SABOURIN  NEW DEAN LOOKS TO NEXT YEAR

PRO TEM this week interviewed the newly selected Dean of Students and Master of Residence who will take office this summer. Ronald Sabourin has been with the Glendon Sociology department for seven years. During his time at Glendon he lived in Wood Residence for three years as Don of B-House.

Commenting on his role as Dean, Sabourin said, “Students are at a stage where they can be responsible, where they can take initiative.” The role of the Dean, he feels, is to serve in more of an advisory capacity as a resource person, a co-ordinating body when necessary, “it is not the job of the Dean to organize students. The students can do that.” One of the things that I’ll have to do is to work more closely with the Student Union.” Sabourin was reluctant to speak about specific changes that he would make as Dean. “There are some things perhaps that need to be changed, however, I feel that it would be presumptuous of me to recommend change before I have a good look at things.”

When asked about the impending increase in residence fees, the Dean stated that he would support efforts by the Student Union to prevent those increases. “One of the philosophies that I hold to is that higher education is useful to the society and, in that sense, students are an active part of that society and need to be taken into account and considered as part of the working force and not as part of a private class. The activities and the facilities that are at their disposal should be within their means, and I can insist on that.” He acknowledged the difficulties involved with this stand particularly in light of the university’s budgeting problems, but said that he could at least try.

One of the main jobs of the Dean as Master of Residence is the hiring and supervision of Dons. At present there is only one senior student serving as a Don. PRO TEM asked M. Sabourin whether he would hire more student Dons. “I’ve expressed reservations about student Dons because I think that Dons need to be close enough to the students and at the same time kept some distance, which is a little hard for the students. The first thing that I’ll have to do is to talk to the student Don now, Tom Lietaar and find out about his experience, the type of student, advantages or disadvantages that he might have encountered. But overall even if I have reservations, in principle, I don’t eliminate the possibility of student Dons more or less, I’ll depend on the quality of the individual applying.” Sabourin said that he would like to see a variety of Dons, faculty, students, graduate students, and people in order to give residence students the opportunity to benefit from different types of people and experiences. He also noted that present Dons will be the same -footing as new applicants in applying for positions as Dons.

M. Sabourin was asked if the Residency Council (composed of presidents of all houses in residence) would be interviewing applicants for Dons. “Well, I would like to have some student reaction although I consider that since I take responsibility as Dean for the Dons I’d like to have the final say.”

The newly selected Dean stated that some effort needs to be made to provide activities that will attract day students as well as residence students. However, he also stressed the need to encourage residence students to go downtown and get away from this “golden cage” from time to time in order to live a fuller life.

On the subject of bilingualism, Sabourin felt that there are some areas such as French theatre that in particular need support. He would like to see more anglophones involved in French theatre and francophones in English theatre. He stressed the need for activities to allow students the opportunity to put their second language to practical use outside the classroom.

Above all, Sabourin promised to be receptive to all sectors of the community. “Any organized group on campus will get my ear in the sense that I’ll listen to them, I’ll see what can be done.”

Ronald Sabourin: “In two years’ time we will see whether or not I did a good job.”

C.A.S. MOVES MORE TIME

The following motion was introduced by the Committee on Academic Standards at the last Faculty Council meeting and read as follows:

Every course must have some item of work which need not be completed until some time during the examination period at the end of the course.

The rationale put forward by C.A.S. for this motion was that any course which has an examination during the examination period (April 14th to April 25th) would automatically satisfy this requirement. Therefore, if there is no such exam, then the course must have some other assignment which is not due until some time during the two-week examination period.

C.A.S. went on to explain that as things stand at the moment, a course which does not have a final examination may end during the last week of classes, or during the reading week. As matters stand, students may find in some courses that they are required to complete all the work for those courses by the last week of classes. It was the judgment of C.A.S., and approved by Faculty Council, that in the academic interest of the student, the College should allow the full length of the term in order for students to complete their assignments. The motion was therefore designed to preclude the possibility of courses effectively ending, either in the last week of classes, or during the reading week. For you students who are not aware of this motion, you may be interested to know that legislation now exists which allows a full academic year, including the full three weeks of the reading period and the two examination weeks, to complete your work. Hopefully it will be the favour most students need during the busy weeks at the end of the academic year.

Scrip Bank Set Up

To All Students in Residence
by Marc Duguay

The Student Council voted last week to set up a "scrip bank." This was in response to the fact that some students have at this time too much scrip and some are forced to sell their scrip at a discount.

It is the feeling of most members of Council that students in residence should not be forced to buy too much scrip; however, a scrip bank could guarantee that no one will be stuck with a surplus on May 1 when it is no longer good.

This scrip bank will be worthwhile because it will enable students to sell their scrip at par—dollar for dollar.

In order to make this scrip bank work, we will have to know exactly who is stuck with the funny money. There are several ways that we as a Council can help you with your surplus.

Anyone who feels that they may have extra scrip on May 1 should contact the Council within the next week. You should let us know what amount of scrip you have left, and how much you feel you would like to get rid of. Please remember that this scrip bank is for those students who are really stuck with scrip and fear that they will lose out because scrip becomes void on May 1.

To ensure that the system works smoothly, you should write to the Student Union in care of either Larry Gaudreau. This way we will have all the requests in order and will be able to work out a fair formula which will guarantee a sizable return to all. Make sure to put your name and room number on the envelope.

