

# PRO TEM

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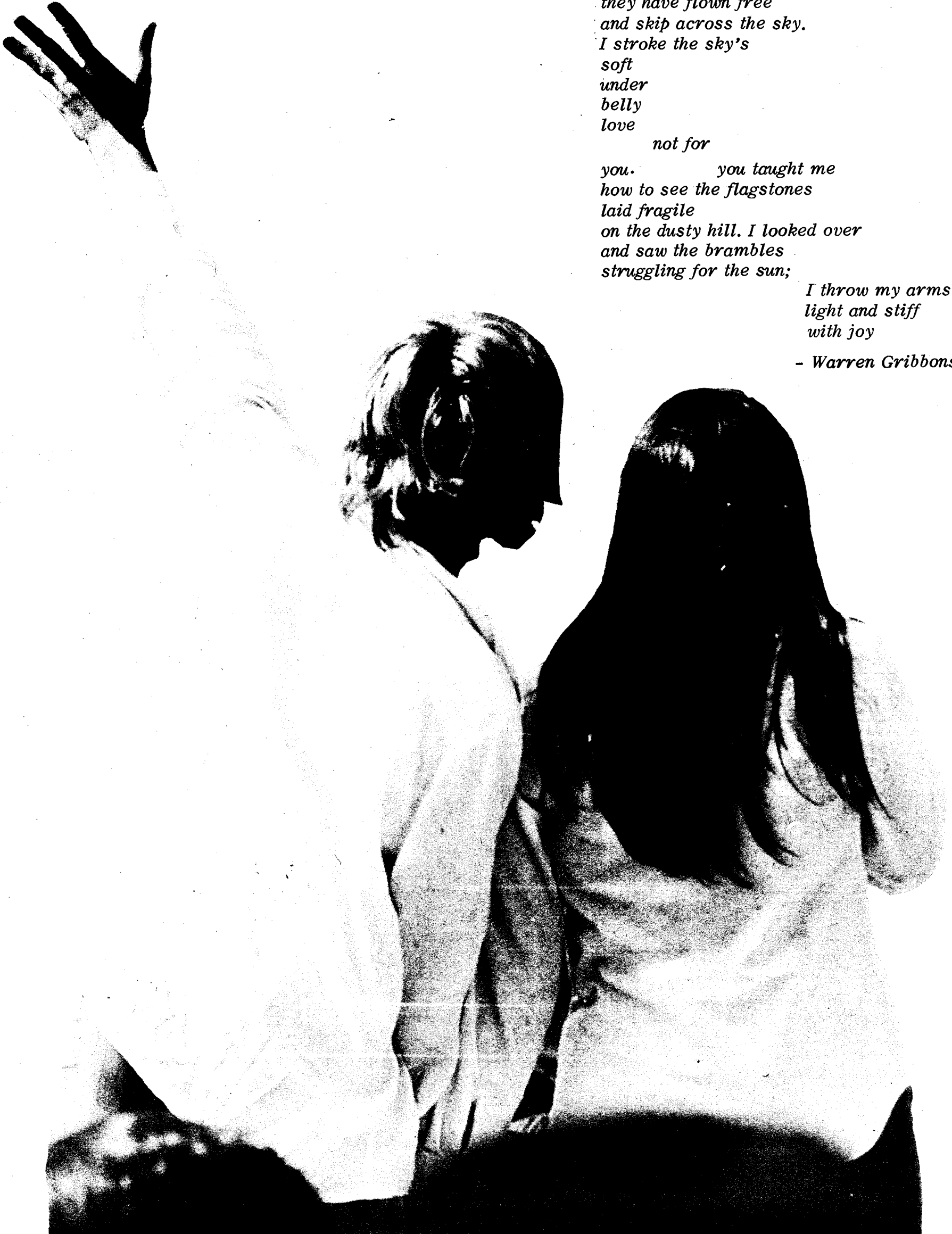
*The life that  
grew up thick  
around you falls away:  
the twisted branches  
don't push their  
sticky leaves  
towards you --  
they have flown free  
and skip across the sky.  
I stroke the sky's  
soft  
under  
belly  
love*

