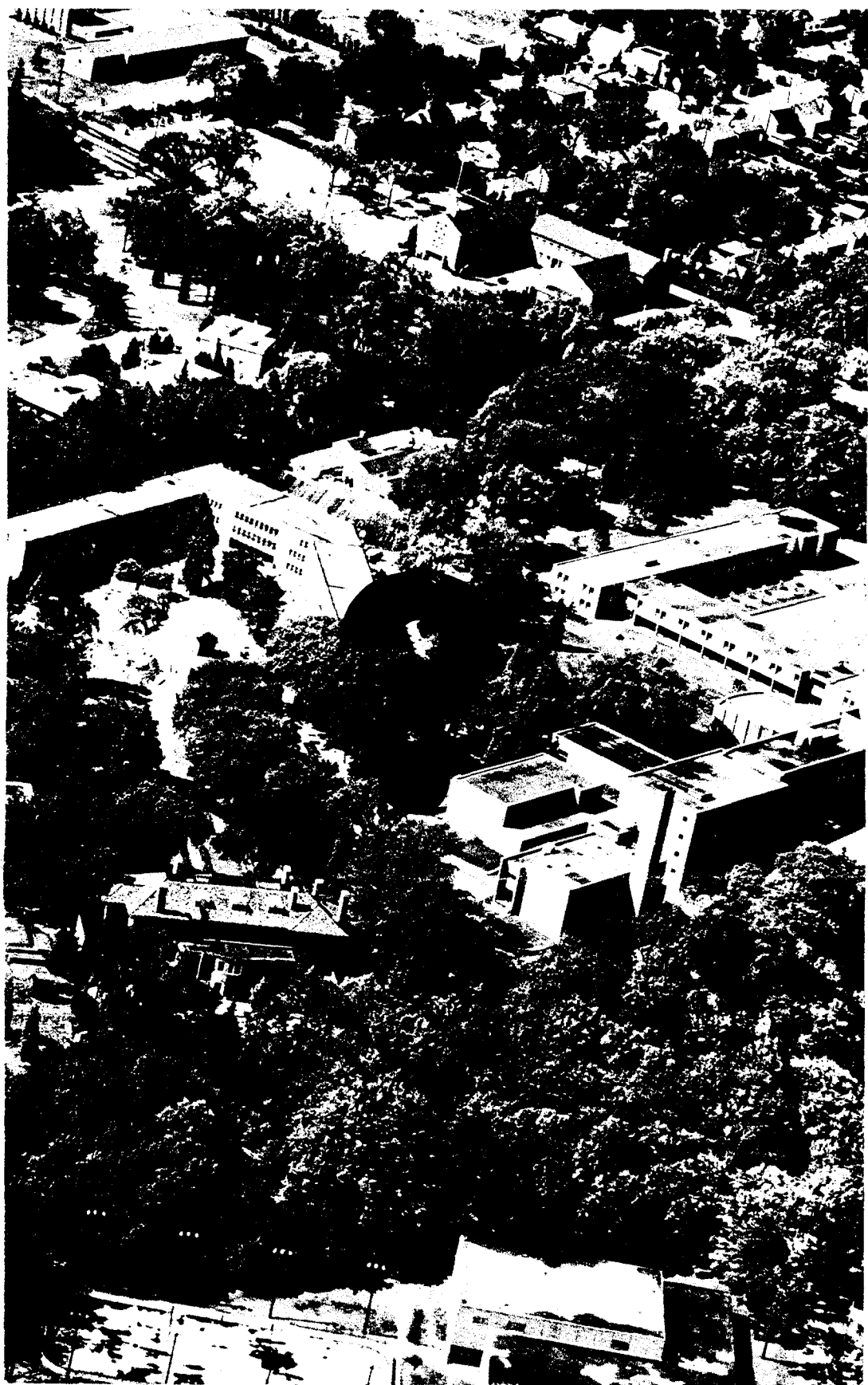


Inside

2 Women's Liberation  
3 Year of the Barricade

# PRO TEM

Volume VIII, Numero 21 Toronto, Canada, le 13 mars, 1969



Rumours have been spread that Glendon College might be sold to the federal government for use as an institute of public administration.

## Ottawa rumours that Glendon might move

By JOHN KING

It has been rumoured that Glendon College will be moved to the main campus. The executive committee of faculty council met in secret session on Monday to discuss the rumours.

The rumours reportedly came from Ottawa. High level civil servants had allegedly been talking to administrators at the York campus, discussing the idea of selling the Glendon campus to the federal government as an institute of public administration, - unaffiliated with any university. The rumours allegedly said that this would come about by September, 1970.

Rumours that Glendon might be sold have been spreading since last summer and fears grew when the Presidential Committee on Glendon College (the Gardiner committee) was set up in September. The Gardiner committee is expected to make its report in a few weeks time.

In a statement to Principal Escott Reid about the rumours York president Murray G. Ross said, "... neither I, nor the Board of Governors, have ever have placed before us any formal proposal for the use of the Glendon campus other than that for which it is now being used.

"Personally, I am very optimistic about the future of Glendon College. I think its achievements are already considerable and are ones in which you and your colleagues can take great pride. Further, I think the

Gardiner report will be quite positive and that when it is presented and adopted, it may well allay any fears about the future of Glendon College."

Seven students attended the closed meetings of the executive committee on Monday; Kathi Hamilton, Jim Jack and David Copp, all student faculty councillors; Vianney Carriere, acting as Reid's public relations officer; Bob McGaw and Toby Fyfe, representing the student council; and Graham Muir, editor of PRO TEM.

At a second meeting of the executive committee at 11:00 a.m. on Monday the committee reportedly drafted four statements to the Board of Governors, representing the views of Reid, the Glendon executive of the York University Faculty Association, the executive committee and the students.

Reid reportedly presented the submissions to the Board of Governors at their meeting at 4:00 Monday. At 8:00 the executive committee met again with the seven students in Reid's apartment. He reportedly read them Ross' statement about the rumours and told them that only one member of the Board had heard anything about the rumours.

McGaw rationalized the 'in camera' meetings by saying that they were worried that the rumours might get out to the press and harm Glendon's recruitment programme.

McGaw said that he will "be trying to check out" the rumours.

## Regina board agrees to collect union fees

REGINA (CUP) — The fee collection conflict at the University of Saskatchewan ended Wednesday night when the board of governors finally agreed to student demands that it continue to collect student union fees at source.

The agreement, reached between student council and board negotiators, was ratified by general meeting of students Thursday and was expected to be ratified quickly at a board meeting Thursday night.

The conflict began December 31 when the board announced it would no longer collect union fees in a fairly obvious attempt to throttle its major campus antagonist, the student newspaper, The Carillon. Ever since then, students have demanded the board recant and leave The

Carillon alone and slowly build up general student support for that position. The negotiations staggered on for six weeks as the board waited for student pressure to subside.

The negotiations themselves kept stumbling over various issues — at first the question of openness but later the major problem of The Carillon. The student negotiators were adamant throughout that The Carillon be independent of the university administration and directed solely by the students. The Carillon has repeatedly proved a major source of embarrassment to the board and the provincial government.

The agreement itself read as follows:

—The university (admin-

istration) will collect student fees from all students as determined by the student union.

—Student fees will be collected along with tuition fees each semester and only the portion held in trust by the university for the student union building will not be paid to the union not later than one month after collection.

—Each year a majority of students at a general meeting or a referendum must approve the fees before they will be collected.

—The Union agrees to provide the university with an audited financial statement within 60 days of the end of the fiscal year.

—The agreement will be in effect for one year — until August 1970 — however it will continue from year to year after that unless

either party gives notice of cancellation by March 1.

In an attempt to avoid further confrontation between the board and students, the parties agreed to set up a liaison committee to deal generally with all matters of common interest. The committee will be composed of five representatives of the board and twelve student representatives. It will meet at least twice a semester and report back to the parent bodies.

And this liaison committee will handle all disputes involving The Carillon. The Carillon, it was agreed in the negotiations, will adhere to the Code of Ethics set by the Canadian University Press. Any grievance The Carillon with respect to performance under the code

will be dealt with by the liaison committee.

The student victory at the bargaining table was a clear vindication of the student strategy to involve the mass of students and the community in the dispute. All decisions were made in large open meetings and abided with by student leaders. The Saskatchewan community was continually informed on the situation and frequently called on for support.

The administration gave up when it became apparent there would be no violent action by the students to prejudice their case and when it was obvious that the general mass of students would not support the administration in its bid to destroy the student union and The Carillon.

# Madam, you are an accessory

By Heather Boucher  
reprinted from the  
Queen's Journal

In the past six or seven years, a new phrase has become part of our vocabulary -- "feminine mystique". It sounds exotic, and usually elicits visions of woman as some kind of primitive earth mother, tuned in on Nature. It sometimes is used to identify a particular female quirk such as crying at weddings or being cheered by a new hat.

But this is not an accurate definition of the mystique. It is really a euphemistic catch-- all which included various prejudices, misconceptions, and all the idealizations about what women should be. Like a commercial for Crisco or Tide that lasts 60 years instead of 60 seconds. That is the Feminine Mystique. If it weren't responsible for so much misery and wasted human potential, it might be funny. But no one's laughing at the growing number of married women who according to the Mystique, should be fulfilled

and content, yet are not. Something has gone wrong with the image of femininity which is part of our heritage from the 19th Century. For the women of the 50s and 60s, "the Mystique" has become "the betrayal".

## Feminine Mystique

The Feminine Mystique is the master plan for women. According to its dictates, woman can be happy only if they fulfill their biological functions mating and caring for the children of that union. Anything else is a denial of woman's primary role. A "job" is right for a few years before the babies start arriving, or to help out temporarily because of financial problems--but a career is out. A university degree is okay, as long as a girl doesn't intend to do anything with it, except be a "better wife and mother." In other words, you can have a piece of the cake, but don't ever try to grab the whole thing.

But some women are trying to grab the whole cake. Today, most girls receive a more than adequate education; many achieve university degrees, and

find the intellectual stimulation exciting and satisfying. Yet they are expected to turn off when they say "I do", and seek fulfillment through housework and childbirth. A girl becomes "John Smith's wife" or "Jimmy's mother"; she no longer has a right to be just "Mary Smith". She must justify her existence according to Mystique, and forfeit the personal identity which she was, in all probability, only beginning to achieve.

## Choice

Consequently, many women are bucking the Mystique; this inevitably forces them into choosing between career and marriage. It also forces them into conflict with that part of themselves which has been conditioned to believe that they are going to suffer because they deviate from the dictation of the Mystique. The result is often an "up tight" defensive renunciation of femininity, as it is defined by the Mystique. The result is often an "up tight" defensive renunciation of femininity, as it is defined by the Mystique. Such women are not uncommon--the glib manager in which they assert their freedom has often an air of grim defiance about it. They become a modern version of the old maid, a social freak pitied and condemned by all the strait people.

Most women, however, acquiesce to the Mystique without a murmur. They

honestly believe that a degree, or some kind of specialized skill, will enable them to be more adequate wives and mothers. They expect to simply "change directions", and find life as a suburban hausfrau just as rewarding and stimulating as was their job or years at university. They do all the "right" things --even like a course in yoga or contemporary affairs to remain intellectually active. If there are any little nagging doubts, hubby takes her out to dinner, or buys her a new washing machine. He's no fool--he's been brought up to believe in the Mystique as well. And he does his part, firmly convinced that his wife must be basically happy.

## Calvinistic Sponge

When the twinges of doubt become too big for appeasement, the woman automatically assumes there must be something wrong with her --the Mystique can't be wrong. So she sits on her frustrations, bottles up the resentment, soaks up the guilt like a Calvinistic sponge. When and if she finally explodes, everyone is very embarrassed -- it's like catching the Queen reading "Tropic of Cancer."

Of course not all women have breakdowns, or become alcoholics or have a love affair. Many resolve their inner conflict, the drive for meaning by living through their families. They become parasites, sucking their meaning by living through their families. They become

parasites, sucking their meaning out of the accomplishments of husband and children. This is a "healthy" response -- no one bothers to follow up the maladjusted lives of the children grown to adulthood, or to consider the possible relationship between the driving woman and the driven man, always pushing for the success in the world outside the home, the world closed to their wives.

