicano grape pickers around Delano, California who were involved with farm labour organization. Now the union has spread to include agricultural workers across the country. The Coca-Cola Company, which owns the Minute-Maid orange groves in Florida, signed a contract with the UFW to cover their predominantly black orange pickers. Farmworkers are also being organized in Texas, and all along the western coast to Washington State. On 16 May, 1974, striking strawberry workers in Watsonville, California won a victory as American Foods sold their crop to Pick'd Rite, which had signed with the UFW, thus putting 250 farmworkers under union contract. In Michigan, Mexican-American migrant labourers brought up from Texas to pick blueberries went on strike for higher pay and better working conditions. Upon doing so, they called the Detroit boycott office to ask them advice and borrow their loudspeakers. In the end, an agreement was reached with their employers granting their demands. Thus, "La Causa" is spreading to all areas of the U.S., among the most exploited sector of the North American working class--farmworkers. It is of paramount importance for the sake of organizing labour in this industry that the UFW win their current struggle and solidify their movement. When this is done,

farmworkers elsewhere may start to organize to redress their equally justifiable grievances.

family farms

Most farms in Canada are still "family farms"--small units of production worked by a single family, usually at a poor standard of living. But more and more the family farms are being pushed over the brink of bankruptcy, to be agglomerated into "corporate" farms by the so-called "agri-business". On these larger farming units, the same employer-employee relationship exists throughout Canada as in the non-agricultural industries. In Ontario's Holland Marsh area, for instance, seasonal non-resident labourers are brought in from surrounding areas to work the harvest for \$2.00 an hour. In the Niagara fruit belt, Italian women from Toronto are used to pick grapes for similar wages. And the tobacco-growing areas around Norfolk County have always used migrant French-Canadian workers from Quebec, housing entire families in tarpaper shacks for the duration of the harvest. In many cases non-landed immigrants from abroad are brought over and given a work visa for the duration of the harvest only, as many Canadian farmers complain that they cannot attract local labour with the conditions they offer.

Concerned citizens in Toronto have demonstrated their sympathy with American farmworkers on the current boycott. The official labour movement has been especially solid in its support. Has the time come for Canadian farmworkers to start organizing and demanding their rights?

BUMPKIN'S - Dover sole, shrimp and blue jeans

by Donna Yawching

Having decided - somewhat arbitrarily - that Pro Tem needed a touch of class, I set my zoo point and I to work, to pinpoint just what exactly was lacking in its existing layout. Exactly what made our campus newspaper less sophisticated than the Star, for example, or even the Globe and Mail? The lack of a full-sized comic section, perhaps?

The absence of a Dear Abby or Ann Landers column? Once again, I decided against this solution.

Suddenly, in a brilliant flash of insight, the answer came to me, divine inspiration, as it were. Pro Tem does not - unforgivable sin - have a restaurant column. These are the columns which estimate the cost of a dinner for two at about \$50.00 - not including the wine (at \$20.00 a bottle) or the tips (at \$10.00 a waiter).

Reading these columns, you get the distinct feeling that tuxedos and diamond tie-pins are mandatory, while anything less than a mink stole is viewed with supercilious contempt. That, undeniably, is Class!

Having defined the problem, I came to the conclusion that there was not-

THE LONGEST YARD

Reynolds trades nuts for guts

by G.E. Ganor

Fortified with a mango, pomegranate, a bag of almonds (roasted of course) we joined the queue for Burt Reynolds in "The Longest Yard".

Generally, you are accustomed to reading a single opinion regarding a movie, play or whatever. This time I have decided to collect your opinions and present them to PRO TEM readers. Names remain unwritten to protect the guilty, but if you really want a clue I'll give their respective sex and year of study, and perhaps also their discipline if I remember. So, if you recognize the idea you can be sure, it's yours.

One second year lady, (she plays guitar) had this to say: "I don't know much about football, but that was quite good."

I asked her if she thought Burt Reynolds was okay and she replied: "Yeah! I was quite surprised; that was pretty good. Boy, I gotta go to the washroom". This was right after the movie in case you're wondering, this was right after the movie, and you do have to go after any movie. I try to report in detail, so if some of the dialogue appears unrelated bear with me, and I'll try and explain. OK?

Next one, was just as informative. "Did you know that football game lasted approximately 45 minutes?" I asked. This young lady replied: "Yeah, it sure was pretty long. It was good too, eh?"

"How the hell am I supposed to write an article on that show, as far as I'm concerned it was fine entertainment. Reynolds has traded in his fig leaf, or coat hanger, or (whatever the hell he used in Play Girl centrefold) for a jock strap. He's gutsy, rough tough and just doesn't give a shit". So they throw him in jail. The warden is a football freak and also on a power trip so he gets Reynolds to help coach his team.