*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 Gibbons*



# Nat. Sci. overload solved for now

By DAVID STARBUCK

The Natural Science Department is greatly over-enrolled again this year as it was last year. 435 students enrolled in the first-year Nat. Sci. courses at registration although there were 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 due mainly to the number of FAS students here at Glendon. While Glendon students can defer their Nat Sci requirement to the se-

cond or even third year, FAS students are required to take Nat. Sci. in their first year. Thus while only one-third to one-half of Glendon students will take Nat. Sci. in their first year, all FAS students will.

This situation first arose last year with the first influx of FAS students. At that time, Professor Robert Snow and the Nat. Sci. Department agreed to try and take on the added students, (on the understanding that measures would be taken to avoid a recurrence in the future). This meant an increased teaching load for the professors, larger classes and therefore an inferior learning situation.

The problem was discussed at a closed session of the Committee of Chairmen last Wednesday. Three methods have been hit upon to reduce the load. First, a part-time faculty will be hired; secondly, Glendon students will be urged to delay their Nat. Sci. requirements to their second year; and finally FAS students have been granted permission to defer their Nat. Sci. option provided that they can enrol 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 underlined a basic weakness of Glendon. The first and biggest is the need of Glendon to attract its full quota of first year students. This present crisis would not have occurred if Glendon had attracted enough students committed to the Glendon interpretation of education.

## Course unions gasp

By DAVID MOULTON

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

Charles Eisel, 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 Poli-Sci Department. The members felt it necessary that the views of the department be known before another meeting was called.

The sociology union meeting consisted of nine students and one faculty member. The group recognized that it wasn't representative because of the poor attendance. But it did reach the consensus that there was a general need for 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 gathering. Opinion was split as to the need for a union. The only thing resolv-

ed was the fact that everyone believed the group to be unrepresentative of the students enrolled in French.

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.

Dean Bixley and three other faculty members attended the Economics organizational group that included seven students. The people present felt that because of the lack of attendance, any proposal accepted by the 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 organizers are still hopeful and further meetings course union.

Question: What is the definition of a Czechoslovakian abortion?  
Answer: A cancelled Czech.

## AAARRRRGH!!

By TOBY FYFE  
Vice President of Student Union

There is a lot of talk about disillusionment, disinterest, and apathy at Glendon College. Most of it is both mundane and full of overblown generalizations.

One fact disturbing to me as a Student Council member, is that I too am becoming disillusioned, disinterested and apathetic. A difference between most of you and me is that whereas we both are disillusioned and disinterested in the Student Council, I am disillusioned also with the student body.

I do not propose to defend Student Council as a body that 'speaks' for the students. We all know that it is not so. Rather, I am going to suggest why I think that it is, and perhaps always must be, both ineffectual and unpopular. At the same time, I hope that you will see how I, at any rate, feel about my job.

Students basically want to be told what to do, as do most people in the social system. Yet they want to be commanded by someone they both fear and whom they have been taught to respect, never by their elected peers.

They are prepared to be told what to do all year by the faculty and the administration, but when the Student Council tries to suggest ideas and courses of action during the one week at its disposal (Orientation Week) it is accused of giving a 'snow-job', and of trying to force attitudes and actions onto the student. Presumably this is in part due to a fear that student councillors have a lot to gain from all this.

It appears that students do not like the idea of a Council that does anything that may affect them.

Yet, ironically, in many ways students want a strong centralized Council. I assume this because most people at this college have steadfastly ignored all attempts to obtain some power. For example, the departmental unions, which in the end have almost replaced the Student Council by a more democratic system, have generated no interest to speak of. I take this to mean that in many ways students are content to let the Council do the decisionmaking, since they do not wish to take the opportunity to do so themselves.