## 'Token' Compromises


A few lucky women, of course, have no little voice saying "I want" inside of them. But there is a definite relationship between the growing number of unhappy married woman and the ever expanding range of opportunities open to them because of education. Many people are becoming concerned; yet they balk at any questioning of the Mystique's validity. They see "token" compromises as the answer, or some kind of counselling which will enable a woman to accept with less conflict her "role" in life.

But these are facile solutions which are no solutions at all. The measure of a woman's worth still remains her capacity for mating and child-bearing. And the problem is not going to just go away if we pretend it isn't there -- it's going to get worse. There are no easy solutions, for the Mystique is a kind of emotional Mafia; it has a stranglehold on our society. Without at least acknowledging its existence, we cannot expect to come to grips with it. And that's the step no one wants to take, for it smacks of heresy, an attack on one of our social sacred cows.

## No Frontal Attack

Yet unless we do admit that something's wrong, there is nowhere to go, except, round and 'round'. The Mystique cannot be broken by a frontal attack --it is too insidious. Every woman must take her own stand against it--not as the defensive feminists do, by denying their potential as wives and mothers, but by denying their potential as wives and mothers, but by seeing that a balance can be struck that does not necessitate a rejection of some part of them. And those men who are quick to admit that they couldn't stand the monotony of housewifery should question the Mystique when it declares categorically that women can stand it, and in fact, love it. Just start asking questions, and the power of the Mystique will diminish, despite its perpetuation through T.V. and magazine. It must be an individual confrontation, a reassessment of an intricate network of values, real and distorted.


Every woman must decide what life, her life, is for. And if she decides it's for living, then it's going to be hectic, overflowing and rich in the fulfillment of all her human potential, not just the part that says "Woman's place is in the home."




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## Lapinette

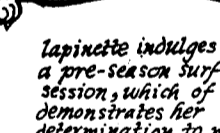
*the flower of the student world*




Whenever anyone mentions middle english to lappy, she becomes nauseous, no matter what our stangline says to the contrary.




instead, the agony of labour involved in learning how to tell which end of a surf is up, and such.




Lapinette indulges in a pre-season surfing session, which of course demonstrates her determination to plan ahead in spite of details like the fact that there is no surf within a few hundred miles.



Lapinette demonstrates "in" garb for carrot ranching, emulating the appearance of a great carrot baron.



Lapinette thinks about a pile of 7,500,000 carrots.



there is one terrible disadvantage to attending university.

Summer vacation. gone, the frolic of middle english 101. vanished, the joys of elementary thermodynamics 203 with prerequisite calculus 105 parts A and B.

but Lapinette isn't worried. coolness is an attribute of hip students, whose attributes our rabbit friend always tries to emulate, thus to prove her hipposity.

you see, lappy has decided on a summer job of great and growing interest: carrot plucker on a carrot ranch.

for every ten carrots she plucks, she can keep one.

for every ten carrots she gets to keep, she will eat nine and sell one.

for every hundred she sells, she can realize eighty-nine cents, which is 1/450th of her fall tuition.

So, four and a half million carrots ought to wrap it up nicely.

it might wrap rab up too, of course, but then, of course, so might middle english 101.

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## Strong organization built up

# 'Year of the Barricade' scaled down

By DAVID STARBUCK

The planning of the Glendon College Forum, the Year of the Barricade, is proceeding well, despite some re-evaluation of its organization and themes.

A strong organization has been built up, centred on a seven-man coordinating committee, 10-12 on a secondary support level and a group of 25 more ready to work in the summer.

The Glendon College Forum was originally established in 1967, with the first annual conference being 'Quebec Year VIII'. Besides this annual large conference, the Forum has established a series of Thursday afternoon seminars. Last October, 'The Canadians,' a study of the problems of the Canadian Indian, was produced. Next October, 'The Year of the Barricade,' will be the largest and most important conference yet.

Originally, the Conference had a projected budget of \$23,000, half of which was allocated to the travel expenses of bringing foreign students here. To raise such a large sum, it would have been necessary to have an impressive honorary committee of prominent people.

Principal Escott Reid was asked to be Honorary Chairman of the Conference. This he refused to do, ostensibly, because he hadn't acted as honorary chairman of the other conferences.

### Budget reduced

The inability to raise this sum, forced the coordinating committee into a re-evaluation of the budget and the theme of the conference. Chris Wilson, coordinating committee chairman said "the scarcity of money forced us into a rethinking of what we want to do. The only reason we opted for size, was that we thought we needed revenue. The new format will have a greater impact and quality for a low budget. It was a necessary rethinking."

The new budget is working on the principle of raise money first, then spend it on an improved conference. The coordinating committee is working on a minimum budget of \$5500. Travel costs have been reduced to 1600 dollars, which will bring six radical students from Europe. In addition the physical cost will be 500 dollars food and accomodation of foreign students 275 dollars, administration 600 dollars, research and duplication of information 1400 dollars, publicity 100 dollars, and contingencies 1000 dollars for a total of 5475 dollars. This sum will be raised by a 1000 dollar grant from the Glendon College Student Council, 500 dollars from the University of Toronto Student Council, 800-1000 dollars from the International Forum Foundation, and 3500 dollars from tickets sales.

Grants from other Canadian student councils and a possible concert in May should increase the total money available to eight to ten thousand dollars. If this money is raised, it will be spent mainly on bringing more foreign students here on an improved research program.

### Theme revised

The theme too has undergone considerable revision. Originally it was imperialism, which was defined as an authoritarian and exploitive system which had a definite linkage with the education system, molding the personalities rapidly adapt to authoritarian dictates. This theme was found to be too broad, and it has been scrapped for a more objective appraisal of the phenomenon of student revolt.

It has still to be worked out in more detail from the jumping-off point of examining the societal bases and origins of the revolt. Chris Wilson feels that the conception of what we want to do must evolve, but that a decision would be taken within the next couple of weeks. Wilson hopes that the conference will first study the phenomena and then the ideas and conceptions of those people who are involved.

From their conceptions, we should work back to our own conception.

"My premise is not that I want to radicalize the student, but to come to terms with the ideas, tackle it and understand what it is all about, and not walk around with a series of preconceived ideas from television. Get down to the nitty-gritty, and let them, then draw their own conclusions."

Dave Phillips in charge of communications, stressed this, "We want a rational look at the ideas behind the demonstrations and the student movement, moving away from the simplistic stereotypes of the press. We want to examine the ideas behind the movement."

The conference will hopefully answer some basic questions such as 'Is there an international student revolution?', 'Is our society basically authoritarian and exploitive, and if so, are these tendencies embodied in the university as a part of the conditioning process?'

'Is the student revolution only an attempt to reform the university or is it's purpose potentially to change society, either through reform or revolution?' What is the role of the student in society, and how does he relate to the function of the university? Should the university be a 'social service station' or should it instil in its students the ability of critical analysis?

In order for students to be better able to approach these questions a research committee of a half dozen people has been set up under Chris Adamson to prepare informational background material. A preliminary reading list is expected to be ready within a couple of weeks.

The conference was originally intended to have from 1100-1500 participants on three levels. At the first level, there would have been 550 students participating in the plenary sessions and seminars. 600-1000 observer-participants would watch the plenary sessions on closed-circuit TV and attend workshops. The third level consisted of students across Canada who were informed by film and video-tape.

Present plans call for only 550 participants. The format has also been changed so that there will be only two plenary sessions and more seminars. This change is hoped to increase the value of the educational experience and reduce the prospect of a grandstand extravaganza.

The seminars will use the concept of a multi-media presentation to act as a spark to stimulate discussion. Papers, films and recordings will be presented at the beginning. Discussion will extend from this. By this means, it is hoped that all seminars will cover partly a common ground.

### Multi-media presentation

It is expected that participants will be able to participate more easily in these seminars, than in those of 'Quebec Year VIII' or 'The Canadians'. Even if the participants don't know too much about a particular situation in France or Germany, for example, they should be able to draw from their personal experiences with the university.



Photo by IWS.

In many ways, this conference will force the students to look closely at themselves and at their role in society, rather than look at external phenomena, which affect them only peripherally, as in the case of 'Quebec Year VIII' and the Indian Forum. The student will be examining himself. The depth and quality of this introspection may well determine the real value of the conference, beyond any merely organizational success.

Contacts have been made in several countries in Europe, Mexico the United States and Japan. The aim is to bring the student radicals who are the most articulate, best-informed and clear-thinking, emphasis being laid on theory rather than the well-known leaders. Students are expected to come from France, Germany, Yugoslavia, Britain, Mexico and the United States.

Other countries may be represented if the finances can be raised. Some European student organizations are considering sending delegates at their own expense. Also, the Union Generale des Etudiants de Quebec has promised to send 25-30 students at their own expense.

### Immigration problems

Liberals will hopefully be represented by Daniel Bell of Columbia, Seymour Martin Lipset of Berkeley and Louis Feuer of the U of T. Radicals may include such men as Herbert Marcuse, from Berkeley, Daniel Cohn-Bendit from France, Rudi Dutschke from Germany Carl Oglesby and Mark Rudd from the S.D.S., and Stanley Grey from McGill.

However, no formal invitations have been issued yet and won't

be until it has been determined who are the most articulate and well-informed. Brewster Kneen, a Toronto-based freelance journalist is going to Europe, at his own expense this spring to contact European students. No final decision, as to who will be invited will be made until he returns.

The decision may be influenced unfortunately by the Department of Immigration. There have been loud rumblings recently in Ottawa by certain pro-liberal politicians who threaten to refuse admission to so-called 'undesirable riff-raff' who criticize the present status quo.

However, no foreign student will be brought over, unless it is sure that he will be able to enter the country. If some are refused entry less well-known, equally well-informed, but liberally acceptable students will be brought. The coordinating committee is keeping in contact with Ottawa on this point.

As a whole, the conference has undergone considerable re-organization during the past three months. The total result seems to be to have made it less radically-orientated and therefore more acceptable to the 'powers-that-be'. But it is to be hoped that the re-organization will succeed in improving the quality of the educational experience.

This will depend largely on the success of the conference in making the student re-examine himself and his role in society. And this, in turn, depends upon the success of the organizers in lining-up well-informed and penetrating speakers and producing a thought-provoking collection of research material and films.

# How to be a hypocrite without really trying

By GRAHAM MUIR

By participating as an observer in two closed sessions of the Executive Committee of Faculty Council and by attaching some moral and tactical importance to a promise of confidentiality that I had to take to be admitted there, I have been accused of being a secretive elitist by some of my friends and



Graham Muir

associates. When told that I could only attend the meeting by being confidential about its proceedings, I had a choice of either staying out and finding out what was going on by other means (and taking a chance that I would find out nothing substantial at all), or go into the meeting thinking to myself that if I judged the proceedings were important enough to be told then I would break the oath.

Or I could think to myself that I would definitely break the oath and tell whatever I heard no matter what.

I rejected my first alternative because I wanted to find out what was going on more than I was worried about the meeting being open.

I wanted to get the knowledge so that I could use it in the best way I saw fit, which is the same as I do with every piece of information I ever receive. And that is where the valid

charge of being a secretive elitist comes in. I think, on the other hand, anyone who would follow an oath of secrecy to Doomsday is a fool, or, at least, shouldn't be in a position where he might receive that kind of information.

On the other hand, anyone who would say to himself 'I am going to tell whatever I hear no matter what it is', is even more of a fool, unless the giving of the information is the end goal, but if the person cannot give the reason beyond that of why he wants to give out every piece of information he has that might possibly concern others (and remember that once you consciously suppress just one piece of information you fit into my definition of a secretive elitist), I would nominate that person for the combined position of town crier, peeping Tom, and village idiot.

I have also been criticized for riding two contradictory

ethical systems at once, the ethic of the status quo and the ethic of the revolutionary. This charge is applicable in that, as in the situation alluded to before, I am basing my action on the competition of two opposing moral demands.

