The life that
grew up thick
around you falls away:
the twisted branches
don't push their
sticky leaves
towards you --
they have flown free
and skip across the sky.
I stroke the sky's
soft
under
belly
love not for
you. you taught me
how to see the flagstones
laid fragile
on the dusty hill. I looked over
and saw the brambles
struggling for the sun;

I throw my arms up
light and stiff
with joy

- Warren Gribbons
**Course unions gasp**

By DAVID MOULTON

Attendance at this week's series of course union organization meetings has dwindled from good to disastrous, Monday, Political science members, about 40 in all and argued to the necessity of the formation of a union.

Charles Riez, temporary chairman of the group, and Louise Barrington, provisional secretary, were advised by the members in attendance to speak to T.K. Olson, head of the Pol-Sci Department. The members felt it necessary that the views of the department be known before another meeting was called.

The sociology meeting consisted of nine students and one faculty member. The group recognized that it wasn't represented because of the poor attendance. But, it did reach the consensus that there was a general need for such a course union, Mary Stone was elected as intermediate representative of the union and will present the faculty with a plan for equal parity.

Fifteen people were present for the French course union meeting. The discussion was split as to the need for a union. The only thing resulting was the fact that everyone involved agreed the group be unrepresentative of the interest expressed in courses.

The English course union meeting was cancelled because of the large number of students in the Shinerama and also due to the Forum activity the same afternoon. Dan Bixley and three other faculty members attended the Economics organizational group which included seven students. The people present felt that because of the lack of attendance, any proposal accepted by the group gathering would be irrelevant. Another meeting will be called within the next two weeks with hopes of far better interest and participation on the part of the students.

Seven attend History

Interest in the meeting didn't improve as the History course Union had a total attendance of seven history students and Mr. Horn, the only faculty member present.

Student apathy cannot be used as the only excuse for the lack of participation. Whatever the reasons, all the present are hoping for future hopeful and forthcoming course union meetings.

Does university life make your hair stand on end?

**COLONNADE BARBER SHOP**

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**Nat. Sci. overload sold for now**

By DAVID STARBUCK

The Natural Science Department is greatly overenrolled again this year as it was last year, 435 students enrolled in the first year course. Nat. Sci. courses at registration although there was a maximum of only 380 spaces available. In addition there are 60 students on the list trying to get into the Nat Sci courses.

The overflow of students is only partly to the number of FAS students here at Glendon. While Glendon Science students can defer their Nat Sci requirement to the second or even third year, FAS students are required to take Nat Sci, in their first year. This year while there was a limit to one-half of Glendon Science students, all FAS students enrolled. The first year class last year with the first in- terim was 300 students. This year, at the end of the first year, Professor Robert Ross and the Nat Sci. Department members have taken on the added students, (on the understanding that measures will be taken to avoid a recurrence in the future) the students are in increased teaching load for the professors, larger classes and inferior learning situation.

The problem was discussed at a closed session of the Committee of Chairmen last week. Three alternatives have been hit upon at this point. First, demand that all Nat Sci. students, in their first year, all FAS students will have first year courses within their first year. This would be the urgent recommendation of the Committee of Chairmen. Secondly, Glendon students will be allowed to enroll in some Nat Sci. courses. Glendon, Nat Sci. requirements to the second year in the first year. Finally FAS students have been granted permission to defer their Nat Sci. requirements to the first year course, it is felt that they can enroll in another first year course.

This last provision theoretically requires the approval of the Faculty Council of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. This Nat Sci. crisis has been described as a great two of Glendon. The first and biggest is the next year's student of Nat Sci. students would not have occurred if Glendon had attracted enough students to demand Nat Sci courses.

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**Question: What is the definition of a Czechoslovakian abortion?**

**Answer: A cancelled Czech.**

---

By TOBY FYFE

**Viscount Editor of Student Union**

There is a lot of talk about disillusionment among students and apathy and apathy in university affairs. One fact disturbing to me as a student is that I am not too disillusioned, disinterested and apathetic. A difference between most of the students who are disillusioned and disinterested in the Student Council, I am disillusioned also with the Forum's co-chairman, and so I am disillusioned but I am not apathetic. I do not propose to defend Student Council's actions or speak for the students. We all know that it is not so. Rather, I am going to suggest why I think that some students may be both nefertical and unpopular. At the same time, I would like to present ways of looking at this, at any rate, feel about my job.

Students basically want to be told what to do. Students basically want to be commanded by the system. Yet they want to be commanded by the social system. They have to be told what to do, as do most people in the social system. And they have to take an interest in it, and to do something about it.

That means that they are going to have to take some responsibility for themselves. That means that they are going to have to take some responsibility for themselves. That means that they are going to have to take some responsibility for themselves.

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And from that I conclude that you do care, and if that is so, it suits me fine. If you do not care, let it be known (you are doing a good job there), and do not complain about the Forum. If you are doing a good job, and are being dishonest, for complaints involve an interest if you do care.