The other alternative is that we decentralize, set up ways and means in which students can take over the power, so that

the Council elite loses some of its power. Students evidently do not want this either.

These two alternatives hinge upon the perennial and more general problem of how one looks at the concept of 'representation', and hence my role as a councillor and the role of the constituent of the Glendon student community. Are representatives elected to do work for the students? Are they elected just to do as students say?

Quit e honestly, I want the latter, selfishly because I want my year, but also because I believe that university students have a right to direct their lives as much as possible. These were the premises behind unions.

But that puts some of the burden on the students' shoulders. If the Glendon community is going to be more than a myth propagated by the Council elite and the calendar blurbs, students are going to 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, a responsibility to be informed on issues and to face them as such, not just as personalities. If they refuse to do so, then the alternatives are either no council at all (which in many ways is an excellent idea) or a Council elite that should be allowed to function as it thinks best.

The students at Glendon College have refused to even face up to the problem of how to view representation.

So I am becoming disillusioned, disinterested and apathetic, for I see that I have wasted my summer and am throwing away my time for people who quite honestly do not care at all about what happens to them, who cannot even be bothered to define their roles and mine in the community, and who are determined to frustrate all of the Council's attempts (in either direction) to do it for them.

I suspect that the conclusion is not more that it is irrelevant because the students have chosen to make it so, and perhaps want it to remain so.

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

## Forum invites speakers

Last Thursday George Martel, Glendon Forum's first speaker for this year, asked a roomfull of Glendon students, "What are you doing now?" He then explained to the students what he is doing now.

'Point Blank', his free school in Cabbagetown, is a concrete commitment to long term social action. If it is to survive, this oasis for vocational high school drop-outs must continue to struggle within the social reality of economic pressures which are displacing the Cabbagetown constituency.

Martel, an editor of 'This

Magazine is About Schools' was selected to speak by the Forum's co-chairman David Ellis, Chris Hawkes and Alain Picard. They consider the Forum vital to the educational function here at Glendon as a pipeline of ideas which influence today's society.

Hopefully the Forum is an interesting complement to the student's formal courses. Anyone who influences the world in which we live by virtue of his political and economic or cultural experience is welcome as a speaker.

The weekly Forum should not be confused with the annual Forum weekend con-

ference, this year - 'Year of the Barricade', which needs a separate organization. The weekly Forum's organization is also decentralized with three chairmen and staff of about six.

Externally, the Forum attempts to work with other university campuses, exchanging speakers and information. Also, co-operation is sought to minimize the travelling costs of speakers from distant regions. Internally the Forum's basic problem is one of communication.

Possible speakers are Claude Ryan, Ramsay Cook, Eli Mandel, and Irving Layton. Escott Reid will speak.

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First year enrollment down

# Wrong image of Glendon is blamed

By JIM ALBRIGHT

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

According to Escott Reid, principal of Glendon College, "There is a foolish misapprehension that Glendon is a school for aspiring politicians and diplomats. Some schools feel that only students of high academic standards need apply. The result at present 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 Glen-

don 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 ranged 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 FAS students would be accepted to increase first year enrolment to approximately 500. Total Glendon first year enrolment as of September 16 was 328.

### 'Glendon Experiment'

The question of lower than anticipated enrolment 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 estimates. 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 enrolment of 1967-1968. Then, lagging enrolment 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.

Reid hopes that the estimated ceiling of 1250 Glendon students will be reached by

1972; one year later than outlined in the Gardiner Report. This means that it is imperative to register 450 freshmen next September. A possible source for that in-

crease, Reid suggests, would be through a greater concern in registering students from middle and lower income families from the Toronto region.

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## OHSIP arrives

The commencement of Ontario Medicare is here. The new name for this plan is O.H.S.I.P. which proves one thing -- our government does have imagination (remember GO, OMSIP, HOME, POSAP, OSAP) when it comes to thinking up names.