You can either leave your request in the Council office or mail it through Glendon's inter-campus mail. It's free.
PETTY PROBLEMS THAT PEAVE PEOPLE PRETTY PERSISTENTLY

by Doug Graham

I've been getting very angry at petty annoyances lately. Not the big kind that make you scream and guash your teeth. Just the little things that piss you off. A cleaner destroyed my shirt not long ago. I put it in beige and it came out kind of beige and grey. I decided to dye it black. I bought some and sweated my ass off over a stove simmering my shirt in the stinking brew and it came out a very dull grey. I tried it again and it came out a little darker dark grey. My hands came out black. So did the countertop, the floor, the stove and my cal, who will never stay out of the way.

This didn't please me off much. The shirt was still wearable. I wore it to a poker game a couple of weeks ago. Now, poker is a difficult game which requires a lot of concentration. And when you work hard you tend to sweat. When you sweat in a freshly dyed shirt, your armpits turn black. When I saw it, I was sure it was skin cancer, or I was being punished for a remark I made about Bill Cosby. It won't come off either, at least not until it feels like it.

See what I mean? It's the little things that get me all shook up. I'm a very gully-crazy person. I offered my seat to a very old fat lady on the subway not long ago, and she refused it. I felt grabbing the crow by the hair and sitting her down. "Now you goddamn woman stay there. I don't give a shit if your child is sick that seat and you're bloody well gonna use it." That's what you'd like to say, right? But chances are you'll be like I was and smile politely while some fat prick whith a brief case takes it.

Petty annoyances may not be so troublesome if everyone was a bit more vocal about them when they happen. I am a commuter now, and I was sitting across from a girl on the GO train recently who was busy doing needlepoint of a becker spool. She pulled a stitch through and jammed the needle into my knee. Not just a little jab, she shoved it right in. She was very upset about it, and apologized profusely. I smiled and lied, "That's all right. It's not too sore." I should have said. "You fucking well should be sorry, you skinny bitch. That hurt. What are you doing anyway, dagging for fucking gold? How would you like it if I took that needle and stuck it in your ass?" You might be more careful about where you needle-point ugly fucking dogs." But I didn't. I'm too much inhibited to express myself like I should.

Maybe everybody should take a lesson and begin expressing themselves honestly. If your teacher gives you a bad mark on an essay, kick his ass. If an old man on a crowded sidewalk is holding you up from getting somewhere, shove him down and walk over him. When you pick your girl up, say, "Sally I think that long skirt and turtle neck are very attractive, but I'm still going to try to get in your pants." Wouldn't we all be a bit less neurotic with more honesty? Your teacher would, I think. You would know what you're marking far more clearly than any shitty teacher evaluation form. The man who thought he had done something to annoy you, and he might walk faster in the future, especially when he sees you. Sally would have a chance to go back upstairs and put on a big girdle, and you would have a chance to sharpen your pocket knife.

In relationships between the sexes, more openness and honesty would break down a lot of the traditional barriers. Next time you see a girl that you'd like to screw, for Christ sake tell her. Go up to her and say, "I've been looking at you for a few minutes. You look a hot buttons broad. Want to sleep at my place tonight?" If you don't have a gift for words, you radio. Sally should catch on. (A word of caution. You better be damn sure she'll go before you try this one.) Not to be branded as a sexual, I feel I should include a passage for girls in the same predicament. Approach the guy and say, "Hello, how would you like to get it on? I could hear you breathing all the way over there." Again, if words escape you, you could throw your pants at him, but again, be sure.

Now that I've given everyone instructions, it would be nice to see things happening around here. The radio just don't do for me anymore. Just imagine what this could do for the lounge.

NOTE TO PHYLLIS LACIO: You'll have to see me in person for a tryout. I don't have any stamps.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are anxiously awaiting your interview with God. Doug! Forget the girl's field hockey team. Can you imagine the problem you'll have with injuries?

I'M TIRED OF BEING RIPPED OFF

by Charlotte Winslow-Barrington

Have you noticed nowadays everybody's trying to make a fast buck at the consumer's expense? I've been ripped off so much lately that the irritation and disgust may drive me to boycott.

It was bright and sunny today, so I meandered on over to the Global Cheese Shop in Kensington Market. Now, they've been ripping me off for years and my bloodlines for months, but I figured what the heck, I haven't been in a while so I'll give it another try. Well—try I did.

"I'd like one pound of old cheddar please," I said to the baby-faced, freshly scrubbed young man. Some fair bubble gum music was playing on the radio and things were just a-'stinut and a-'stinut.' I then looked at the scale (as I do in particular shops, especially Global), and noticed that the cheese was under a pound. He said, "That'll be $1.70 please." I asked, "What would you charge for this, for Christ sake?"

Finally he told me the price was $1.60, not $1.70. He KNEW the price. As soon as I get the change, I said, "I'm going to rip you off." He then looked at me and said, "What could you do to me?" I should have said, "You fucking well have a hell of a lot of nerve. You want to sleep at my place tonight?"

As soon as I got my Boycott Global Cheese buttons printed up, you'll hear about it.

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Dean's Position: Will There be a Different Approach?

In 1995, I was rather impressed with M. Sabourin's manner as well as with the ideas he was taking with him to the office of the Dean. It is my feeling that he will be at an advantage in this new position since he was formerly a don in residence. This fact should allow him some insight into the position he will be undertaking. I remember him as a don in my opinion he seems to have more nerve or attitude than he did in those days. While the Dean's job entails much more than residence matters, a don is close enough to the Dean's office to have some idea of its operation.