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**Forum invites speakers**

by DAVID STARBUCK

Last Thursday, George Martel, an editor of "This Magazine is About Schools" was the first speaker for this year, asked a roomful of Glendon students if they would come to see him if he was doing now?" He then explained to them that he is doing now, that "scumbag", his free school in Cabbage town, is a concrete commitment to long range social work. If it is to survive, this oasis of hope for education, the drop-outs must continue to struggle within the social reality of our present social pressures which are displacing the scumbagtown convictu.

Martel, an editor of "This Magazine is About Schools" was selected to speak by the Forum's co-chairman, David Threlfall. The Forum's organization is also decen-tralized, set up ways and means in which students can take over the power, so that the Forum's is an interesting complement to the student's formal councils. Anyone who is interested in the political, economic and cultural or educational experience is welcome to come as a speaker.

The weekly Forum should not be confused with the annual Forum weekend conference, this year. 'Year of the Farrowcarr', which needs a separate organizing committee. The Forum's local organization is also decentralized, set up ways and means in which students can take over the power, so that the Forum's is an interesting complement to the student's formal councils. Anyone who is interested in the political, economic and cultural or educational experience is welcome to come as a speaker.

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First year enrollment down

Wrong image of Glendon is blamed

By JIM ALBRIGHT

Enrollment at Glendon is in trouble again. For the third straight year enrollment has failed to reach the hopes and estimations of the college administration.

According to Escott Reid, principal of Glendon College, there is a foolish misconception that Glendon is a school for aspiring politicians and diplomats. Some schools feel that only students of high academic standards need apply. The result is more openings available in the college than applications for them.

"It may be that there is a number of guidance officers and others concerned in advising students in high schools who think Glendon is a dangerous hot-bed of radicalism. And therefore, they would not advise students to go to Glendon."

"There are also those factors which narrow recruiting. These are the French requirement, the limited number of disciplines at Glendon and the size of the recruitment budget. Finally there is the whole problem of attracting students from other provinces.

Early projections at the number of freshmen registering, ranging from 411 to 460. When the first returns were received, it was realized that that number of freshmen would not be enrolled. It was then agreed that PAS students would be accepted to increase first year enrollment to approximately 500. Total Glendon first year enrollment as of September 16 was 333.

'Glendon Experiment'

The question of lower than anticipated enrollment is of concern to everyone involved in the 'Glendon experiment'. It compels one to question Glendon's present situation and future aspirations. What is responsible for this undersized registration?

Careful scrutiny of the registration results show that second, third, and fourth year registration either met or exceeded the general estimate. The second year registration of 301 students as of September 16, indicates a very acceptable and encouraging aggregate.

Glendon recovered from 1967

The present shrinkage rate indicates that Glendon has recovered from those factors which troubled the enrollment of 1967-1968. This year, tagging enrollment was caused by the enormous shrinkage in second year. This was a result of the freshmen's misunderstanding of the college and their subsequent rejection of Glendon in their second year.

Such knowledge aids in a more rational rather than alarmist investigation of the problem. The problem is the intensity, quality, and validity of information which prospective Glendon students receive about the college.

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Would I wrap myself in a poem...
The cost of callousness or, Will the real British policy maker please stand up?

By DEE KNIGHT

The demands were four. Wanted is an increased volume of relief shipments to meet massive needs, which should be arranged by an end to the total blockade of land-locked Biafra; also an immediate cessation of arms shipments to both sides, arranged by reciprocal agreements: Needed is a strong British cooperation in international efforts to determine a ceasefire and initiate negotiations toward peace.

Four demands made

The British should sponsor an internationally directed referendum, to allow their people in the area to determine their own political future.

All four demands have sweeping human and political implications. They have been raised before in Britain and elsewhere, and we have dismissed. This time they were not discussed. To attempt a neutral comment, I see the difference in points of view as related to completely divergent styles of seeing.

My, in a 'long view', sees a familiar and satisfying administratice unit which was formed and easily controlled by Britain, and he wishes to preserve it. We see pictures, files and reports showing that innocent children have died by the hundreds of thousands, and we want to see it stopped.

Who is being simplistic?

Plenty of time to assess

We have known for at least a year the scope of this tragedy, plenty of time to look closely and assess causes and solutions. We have seen a war caused by political and social incompatibility and sustained by economic greed on the one hand, and intense hatred and fear on the other. We have noticed that the principal commercial resource in this section of West Africa is oil, with immense profits from its extraction shared by the Federal Military Government of Nigeria and by the British Government through its own oil corporation, British Petroleum (along with Shell and Gulf oil companies).

The astounding figures about oil extraction from Nigeria-Biafra are revealing. Recent oil industry figures state that before the war began in 1967, more than 750,000 barrels of crude oil were dredged each day in Nigeria, the present rate, down because of the war, is approximately 450,000 barrels per day.

This is a phenomenal volume of the finest crude oil, available in the world today, and the source is a relatively new, increased source for the Middle East making large scale oil-dredging operations impossible for Britain and other western powers in that area.