Victor Berg, Senior Administrator for Glendon is asking that each resident student find out his policy number and give it to the nurse in the infirmary so that the university can lay claims "and not have to subsidize the insurance company."

Any student who is now an dependent and who wishes coverage must now apply to OHSIP before September 30th, 1969 if he desires immediate coverage. A three month waiting will go into effect with application made after October 1st/69.

Applications may be obtained from any chartered bank including the small branch on campus.

*Staff meeting*  
4.30 p.m. Wednesday

Been a tough night Thanks  
lot stomararobandall  
Morgan came  
up with another great photo  
thi time on front page with j  
ust working great  
for a change for susanne got  
to bed some time to sleep  
now brian and dandy driving  
me nut signed me

L'ARAIGNEE presents

**Maury Hayden**

this Friday, 8:30 p.m.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO YORK AND ITS PEOPLE

As most of you already know, York University has added a new Faculty - Fine Arts. Its arrival comes at a time when artists the world over are seeking to define and redefine their goals, their ideas, the very nature of their respective arts.

To this end, the Faculty of Fine Arts is inviting to the campus this year a series of artists and critics who are leaders in the process of redefinition. Some will give full-scale performances (like mime Marcel Marceau and like India's young master of the sarod, Ashish Khan, who will be there with Alla Rakha). Others will give readings and will be available for discussions of their work (like poets Allan Ginsberg and Irving Layton). Still others will deliver major lectures and will afterwards discuss their views with their audiences (Nathan Cohen who will speak on Canadian Theatre and Richard Schechner, director of New York's Dionysos in '69). To round out the series, three weekends of major films are scheduled, ranging from W.C. Fields and Alfred Hitchcock classics to works by Jean Renoir and Stanley Kubrick.

We in the Faculty want this series to be for everyone in and around the Toronto area, but most of all we want it to be for York and its people. We will offer you special benefits and special discounts and we believe you will be getting a series significant programs and reasonable prices. Remember, though, our seating at Burton Auditorium is extremely limited so we urge you to subscribe to any of these programs as soon as possible. Our box office will be open daily from 11 - 2 p.m. Additional details are available in our brochure which can be found in Burton Auditorium or by calling 635-2370.

**Glendon THE FACULTY OF FINE ARTS IS HERE**

# One time in Holland...

*Would I wrap myself in a poem  
And in that beauty watch the light  
Slide and cut all the long day  
Changing the green,*

*stone boundaries  
Feeling the grey,  
The cloudy promise of warm  
that comes in the fall,  
The security of that ending*

*To taste the reciprocal love that is  
a poem,  
Whose agony would hold my tears  
As the crusted black bark of a  
dying elm  
Silvers and holds the rain,  
Music poetry, this pain*

*The sunday afternoon flowers  
of Chopin  
To stand in a garden with  
That sad gentle despair of good  
manners  
and sunlight on varnished tables,  
The rainy dusk loneliness of  
Dylan Thomas  
Seeking a warm beery brassy pub  
Away  
In the winter of his art.*

— Terry Kelly

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Last summer, in reading Soren Kierkegaard's 'Fear and Trembling', I came upon this passage which I thought, taken out of context, peculiarly applied to the 'generation gap' and a lot of Glendon people. How, I don't really know. --G.M.

One time in Holland when the market was rather dull for spices the merchants had several cargoes dumped into the sea to peg up prices. This was pardonable, perhaps a necessary device for deluding people.

Is it something like that we need now in the world of spirit? Are we so thoroughly convinced that we have attained the highest point that there is nothing left for us but to make ourselves believe piously that we have not got so far - just for the sake of having something left to occupy our time?

Is it such a self-deception the present generation has need of, does it need to be trained to virtuosity in self-deception, or is it not rather sufficiently perfected already in the art of deceiving itself?