M. Sabourin is also a Francophone who functions well in both languages. This factor will prove to be a great force in the direction the College takes. It would appear to me that a Dean with a French touch ground will do more to alleviate the problem of having a French orientated campus in the northeast part of Canada's largest English speaking city.

As for the opinions he expressed, they were honest but not specific. Considering he has not yet held the office and is not totally involved in its programmes, he is not in a position to state specifics. He did make the excellent point when he said, "Education is not just instruction or formal learning, but there's also a social aspect involved."

A rather important point to make. If he looks upon learning from his new position in this fashion, then positive developments should be the result.

Ron Sabourin wonders questions during PRO TEM interview.

Letters

STANDING FIRM

To the Editor:
Re: Richard Wagman's letter to the editor, PRO TEM issue March 12.

I stand by my article.

Susan Elliott

DON'T SIGN

To the Editor:
I am totally in agreement with the several articles, which appeared in Friday's special PRO TEM, criticizing the group of students who are still trying to unseat Mike Drache. These tactics can only be considered as obstructionist. I would urge all those who agree with this letter and the other protestations as big as our can. They are the perpetrators of this plot must be shown that the students of Glendon think of their cheap scheme.

Glendon College will enter a unique period of its history when the new Dean will be next year. If by some quick you missed it, that has name is Ron Sabourin. The interview PRO TEM publishes today, gives us an idea of what Sabourin has to do, what ideas he brings to the job and some of the problems he will face and will have to resolve. But all it is need is just that he is a don.

I was present at the interview, so I not only read what he had to say, but also saw the whole student body. The length of certain points; in short, I got the impression of what he said as well as the words. Frankly, I was not impressed with M. Sabourin's manner as well as with the ideas he is taking with him to the office of the Dean.

It is my feeling that he will be at an advantage in this new position since he was formerly a don in residence. This fact should allow him some insight into the position he will be undertaking. I remember him as a don and in my opinion he seems to have more nerve or attitude than he did in those days. While the Dean's job entails much more than residence matters, a don is close enough to the Dean's office to have some idea of its operation.

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A rather important point to make. If he looks upon learning from his new position in this fashion, then positive developments should be the result.

Finally, may I wish M. Sabourin all the best in his efforts to maintain the same kind of excellent form that he will rise to the occasion. Further, my congratulations to Ian Gentles whose term ends on June 30 of this year. He can now look back on his five years as Dean and breathe a long-awaited sigh of relief.
To the editor:

Of it lack grace; or a une nouveau president.

lf you can imagine, the president, why did you not run yourself?

It seems that you lack the degree of fairness and reason.

Pro Tern since March 19, 1975

Daniel Richard

Communications Commissioner - Elect

PRO TERN March 19, 1975

ECONOMICS

ECONOMIC CLUB PRESENTS

A DOUBLE EVENT

On Thursday, March 20, 1975

Room 204 2:00 p.m.

1) Two film presentations

a) Eurobond Market
b) Expanding in Europe


At 4:15 Room A - 214

ENGLISH

There will be a meeting of the English Student Union Thursday March 20 at 1:30 p.m. in Lecture Hall 139

An Important Meeting. All members asked to come.

Come and enjoy an evening of poetry and music Friday March 21 at 8:30 p.m. in the Pipe Room.

Anyone is welcome to read their own or someone else's poetry. Just get there early and sign the speaker's list.

ADMISSION 50C

THANKS

CC: Mauro Martini and friends like to thank the many who took time to help with "our" play. Thanks to Larry Guindon, Marc Dupuy, especially Teresa. CHEERS.

Important

Thursday night performance of GOD DOG - the performance will be moved back to 7:30pm.

Thank you

INANE TRASH

To the Editor:

I am so tired of reading the garbage of Doug Graham. He writes some of the most inane trash. It is a pity to waste your Canada Manpower on him.

Even aside from the fact that he seems to have an adolescent mentality that exhibits itself in an obsession with human mammary glands, most of the rest of the writing that he does has very little to say. I think it quite appropriate that the cartoon under his latest column said, "I'm afraid you've blown my mind" - his continuing banality that PRO TEM has inflicted upon us has blown our mind. I hope next year we will have more and better contributors.

Molly Farughson

P.S. I'm surprised that other people haven't complained before this; I just haven't heard anyone say anything good about Graham's writing yet.
WOMEN PRIESTS—CATHOLIC PRACTICE IN LINE WITH BELIEF

by Diana Sepejak

The question of whether or not women should be allowed to enter the priesthood is often argued in Roman Catholic circles. To some, the prospect of women priests comes as a perversion of Catholic doctrine, a result of the all too radical, all too extremist women's movement. Women priests? Sure! Why we're carrying things a bit too far, the staunch conservatives argue.

Let us examine our prejudices. If the ban on women priests is the result of tradition only and not because of any doctrine inherent in the teachings of Christ, it is time to change.

The question involves the calling of the individual into the service of God, in the specific capacity of priest. I want to emphasize the word "calling" because this is truly what the entering of the priesthood requires. It involves a pact of lifelong commitment, service and faith between the individual and Jesus Christ. Hence, I think it would be wise of the Roman Catholic Church to reconsider her practice of intervening and restricting the calling to persons of one sex.

I suppose the juridical argument to this would be that the Church does offer a way in which women can enter into the service of God under official sanction, namely, via the convent. I agree that this is a worthy vacation, for those women who are called to it. What if there are others who are called to serve in the capacity of priest? A nun may choose to serve as a deacon, a brother, a priest or a layman, whatever he feels God calls him to do.