One child worth 500 barrels of oil

The willingness extends to the point of more than 1,000 children deaths per day, in terms of oil, 1 child is worth a billion barrels on a 'good day', Prices are rising. A cent and a half ago, the great-great-grandfather of a child who died today was worth a few trillions, or for a case of rum. And then, he was not allowed to die but only to sign his death warrant, as a slave for fifty years digging his oil, and his people's mine, now he lives as a relief worker provides the mass graves, or they come ready-made by bomb.

There are other differences between today and a century and a half ago. The people of Britain are no longer willing to go quietly as their heritage is racketed and their children are starved to death. We who are aware of the starvation tactics being used are adamant that they will be stopped. We were on last Tuesday, we intend to clearly announce the alternatives, to decree present policy and do whatever is necessary to affect a change.

So what happened on Tuesday? After two long weeks of clumsy, frantic efforts, we managed to convince about 40 people to try to embarrass Michael Stewart, as a public education effort. The job was to find people who knew something about the real causes of the Nigeria-Biafra war and who would likely see it stopped.

Stewart's visit to Toronto in order to publicize our demands, Drs. Johnson and McClure, Archbishop Clark and Mr. Fletcher (among others), had previously been refused a 'police escort'.

Through several meetings in upper rooms around the city, the political implications of their knowledge that our greatest asset would be surprise, as large numbers were not possible. We thought ourselves clever in our refusal of any variation in policy, being interested in trying to try to stop Stewart's car for a confrontation around the Royal York Hotel to address an Empire Club luncheon.

All night vigil planned

Then, in order to build the necessary courage to carry through, we planned an all-night vigil/planning session, to be held in the Royal York itself. Finally, we planned spot tactics for the rest of the day: Disrupting Mr. Stewart's visit to City Council in the afternoon, a public remembrance of the death warrant and work as a slave for one day.

11:00 a.m. the word was out that Stewart had landed and could be expected at the hotel in 15 minutes, A mad dash and last minute black taxis were to be clued in as to what was going on in Africa, and the lintel blew. Stewart was back to the hotel with a press statement but no leaflets. It was 'business as usual'.

Stewart accepts confrontation

After brief scuffles with the hotel rent-a-cops and other security people, we were carried out when he refused to move from the V.I.P. room, we heard that Stewart was willing to meet in TV and press were all there as well as the New York Times.

Then the 'discussion': he came in, surrounded by about six guards... general questions touched on a general method.

"The political problems of this war are so complicated that it is not careful to be simplistic in seeing only the starvation, we must see stampeding children here, who could not possibly understand..."

Then the 'children': "We have a conscience!" "Mr. Stewart, may we suggest some alternatives..."

He was gone.

So I suggested the alternatives for about two minutes for the television camera, and we sat in, allowed pictures to be taken, shooed our greenhouse placards, and answered press questions.

It went on, about people in power not being consulted on complicated politics they formulate. Then why is, and isn't the idea of responsible administratice the acceptance of full public control in a democratic society?

Pushed away by thugs

We picicked outside the hotel for several hours while waiting for a showdown on Stewart's departure. This time, we were prepared away by a bewildered and defeat of Stewart's personal thugs - big heavies who could have easily pushed us punks around. He followed through a blood-red flower into his car.

The day was a success in that Michael Stewart was kept continuously uneasy and Britain. More opportunities will be given so that people may learn and lend themselves to the effort to stop starvation and apartheid.

Next week: Nigeria-Biafra, a history of the conflict", or 'Biafra's will to survive'.

When Michael Stewart came to Canada, we all came out to meet him. We came to talk with him, and to try to persuade him, though really without hope. Mainly, we came to show him we understood his government's role in the tragic, unjust deaths of more than 1,5 million people in Biafra.

Michael Stewart, the British Secretary of Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, is possibly Harold Wilson's Dean Rusk, not the author of his government's cynical, bankrupt policy, but surely the public apologist, and one of many ghostwriters. He is called "non-argumentative" clearly, his job must be as unpleasant as it is unwholesome, for he must explain to his own oil corporation, British Petroleum (along with Shell and Gulf oil companies). The astounding figures about oil extraction from Nigeria-Biafra are revealing. Recent oil industry figures state that before the war began in 1967, more than 750,000 barrels of crude oil were dredged each day in Nigeria, the present rate, down because of the war, is approximately 450,000 barrels per day.

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So what happened on Tuesday? After two long weeks of clumsy, frantic efforts, we managed to convince about 40 people to try to embarrass Michael Stewart, as a public education effort. The job was...
When the production of life -- that is, of the goods necessary to existence -- is a virtually solved problem, then the problem becomes that of the kind and content of the life to be produced: the circle of "living in order to work and working in order to live" is no longer closed.

The subordination of individuals to society as to an alien, command becomes necessarily necessary. Their subordination to production even leads to abstractions such as the waste and over-production of "wealth" whose multiplication is still required by the logic of the system of accumulation, even though it no longer corresponds to human needs.

This impasse has a clear lesson. On the level of production it gives rise to a demand which no longer arises out of economic necessity itself; the human demand for the subordination of production to needs. This exigency makes itself felt among the agents of production in the form of doubt, perplexity, vague discontent, or, in the best cases, as revolt against the sense or nonsense of productive activity.