Or rather is not the thing most needed an honest seriousness which dauntlessly and incorruptibly points to the tasks, an honest seriousness which lovingly watches over the tasks, which does not frighten men into being over hasty in getting the highest tasks accomplished, but keeps the tasks young and beautiful and charming to look upon and yet difficult withal and appealing to noble minds. For the enthusiasm of noble natures is aroused only by difficulties.

Whatever the one generation may learn from the other, that which is genuinely human no generation learns from the foregoing. In this respect every generation begins primitively, has no different task from that of every previous generation, nor does it get further, except in so far as the preceding generation shirked its task and deluded itself. This authentically human factor is passion, in which also the one generation perfectly understands the other and understands itself.

Thus no generation has learned from another

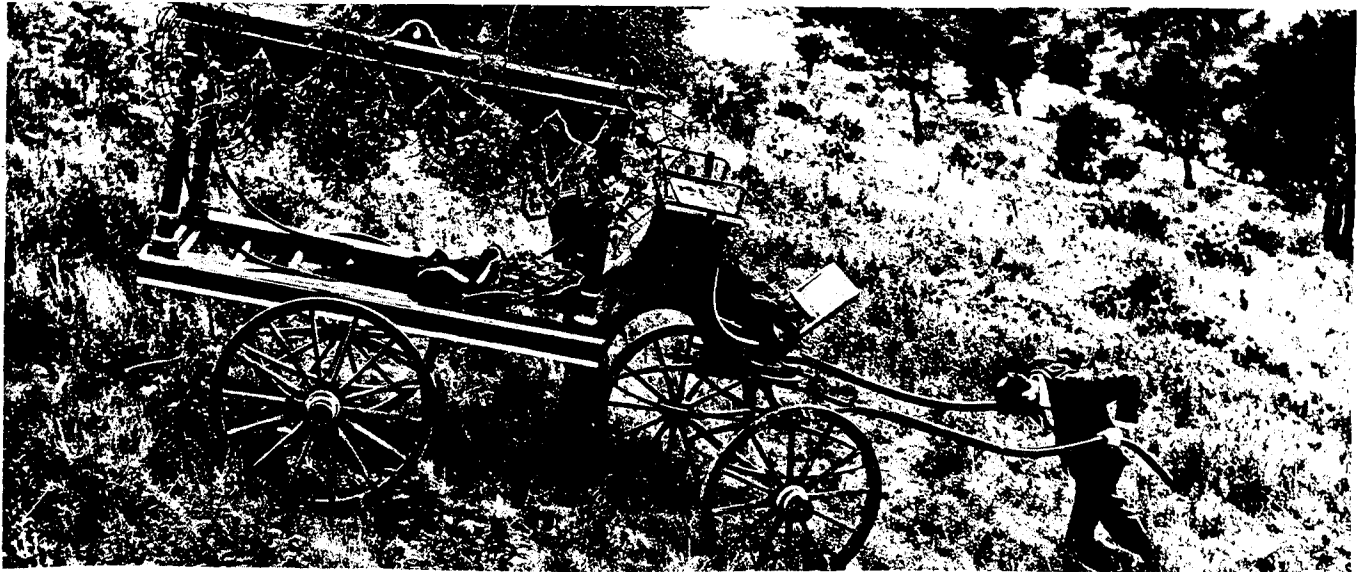
to love, no generation begins at any other point than at the beginning, no generation has a shorter task assigned than had the preceding generation, and if here one is not willing like the previous generation to stop with love but would go further, this is but idle and foolish talk.

But the highest passion in a man is faith, and here no generation begins at any other point than did the preceding generation, every generation begins all over again, the subsequent generation gets no further than the foregoing - in so far as this remains faithful to its task and did not leave it the lurch.

That this should be wearisome is of course something a generation cannot say, for the generation has in fact the task to perform and has nothing to do with the considerations that the foregoing generation had the same task - unless the particular generation or the particular individuals within it were presumptuous enough to assume a place which belongs by right only to the Spirit which governs the world and has patience enough not to grow weary.