A woman is restricted to the laity or to religious life as a nun. Perhaps some of you will argue that my intuitions are faulty, that I am arguing the case for women priests based on the question of power and prestige. A nun has less power and less prestige than a priest—inequality, right? This is NOT the restriction I am talking about.

In fact, I cannot see the validity of any argument based on, who has the power and who has the prestige. The two ideas are just not relevant in a discussion of religious life. There is, or should not be any distinction made between types of religious life: from which is holier or more dignified. All forms of religious life are equal in these areas, the only ones that matter. The inequality that I am talking about is one of function and function alone. A nun commits herself to a life of community, prayer and apostolic service. These are the duties of such a vocation. A priest also serves in these ways, but he is also called to administer the sacraments and preach the Word of God. The functions, duties and manner of service differ from nun to priest. That is all. Therefore I cannot see the argument for restricting in certain specific functions because of gender.

Father James Higgins, assistant editor of the Catholic magazine, "Liguorian," offers support to the practice of restricting women from the priesthood. He calls the Mass a "sacred drama," which it clearly is inasmuch as a perversion of Catholic doctrine, a restriction I am talking about.

This brings us to the position of priest is filled not only by those of one sex but by those of all sexes. The position of functions, duties and function alone. A nun commits herself to a life of community, prayer and apostolic service. These are the duties of such a vocation. A priest also serves in these ways, but he is also called to administer the sacraments and preach the Word of God. The functions, duties and manner of service differ from nun to priest. That is all. Therefore I cannot see the argument for restricting in certain specific functions because of gender.

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WHY NOT?

by Gordon McIvor

I was as a seed in when it is trapped in a flowerpot... I wait anxiously to explode and grow and head towards the sun. To be lean and in fresh air, with the wind blowing in your face as the trees cast long and ominous' shadows over your entire body making you look like a prisoner in some giant complex that society has created to fuck you up. This seed was one of frustration, with hope being the only argument towards the sun and the wind, hope being the only thing to guide me out of the dark and dirty world of the flowerpot. Finally when I broke through the dirt, the sun had gone down and there remained only a cold, icy atmosphere of night with no wind to swerve the grime from body. There was now the wait in front of me, the eternal wait in a night where the air sound is far off black trains of death.

The sun rises slowly far off above the mountains, and already I feel my body growing and glowing, the grime melting down my sides and into the flowerpot far below. I sigh, I breathe, and I weep... I grow to show a face which is now clean and proud, a face to which the world without danger of hate being thrown back at it. Love radiates from my stem and withers around me to make one... I become me, me becomes I... my ego is dead forever... I am not more less on the dirt at my roots. I think in a moment of true fear of dying and crawling back into the womb of dirt below, but it disgants me off a short period of contemplation. I instead decide to shoot for the warmth of the sun so far above my head.

Shooting towards the sun at a speed faster than light, I grow tired quickly and must lay my head down somewhere. I see a city far below and sneak down to a small green spot with a river and trees everywhere. It is beautiful here with all the fresh air and flowers and fields. My head is comfortable, but it is so far from my roots that I amstroche almost to the breaking point. I walk, I walk, and I talk to the other growths in this valley, but they don't understand my verbal symbols. Their roots are too different, my God, my God of roots, so I learn their symbols. But these are vicious growths in this valley, who never let me use my own symbols, and don't love me when I see theirs. My stretched stem aches and cries for me to lie my head and go shooting back to my roots. But I promised these growths to lay with them in meaningless utterances of icy silence until the beginning of the arm season. I do this, then shoot back to my flowerpot. I laugh, I guff, I sigh, I cry, and I emote with my roots when I am back to my citadel of seeds. Never again will I leave the pot again, never again will I let an ejaculation of frustration send me shooting into a stranger's prison. My own prison in which I want to be with others that I can emote using my maternal symbols. I love my flowers—de-yeas as they love me, and together we will breathe, love, hate, eat, and live. Stay away from our flowerpot, unless you want to shrivel your stem until it aches like mine did.

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A GLENDON EXPERIENCE

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A GLENDON EXPERIENCE

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CFBR 1010
WATERGATE RUNS OVER

Washington (ENS-CUP) -- The Watergate scandal has been paying off handsomely for many of the principal villains involved.

To date, at least seven Watergate convicts have been paid thousands of dollars for lectures, TV appearances, books and magazine articles.

John Dean so far heads the list with a $100,000 lecture tour and a $500,000 book contract--not to mention his wife's $100,000 book contract.

 Jeb Magruder also has received $100,000 for a book, and is now preparing to follow in Dean's footsteps along the college lecture circuit, talking about prison reform.

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WASHINGTON NATIONAL

UNIQUE ANSWER TO UNEMPLOYMENT

Uganda (CUP/ENS)--Ugandan President Idi Amin has come up with a novel solution to the unemployment problem -- a solution that will soon hit the backwaters of North America following, Uganda's lead as a pace setter in labour and immigration policies.

Amin has instructed the justice ministry to draft an official decree making it illegal for anyone in Uganda to be without work.

Offenders will be tossed in jail.

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WASHINGTON NATIONAL

UNIQUE ANSWER TO UNEMPLOYMENT

Uganda (CUP/ENS)--Ugandan President Idi Amin has come up with a novel solution to the unemployment problem -- a solution that will soon hit the backwaters of North America following, Uganda's lead as a pace setter in labour and immigration policies.

Amin has instructed the justice ministry to draft an official decree making it illegal for anyone in Uganda to be without work.