Why live only in order to produce? Why produce if the things produced do not produce men and a life which are ends to themselves?

Capitalistic contradictions

This exigency is born out of praxis itself, the moment the latter becomes conscious of itself. And praxis becomes conscious of itself from the moment when, no longer harassed by acute scarcity, it ceases to understand itself only as expenditure of energy, as sweat, and becomes to grasp itself as the free and creative activity, as reciprocal inter-relationship, as potential mastery; in short, when praxis sees itself as its own end.

From that point on a conflict which is most often experienced, but always and necessarily, begins to oppose the most qualified workers to the logic of monopoly capitalism. When Alsthom takes control and changes the management of Neyrpic, when an incoherent policy condemns a mining region, when SNECMA, Nord-Aviation or Thomson-Houston see their activity decline and their programs cut off, when Bull undergoes a crisis and threatens to fall into the hands of an American trust, when Air France delivers its mining region to private companies profitable lines, then the technicians and engineers are likely to enter the battle. In order to defend their careers? They could pursue their careers elsewhere; many among them could yet better each by changing companies, in order to defend the old management for which (at Neyrpic for example) they often felt sympathy.

So it sometimes appears, but in reality the contradiction which leads them to revolt is not only the contradiction between management and independent owners and management by a trust remote controlled by a bank or a holding company.

The fundamental contradiction is that between the requirements and criteria of profitability set by monopoly capital and the big banks on the one hand, and on the other the inherent requirements of production in its process and its programs: the end in itself, it is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise, of an autonomous, creative activity which is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise. Then becomes immediately evident that the struggle for a meaningful life is the struggle against the power of capital, and that this struggle must proceed without a break in its continuity from the company level to the whole social sphere, from the union level to the political realm, from technology to culture. This demand, far from being abstract, has or can have all the urgency of an imperious necessity.

And this is true because the potential wealth will d

Revolution in industry also hold power over the State, the society, the region, the city, over each individual's future.

In extreme cases, which might think, the need for creative work, the need for a life of meaning,

Boredom and alienation

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In extreme cases, which might think, the need for creative work, the need for a life of meaning,
in capital

in the neurotic society

because unless this demand is answered, man would die out, his inhabitants and life in the world, and their stability. True, it is true also because once a society is able to develop man's abilities to the point of despair and of invent, and to assimilate, to do something. At home, and to be considered to be made here.

is not unmade have others where utilitarian knowledges disseminated. The choices made according to living which appeared to the attempts to avoid in men who have been requirements of the productive labor is in itself.

quicker courses followed by a practical apprenticeship.

Instead of making clear the creative praxis which was at the origin of what has become knowledge, instead of giving the students the means of mastering comprehensive an area of knowledge and of locating this area with its display and relationship to other areas, instead of striving to self-teaching and autonomous work in assimilation and research, what is being done is to make the student memorize what is being done is to make the student memorize.

Nothing but the moral and autonomous labor of the worker himself, has it. And to wealth, beginning with primary school. This system, however, is dying out, because it is unacceptable even in a merely formal democracy. Labour is in itself a vacuum and runs the battle favours it. For it is not true.

1 and despair

which are less rare than one for autonomous activity, for education subordinated to ephemeral industrial requirements, and for the future requirements of the productive apparatus and capitalist society is trying to catch up at the least cost, by cut-rate education. Technically, specialized manpower is more and more adapted to the increased intensity of industrial work.

is unfounded. The remark is valid for the worker who even when he is not producing merchandise, that can produce nothing that his employer can sell -- nothing but the moral and autonomous work in assimilation and research, which are less rare than one.

To agree that free time would therefore be to admit that labor power is self. At the same time it would be to admit that

and utilitarian mass culture, and for an all-sighted and integral education which permits individuals to measure the whole wealth of possibilities, to orient their activities according to their own needs and to orient society in this direction.

Far from going contrary to technological evolution, this battle favours it. For it is not true that the technology of the present and of the future requires specialists. The only thing that is true is that the corporation heads demand specialists, and that is true for two reasons. Education, a so-called unproductive and unprofitable expensive lags qualitatively and above all quantitatively behind the requirements of the productive apparatus and capitalist society is trying to catch up at the least cost, by cut-rate education. Technically, specialized manpower is more and more adapted to the increased intensity of industrial work.

Workers' control

To agree that the wider reproduction of labor power would therefore be to agree that free time is not time lost doing nothing, but socially productive time in which the individual rejuvenates himself. At the same time it would be to admit that this labor power, produced and enlarged by the autonomous labor of the worker himself, has no other owner than the worker who produced it. It is finally, it is to realize that labor power is no longer merchandise to be used as one wishes once he has paid its market price, but that it is the worker himself, that it belongs to him by himself as he makes himself in his work, when he himself is not made by the work others force upon him.

In education

Education subordinated

Now, this enterprise is a tissue of explosive contradictions, for to attempt to teach ignorance at the same time as knowledge, dependence on the self, and to wealth, beginning with primary school. This system, however, is dying out, because it is unacceptable even in a merely formal democracy.