In other words, I will decide to break the one moral obligation if and only if I feel there is a stronger obligation compels me to break the former one. I do attach moral importance to the initial obligation but it is not sacred.

If I were to attach no importance to that initial obligation, if I were to say that I will tell every confidential secret that I hear with no regard to the conditions under which I received the information, I could not give any moral importance or justification to anything I do.

Every political action must be based on some type of information, usually in

codified form. This gives the people who control that information a certain amount of power the power of whether or not they want to get people excited or interested in that piece of information and the power of expressing that information to mold ensuing actions to their satisfaction as much as is possible in the dynamics of the mass group.

The press is continually in this position, as are representative governments. But not only them. Information by no means always flows through official channels. Those who control some information, then roughly speaking, control the power that that information gives to them.

And these people could be almost anybody at Glendon. These people include those who have hyper-dramatically accused myself and the other students of destroying open decision-making at Glendon.

# Student elite screws academocracy at Glendon

By JOHN KING

The executive committee moved into secret session at 9:15 a.m. last Monday. Bob McGaw, student council president, Vianney Carriere Principal Escott Reid's public relations officer, Jim Jack and Kathi Hamilton, student faculty councillors, were allowed to stay.

The meeting went on for an hour in the committee room in York Hall. It reconvened, again in secret session, about 11:00 a.m. Toby Fyfe, vice-president of the student council, Graham Muir, editor of PRO TEM, and David Copp, a student faculty councillor, joined the elite.

This meeting finished about 1:00 p.m. At 4:00 a Board of Governors secret meeting was held in the Board Senate Room. The executive committee and campus elite met again (secret session) at 8:00 in Reid's apartment.

What is happening? Why won't our 'student leaders' tell us what they are

doing for US. Is Glendon College really just a place to hold secret meetings among the elites, a place where elected officers make decisions for US but don't tell us WHAT they are doing on OUR behalf? What happened to all those open meetings we used to have?

No matter what is going on, the students in that room on Monday were responsible to US for anything they did for us while they were there. They did not have the right to accept an oath of secrecy restricting them from their responsibilities to the students. We all had the right to ask them what they were doing for us, and they had a responsibility to tell us. They did not accept that responsibility, and instead they tried to play the game on their own, letting the elites make decisions without giving the electorate any idea of what they were doing.

McGaw said that he did not want to blow the rumours

out of proportion, and we should agree with him there. But there are two ways to blow rumours out of proportion. You can either call a general meeting and worry everyone, or you can keep everything behind closed doors and tell no one, letting them make up their own rumours, in many ways presenting a worse problem.

McGaw will say that he made no real choice—that he had the chance to either go to the meeting in secret or not to go at all. But by his actions he decided to sacrifice all the work that students have been doing since this college was started, trying to keep meetings open in this college so that anyone interested in what decisions are being made that affect him can go to any meeting and see what is being done.

McGaw and the others at that meeting on Monday created a precedent, a precedent that from now on

whenever a member of the structured student elite, whether he is a student councillor or a student faculty councillor, thinks that he shouldn't tell his constituents what they want to know about what is being done for them, he has no responsibility to do so.

But when McGaw accepted his position as student council president, he implicitly accepted along with it a responsibility to all the students in the college.

What we are trying to do is create a participatory democracy in the governing of this college. On Monday seven students seemed to think it expedient to forget this ideal. You cannot have a participatory democracy if only seven members of a student elite are allowed to participate, or even to know what they are participating in. You cure apathy by telling an electorate what they should be interested in.

Monday was a sad day for

Glendon. It should have been more important to save a democratic ideal than to save a few buildings. Even if Glendon was moved to the other campus it would keep its identity if people were more concerned with people than with their physical environment.



John King

STAFF PHOTO TODAY!!!!

All present and past PRO TEM staff

are expected to be at the PRO TEM office

at 2:00 p.m. today

for a staff photo. Come one and all of ya!

**pro tem**

March 6th, 1969

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## Vous avez la parole

Dear Sir:

This letter has been written in order to clear up some of the confusion which is bound to have been created by Mr. Carriere's column "Looking for Issues", in last week's PRO TEM.

The main point of Carriere's column seems to be that student council should not have urged the Bookstore Committee of faculty council to investigate the issue of the Glendon Bookstore but instead should have carried on some form of 'unstructured investigation'.

What should have been obvious to Mr. Carriere is that Council's decision to use an existing joint Faculty-Student Committee which dealt with matters concerning the bookstore was based on the assumption that the presence of Messrs.

Allen and Jennings was essential to any such investigation. What this means is that it would have been unrealistic to believe that either Allen or Jennings would feel that they had any obligation to appear before any student council investigation when their obligations have been clearly established by precedent to be toward the faculty council committee already in existence.

They are recalcitrant enough in the releasing of relevant information to that committee, let alone to some proposed "unstructured investigation" carried on by council.

These points which I have outlined are common knowledge to anyone who has spent some time looking into the immediate issue. They should have been realized by Mr. Carriere who is himself a member of the

Bookstore Committee.

As it is now, Al Strumbecki has gone to Winnipeg. It is just as well that he did not remain in the hopes of receiving a decision on the matter. Rather than any active investigation to supplement that which had been done by students, the Bookstore Committee has involved itself in internal analyses about what is and what is not within its jurisdiction.

This committee, which had been urged to report by last Tuesday (which would have given them two weeks) has responded to the urgency of this issue by instead not having its first meeting until tomorrow (unless it has been postponed again.)

Robert L. McGaw  
Chairman, Council of  
Glendon College Student  
Union.

# 'I dream of things that never were'

By NICK MARTIN

"You regard a man as an idol, and then you see him destroyed in an instant, just like snapping your fingers, and all of a sudden you lose your faith in the system, and you start wondering if there's any use any more."

His name is Bob Pinkerton. He's a second year student at Glendon, and last spring he saw qualities in Robert Kennedy that gave him hope for something better, for something decent and clean. As a result, he went to California to work on Kennedy's campaign team in the California presidential primary.

And now he's back, with his idol dead, and the bright hope has given way to a bitter cynicism.

"He made the system work. Kennedy would have had a very good chance at the convention, but now...but now you've got to wonder if society is capable of being saved."

It may seem unusual for a Canadian to want to take more than an observer's interest in a foreign election, but Pinkerton doesn't see the United States as a foreign country. "Everything that happens in the States has an effect on us. The president is the most powerful man in the world, and what he does affects us even more than what the prime minister does."

## Primary worker

Through friends in Santa Barbara who worked for the Democrats, Pinkerton obtained a position on Kennedy's campaign team. He was assigned to door-to-door canvassing and registering voters for the primary.

"People weren't very surprised to find a Canadian working for Kennedy; I met a number of people who had moved there from Canada."

You hear so much about the suspicion and hatred in the States today, and you wonder how people would react to a young man knocking on their door to talk to them about a man they often wouldn't like.

"There were no violent reactions. Some people told me politely but firmly that I was wasting my time because they were Republicans or Wallace supporters. I found that most people out there are extremely lonely, so lonely that they were very pleased that someone would want to come to their homes to talk politics with them.

"I'd estimate that about 25 per cent of them were fairly aware of the issues. The rest were more personality-oriented and couldn't be pinned down on specific issues. They were all very responsive."

Pinkerton gave a wry laugh. "There were very strict regulations about our dress and the length of our hair. I hate to use the expression, but we were told to look 'responsible'."

## Why Kennedy?

To understand the way he feels, you have to know why he chose Kennedy in the first place. When Bob Pinkerton talks about Robert



Kennedy, he speaks slowly and quietly, almost reverently, and in his words and in his eyes you can sense the lost hope of what might have been and never will be.

"I went through a process when I chose to support Kennedy. I felt that the United States was hurting itself in Vietnam, that a land war in Southeast Asia wasn't in the national interest. I couldn't see any change in this under Johnson.

"McCarthy came out against the war, but I didn't think McCarthy could beat Johnson. Only Kennedy could do that."

Even after Johnson withdrew from the race, I still felt Kennedy was the only choice. He was the first white man to make civil rights a burning issue in the sixties, and he had a bond with the minorities that McCarthy just didn't possess."

## Shock and disbelief

On June 4, Kennedy defeated McCarthy to win California's 172 votes for the Chicago convention. At 12:13 a.m. on June 5, he left the podium in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles after giving his victory speech, and moved slowly toward another room to a press conference. Three minutes later, Kennedy watched helplessly as Sirhan Sirhan stepped out of the crowd and pumped a bullet into his brain.



"We had been listening to the victory speech on the radio. The CBS announcer was commenting on the significance of the victory when there was a sudden garbled break-in from a floor reporter who said Kennedy had been shot.

"At first all we could feel was disbelief. And then gradually that gave way to shock. We just sat there until about four in the morning. Finally someone came in and told us there wouldn't be any news until noon, so most of us went to bed. We'd been up all day, and we were completely drained...sleep was the only escape."

## The election

At 1:44 a.m. on June 6, Robert Kennedy lost his life in the Good Samaritan Hospital, and a lot of what he stood for and fought for and died for died with him.

"After his death the organization just drifted apart into complete disintegration. A few people joined McCarthy's camp, but most just dropped out completely.

"You had to be there to appreciate the bitterness between the McCarthy and Kennedy camps. McCarthy felt he had been the first to challenge Johnson, and that Kennedy had usurped McCarthy's position. There were some very bitter remarks passed between the two leaders, and this bitterness carried over to their followers.

"Personally, I left right after that, and came back here to earn some money for school."

After getting back Bob followed the election campaigns on television. He was not surprised that Humphrey won the democratic nomination.

"I thought that Humphrey became his own man during the campaign, that he moved out of Johnson's shadow. I was glad that Nixon beat him, though, because I don't think that



Humphrey could have healed the country's wounds.

"Of all the candidates, I was most impressed by Muskie, but he stood out more in contrast of the other candidates than through any qualities of his own."

Even though he is so interested in politics, Pinkerton doesn't know whether or not he will become involved again. Previously he worked for David Lewis of the NDP, but his experience with Kennedy has shattered his illusions about the system.

"Go back? It depends on the next four years. If Nixon gets them out of Vietnam, and cools down the summers, and does a passable job, then it will be very hard to deny him re-election."

## New cynicism

"If Nixon gets in trouble, then I think Ted Kennedy will run against him. If not, the party will try either Muskie or Senator McGovern."

If there is one man in America that would rekindle the Kennedy spark in Pinkerton, then it is McGovern. "Kennedy once said he wouldn't have entered the race if McGovern had. They thought alike on most issues, but he came in too late. He waited too long after the assassination to declare himself."

You may be someone big like Robert Kennedy, or you may be someone small like Bob Pinkerton, but you have a dream of something better, and you go out to get it.

And get crushed.

"I've become very cynical towards politicians. I felt so close to Kennedy that now I feel alienated from Trudeau. Trudeau was supposed to be the symbol of reform, but he's just turned out to be a new face that offers nothing. It's hard to get excited by any politician now."

Again the wry laugh. "Perhaps even Nixon isn't such a bad guy after all."

Robert Kennedy held out his hand, and saw only people who held out their hands and their hearts in return. He died for his belief.