Reynolds refuses, gets his butt busted, and decides to make up a team of convicts called the MEAN MACHINE for the Wardens team to play against. The idea here is to warm up the Wardens team (consisting of jail guards) for their game in the semi-professional game with other teams from various prisons.

And that's it! Hell, sure there's a raunchy exciting football game and it's America's greatest national past-

time. But gees, how am I gonna review it? There's no director, no acting? Well? Then I went back to picking mango fuzz out of my teeth. Damned irritating that stuff. And I don't know much about football.

Then, this opinion was offered by a spectacled fourth year student: "No, no", replied this fourth year student quite mildly. "There was a social comment". This surprised us all, so I asked "Please explain yourself." "Well," he said, "everything was exaggerated: the football game, the relations between black and white inmates, and the power hungry warden. So you see the idea is to present an exaggerated idea of American culture."

Edwidge shrimps

I just said, "Oh." The "I don't give a shit" attitude typifies their attitude as a group (or collectivity) to violence portrayed by Burt Reynolds. The ferocity in the "no holds barred" football game, is what the spectators of a football game like to see. Even in ice hockey you get this attitude. People enjoy seeing fights. The warden plays the part of a Caesar...

Oh! he's the guy from Green Acres, what's his name? "...he's the guy who gives the thumb down signal, his lackeys obey and attempt to annihilate their opponents. Do you get the picture?" "Yes, I see", I replied wryly. "That's hot stuff, I guess I was just too busy being entertained to be critical."

"And most important of all is "winning", no matter what methods you use. You see the players are instructed by their coach to use any techniques they can get away with. You understand?" he concluded patiently.

"Yeah, yeah I understand." I wish I had thought of it. Then off we went up circus row (Yonge Street) west on Bloor to the Lothian Mews (Fallopian tube) for coffee and a shrimp cocktail.

There was another opinion offered. "I believe Burt Reynolds was best in this role, even his acting is acclaimed to be the best yet."

"But he wasn't acting," I protested. "He was just Burt Reynolds." "Yeah, isn't that curious?" he offered helpfully. Thanks for the help, peoples.

So, if you feel like being entertained take three dollars with you to the Imperial at Yonge and College. Till next time. Ciao.

been known to make grown men cry. These dishes range in price from an unbelievable \$2.25 for the sole, to \$2.65 for the lamb. The most expensive Scampi, which costs \$3.05. Soup du jour - always good is \$.50, salad, which I have been assured is excellent, (I'm not a grass-eater myself) goes for about \$.60. Other appetizers include escargots, for a couple of bucks, and marvellous avocado and crabs for \$1.85. Trout, crêpes, khus-khus, and a few other dishes also feature on the menu, in the same price range, and cooked, presumably, to the same perfection. Their dessert selection is similarly small, but everything is good. Their Pie Maison - fresh strawberry, in fact - is highly commendable. However, the dessert that must be seen -- and tasted -- to be believed, is a concoction that goes by the somewhat unostentatious name of "Pineapple Delight".

This name does not begin to describe what is, in effect, a work of art, a dessert-addicts dream. It consists of half a fresh pineapple hollowed out, with its fruit cut into chunks. Fresh sliced strawberries are added, and the whole creation is topped with ice-cream, whipped cream, and shredded cocnut. It is a masterpiece. When the waiter brings it out, (usually to me) there is 'in perfect unison' a gasp of disbelief from all of the other diners. Needless to say, I recommend it highly -- hopefully, it is still on the menu.

The atmosphere at Bumpkin's is very casual. You wear whatever you like, from long skirts to blue-jeans. Once inside, you sit at long tables next to the other diners, and you usually end up talking to them. It is definitely not the

place for an intimate, candlelight and wine "diner à deux". It is a place for first-rate food at incredibly reasonable price. A full meal, from soup to coffee, can cost less than \$5.00. I have been told, incidentally, that the cook, who owns the restaurant -- his wife is the sole waitress -- was previously the chef for the Wine Cellar, one of Toronto's poshest and most expensive restaurants and if that isn't enough to convince the most obstinate sceptic, then I don't know what it.

Eat and review

Incidentally, I have no intention of writing a weekly restaurant column -- for the simple reason that I am not sufficiently well-informed on the subject to do so. If, however, any of you out there happen to know of any eating spots that would be of interest to your fellow --students-- particularly those of us who are subjected daily to the delights of Beaver Foods. Pro Tem urges you to write a quick review and send it in. It needn't be as long or as whimsical as this one. Think of it -- your name in print! Your praises sung far and wide as the one who delivers us, if only for a day, from the gastric Russian Roulette played regularly in the cafeteria. How can you resist?