Offenders will be tossed in jail.
THE NEWS IN BRIEF
They've Heard From Hearst

New York (ENS-CUP)—Underground journalist Drassner, editor of the Realist and a monthly syndicated column, claims to have tape-recorded an interview with Patricia Hearst locked in a bank vault in New York. A transcript of that interview will be published in the upcoming issue of Crawdaddy magazine.

Drassner claims to have obtained the interview on the evening of April 30, 1974 in the San Francisco area. He says he was approached by what he termed a “mutual friend and double agent” who offered him the interview, and who then drove him blindfolded to a house where he met Patricia Hearst and various other members of the SLA.

In the course of the alleged interview, Patricia speaks about her conversion to the SLA and states that she has made love, of her own free will, to all members of the group. She says she was never “brainwashed,” though she claims to have been “unbrainwashed.”

Patty also reveals in the alleged interview that she didn’t take part in the April bank holdup in San Francisco, but that a stand-in was used made up to look like her. She said she was too nervous to take part.

In other parts of the alleged interview, Patty refers to herself as a “hippy” and a “white nigger.” Meanwhile Krassner says the interview is genuine and that he will play it in full over radio station WBAI in New York sometime this month. The FBI in San Francisco says the bureau had no knowledge of such an interview, but will look into the matter.

LONDON (AP) - Queen Elizabeth II handed a knighthood yesterday to her brother-in-law, Lord Snowdon, for helping make a success of the (Prince of Wales) investiture.

Snowdon, who’s Anthony Armstrong Jones, the former society photographer and a former society photographer, married (Princess Margaret), becomes a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, an award reserved for those who perform valued service to the sovereign. He already is an Earl.

FULL FRONTAL NUDITY

Consumers Beat Inflation

A new approach to battling inflation is winning favor among consumers in Rome.

The technique involves a raid by dozens of consumers on a supermarket, during which telephone wires are cut, cashiers asked to leave the cash registers, entrances are guarded against the arrival of police, and customers told to walk off with their groceries without paying.

While some pass out leaflets calling on Romans to adopt “self-reduction of prices” others fill bags with food and load them into cars.

FBI agents say they’ve arrested Ernest Sims of Clarksville, Tennessee after he began confessing to crimes during church services. Sims reportedly stood up and confessed to the parishioners at the First Baptist Church in Collinville, Illinois, that he stole a car. That proved so satisfying that he went on to shock the group by claiming that he’d also murdered a hitch-hiker in Idaho and robbed a Colorado bank.

The FBI has Sims under federal custody and is investigating the confession.

CARS CAUSE CATASTROPHE

London, England (CUP)—Cars driving on the right hand side of the road are a contributing factor to the increase in tornados in North America, according to two British scientists.

In an article published in a British scientific magazine, the scientists argue that driving on the right hand side of the road creates a counter-clockwise vortex between the passing streams of traffic, which may generate whirlwinds strong enough to add to tornado activity.

Since tornados build on very small twisting air masses, the scientists speculate that the vortex created by the 26 million cars in North America may sufficiently strengthen existing atmospheric tendencies enough to cause a catastrophe.

The scientists say that “motor vehicles are the only man made source of non-random vorticity (rotating air masses) we know.” To support their theory, they point out that the frequency of tornados on a Saturday, when traffic is down, is 14 per cent below the average.

From these findings we provisionally assign an increase in reported U.S. tornadoes to synoptic pollution by motor vehicles,” they conclude.

Life Is Cheap

Los Angeles (ENS-CUP)—The West Coast now has its very own pie-in-the-face—custom—delivery firm.

Pie Face, is a spinoff from the successful enterprise begun in New York last year as Pie-Kill Unlimited. Both companies specialize in throwing pies in the faces of people who’ve received “contracts” on—for a fee naturally.

The Los Angeles operation was started by Don Murdock, a former employee of the Harvard Lampoon. With two other men, Murdock takes contracts from clients who want to see their favourite enemy get a pie in the face. Murdock and his crew carry out the mission for fees—beginning at $35 a hit.

Murdock says his most satisfying assignment to date was when he lobbed a cream pie into the face of a TV evangelist Reverend Ike.
by Peter Russell

Marcel Beaullieu's Le Refus was to my mind an important step forward for theatre at Glendon. Of any play I have ever seen performed here, this one had the highest degree of production excellence. The technical aspects of lighting, make-up and costume complimented the text of the play more closely than any production I have ever seen. The simplicity of the staging and the understated elegance of really not so at all, stands in sharp contrast to theatre in which stories and histories unfold amidst the complications of drops. Le Refus is a play of ideas. Its only narrative concern is the mutability of man's mind, and its meaning depends largely on how much the audience is prepared to let it mean.