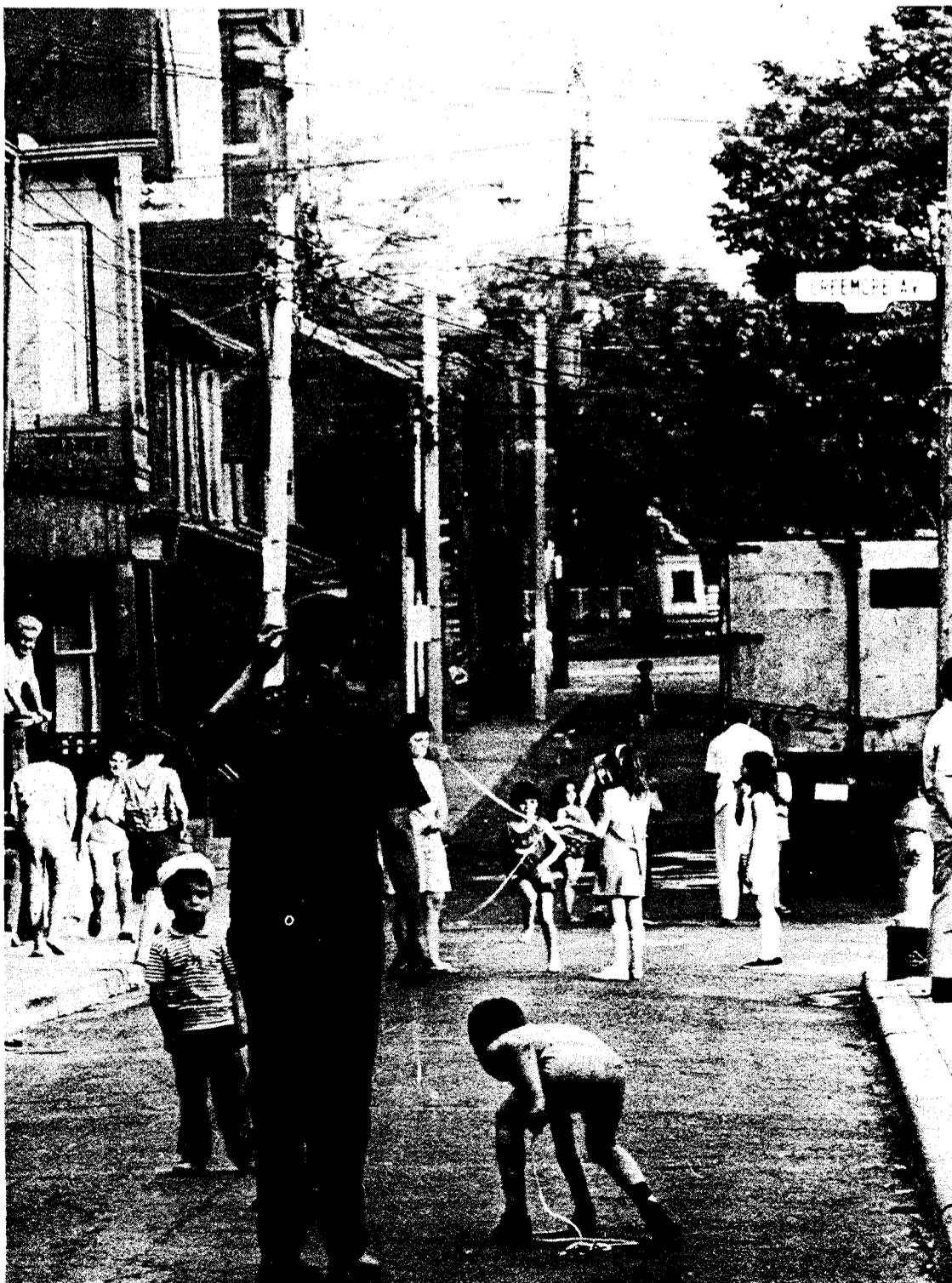
"This kind of thing teaches you to put things in perspective. You realize that there isn't really all that very much that one man can do."



For Regent Park children

# Glendon: retreat from a spiritless , incoherent community

By LIIA TAMME



**I**n the ghetto of Regent Park South, there are 3,900 inhabitants. Two thirds of these are under the age of 18.

Regent Park South is a part of Toronto with an abundance of youngsters, and few if any recreational facilities or green areas. These children play on streets and learn at a very early age the life of the street. As a result, they mature much faster than a child from any other "part" of town normally does. They all come from low income or welfare families who cannot spend money on recreational activities for their young, and who quite commonly have very little parental control or concern over their young.

They do not "drop out" of school at an early age -- they are pushed out. Unfortunately those youngsters who have played on hot asphalt pavements and have lived in run-down public housing do not often become 'healthy responsible citizens'.

Many parents of these youngsters are both working. Many do not seem to guide or assist their children in recreation and life in general.

"Most parents are apathetic," says Sandy McKay, a Glendon student who is actively trying to help these kids. "But it's an apathy that must be understood, -- an apathy which has resulted from efforts frustrated time and time again, so that they no longer see any purpose in trying." This apathy results in lack of resources for their kids.

A good example of this apathy is in the swimming pool incident. The government had promised a pool to substitute for the polluted Don. It didn't come. Already two children have been killed crossing railway tracks to reach the Don.

The parents became tired of waiting for the government to build the pool, so they got together and managed to collect four thousand dollars for the pool themselves. At present, they are still waiting for the money from the government.

These children can't run down to the neighbourhood YMCA because the YMCA cost money to join; they can't play baseball due to the lack of playgrounds, or play football, as there's very few wide open spaces. With more free time on their hands than most children of their age, this is why these youngsters become more conducive to crime.

## *Youth Corps*

These youngsters need assistance and guidance in order to make the leap from childhood in Regent Park to adulthood in our world. James G. Steele, a middle-aged civil servant who lives in Regent Park South with his large family, tries to give this help. He is the chairman of "Toronto Educational Encouragement Incorporated", and organizer of the "Neighbourhood Youth Corps" (a band of young volunteers).

During the summer holidays, he has plans of using the grounds of Glendon as a fresh playground for these under-privileged, in order to give them a taste of the "other life".

The biggest lack in Regent Park South is recreational facilities. Perhaps this was because it was built eleven years ago as an experimental public housing project. It replaced completely the 450 privately owned, old, run-down homes of Cabbagetown with two different types of housing -- subsidized apartment buildings and subsidized houses. The problem with the five apartment towers is that children have no place to play under their mothers' surveillance. When sent out to play, they scamper into the halls of the building to which they contribute their decided share to the wear and tear of the building. Or, they enter streets where they are their own masters of recreation or mischief. The subsidized houses are little better. There may be perhaps ten of these in a row; these are rented dwellings from the

city which have very little lawn. The lack of ownership and pride in a persons own private property causes these to become as run-down as the apartments.

### Game of B.I.'s

This environment of physical facilities completely created by the city, produces a spiritless, incoherent community. The children, sadly enough, are the ones to suffer most from this economic ghetto. A great game for some is playing B.E.A.'s (break-ins).

This is creating defeated and hostile Toronto youngsters. They are the victims of the disease, and the carriers of it.

McKay and a few others here on campus are presently involved in a program which takes girls and boys under the age of thirteen, and tries to establish a one to one relationship, a private rapport. It is hoped that in the end, the child will see and understand a world he never even knew existed, and will allow him to see he could become a part of that world if he tried hard enough.

As Jim Steele puts it, "It is only when the very personal type of caring by professionals and volunteers comes into play that both the young and old start to feel important as individuals. The philosophy behind each of our programs is the bringing of a very personal touch into the lives of people who are, at the moment, being treated as a mass and being categorized, sight unseen, as being one thing or the other."

For approximately a year and a half, 25 students from Glendon have been involved in a program with 35 youngsters from the Regent Park area. This does not make up an organization of regular projects; rather, it consists of several small individual groups doing just what they want to do when they want to do it.

McKay with Sean Penny Legion, have three ten year old boys who they take out one day a week (usually a Saturday) anywhere the kids might want to go. They have been on outings to the museum, the Island, farms around Toronto, the planetarium as well as the gym and swimming facilities here at Glendon.

Although the organisation would appreciate having more volunteers join them, they must be sincerely interested and will follow through regularly, for "the basis of this program," Sandy says, "is a total commitment."

Asked why he was spending so much time with these youngsters McKay replied that "I love to work with kids. It's not a matter of charity,--it's a reciprocal exchange."

According to McKay the experiences and challenges he faces with these kids will give him an insight into the problems he will face later on in his own life.

The students seem to get as much out of helping these kids as the kids get from the students. The kids benefit from leadership and a personal rapport with an older person, and a person who cares. "That's always important to a young person, to have someone older take a personal interest in them."

But just as important is what the older person obtains. He receives the satisfaction of seeing young children respond favourably to his efforts, ideas and involvement. "It's a release for you, in that you're often doing things you wouldn't normally have done --you're playing road hockey, or off to the museum with them." And the simplicity of their minds (compared to our social and academic stress and standards) is a complete change. A person has to put forward a real effort in order to understand them and their standards and their frame of reference.

### Campus Use

One of the programs Jim Steele's organization and the Glendon students are

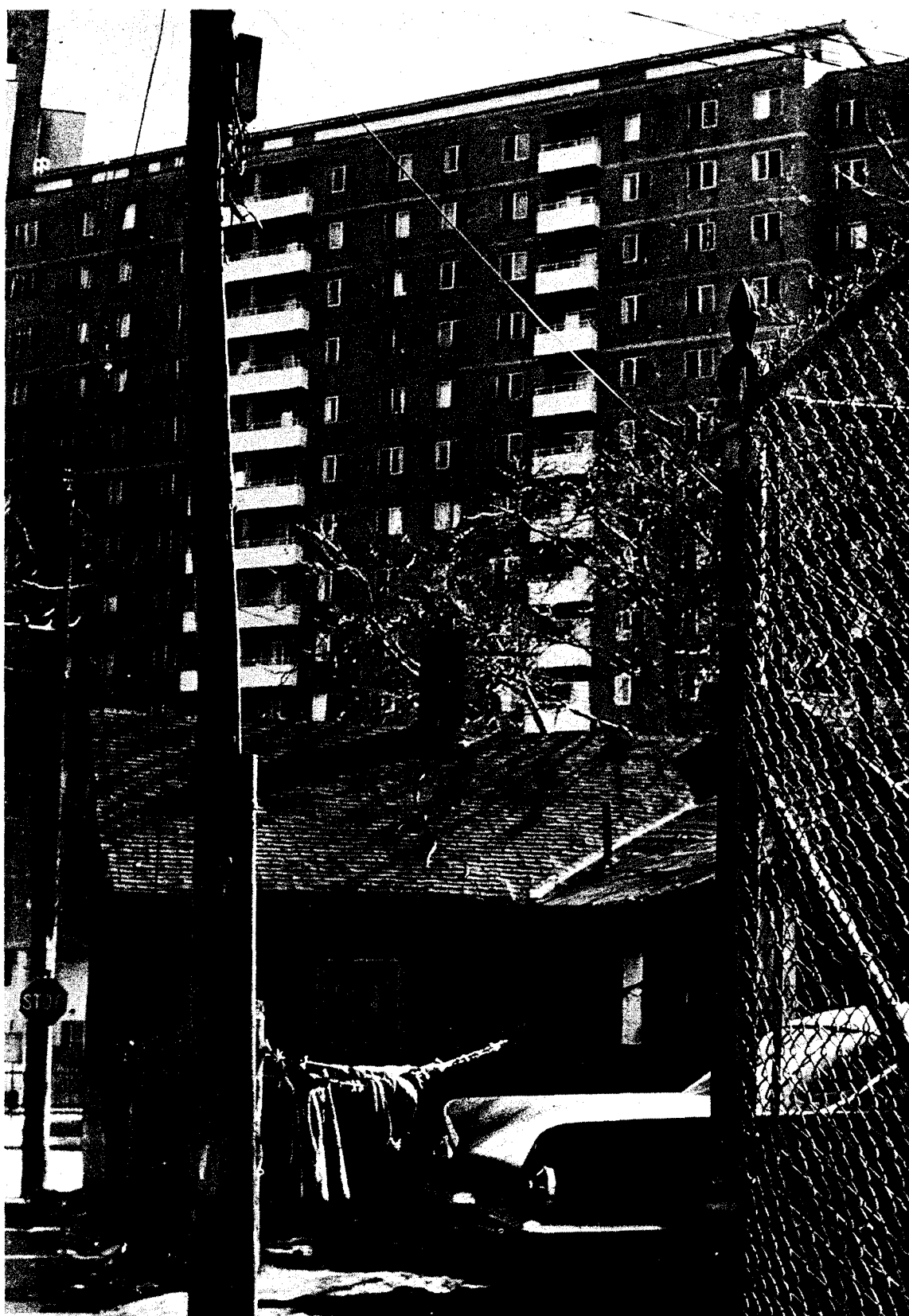


Photo by MICHALSKI

working on is for a summer camp here on campus. Sixty youngsters would be taken to and from campus by bus five days a week for six weeks, have a noon meal here, all for a nominal fee probably \$15.00 per child for the entire course.