Think finally of the most important thing of all. Without your support in this venture, Pro Tem will sink slowly back into the depths of classlessness, of ne pas savour-faire, and John Frankie will never have a hope of winning the Editor -of-the-Year award. Can you thus destroy a dream?

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Hasek a rare treat for Glendon



by Larry Guimond

Last Saturday night was a rare treat for blues fans on campus as Michael Hasek and his band played to a full house. Whatever it is about Michael, his stage presence, his driving guitar work, or maybe just his personal approach to the blues, he held the audience captivated from moment one to a standing ovation late in the evening.

Hasek spent the last two years on a tough road circuit. He travelled almost as fast and as far as he could. If being on the road ever created a change in a performer, it worked in Hasek. The stories, and the fills between the songs all seem a natural part of Hasek. When you hear him talk of Lightning Hopkins in Dallas, or the old bluesmen in Chicago that he knows, it reinforces the idea you already had that Hasek is indeed one of those rare, old bluesmen that you never get to see but always hear about.

Hasek and the band, Mitchell Lewis on lead guitar and Rodney St. Amand on bass had just spent some time together in the recording studio and musically the three of them were tight. There is

never any doubt that it is Hasek's band and his music but the band certainly lets you know that they exist for more than just background. Solo work by both members brought much deserved audience response to their playing.

Michael Hasek is a newcomer to the field of blues yet he has made it to the top. The reasons why were made clear to those in attendance. Michael's talents as a songwriter and blues performer are overpowering. Whether he was telling a story of his own personality, singing of injustices, or bringing across a good time, he conveyed that feeling for the blues that is so hard to capture. When Hasek sings other people's songs such as "More Often Than Not" by David Wiffen, or interprets Fred Neil or Lightning Hopkins he does it in such a manner that he earns an audience's respect as someone who is an excellent performer.

Michael Hasek, with one album under his belt and another to be released later this fall, will soon be out of the league of the college circuit. It surely was nice to see him while we had the chance.

sports

Judo

par André Rousseau

J'aimerais soulever l'intérêt des étudiants pour un sport qui n'est pas aussi populaire que le squash, le football ou le hockey. Le judo qui veut dire la voie de la souplesse est un très bon sport, pour se maintenir en bonne condition physique. C'est un sport de combat qui peut vous aider aussi s'il vous arrive d'être attaqué sur la rue. Ici a

Girls football team

by Nancy Scott

The sun dawned bright on Thursday Oct. 4 over Glendon and the girl's football team. We had practiced hard and long for this day. It was going to be a memorable game against our worthiest opponents of Stong. We were ready for this after our overwhelming defeat of Calumet. We had them shaking in their boots because they didn't have the nerve to face the great Glendon gridiron.

We were up at that cold, calculating Main Campus on time. Unfortunately Stong hadn't heard of our win the day before for they were out in full force. Their towering green machine had us shaking in our boots. Louise Regan started the game by putting foot to pigskin and sent it sailing at least 20 yards. Stong opened the scoring in the first half with a run over Glendon's goal line for 6 pts. Jan House got in the way of their convert by way of her mouth. Shortly after, Glendon made an impressive comeback. Our true blue and gold Jan was heard to explain, "I'm impressed!" It was 3rd and 10 situation. The crowd was tense. Louise Mullie, Q.B., used great strategy in engineering Glendon's touchdown. Louise used the old double reverse and sent Marion Milne in for 5 big ones. "Pinky" Scott went in for the extra point. This seemed to rattle Stong and if it hadn't been for Glendon's numerous off-sides we could have had our second touchdown count. Time was running out. Glendon had Stong all the way except for the last three minutes. Again Glendon was called for off-sides. Stong used their second running play and went in for another 6 pts. and again we stopped their convert when Marion Milne intercepted. That was the way it was. Stong 12-Glendon 7.

I must say that all the girls who turned out (if in all) put on a great display for their coach. However, Nancy Scott would rather participate than give plays. She's only moulded the team and by the all-out effort of her team-mates they've repaid her in full. Any male student who has a working knowledge of football (and who hasn't) would be greatly appreciated for coaching. Please contact Nancy Scott at the Proctor Fieldhouse. The next game is at Glendon, today at 4 p.m. Fans are more than welcome.



The Photographer was there.
The Reporter wasn't.
Glendon 55 McLaughlin 17

Glendon, nous avons la chance d'avoir un des meilleurs instructeurs de l'Ontario, Mike Nailor, une ceinture noire 3 ième Clan qui est aussi sur l'équipe de judo de l'Ontario. Les cours sont offerts chaque mercredi soir de 7 h. à 9 h. du soir dans le petit gymnase du Proctor Field House. C'est aussi une très bonne occasion pour les francophones de se faire de nouveaux amis et d'apprendre l'anglais.