There lies the possibility and the necessity for a cultural battle waged on all fronts by the socialistic forces. It is fought against the subordination of education to ephemeral industrial requirements, and for the self-determination of education by the educators, and the self-determination of the academic mannequins and utilitarian mass culture, and for an all-sighted and integral education which permits individuals to measure the whole wealth of possibilities, to orient their activities according to their own needs and to orient society in this direction.

This is an excerpt from the book 'Strategy for Labour' by Andre Gorz, French labour theoretician.

The wider reproduction of labor power is therefore an objective necessity. Professional ability cannot be maintained today unless it grows, unless there is continual creation of new professionals.

The "bottlenecks" of which nearly all capitalist economies reflect in fact no more than the reluctance of capitalism to meet the social cost of this wider reproduction, to incorporate it into the cost of labor power itself.

This reluctance is logical. To consider the renewal and extension of the workers' abilities as an integral part of work would be to recognize that the worker works even when he is not producing merchandise, that he produces nothing that his employer can sell -- nothing but the moral and autonomous labor of the worker himself, has no other owner than the worker who produced it. It is finally, to outline that that labor power is no longer merchandise to be used as one wishes once he has paid its market price, but that it is the worker himself, that it belongs to him by himself as he makes himself in his work, when he himself is not made by the work others force upon him.

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New arts centre is born

Greg Gatenby

'The Wild Bunch' cops out

By NICK MARTIN

I like violence. Let's not be hypocritical about it. I like boxing, and football, and hockey, but most of all I like wild, shoot-em-up westerns. You can talk all you want about the influence that violent movies have had on us, but you can't take away the fact that millions will flock to see them anyway.

Basically it is the fundamental right of freedom of speech. If you want to watch pornography and someone else that passes under the name of normal people, watching your neighbour in the face, doesn't mean you're going to be lectured in anti-violence. This is the same as people who go to see 'Oh, Calcutta' in order to certain they don't miss any of the fright they're so dead yet against.

The blurbs about the violence of The Wild Bunch are simply this: 'The shooting comes-on, one by one, always rush to see something they shouldn't.' 'The Wild Bunch' is no more violent than a number of recent westerns, and is better than many. Films of all types. 'The Wild Bunch,' even with all great showdown scenes. still keeps alive the myths that gunshot wounds don't hurt and that men get shot only in the arm or straight through the heart.

The result is that 'The Wild Bunch' is not a treatise against violence, but glorifies violence as thousand westerns have done before.

'The Wild Bunch' is reminiscent of another western, 'The Magnificent Seven.' Both are tales of aging gunfighters who are running out of awesomeness and who flee to Mexico for one last gunfight before another war.

The movie ends with only two survivors, riding off in search of another war. Yet it is no more violent than 'The Magnificent Seven' or Clint Eastwood's Italian horse operas, and, like them, its violence is only an inherent part of the western tradition that will always ensure a large box office return.

To claim any latent motives for film violence is just not telling it like it is.

'The Bunch' fails

Yet, while 'The Wild Bunch' does not attain its advertised success, the fact still remains that it is one of the best westerns ever made, and would have been far and away the best of the sixties if 'True Grit' had waited another year.
Relax, and float downstream...

By MORGAN

For the past week or so since the Rock and Roll Revival, the Toronto dailies have printed thousands of words on the show. Their commentary is often little more than sophisticated pop idolatry offering no comment on the appeal of the music or the lasting effects of the revival.

If you go to a concert, say at the Rock Pile, you go because you want to hear the group that is playing. At the festival the attention to the stage is not as intense. Unless the audience is fully captivated by the show, they will quickly devise more interesting means of passing the time. As the show becomes more and more boring, the audience's desires for self-amusement increase.

The Ballad of John and Yoko

When the Plastic Ono Band came on, the otherwise irritating M.C., Kim Rowley, inspired a truly beautiful scene, when the crowd of thousands of matches simultaneously went down, in a sky large enough to accommodate people, if this awakening comes, the peacefulness of a huge crowd will not be considered an anomaly, but a part of the normal course of events.

Happenings like the pop festival show people that they need not fear the presence of others if they accept, and allow themselves to be accepted by others.

By SUSANNE SEILER

Rock Revival '69

By BRIAN PEARL

A Pop Pilgrimage

After the Woodstock festival can there be any doubt? A new culture is stirring to life on the continent. It's young, so it can only grow; it's new, so it can still be convincing to even our jaded consumer society, which has seen and emptied a thousand cultures in pre-packaged form.

The Hog Farmers, members of a communal farm in New Mexico, carry on, dancing, stripping and painting. Dope use was suspended at Woodstock. Acid, barbituates, and even heroin were taken by the immense power of the people at the festival. were so together to thwart. As the two arguers shook hands, thousands cheered.

The performers, as well, were astonished by the crowd. Everyone who played, and that included anyone from John Magee to Janny Winter, was intimidated, most for the first time, by the immense power of the people. They performed all day because the schedule broke down and because the people were there to hear them, and they were astonished by the crOWd. Everyone who

By SUSANNE SEILER

Talking about the Toronto Rock and Roll Revival is like trying to thrust a whole day of hectic activity onto a bunch of people who all should have their own say about the matter.