Their mornings would be taken up by exposure activities such as art, drama, singing and reading. The afternoons are reserved for pure recreation in the pool, the courts, the field and the valley.

The cost per child per day for the organization is two dollars. The entire cost of operation is approximately \$4,000. Glendon Student Council has volunteered a sum of perhaps \$1,000.

Any girl or boy under 13 years of age from Regent Park is eligible for this camp. They will all be given letters at school explaining the program to take home to their parents. The 15 dollars for the six-week period is just a nominal cost which will serve as an incentive to the parents to encourage their children to attend regularly.

Otherwise the number of participants would fluctuate so greatly that the benefits of the program would be minimized.

The aim of this camp is to adapt to the needs of the individual child, and these needs can only be determined through a lengthy exposure of that child to the older person. "What the summer camp can do is to give the independent, energetic spirit of these kids a chance to develop in a natural environment, which they cannot do in their normal surroundings.

After these six weeks of doing things outdoors in the fresh air and green grass, the kids return to their asphalt jungle and street games. The organizers have hoped

that the camp, if anything, will have at least added a new dimension to the ghetto-world. The camp is just one step in a series. It is hoped too, that having discovered nature here at Glendon, they will occasionally come back for private excursions on their own to escape the city.

The staff responsible for these children will consist of about fifteen people on campus. Half will be paid, and half will be volunteers. The only prerequisites for a staff member will be creativity, imagination, flexibility, a willingness to make a total commitment, and a knack for understanding young people.

A staff director will be in charge of the entire program on his campus. Whether the program goes or not will depend solely on this man. Under him will be two assistant directors, one in charge of the morning activities, the other of the afternoon activities. Five or six people under him will be paid, and the rest will all be volunteers.

Overall, there would be a staff-child ratio of about one to five. As many students as possible will be employed in order to treat the kids as individuals."

The daily schedule planned will be flexible enough to adapt itself to the desires of the kids, so they can choose what they want to do. Instruction will be given them in all types of sports, from broomball and football to squash and swimming.

Other campuses which might be used in similar programs are the York main campus and U. of T. campuses but as McKay puts it, "We'll be happy to get a camp at Glendon".

# 'What the Futz?' - What's the fuss?

By LARRY SCANLAN

The lady who walked out of the Theatre Passe-Muraille's production of Futz at the Central Library Theatre last week was leaving after only five minutes. Her comments could be heard in the foyer outside...something to the effect that she didn't want to be disturbed, that she came to the theatre to relax and enjoy drama, not to be bombarded with obscenity.

But as Jim Garrard, the youthful director of the Rochdale-sponsored cast points out, the aim of the play is to do just that-to disturb, to involve, "to evoke the intuitive response" from the audience.

Whether fortunately or unfortunately, that is polemic, but the play has evoked a response alright: all twelve actors have been arrested for putting on an obscene play.

I walked into the theatre on opening night at about 8:30, when the play was to start. But strangely enough the house lights were still on, and people filing in had to step over and on some shabbily-attired loafers in the aisles to gain their seats. After about ten minutes these ragged rogues-apparently they were the actors-took to the stage and formed two circles, one around a man and the other around a

woman. Both circles then proceeded to push and shove the person inside, slowly turning and girating, in an obvious attempt to symbolize the act of copulation.

### 'Three little pigs'

Then there was a pause as the lights went out and a flash as a picture was taken of the audience. Lights on... the "Massey Ferguson Report" is heard over a microphone.. then the Beatles with "Why Don't We Do It In The Road?" The actors carry live microphones to the audience; one shaggy-haired fellow has a tape recorder, an electric blond with tiger vest throws out animal crackers, and one plays jazz on a saxophone. A screen to Disney Production of "The Three Little Pigs" and on stage we see a slide depicting a pig's rear end. You are asked to criticize, to give your opinion, to become involved, while a dozen voices are heard over a screaming sax and paper airplanes whiz overhead.

The production could be divided into three sections: the first meant to involve, the second meant to shock-ease you into the play, and finally the play itself.

At first glance the initial sequence of audience-

actors-dialogue does seem to involve the audience as the air is ringing with conversation. But you must remember that the vast majority of the audience was composed of Rochdale students and/or young iconoclasts eager to welcome anything in the way of innovation. The lady who walked out and the young man who grabbed the mike and demanded-'how much more of this shit do we have to take?' - were more the stereotypes of the Toronto audience. Rather than becoming involved they became disgruntled, impatient for the actual play to begin. They become not involved but highly alienated.

### Meant to shock

The part of the play meant to shock, with its obscene poems and base limericks does indeed shock (although the middle-aged maiden behind me thought it was all quite hilarious) and the play follows smoothly on its heels. The play has a simple plot to convey a simple point and must insecurely harp on that point.

It is festooned with drab, faceless characters who come across in very amateurish fashion. Only 'Hill-billy Loop' played by Ashleigh Moorehouse exhibits any acting ability. Too often

screaming and clamour must pass for acting.

The play revolves around Sy Futz, our backwoods hero, and his unique love affair with Amanda (his sow) and its effect on the local community. Basically the play portrays Futz as the victim of a society refusing to 'see' his perfect love; normal copulation is reduced to foul rape and a strumpet's game.

### Trouble-maker

Why? Bill Marshall, its promoter says-"that's the kind of play we want to do-a real trouble-maker of a play-because other people here aren't doing anything like it. Really it's the only way to get to see the kind of play you want here."

The reaction, from the critics and from the audience was ambivalent. Herb Whittaker from the Globe and Mail called it an "impressive beginning...one looks for more of their experimentation and hopes it won't take them off the stage completely."

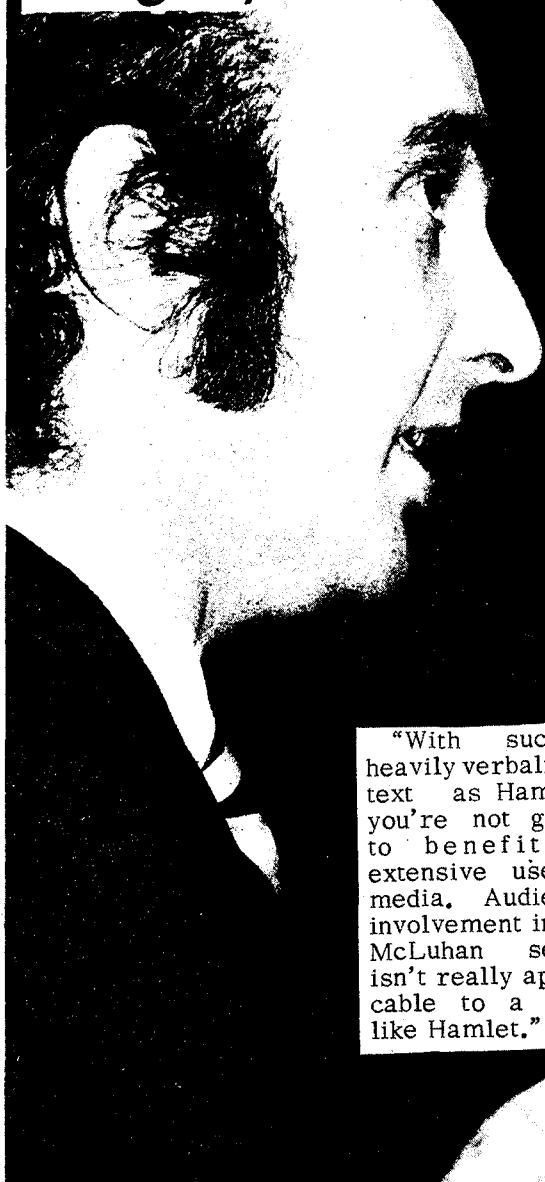
Marci McDonald of the Star really sits on the fence and says nothing. The morality squad was very near indifferent after opening night, until two days later when each of the twelve actors was given a summons.

Personally, I think that aside from the material (most of which was either borrowed or unearthed), the actual dramatic techniques were old hat. The involvement attempt is a feather out of German author Bertolt Brecht's hat and the idea of various narrators is right out of the classical Chinese theatre. The only thing different was the stage. With its old tires, ropes, rags, dolls and upturned chairs; it looked like Mummy Yokum's backyard on wash day.

The whole production is a testing ground for the nude-obscene theatre in Toronto. It creates nothing, it can only tear down and destroy. It is a protest play that merely protests and says little. Halfway through the play, in what was otherwise a tender and moving scene between a mother, and her son about to hang, the mother (Temperance Lloyd) bears her chest to her son and the audience. The play had almost displayed a feeling of true emotion, when off came the buttons in a display. It didn't fit in; it belonged to the first hour.

Decades from now, it may be said the Futz play ushered in a new age in drama for a Waspish Toronto. But right now, old Waspish Toronto is not yet ready for Syrus Futz.

Gregory



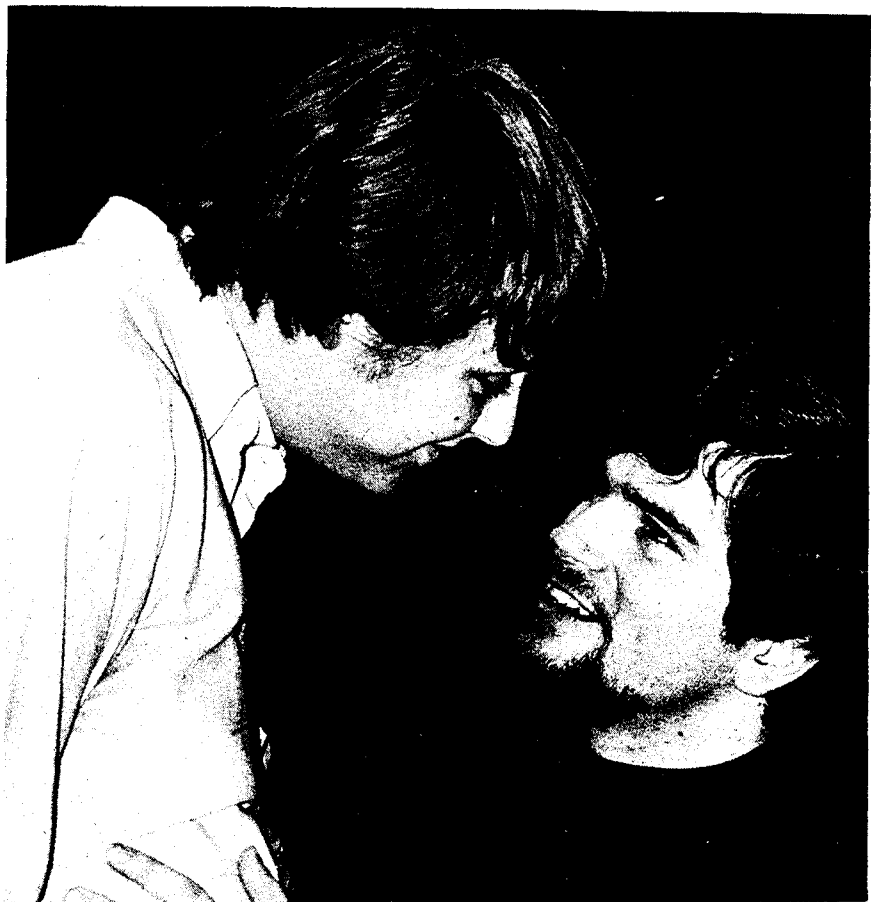
"With such a heavily verbalized text as Hamlet, you're not going to benefit by extensive use of media. Audience involvement in the McLuhan sense isn't really applicable to a play like Hamlet."

"The traditional or sentimental idea of Hamlet sees him as a 'moody Dane', a procrastinator. This production will try to return to the Renaissance idea of Hamlet, because essentially, the sentimental picture is a 19th century one. For instance, Hamlet is traditionally dressed in black, because of the lines "Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother / Nor customary suits of solemn black". In fact, though, 'customary suits of solemn black' simply refers to mourning clothes. We've interpreted Hamlet not as the procrastinator, but as being so uncompromising in his integrity that he is carried to his death for it. Then too, circumstances take him to his death."

on Hamlet

Thursday, March 13  
Friday, March 14 at 8:30 p.m.  
Saturday, March 15  
Sunday, March 16 at 7:00 p.m.