Judo is offered at Glendon every Wednesday night from 7 to 9 p.m. It is a really good sport to keep in shape. Classes are given in an atmosphere which is relaxing. Judo is a co-ed sport; last week there were twelve girls and four guys. It's proving to be a really good place to meet new people and specially for anglophones who would like to take advantage of the fact that there are some Quebecois in the group.

York flying club

par André Rousseau

Il existe un club de vol au niveau de l'Université York. Les buts principaux sont d'organiser des activités pour obtenir une licence privée de pilote d'avion pour les nouveaux membres. Pour obtenir une licence, un étudiant-pilote a besoin de trois choses: un médical, un cours théorique de 50 heures et de 35 heures de vol.

Le cours théorique qui coûte \$100 à \$125 dans un club privé est offert par le club de York pour seulement \$10. Vous pouvez faire votre pratique dans les aéroports autour de Toronto. Vous n'avez qu'à communiquer avec M. Waldemar Gurminski, professeur à Glendon et qui est aussi le président du Club. Son bureau est situé dans York Hall, C217.

Yoga at Glendon

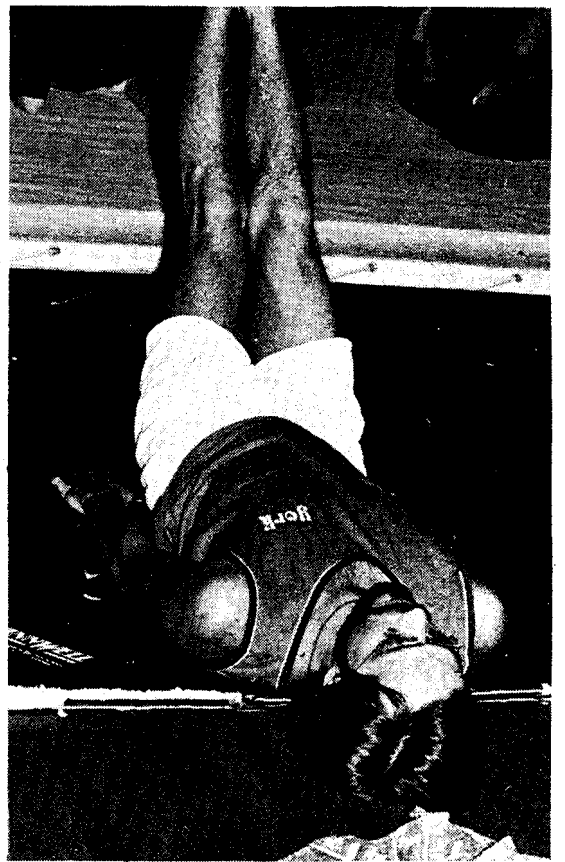
by George Hewson

When, as a rather inexperienced advocate of yoga, I am asked just what it is, no one answer comes quickly to mind. The word "yoga" means, roughly, "union" in the ancient language of India, Sanskrit. It suggests a recognition of the essential unity of life in all its manifestations. Yoga is thus intimately related to the beliefs of Hinduism and its derivatives Buddhism and Zen.

To benefit from the instruction in yoga being offered at Glendon, however, one has only to feel the need for a release of tension and an infusion of energy. The class on Monday nights at 7:15 p.m. in the small gym down in Proctor Fieldhouse provides an introduction to hatha-yoga, ie., the first level that concerns itself with stretching, balancing, and breathing exercises.

By the time you read this, two sessions will have been held already but that is no reason not to participate. Don't be worried about your present physical condition. Yoga is non-competitive; you proceed at your own rate.

At the first class on September 30 over fifty interested individuals from the Glendon community turned out to improve their health and mental discipline. They are required to pay a fee of approximately \$3 for



ten lessons. Negotiations are presently under way regarding a second weekly class on Thursday evenings.

If you would like further information about the classes or yoga in general contact Mr. P. Jensen at 437-6150; Glen Jones at 434-9682; or George Hewson at 434-9678.

Des renseignements en français aux mêmes numéros.

It was a great run by Marion Milne

by Louise Regan

On Tuesday Oct. 2 Marion Milne, Wendy Hoover and Louise Reagan set out for a cross-country meet at main campus. They braved freezing cold and pouring rain just to uphold Glendon's motto "Neither rain nor cold nor desolation of main campus shall keep us from winning."

After a brilliant run over and through rivers, up slippery hills and despite getting, Marion finished and Wendy came right behind her to place second.

In a post-run interview Ms. Milne had only two things to say "Who's for a brew?" and "I need a cigarette." Wendy, on the other hand was unavailable for comment due to her sudden asthma attack.

Louise however, suffered a pulled muscle (after having both shoes come untied) and although she didn't have a good run, she did enjoy the walk. When asked how she placed Louise exclaimed happily "Well at least I wasn't last." She placed eighteenth out of twenty-three runners.

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