The play begins with a bizarre and rather long sound track, prepared for the show by Marion Tren. However, before my attention had wandered too far, the play began. The setting is the prison of life. The inmates are prisoners many of whom, are guilty only of being themselves. As the action moves along, we see that insecurity, indecision and fear are more powerful social uniformers than any standard of thought and the freedom to act, and be responsible for one's actions. Beaullieu lays on a good deal of philosophy in the first half and the effect is an accurate study of many imagery of lives that just as and use the complacency of the viewer. The cast, without exception, gave an energy and dedication to the acting which was really astounding. They were responsible for carrying the play through a weak second half. I felt the show could have stopped after the blinding sequence, as what followed seemed to be a relatively redundant continuation of the themes that were hit upon in the first half. Many people have objected to the line "Cuckoo les intellectuels" as I myself did. The objection stems not from being insulted and feeling put down, for I don't see myself as being intellectual per se, or having for that matter an intellectualism that can be ostracized by theatrical commentary. My objection was rather one of dismay that the playwright should so presumptuous as to aim a cannon at his public and then load it with shotgun shells. Indeed this is the play's worst failing. The aspirations are far higher than the script at this stage has any hope of living up to. I was disappointed that Beaullieu would try and light on so many fronts at once, rather than dealing with a few themes thoroughly. What started as a play which promised commentary on the unit-unity of fear, doubt and sex itself; on love, spontaneity, politics and man's response to life, ended in a profusion of confusion. The "manifeste de la Gang à

by Kevin Russell

Although Michel Tremblay's play, "Bonjour, La, Bonjour," which played at the Terragon Theatre, had potential for developing an interesting plot, nothing much happened after the initial situation was established. After travelling three months in Europe, a boy named Serge returns home to visit his family, father, aunts, and sisters. We discover that Serge has had sexual relations with three of his four sisters and that all the characters with the exception of Serge, are very screwed up: the two old aunts who have turned sour after leading confined and repressed lives, the deaf father, and the sisters who are all addicts of some kind.

This is a good medium for development, but Tremblay doesn't use the opportunity. Instead the play only repeats what we know about everyone being mixed up. Perhaps Tremblay was counting on the shock value of incest to carry the play. This being the case, then it is unfair of him to pass off sensationalism for art.

The play had its redeeming features. Tremblay used an interesting set technique of creating five separate sets on stage at the same time. Serge, being the only character who could communicate and circulate between sets, often found himself in two or more places at once, carrying on dialogue with the characters in those sets.

The acting was good all round; the two old aunts played by Helen Hughes and Doris Pétrin were especially good and provided a refreshing comic interpretation of their roles. The cast and director Bill Glassco made the play entertaining, despite the material in the script. Perhaps the playwright's intentions were summed up by a member of the audience, who said, "He just wanted to terrorize middle class morality." I didn't notice any terror-stricken people.

Cet article pour vous présenter le groupe Harmonium, qui sera à Glendon jeudi le 20 mars à 8:30 h, dans la salle O.D.H. Vous pourrez voir les félétou pour la somme de $2.00.

Au départ, Harmonium n'était que de trois musiciens. Ils ont commencé à jouer à Montréal, le plus souvent en plein air et dans les cafés. Avec leur premier long-jeu, d'autres musiciens sont venus s'ajouter. Ce premier long-jeu a été considéré comme étant un très bon point de départ pour ce groupe qui présente une musique très bien structurée.

Pendant ce Harmonium s'est produit, ce fut le succès. Que ce soit en province ou à la Place des Arts à Montréal (ou tous les billets furent vendus plus d'une semaine avant le spectacle), il semble que leur musique accroche tout le monde. Le spectacle en est un qui exprime une certaine contestation du "show-business" à l'américaine. Le format et le contenu en sont différents. En fait, ils se présentent rien de vraiment nouveau, mais on dirait qu'ils cherchent a pousser jusqu'à la perfection un style que l'on connaissait déjà dans ses grandes lignes mais qui n'avait jamais été développé d'une façon aussi systématique.
Solid Sounds From Gordon Lightfoot At Massey Hall

I grew up in a small southern Ontario town, much the same as most other small towns except for one thing. This particular small town was the dome of one of Ontario’s elite private schools for boys. The sight of those private school boys in their white shirts, neckties and gray flannel trousers was always an occasion for much laughter and jeering from the local boys. Needless to say, there was no love lost between the two groups.

Imagine my reaction then, when upon arriving at Glendon, I discovered that I was to share a room in residence with one of these very same ‘worms’ that I had come to despise in my childhood. Luckily we soon became close friends, and it is to this ‘worm’ that I owe a great debt of gratitude, for he introduced me to two of my greatest treasures, northern Ontario and Gordon Lightfoot.

You may well ask why it is that I speak of these as my greatest pleasures, after all what does Lightfoot have to do with northern Ontario? The answer is everything, of course, for it is the beauty of this country nowhere more evident than in the north that makes Lightfoot’s music what it is. Lightfoot is a truly Canadian artist, not simply that the country is so deeply imbued in his music. Not only do the lyrics speak of Canada, from Christian Island in Georgian Bay to the mountains (and Marianne) but even Lightfoot’s music seems to ring of forests, lakes and mountains. Perhaps it is this fact, that the music is so deeply rooted in our country, that makes Lightfoot a success—his seven sell-out concerts at Massey Hall so clearly show.

Lightfoot continues to release new records, none too drastically different from those that have come before. Perhaps it is because of this very sameness that he continues to sell hundreds of thousands and now even millions of copies of each new L.P.

For seven years Gordon Lightfoot has had a Massey Hall concert sometime in March, this year he has eight, March 17 through March 23, and they are all sold out. On Monday his performance was much the same as usual, just one song right after another, with the audience briefly applauding as they recognized their favorites. The only talking came when Lightfoot introduced his musicians, Terry Clements on lead guitar, the ever-present bass-guitarist, Rick Haynes, and lead, Red Sheo, and a new pedal steel guitarist, formerly with the Great Speckled Bird, Pee Wee Charles. These musicians provided a really solid backup for Lightfoot, but the limelight was reserved for the star, with Red Shea emerging only briefly for his brilliant lead in Sundown. The rest of the time the air of Massey Hall was dominated by Lightfoot’s powerful if somewhat unclear lyrics.