Are you there? I sure hope so. I went all by myself, I feel things that way and I feel free, that's the thing!

So there it was, 25,000 kids showing themselves to their friends and others, coming there to be where it's at. Colours and a stoned atmosphere. Who are they, all these music-lovers and others? There were many ascribed more to awe than to the rejection of the type of straight values that foster immediate and large gatherings of people. If this awakening comes, the peacefulness of a huge crowd will not be considered an anomaly, but a part of the normal course of events.

Happenings like the pop festival show people that they need not fear the presence of others if they accept, and allow themselves to be accepted by others.

Performances on both sides of the stage, calling for a new theory, Little Richard, Cat Mother, Gene Vincent, Alice Cooper and all the others who ever possibly say it was different for everybody. Some of the kids who were caught around the time when it all started didn't know who some of those cats were anyway.

Give peace a chance

The feeling of togetherness came with some of the performers, and the presence of John Lennon and Yoko who 'caught all over us as John predicted, sort of brought it all to a peak. It was getting there. Peace should be everywhere, even if you live in suburbia and are allowed on your mind. You're one of us!

Where do I go?

What am I doing in this place? Is my life really a lie? It was that I had forgotten, or, sometimes, had tried to forget.

Everywhere there was wheeling, deal making, singing, laughing and dancing.

The music was fine, great, groovy, depending on whose comments I was listening to. Wow, what a day, what a crowd!

Temporary Like Achilles

Not only could you watch the stage, but, I think, each and everyone of us took great pleasure in parading around the middle field - in search of communication with the crowd...
NAHASL to expand

Millions of telegrams have begged us for confirmation, we can now joyously announce that everything you've heard is true; the North American Hide and Seek League is expanding again.

The latest expansion, bringing league membership to an even twenty-seven teams, awards franchises to Burnaby, B.C., Pig City, Idaho, and Point Barrow, Alaska.

"It's a tremendous honour just to be considered to join the NAHASL," said Melvin Mark, owner of the Burnaby franchise. "But to actually be a member of the team is a boyhood dream come true."

The entire fee was set at 10 million dollars, for which price each team will receive ten players from the established teams. Clarence Lipton, NAHASL president, stated that: "The present teams get to protect their major league players, plus the farmhands on the Class A, B and C level."

Any former NAHASL player over 55 years of age may be signed. Any drafted player who ends up in the top scorers must be returned to his original club. In pre-draft deals, Burnaby got Scooter Cacher from British Honduras in return for Vancouver Island. He will be playing manager for Burnaby, although British Hondurans must be paid a thousand dollars for each point he scores. Cacher hopes to have a good season once his new heart pacemaker is in stalled.

Games this year will be broadcast on a world-wide basis for a fee of fifty million dollars and will be played at three in the morning, a time that was convenient to the TV network. "It was a reasonable request," pointed out Lipton.

In an effort to boost their gate, the only team without TV coverage, the Tuscaloosa Cattleprods, announced this week that they had hired a new head coach, a man that was familiar with the TV network. "It was a reasonable request," pointed out the new coach.

Fourth forecast for first

By RON MALIN

This Wednesday marks the opening of the opening round of the National Student Athletic Councils' tournament. Commissioner Jake Hanna informs us that the ticket money has been sold.

The biggest game in the Don Valley last year, 3rd and 4th year, has been split into two separate teams, and this year, the dirty old men in fourth year appear to have a slight edge over the rest of the field. Returning veterans Powell, Rod Major, and Jim Jack provide the experience and solid players that could carry them to their second straight championship.

Last year's runner-up in the contest for the Grey Saucer, D-House, will again send a powerhouse into competition. The rumors that the entire Argonaut defense will disband in the recent loss to Ottawa have been dispelled.

The final play-off spot will be open to all entrants, and the tournament is co-ed. The entire fee was set at 10 million dollars, for which price each team will receive ten players from the established teams. Clarence Lipton, NAHASL president, stated that: "The present teams get to protect their major league players, plus the farmhands on the Class A, B and C level."

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Baseball at Jarry Park

"Lord, don't stop the carnival"

By NICK MARTIN

Jarry Stadium towers above the maze of soccer fields and ball diamonds in Jarry Park, an ancient semi-pro Apple Annie that they’ve dressed up for one final fling in the sun. As the park lay frozen this winter and the construction schedule dragged, skeptics doubted that the Montreal Expos would have anywhere to play; but now Jarry stands gleaming in the early evening sunlight, and on this first night of summer in early May, 21,000 Montrealers turn out to see their beloved Expos face the Atlanta Braves.

Something happened to this town in April. Something a lot of people didn’t expect. The pessimists predicted that people would soon tire of a losing team, and the franchise would die. But on April 14th, they filled this ballpark to see the Expos gut one out from St.Louis 8-7. The Expos lost two games for every win, but they played exciting ball, entertaining doll, and the crowds kept coming to see them play.