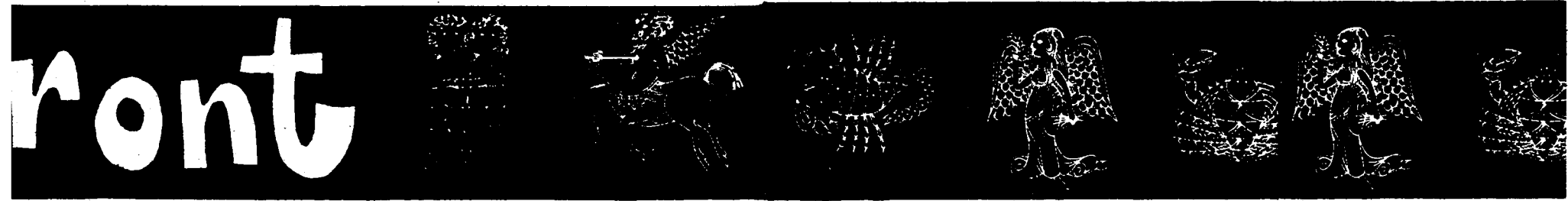
Burton Auditorium, Main Campus  
Tickets (student rate) \$1.50  
phone 635-2370 for reserved seats



"Why, then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."  
(Charles Northcote as Rosencrantz, and John Taylor as Hamlet.)

Photos by MICHALSKI





# 'Like sucking a sweet with the wrapper on'

By JOHN KING

The room is dark. Suddenly a flashlight shines on a face moving down the aisle in the middle of the audience. The face, covered in thick greasy makeup, starts to speak. The light darts in and out of the audience, the face stops speaking and the light goes out.

'The Entertainer', by John Osborne, produced in the Pipe Room last Thursday and directed by Terry Slater, has the elements of the comic, absurd and tragic theatre. Jean-Francois Guimond played Archie Rice, an extroverted music hall actor, always trying to get a reaction from his audience, whether he is on the stage or at home. Always ready for a word battle with his daughter Jean, (played by Mary Pace) Archie loves to see her angry reactions.

The set is formed so as to show the enormous difference between Archie and his family. Archie is on his own elevated stage separated from the rest of the family all though the play. Vivid makeup, a

tuxedo, patent leather shoes and white gloves show him continually on stage and emphasize his actions beautifully.

The rest of the family is separated from the audience by a piece of gauze, emphasizing that the audience is looking in on a family scene, and helping to alienate Archie from the rest of the family.

Osborne has written 'The Entertainer' so that the effect is of a series of music hall skits, woven together to make a play about a music hall family.

Billy Rice (played by Charles Crichton) is Archie's father, retired from the music hall. Crichton seemed to enjoy telling stories about 'the good old days' as much as a real Billy Rice would have.

When Billy dies Slater makes good use of the available lighting to show two conversations going on at once. Jean and Graham Dodd (Rob Beadle) start a conversation on one side of the stage. The lights switch off them and onto Archie and Brother Bill (Jeff Ramson)

who are holding a conversation on the other side of the stage. The lights switch back and forth between the two conversations, giving the audience a line or two from each at a time.

Guimond showed Archie's personality beautifully. Always an actor, ready to throw

in a comic line or a shock sentence into the conversation at any time just to provoke a reaction, he still showed Archie's tragic feeling that all was lost, realizing that his whole life was really just an act.

In the last scene, Archie is out on stage trying to get

the audience to laugh, but finally breaks down singing "Why should I care? What's the use of bothering?" Preoccupied with a search for a fourpenny draught Bass that he can enjoy in relaxation, Archie reflects on life - "It's like sucking a sweet with the wrapper on."



Phoebe (Sheila Bland) talks with Jean (Mary Pace) in 'The Entertainer'.

Photo by MICHALSKI

## Electric Circus - everything flows

By BRIAN PEARL

The Electric Circus has come. It opened a month late, but it was more than worth waiting for.

Located in a big, chalky blue building on Queen near Young St., the Circus is one of the very few places in Straight City (Toronto) in which everything flows. The environment is McLuhan's cultural blues wailed out loud and clear enough for all to

see, hear and feel.

The focal-point of the Circus is the large, hanger-like audi-visi-torium where sound and light fight to be felt. The lights are of every imaginable kind - slide projectors, oil emulsion lanterns, stobe lights, deep purple ultra-violet and other invisible but tangible rays. The music is all hard rock and soul, and dancing is inevitable.

The whole room dances and vibrates with the people. And all the people, everyone, were especially beautiful. I felt it, loosened up, and ran my mind through the textured air.

The most important function of the Circus is to have no function at all - not to be a factory or an office or even a dwelling. At the Circus you're not an executive, a foreman or a mother's son. You're only a human being, 'grooving and doing your own thing'. The space around you insists loudly that your masks be put aside. The cocoon breaks.

And when you just begin to sail (flic) strobes (flic) BREAK (flic) visual (flic) space (flic) into (flic) frag (flic)ments (flic). Out there it's as real as a photograph, up here, where you are and you feel, is where you really live. Nothing just seen is real; everything there might not exist, only here, around you, must be.

Sam and Dave were there that night, part of the "inner ring" shows, which will include the Who, Canned Heat Blood Sweat and Tears and Julie Driscoll each Sunday. The Circus was built for them. The records sound live at the Circus. The live performers are something else again.

The Circus is a necessary electric shock treatment to wake us up to the moving, beating world of 'here'. I learned something important at the Circus that night, and I can only slightly describe it here. But I do know it affects my entire attitude towards the spaces I inhabit. The Circus will probably affect each one of us differently, so go and feel it for yourself.

## In Review

By GREG GATENBY

I first met Leonard Cohen on the pages of 'The Favorite Game', way back when I was 15. I distinctly recall the pueril pulsations of my licentious heart upon reading that novel. I proceeded to seek out his allegedly scurrilous poetry which my side street sex educators told me made 'Ovid' look like a writer of nursery rhymes.

Book-baldric armed, our young crusader searched cautiously through the library index for that name "Cohen" expecting it to be listed with those other horrid appellations, 'de Sade', 'Miller' and 'Robbins'. But alas! the books were only to be found with the likes of 'McKuen' and 'Lee' and 'Mandel'.

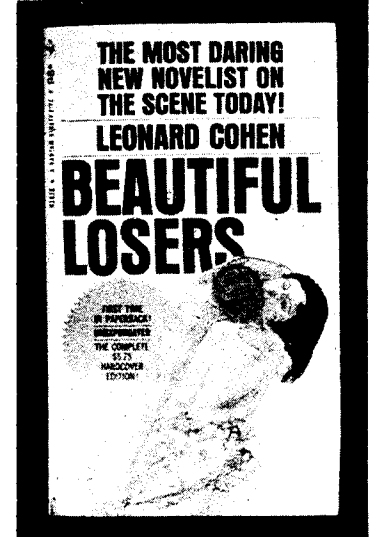
Flipping the leaves quickly with an eye attuned for four letter words, each page brought only disappointment after disappointment, for there was nothing to be found but poems concerning love and women and dumb stuff like that.

So that it was with some hesitation that I picked up and read Cohen's second novel entitled 'Beautiful Losers'. Not bad. Not bad at all.

As an innovator of style, is unmatched in the post-war era, unless it be by a J. P. Donleavy. Leonard Cohen has given us madness on paper; horror, history and hallucination between two covers.

The novel reeks with the sweets and sweat of sin and oozes the puss of poverty. Yet Cohen somehow makes it ethereal and eternal; non-scissile and non-syrupy.

Through his four characters, his concept of insanity hits you so low below the belt that you cry



and writhe in masochistic, orgasmic ecstasy.

'Poor men, poor men, such as we, they've gone and fled. I will plead from electrical tower. I will plead from turret of plane... Welcome to you, darling and friend, who miss me forever in your trip to the end.'

You too can bleed with Gavin Gate and the Goddesses, or hurt with Catherine Tekakwitha. Die pretty children, die in this nexus of nightmares.

Pitiful people praying for adventure, their eyes torn out, searching for security. Crying in the night. Crying for the light. And with no language but a cry.

And yet we trust that somehow good will come to those who see their nothingness. Edith and F. and Cohen and Catherine yearning for fulness which is not theirs to know. There are people in the world. There are people at this college. They are leaning out for love. They will lean that way forever while 'Beautiful Loser's' holds the mirror.

Escalation?      The      Politics?  
Establishment?

The Draft?

Youth  
Movement?

# OUTRAGEOUSLY ANTI- EVERYTHING!?

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MUNICIPAL PARKING TOMORROW!  
FLOOR-BATHURST SUBWAY 531-4700

Doug Fetherling

# The landscape of the poet's imagination

By JUDITH PERRY

"There's a place for us,"  
"Somewhere a place for us?"

Fetherling sculpts that place - not the way it should or would be but the way it presents itself and the way he feels it. He presents it with all the mixed up insanities, hypocrisy, incoherent thoughts, tortures and flashing neon emotions that don't go off with the sun rise. He gouges, carves, welds and molds his works using any kind of found materials that speak.

One can't escape the attraction of the sculpting, of the rough and jumble of the city land. Nor can we close our eyes to the intrigue of the once okay gone sick and perverse. (Or is it the once sick and perverse gone okay). The poetry hustles one in to have a second look.

The words play games with those neat little paragraphs out of dick and jane readers; so well finalized in our neat filing cabinet minds. And somehow in the end all the tangents, the boomerangs, the put-offs and the take-ons, come together in smooth right angles.

The land has 'scaped into the mind. That land that was once an insane sculpting of something that made no sense, is now an insane sculpting of ourselves, our society; and it makes too much sense.

## united states of heaven

As soon as we are introduced to Fetherling's poetry, he sets the mood of this part of the trilogy with the title of the first poem 'Wastebasket Sonata'. That is, a mood of spewing forth, almost catharsis. He then goes on to vomit out all of his thoughts and feelings...

"cummings is dead & saint hemmingway is being eaten by worms & crowds now jeer antonio ordonez & a paranoid dog trots sideways & its half past two in the morning & the country's involved in undeclared war"

...with no apparent order of reason for their being together as a poem. That is his imagination, and that is the world in which he lives and is trying to recreate. The point is that there is no set way of associating things and what affects someone and is on his mind at one moment, all mean something - It all comes from somewhere and goes somewhere.

At the end of this poem Fetherling says,

"i cant stay and i cant leave", and somehow from that last line, all the apparent lack of order and reason comes together and the poem hits home and means something. It somehow leaves the same effect of a look in someone's eye, behind which there are a thousand words and a thousand thoughts that have mysteriously come together for the first time, and a star of light shines.

It is also interesting to note that much of the form of the poems do reflect the style of newspaper copy, the abbreviations, headlines etc., and that is very reflective of the fact that Fetherling worked in many different newspaper offices before becoming a published poet. Therefore these techniques are not superimposed but come from his experience through the landscape of his imagination.