Lightfoot’s repertoire covered all stages of his career, from the songs he sang in his early days in Toronto’s Riverboat cafe through “Old Dan’s Records” to his newest release, “Cold on the Shoulder.” As they recognized the song, the air of excitement was obvious. You may well ask, what is it that makes Lightfoot a success—as his number one recording is. The answer is everything, of course, for the star, with Red Sheo emerging only briefly for his brilliant lead in Sundown. Lightfoot’s repertoire covered all stages of his career, from the songs he sang in his early days in Toronto’s Riverboat cafe through “Old Dan’s Records” to his newest release, “Cold on the Shoulder.”

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CORIOLANUS A CUT ABOVE

by Peter Russell

The production of Coriolanus presently playing at The Hart House Theatre, is adapted from Shakespeare’s original by Bertolt Brecht. Brecht’s message as usual comes across in the dramatic and unusual fashion he so skillfully managed to perfect.

In order for Coriolanus to stand apart from the common herd that elected him, a strong actor is needed. John Cartwright not only played his part with energy and conviction, but was so much better than all the rest that the effect served to further reinforce Coriolanus as being that much better than all the men around him. My sympathies were all with Coriolanus as a result, and the identification with the feeling for the common man that Brecht wanted to inspire, was very easily managed to perfect.

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All things considered the play was very enjoyable. Strains of amateurism that could be avoided by more work still tend to be present. If this seems a shade unfair, it should be remembered that Hart House sets its sights very high, and to its credit, does more often than not carry off productions that are a considerable cut above most student staffed productions.

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CORTOLANUS A CUT ABOVE

GORDON LIGHTFOOT

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Something to “cheers” about:

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

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It's Happening this week!

on campus

Mercredi--Hum 373 presente SOLEIL O (1970) dans la salle 204 a 21h, l'entrée est libre.
Jeudi soir--Quebechand presente HARMONI-UM--le 00M a 8h30, l'entrée est $2.
Friday--Cafe de la Terrasse will be open to midnight; why not drop by?
Saturday--a lively night in the Cafe
Mardi (le 25 mars)--Hum 383 presente LA TENDRESE ORDINAIRE a 3h15 dans la salle 204, l'entrée est libre.

movies

The 99c Rody, Danforth at Greenwood Subway, 461-2401.
Wednesday--THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY at 7 and 10:45 p.m.; WOMEN IN LOVE at 8:30 p.m.

BANDO winners bask in their glory

by Larry Guimond

The success of further workshops was en- sured with a good turnout last Saturday after- noon. The purpose behind a workshop is to show people different styles and approaches to playing a particular instrument and the participants traced the banjo from a simple and easy style up to today's complex pick- ing style. The banjo has undergone quite a change since it was first played, and I think that our guests did an excellent job of playing and explaining its history.

Jim Hale, Luke Wilson, and John Pederson are all seasoned workshop performers. This talent at keeping a workshop going was evi- dent. The immense amount of knowledge both about the music of the banjo and the musical styles that accompany it, are elements and the audience can only gain from a workshop. The use of special guests at a workshop al- ways provides another interesting aspect.

Our special guests on Saturday were Ken Whiteley from the Original Sloth Band, who demonstrated old-time burn-string or tenor banjo. The Humber River Valley Boys, an old-time stringband, showed how the banjo could be used in conjunction with an all- string band. The last guests of the afternoon were Norfolk, a Toronto-based bluegrass banjo who are using the banjo in a traditional bluegrass sense.

The workshop on Saturday afternoon went smoothly as most I have ever seen at Mar- ipoza or other folk festivals. With the success of this workshop, it is not possible to con- sider other workshops or even a full folk festival here at the College. If your interest is running high in this form of music, there are several avenues to follow. One of the first things would be to be on the mailing lists for the folk organizations around town. For the

music

Gordon Lightfoot at Massey Hall to Sunday evening; Argent and Jo Jo Goome at Massey Hall on Monday the 24th, at 8:00 p.m. El Mocambo (464 Spadina)--The Dillards; downstairs, the Charlie Walker Blues Band. Colonial (203 Yonge Street)--Charlie Byrd; downstairs, Small Wonder.

theater

THE LATE GREAT PASSOVER SHOW, York University (The Most Court) STRANGE GAMES, Theatre du P'tit Bon- heur (95 Danforth Avenue) CAPTAIN OF KOPENICK (12 Alexander Street) QUESTION TIME, St. Lawrence Centre (Front Street) BONJOUR, LA BONJOUR, Tarragon (30 Bridgeham Avenue) COROLUS, Hart House, University of Toronto.

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(416) 928-2400

workshop.

Lake Wilcox and Jim Hale, two of our guests at the banjo 

The winners of the Radio Glendon Bazoobie Awards for 1975 are as follows.

1. Fearless Leader was won by "Light Larry" of the Lightways. When they connect, the last drop of one draft is the first of the next.
2. Most Effective Person on Campus was won by the "stumbling wee Scotman of Mis- sisaugua" for breaking three wall clocks in Hilltop and proving time does fly.
3. Cafe Staff Member of the Year was won by Cathy Dickson, despite Sue Carroll splitting her pants. (and everyone saw!!!)
4. Announcer of the Year was won by Rob Axelrod. He was speechless.
5. Best Performance on Winter Weekend was won by Jane Guest. Despite Radio Glendon's attempt to mess up her act with five Elvis songs plugged into two minutes, Jane still managed to win the hearts of all present, with a second stupendous per- formance.
6. After an attempt to blind the MC, Jokor

Radio Glendon

A couple of nominations.
11. Casanova of the Year went to "Paul Williams", and as soon as we find out who the hell he is, we might give the "Hillard Bumper" his award.