The ballplayers were a bunch of major league castoffs and unproven rookies, but this city took them to its bosom like they were world-beaters. Like the Mets fans of seven years ago, the Montrealers rejoiced in the very possession of something that was their own, something they could love and cherish and help to grow.

They asked only that the Expos give it a good show, and maybe even win once in a long while. The team has done more than that, and now in September, it has a far first record than the Mets ever had.

The city has responded beyond all expecta-
tions; with two weeks still to go in the season, the Expos have attracted over a million people, prompting them to consider three expansion clubs and a number of established teams by a large margin.

In this day of May, there is a hint of magic in the air, a feeling of some impending, wondrous event that permeates this city.

Baseball in Jarry Park has the taste of car

Baseball was made not for great stadiums and television cameras, but for cow pastures and tree-ringed clearings in country towns. Rural Quebec understood this, and for decades the Provincial League, the Border League and the Canadian-American League have survived. Although it is a minor pro league, the Provincial outdraws many American minor leagues of both classes A and A.

Yet the Expos belong to all of Canada. Their welcome has been just as strong in English communities, the Canadians of course, and in French, Canada, and the Maple Leafs to English Canada, and the Expos have a team in which everyone comes together. They are a national team, and if they should win, they bring French and English Canada together in a bond of national spirit.

From all over Canada people come to see the Expos, producing a benefit that its not in the box office. The fans visiting Atlantic come to see the Braves put 54 million dollars in Atlanta’s economy last year through their use of expenses of restaurants, hotels and public transport. A ball team does more than entertain; it helps a city grow.

The reason lies with management. Although both the Alouettes and Expos are losers in the standings, the Expos have provided the fan with an exciting product. The Expos lose, but they never quit. The Als lose, and the fans yawn. As well, the Expos are new, and the fan will give them time to produce.

On the other hand, Montreal is understandably fed up with a management that has traded or cut such players as Sam Etcheverry, Hal Paterson, Bernie Falcon, Pat Crandall, Ed Laster, Billy Wayo, Ted Pagli, Ray Lockin, Terry Evanshan, Henry Sorrell, Chuck Walton, Don Lambe, and Al Jernigan. Also, the lack of a French-Canadian player besides Al Phaneuf and Pierre Dumont, has not helped the box office.

Now, in May, even the Expos are still in the running for the Western Division, and a good game, coming to see them knock off the Braves, front-runners in the Western Division. The stands are packed with a polystyrene of every section of Canadian society.

The Americans are picking for Montreal, Leo Durocher didn’t believe in Stoneman, but Gene Mauch did. A couple of weeks earlier, Stoneman had thrown a no-hitter at the Philadelphia’s in September his record is 10 - 17, but he has been shutout in 19 of his games, and the team of Mike Wegener, Jerry Robertson, Dan McGinn, and Steve Renko, who may be the best of them all, the team are built.

The Hats? in September, 21,000 Montrealers hardly believe that Bill Veeck, one of baseball’s greatest showmen, is not behind all it, racing from section to section to section to shake hands, chew the fat, and organize umpire lynching parties.

In the eighth the Expos tie it, and the game goes extra innings. Dan McGinn pitches brilliantly, aided by an enormous catch by Staub, but Claude Raymond is matching him for the Braves. Raymond is from St.Jean, one of the few French Canadians who can get a ticket on the subway.

In the sixth the Braves explode and Stoneman gives up a single to Glenn Boyer, a ground out by Yen Seck, a single to Sony Jackson single, Rico Carrey puts one off the scoreboard and Atlanta leads 5-3.

In the twelfth Elroy Face replaces McGinn. Face walks Mike Lum. Elroy is forty-one years old, with fifteen years and eight hundred games under his belt, and a record of 141-104.

Face has been cut, a great veteran, unable to find a job, and now he is threatening to retire. The answer to this lies in several places. The answer to this lies in several places.

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Face has been cut, a great veteran, unable to find a job, and now he is threatening to retire. The answer to this lies in several places. The answer to this lies in several places.
Everybody's talkin' at me,

I can't hear a word they're sayin'.

BY GORD THOMPSON

"That's Staten Island on the left, Wall Street straight ahead, and Co­ney Island on the right." The boss pointed proudly at his former city, looking through the haze to a skyline that was the unmistakable emblem of the Emerald City of the Wizard of Oz.

"There's not a place in the world that can compare with that skyline", he added decisively. The 'boss' was my employer, a professor from Buffalo State College, who, together with his wife and myself, provided Kosher food for Orthodox Jewish Bus Tours from New York City. In the previous weeks we had toured the eastern U.S., but now a Jewish holiday interrupted the tours and I could quarter me, for about fifteen dollars, and vague instructions for catching the East Village. Fine and good, I thought, and started walking towards Coney Island. I soon discovered it was the Subway. I found it, or what passes as one in New York. To me, the whole system from start to finish resembles one gigantic barn, with all the attendant smells and noises one expects in such a structure.