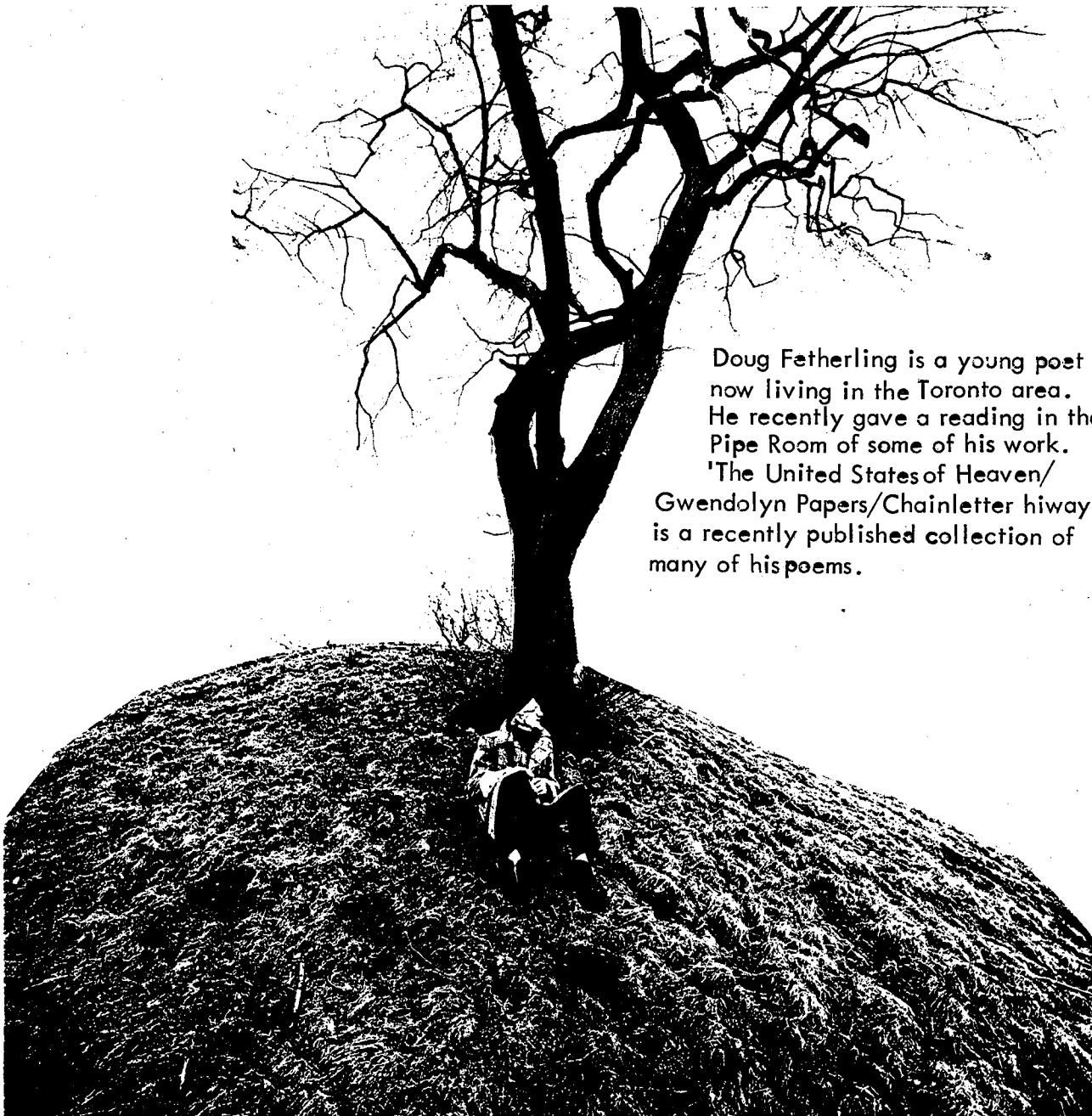
In this first section Fetherling has established the mood and the style of the book which he continues throughout the other two parts, gwendolyn papers and a chain letter hiway. Some very interesting things emerge. As the book of poetry develops and changes, so too does the landscape change with the addition of these new poems. The sculpting is changing its form, becoming something different without denying anything that went before; presenting itself openly for the imagination of its readers to give it its final shape.

## gwendolyn papers

The first thing that seems to grab one at the beginning of gwendolyn papers is how we have adapted ourselves to the texture of the poem and the form of the words. All the w/ and x w/os become as comfortable to the eye as the more ordinary, with and without. Just as the land that has already been mapped has prepared your imagination so that in the first poem "the plot to assasin billy graham" u instead of you and ur instead of your seem natural and more appropriate for the personal kind of poem that it is.

In the line "i trusted u and valued u", one can see the form "u" brings the word and its meaning into focus and the ambiguous emotions behind the word u, seem to jump out of the page and snatch at the heart.

"dont you remember  
when you sat there  
w/ur breasts on the table"



Doug Fetherling is a young poet now living in the Toronto area. He recently gave a reading in the Pipe Room of some of his work. 'The United States of Heaven/ Gwendolyn Papers/Chainletter hiway' is a recently published collection of many of his poems.

In this section we are entering into new territory in the poets imagination, and seeing the sculpting develop, changing our perception of the forms that came before.

Fetherling opens himself and his emotions up in a very personal way. He has a love on his mind. He has gwendolyn on his mind. He shows the gentle sadness of his loneliness without her, throughout many of the poems but without her, throughout many of the poems but especially when referring to her.

"turn out that candle gwendolyn

i want to tell you about the kinship of forest animals"

"A breakfast of donnybrook hairs walking in china town w/ gwendolyn"

"attempting to love anyl through the royal mail is like trying 2 brush ur teeth w/o a mirror"

"her eyes told the dawn 2 shove it", "everything about gwendolyn was butterscotch", "i've seen all the sun rises since you left me", "ours was the vietnam of love affairs", "yesterday i thought i'd die loving u or (be loving u when i die), "its a shame we didnt know each otr when we were living".

These feelings that creep into the poetry add curves and softness to the cutting jabs of the first section. The sensitivity of some poems, especially the last two paragraphs of 'Sex Play in Four Acts' complement 'Exactly What's Your Bag, Ste Gwendolyn' and 'intertwine with the wanderings which form much of the meat of the background.

"all last nite  
eye bumming up & down the riverbank  
waiting for the fog"  
"sixtyeight mph  
four in car  
howling  
country road"

## chain letter hiway

This section seems to take on a very spiritual air, adding yet another dimension to the sculpting and to the landscape of Fetherling's imagination. The poem, 'Transcananienne' about travelling across Canada seems to be a six day pilgrimage to the promised land-Vancouver. The entire poem plays a beautiful crescendo upon the imagination, ending molto forte,

"in  
Vancouver  
for which i travelled 6 days  
each mile a  
little closed to that moment  
of 1st glimpse of  
the surf w/my  
harmonica & blew sweet blues  
to kyoto".

Fetherling feels that gentle religion that Canada by its very existence possesses. He becomes very much a part of this religion and brings this feel upon the shapes of the sculpting. In his imagination he is the leader of those western wanderers; a christ with his poetry for a Bible. This statement is reinforced by the many references made to Christ: 'Christ for Christ Sake, 'Xmas Subway Poem'. But it is 'A Rival Jesus' that shows this most clearly.

"the sun can do some pretty perverted things to ur shadoe when  
ur always heading west  
&  
the wind covers ur teethw/  
dust &  
makes sore ur face &  
forces ur hair to whip ur forehead in 2  
submission  
to that chain letter hiway"

Fetherling has allowed his imagination to mix the spirit and the concrete, rounding out the three sections and bringing greater insight into the effect of the land on the landscape of his imagination and upon the poems.

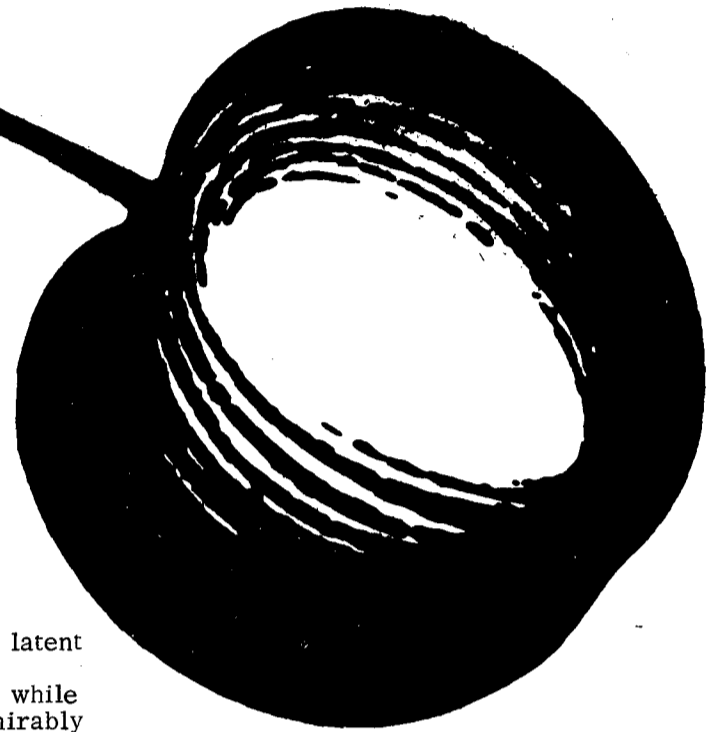
With that, we can say that what makes this and all the other sections so interesting and enjoyable is the fact that Fetherling has had the charming affrontery to present his landscape just as it is, and as it is influenced by the irrational american-canadian city world around him. He has them created out of this landscape (and so closely intertwined) a sculpting that one must participate in, because it cuts deep at the heart, the mind and the laugh. He has transcended his environment still kept it real, but allowed that land to 'scape into the imagination.

# the rape of a sweet young girl

Reflections

on

Canadian cinema



By BRIAN PEARL

Ten million dollars is up for grabs in the Great Canadian Feature Film Sweepstakes. In 1967, Secretary of State Judy Lamarsh expansively announced the creation of the Canadian Film Development Fund; ten million dollars offered to any enterprising Canadian producers and directors willing to create cinematic masterpieces on Canadian soil.

Of course, federal revenues from an established feature film industry would be far more than a measly ten million dollars. A good feature film, two hours or more in length, costs millions to produce and involves actors and dozens of technicians, a nation-wide distribution agency and a gross of millions more, each dollar taxed at the box-office. The government is after increased employment and taxes and at the same time is gaining an image as 'patron of the arts'.

The fund has never been used, nor is likely to be. Ottawa has demanded that any film they invest in have guaranteed distribution in a major theatre chain. Any film producer with such a guarantee already has more backers than he needs, anyways, and can definitely do without Ottawa's money, which could lead to government interference in the production.

## Plus factors

But just what, then, are the prospects for a feature film industry in Canada? On the credit side, we have the National Film Board, a government agency, which has a well deserved reputation for excellent 'shorts' - documentaries animated films and featurettes which display great competence and originality. The N.F.B. has already spawned two Canadian feature film-makers, Gilles Carle and Don Owen.

Also to Canada's advantage in this matter are available studios and the technical abilities of an industrialised nation. The factors are very important if one recalls that the cost of producing films in Canada is often millions of dollars less than in the United States. A 'Canadian' film industry devoted to making cheaper American films would not unduly upset our so-called 'patrons' in Ottawa.

But the first productions have been disappointing. The film now playing at Cinecity produced in Quebec, amply illustrates the reasons for this mediocre performance.

## Mulligan stewed film

'The Rape of a Sweet Young Girl' is the title of the film, but 'The Rape of a Number of Good Films' would be much more appropriate. Gilles Carle, the French-Canadian writer-director of the film and former N.F.B. employee serves his audience a mulligan stew of Godard (Weekend, Masculin et Feminin), and Penn (Bonnie and Clyde) garnished with techniques borrowed from T.V. commercials.

But one still rationalizes that a great stew imitated is far better than a completely bad, but original one. Despite its unfortunate pot-pourri of borrowed ideas (even the lead is straight out of 'Masculin-Feminin'), 'Rape' is a coherent, unconfusing film which, although it is not at all simple, is also never very profound either.

Carle explains his film like this: "I have tried to show, through the life of a normal girl in an abnormal society, how life can

become unnoticeably degraded by its latent violence and calculated contempt.

He kept this statement well in mind while doing the film, and as a result, it is admirably well communicated. But this theme, predictably enough, is stated far more clearly in 'Weekend'.

In both films, common, familiar, low-key domestic-type situations consistently erupt, without warning, into violence. But with Godard the transformation is subtle and appalling and therefore profound. But in 'Rape', such changes are signalled far in advance as for instance, in the title scene, and escape into the realm of the absurd, where they can't touch or harm us.

Andree Lachapelle, who plays Julie, a young pregnant Quebecoise abroad in Montreal, is very pretty, a tolerably decent actress, but her performance reminded me far too strongly of the lead actress of 'Masculin-Feminin'.