BANJO WORKSHOP SUCCESSFUL AND ENJOYABLE

by Larry Guimond

The success of further workshops was en- sured with a good turnout last Saturday after- noon. The purpose behind a workshop is to show people different styles and approaches to playing a particular instrument and the participants traced the banjo from a simple and easy style up to today's complex pick- ing style. The banjo has undergone quite a change since it was first played, and I think that our guests did an excellent job of playing and explaining its history.

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SPORTS

Good after noon fans du sport and as you might have suspected this is Eyewitness Sports '75, brought to you by Hall Bruin (or Mr. Hare Krishna as I am known on Yonge St.) with oodles of help coming from Ms. Stiff, the Mata Hari of the Geritol set and not to be forgotten Henry Longhurst, our man on the road, on location this week from the men’s room at the Tusco House.

As seems to be the norm on this degenerated campus, this past week was noticeable for the lack of any semblance of the plethora of activity that we all used to be immature enough to participate in. In layman’s terms that means that the most exciting thing to transpire icl during the last week was when Frank E. Yofnar ran out of bathroom tissue in the men’s room of the library and was forced to use a page from “Psychology Today” whereupon Ron Saborini, Dean-elect, promptly gave him an A in his Deviants Course. Otherwise only the timely appearance of the sedan seen “Siamese Twins” brought any excitement to this campus, where even the students like to roll over and play dead. With this in mind the staff of Eyewitness Sports is proud to present to you our avid reading and viewing public an issue devoted not to apathy, but to you the apathetic.

DATELINE: “Who Cares?”

Late last semester or week pass an event of ho-hum significance expired which we choose not to relate to you. Wake up, you lazy fools! Read on for the best is yet to come, if only because the worst has already passed. Does the name Sergei Volkov mean anything to you? Well, it should. It just so happens that he’s a better skater than Marnie Stunks, and a smoother talker than Mike Drache. In fact, if you don’t watch out, he’ll be the principal here next year.

Speaking of Puerto Ricans, did you know that Jon Husband alias “Bow Boutique” because his mother used to put a pink ribbon in his hair whenever he took him shopping. People used to say, “Oh, look at that cute little Puerto Rican with the bow in his hair and the moustache on his face.” Seriously sports-fans “Bo” is short for “Ho-bo”, but he does make good “Bo-gillion”. Why just ask the Visine Queen.

We are pleased to report that a new addition has been made to the rapidly diminishing realm of sport at Glendon. “Seriously sports-fans Bruin made his dashing presence felt on the slopes. Heewood, Howood, Hoywood or whatever you call him an A in his Deviants Course. He was not to forget this indulgence for in later years he was to return to it with a renewed vigour and a new copy of Penthouse. Wishing to have others enjoy the benefits of his rediscovered joy, Roger left Bradford seeking the greener pastures of the Campus Normale. Need we say more?

Speaking of Belgians, and with so many around these days who isn’t, did you know that Tom “Belgian Bomber” Liefer was about to enter the Miss Hilliard Contest, but was forced to reconsider when Jesse, his talking budgie said he wouldn’t live in the same place as a closet queen. Tom had planned to do his own re-working of Brussels Sprouts with himself as the madame. Fortunately the board members realized that should this request be granted it would create new, and unnecessary competition for Hilliard. Instead they worked out a new alternative—turning Hilliard into the Cafe leaving all the tricks for Larry. Slam! Bam! Thank you, ma’am!

Speaking of speaking, do you know what’s being said here? Nothing and we like it that way! For those of you interested in your health, did you know that Doc Johnson now has a new assistant so he can hand out twice the pills in half the time. The assistant, by the way, is my old comrade Henry Longhurst provided he can stay out of the ethyl benzin and away from the contraceptive information. After all, you can’t teach an old dog new tricks.

Speaking of spring, our new student council presents this dimanche in Rm. 204, the unabridged version of the new smash hit “Birds Do It, Bees Do It” and you can be sure that next year “They’ll Do It To Us.”

Speaking of anniversaries, the K-tel Record selector only moments ago informed me that this is my fourteenth week of work here at the sportsdesk of this highly respected metropolitan daily. Don’t ask how or why. Just be thankful that there’s only two more weeks to go. Henry, Ms. Stiff, K-tel and myself are planning an extended vacation at the Sun Valley Motel Resort on the Riviera where peeling each other’s skin is half the fun. And that, my friends is the sports as we saw it for the w-March 11-18. Not much, but better than a kick in the ass with a frozen foot.

PUBLIC SERVICE EMPLOYMENT

If interested you should consider our one-year policy-oriented M.P.A. program.

Understanding Bruin Baby

PRINCESS PLEASE?

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Fifty bikes to be won.
(Ten a month from Feb. 1 to June 30.)

There's no better time to get onto Honda than right now. Because you could win* the bike you buy. Fifty bikes will be won by lucky buyers from participating Honda dealers in Ontario, Quebec, and the Atlantic Provinces only. The contest will run from February 1 to June 30, 1975. There will be ten bikes won each month, so the earlier you enter, the more chances you have to win.

Your participating Honda dealer has complete details. And there's no better time to see him about that new bike than right now.

*Provided participants comply with contest rules and selected entrants correctly answer a time-limited skill-testing question.

HONDA
Our reputation rides on every bike.