Everywhere are machines that beg for your money and fly-infested counters where a glass of chilled purple water is sold as 'Grape Drink'. I bought a glass of it. It was there that I noticed the first cops. I don't know what it was, but boy, I was dressed, top to toe, in completely black uniforms. There was no hassle here, as such. One of them, I believe, was a Black about sixteen years old who wanted a dime for a cup of coffee. I gave him a quarter, only to see him return in a minute or two with a package of cigarettes. I decided to start moving, as he was pointing me out to his friends. Down the street past the Electric Circus, I came to an intersection with a triangle of sidewalk mounted on it. A chic sheetmetal sculpture about ten feet high; under the sides lay several kids, with blankets and sleeping bags. So I sat down my suitcase and joined them.

A few were travelling from other parts of the country, from New York and didn't have anywhere to go. There was a lot of blacks who slept there under the statue for several weeks, living by begging. I remember one spending two hours begging from people for a nickel to give him enough for a package of cigarettes. Cigarettes, I had to laugh. What a sacrilege!

There was the odd girl in the group. One called myself keeping up with people to pick up guys (white and not to let the girls (black) know it. I think we have a pity chip for her to show her preference.

On one corner there was a group of longhairs with guitars, playing and singing. I liked the music, but not the obnoxious and the plastic attitude the performers had towards the crowd. They and a majority of the hippies, longhairs, and various freaks, struck me as being on a big ego trip similar to the weekend hippies in our village, but with less chance of successfully outraging it, and consequently being more frustr­ated and embittered.

The band packed up to leave and was walking off, I asked one of the members if he knew of a place where I could crash. He didn't, he said, but all I had to do was ask some kids, Uh hub.

It was late and I was tired of pugging my suitcase. The crowd that had been listening to the group disappeared, I found myself con­fronted by a Black about eighteen years old who wanted a dime for a cup of coffee. I gave him a quarter, only to see him return in a minute or two with a package of cigarettes.

The next thing I felt was the notebook of a boot, I opened my eyes to find the biggest Black I'd ever seen, this time it was on me. Pretending I thought he was performing a public service by waking us (as I hope he was), I turned and woke the people beside me.

"Anybody want to do some work for a political club?" he asked almost indifferently. "What kind?" I asked.

"Radical Club of New York. . . . that way you won't have to sleep outside, you can pass out leaflets advertising places where you can stay. You'll find they generally take to people and prefer working for a political club. What kind of work?" I corrected myself.

"Passing out leaflets, setting up posters, calling people."

"What's the name of the group?"

"The Ad Hoc Committee to Save America! . . . My name is Casper."

I explained that I was in New York on a vacation and wanted to see some of the sights. At least, I hoped to see the sights. The committee handed me a pair of shoes as I passed him, and when I stopped to tell him I wouldn't take them, he said, "I found this Black man behind me."

I explained that I was worthy, so I accepted his invitation for a bit of food in return for doing some more work. The committee headquarters was a basement apartment with a sign that read 'Ad Hoc Committee to Save America'. The staircase was blocked by a chain with a note taped to it, much like my alarm, as soon as we had entered. I decided we should get rolled, and got ready to run for it. I decided on the street in New York I washed and cleaned the floor a bit while he and a friend named Steve moved around some furniture. The inside of the room was amazing. Three of John and Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and several of the performers wandering around. I left him building a solid door for a back door to the office.

I walked to the Empire State Build­ing, past the bums snoring on the benches, and the grass of the occa­sional little parkette. I went to the top, but at $1.70, the thing wasn't worth it.

Outside again, I stopped in a little square in front of a huge Macy's. Here was the height of the noon rush hour. To the horror of others, a man in his sixties, respectably dressed, got up from his bench went to the cenotaph and urinated on it. I left quickly feeling a kind of sick of New York City.

I was walking off. I asked one of the kids if he knew of a place where I could crash. He didn't, he said, but all I had to do was ask some kids, Uh hub.

The cops watched but were satis­fied. I explained that I was in New York to study architecture. The cops were cool, as long as there was no violence. This was the best political club I'd ever worked for.

"What kind of work?"

"We take people in and give them a place to stay and a little food in return for doing some work."

I returned to the square, where I talked to a whole gang of kids, passing­a-strange on the noise, but no trouble. Some of them were bombed on drugs, and had to be dragged away by the cops. They were cool, as long as there was no violence. This was the best political club I'd ever worked for.

I met Steve who had abandoned the Ad Hoc Committee to Save America" shortly after I had left. There was a hippie named Cochise who sat and rapping its head. One of the Blacks from the night before had his hand all bandaged up, He'd been in a fight, so the cops had patched him up and dumped him back on the street.

Steve and I decided not to put up with it for another night there, and to shoot up to Central Park instead. A girl named Angel, a guy named Jim, and myself, walked up, singing most of the way. We found a nice, quiet place. The cops we could be no hassle, and stretched out.

Angel wanted to get laid, but it was her time of the month, and Steve couldn't persuade her that it was worth it.

The next morning, I was still dead tired, but it was time to head towards my rendezvous. Steve was going to hitch-hike up to Boston, I was going to try and buy some food. Angel was going back to the monument to see what was happening and wander around. I turned my back on her farewell, turned my back on the big ego trip similar to the weekend, and headed for the green hills beyond the dusty, distant horizon.