Whether this is the fault of the director, or a cop-out by Miss Lachapelle, I don't know. As for the supporting cast, quite often I could not decide whether they were good or bad because, while they obviously lacked technique, the acting was still fresh and crisp enough to support the film. Sometimes I can believe that lack of technique has become a technique in cinema acting.

## Promising future

'Le Viol d'une Jeune Fille Douce', as the title goes in French, establishes Gilles Carle as an excellent film mechanic and a capable and talented, but not brilliant, writer and director and that is an excellent base upon which to begin to build original modes of communication with film.

Films like 'The Ernie Game' and 'Waiting for Caroline', produced for the C.B.C. by the N.F.B. last year, and now this film as well, indicate all too clearly the tendency of Canadian film artists to rely too much on European techniques and modes of expression.

But while our native feature film-makers have been caught with their collective, eclectic trousers down, our documentary and short-subject film-makers such as Christopher Chapman, Alan King and Micheal Snow (all winners of major international film awards) are creating brilliant and strikingly original films.

## Special techniques

Expo 67's films, from the N.F.B.'s Labyrinthe to Chapman's Place to Stand, were gorgeous examples of Canadian talent in film-making. Chapman's film was especially ingenious in its adaptation of the split-screen technique to a single 35-mm. film-strip. While Labyrinthe's and CP-CN's 'To Be Alive' were using dozens of film projectors and permanently sectioned-off screens, Chapman's film employs a single projector, and the mini-screens flow about at will.

Christopher Chapman has invented an invaluable technique in modern film-making.

In 1967, he received the Oscar for his film, and the technique has already been used in a number of American features, including Grand Prix by Frankenheimer.

In 1967, a Toronto film-maker, Micheal Snow won the \$4,000 Grand Prix of the Belgium International Experimental Film Festival for a film called 'Relativity'. When I saw it last year at the Art Gallery of Ontario, I found the film to be fascinating and almost narcotic or hypnotising. The film is stunningly simple. The camera is fixed in one corner of the room, pointed at the far wall, and is never moved.

The view is of the entire far wall at first, but after the people leave the room the low, almost subsonic tone of an electric oscillator is introduced and the image gradually 'zooms-in' on a point on the wall while the oscillator climbs to a high, hypersonic range of tones. The screen becomes encompassed by the borders of a picture of the surface of the ocean and as the viewer becomes immersed in the image, he is mesmerized. The image would have been boring in any medium but film.

## King's Warrendale best

There has been only one feature film produced in Canada which was both an artistic and a commercial success; Alan King's Warrendale. Produced for the C.B.C. but not broadcast because of some obscenity, Warrendale was released instead through the theatres and was extremely well-received. In this film, the documentary form reached one of the highest points of clarity and compelling expression ever achieved.

Alan King now heads 'Alan King Associates' a group of young, Canadian film-makers simply trying to make enough money to make better films. One means they have is making films for the C.B.C. Last year they made a series of personality studies on film of major figures in contemporary art. One of them was 'Will the Real Norman Mailer Please Stand Up', an excellent portrait of the many-faceted author and reporter.

Alan King Associates does not yet have the resources to produce a feature length film, but there is little reason to doubt that they will not be available some time soon. The first feature films by Alan King Associates could very well provide the artistic 'raison d'etre' that is sadly lacking today for a Canadian feature film industry.

If a worthwhile Canadian film industry is to develop, Canadian film-makers must bring more creative intelligence and artistic daring to their major works. Until then, Ottawa's much touted 10 million dollar fund to aid Canadian cinema will languish in the vaults, unused, or possibly be wasted on perhaps commercially successful films which are, nevertheless, artistic flops.

# sports

## UBFC gets militant

The Union of Baseball Fanatics of Canada, a super-secret extremist group, has announced that it is making its first move to take over control of Glendon. They have challenged the rest of the school to a baseball (note 'baseball', not 'softball') game at Talbot Park, following the final exams. The UBFC feels that a victory in this game will put them well on the way to their final objective.

The nature of that final objective was revealed to us by one of their leaders as he made his annual pilgrimage to the grave of the Fleet Street Flats. We cannot reveal his name, as he is under constant threat of assassination by reactionary hockey forces.

"We intend to annex the United States and move all the major league teams to Canada," he told your correspondent. "Toronto will get both the Cubs and Dodgers, with the two teams flipping a coin for Pete Rose and Denny McLain.

"We made our first attempt last year during the Democratic Convention. While some of our followers distracted the police, we kidnapped the ball team. Unfortunately, it was a night game, and we took the White Sox by mistake. Naturally we put them back, but this year we shall overcome."

Anyone wishing to form a team to meet the UBFC should leave word in the PRO TEM office, or get in touch with the ringleaders themselves; we're the idiots in the JCR that are always talking about the Expos.

## Proteamers B-Ball

After devastating the old student council so badly in a hockey game that none of them were in any condition to run for re-election, the PRO TEM Penpushers have now cast all mercy to the wind and have challenged the new council to meet them on the basketball court. The time and date will be posted. The site of the game is expected to be Proctor Fieldhouse, although Madison Square Garden is being considered, with the NIT final game serving as a preliminary for early arriving fans.

Buckets Bob McGaw, coach and general manager of the Bureaucrats, said there is no connection between the recent disappearance of student council funds and the new Rolls-Royce which Lew Alcindor has been driving. "We'll just have the regular guys out: Pete Maravich, Calvin Murphy, Bob Lanier, Rick Mount, Neal Walk, Bob Arnzen," said McGaw. But where did you get those guys, coach? "We held a by-election last night."

In addition the Statesmen will field Ron the Bomb Triffin, Tuba Fyfe, Hooking Henry Wood, and Bruce the Bullet Kidd.

The Journalists' general manager, Gunner Muir, recently bought a gross of Red Auerbach autographed cigars in preparation for the game. Team coach Mercury Martin granted us an exclusive interview (it's good to have inside connections) and said, "We'll go with a man-to-man full court zone box press, except when Mauling Marilyn Smith is on the court, when we'll switch to a woman-to-man defence."

The Penmen will rely on the likes of Reeb's Waller, Jumping Johnny King, Handy Anderson, Scooter Scanlan, Elbows Steed, Hammering Harve Hirsh, Flash Michalski, Max the Merciless, and Val Brent, who is a reincarnation of Hank Luisetti.

Needless to say, the fan will probably overflow in the stands, so get your tickets early.

## We'll come back

We regret to announce that next week will be our final issue until September. As a result, the world will cease to exist until that time.

Next week we'll be running our roundup of the entire year's activities, so all you egomaniacs can watch for your names if you won anything. In addition, we'd like to know what you thought of us this year and what you'd like to see done differently next year. Apparently there was some dissatisfaction with us earlier in the year, but nobody told us about it. If you'd like more varsity coverage, or if you feel some sport was overlooked, let us know and we'll correct it next year.

We'd especially like to hear from the guy who used to send us those nasty anonymous letters with the Guelph postmark every week. What's the matter, have you been sick lately? Drop around to the office, we'd like to kick the shit out of you for old times' sakes.

There are now only 33 days to go until Joe Moock

begins his rookie-of-the-year campaign

at Jarry Park

## C wins Glendon Cup

By NICK MARTIN

Ye Greene Machine of C House have won the Glendon Cup, as men's intramural champions for 1968-69 with a total of 4209 points—but it won't be so easy repeating the victory next year. "Their points for curling and volleyball were completely out of proportion," said athletic director Mike Salter. "We'll be making some changes in the allotting of points next year."

C House gained 892 points for curling, and 735 for volleyball, chiefly by fielding several teams for each event. It was enough to give them an 1100 point margin over the frosh.

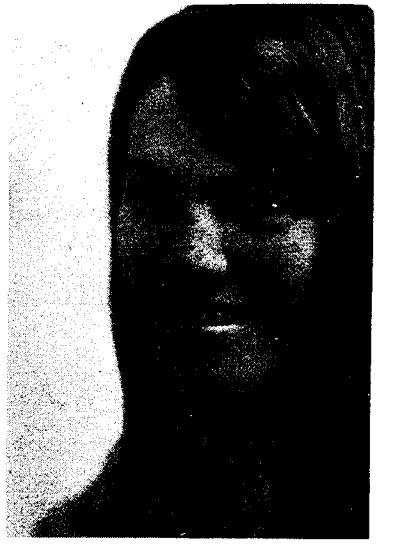
In intercollege play, Glendon won the championship for the third straight time, nosing out Founders by 45 points. Founders could have taken us by 10 points had they not dropped their last basketball game of the season to McLaughlin.

The athletics awards banquets will be held on March 25th, with over 200 intramural champions and all intercollege and varsity players expected to attend. The Escott Reid Awards will be presented to the top graduating male and female athletes, whose identity will

not be revealed until that time. In addition, first colour award will be presented to Bob Fenton, Al Hamilton, Bruce Lee, Rod Major, Jim Martin, Doug Street, Phil Jones, and Hugh Loraine, with Murray Shields, Henry Wood, and Jeff Ransom getting achievement plaques for earning their second first colour awards.

This year 40 per cent of Glendon's men played intramural sports, meaning that they showed up for 60 per cent of their team's games in at least one sport. This figure compares favourably to other colleges. C House was tops with a 72 per cent turnout, while only 18 per cent of the frosh got off their butts long enough to go down to Proctor.

There will be a few changes at Proctor next year. Martha Seban, women's athletic director, will be returning to California to complete work on her master's. Miss Seban



Martha Seban

has done an excellent job of co-ordinating women's sports, and will be sorely missed.

We also have a new secretary in the fieldhouse, Mrs. Ruth Blackhall. The rest of the staff will all be back next year.

ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

BARB PERRY

of 3rd & 4th year

won the women's intramural archery championship.

## Degenerate beautifuls?

By LARRY SCANLAN

As you already know, our computer broke down when all the vote poured into the office for male athlete of the year. But things have recovered sufficiently that we can now give some helpful insight into those intramural points totals posted on the bulletin board on York Hall.

A-House had a mildly successful year, with two bronze beasts leaping the centenary hurdle—Eric King and Bruce Kidd...our man on the council. Former prez Jim Park also found time to amass 10 points.

On to B-House where 3 snuck over the 100-point barrier, including Ian McAskile, Bill Rutledge and Bob Edwards. There to save the good name of the penpushers were our esteemed (?) editor Graham Muir and our celebrated cartoonist Stew Smith, sharing 20 points between them.

The real power-house seemed to be C-House (until you hit the Geritol-giants in 3rd and 4th year anyway), where Henry Wood (new men's athletic rep) totalled 252 points to lead the loop. Jim Martin, Al Hamilton, Rick Mackenzie, and Dave Stone were all up, and over 125.

Referee-in-chief Ron Maltin carried the D-House colours with 133 and just to show you that bad guys always finish last (or do they) Vince del Bueno notched 42 points. This fierce competitor is well-known

and respected on the basketball court and squash corners, tagged with the pseudonym "grease-ball" ever since he was seen in shorts.

Doug Street was not too far behind Henry Wood for individual honours with 202, while Tim Anderson had 129, all for the love of E-House.

The frosh fared well, with Murray Shields, Bruce Lee, Bill Wade and Terry Irie all well up in the standings. Living proof what a diet of milk and cookies can do for you.

On the other hand, 2nd year showed just what a diet of Formosa beer and \$2.00 wines can do for you, with just two over the 100 mark—Larry Scanlan and Pat Flynn. Parker (son of Chicken) Liddle, now since departed stayed long enough to gather 10 points, while Selby (sewer)

Martin collected 5 for his part in the smashing swim meet. None of the aforementioned was in any shape for comment.

Last but certainly not least, the Geritol-giants, the octogenarians, the walking transplants themselves, who had eight (8-count 'em) with a 100 points or more. Fenton, Major, Macleod, Carriere, Thompson, Faye, Jack, Wilton...household words in the Glendon athletic world. I tried for an interview but it was 8:30 when I phoned and the nurse at Sunnybrook said that all were sleeping soundly and could not be disturbed.

All in all a successful year. Now that the athletic merits have been won, possibly next year (in their 2nd attempt), these body beautifuls can find time out for some academics.

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the

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