If the generation begins that sort of thing, it is upside down, and what wonder than that the whole of existence seems to it upside down; for there surely is no-one who has found the world so upside down as did the tailor in the fairy-tale who went up in his life-time to heaven and from that standpoint contemplated the world.

If the generation would only concern itself about its task, which is the highest thing it can do, it cannot grow weary, for the task children on a holiday have already got through playing all their games before the clock strikes twelve and say impatiently, "Is there nobody can think of a new game?" does this prove that these children are more developed and more advanced than the children of the same generation or of a previous one who could stretch out the familiar game, to last the whole day long? Or does it not prove rather that these children lack what I would call the lovable seriousness which belongs essentially to play?



Sir: *Rigidity*

On Friday 12, I went to the course union meeting in the Old Dining Hall. Having chosen a suitable position near the door, just in case. I sat and listened --- listened to the most fantastic garbage I had ever heard. I learned many things that night. I learned that I was oppressed, that my rights were violated, and that, horror of horrors, the teacher-student relation was equal to "master-slave". I almost laughed to hear all the cliches that were flying about --- I would have, but I was too mad.

One student stood up and declared that a course union would make the faculty respect student opinion. These same people, who in class realize you can't force bigoted whites to respect the black man suddenly turn around and say the opposite. Why this strange dichotomy of thought?

One demanded more flexibility in courses. He complained that he had to drop a subject since it wouldn't fit into his time table. The reason he had the problem was because there is so much flexibility, and because there were so many subjects and so many places to put them. The answer would be rigidity. With rigid courses there would be no confusion whatsoever. If courses became even more flex-

ible I would go out of my mind trying to figure everything out. And what good is one more babbling student?

The last point I wish to make concerns the matter of equality. I was informed that I am not equal to a faculty member, and that I need an administration to protect me. This news was enough to send me dazedly walking about the grounds well into the morning light. They do not want equality, they want equal power. They are playing with politics. They speak of 'union-policies' and formal recognition of ... "rights". If any of these unions draw up a constitution, I think I'll just scream. So at the risk of people just scream. So at the risk of having people point at me and whisper behind obvious hands, "There goes that arch-conservative," I shall sign:

Ann Crutchley.

## Astonishment

Sir:

I was astonished to find, when I first arrived in Toronto, that none of the rapacious local theatre-owners understood that money was to be made by showing revivals of classic films. Worse yet,

## Letters to the editor

the Toronto Film Society proved to be expensive, stuffy, pretentious and self-satisfied. The National Film Theatre was a definite improvement, but it went broke after a couple of seasons. "Art" houses continued to proliferate, but dispensed only touted winners or skin-flicks. To be sure, we are granted "festivals" from time to time, but the same old stuff turns up with depressing regularity. How many times can you see Last Year at Marienbad?

The French department has done pioneering work, but Glendon itself, oddly enough, has no film society. At the very least we should have something, even on an ad hoc basis. How about a D.W. Griffith retrospective? Why not a Jean Renoir festival? It would be good for the soul. Now I'm not an entrepreneurial type myself; but perhaps those of us who are concerned about this unnecessary and self-inflicted cultural deprivation should get together in order to see what can be done about it.

Jim Benson

## Regret

Sir:

It was with regret that I heard your

lead story entitled 'Full Time President Shelved' in the September 17 issue of PRO TEM. It has been my belief that the duties required by academics and by the Student Union cannot be successfully intermingled and that an attempt to do so results only in the frustration at the ineffectiveness of both.

I sympathize with Mr. McGaw's dilemma, but I cannot agree with the Council's decision to hold a referendum on this matter. Any person intending to contest the position of President in February should be prepared to assume full time responsibility. Those who are not should be rejected by the voter. I sincerely hope that the ambivalent position taken has not led the students into the belief that competency is lacking. I suggest then to Mr. McGaw that he make his 'part-time' position and its rationale known to the students of this college through the medium of the press.

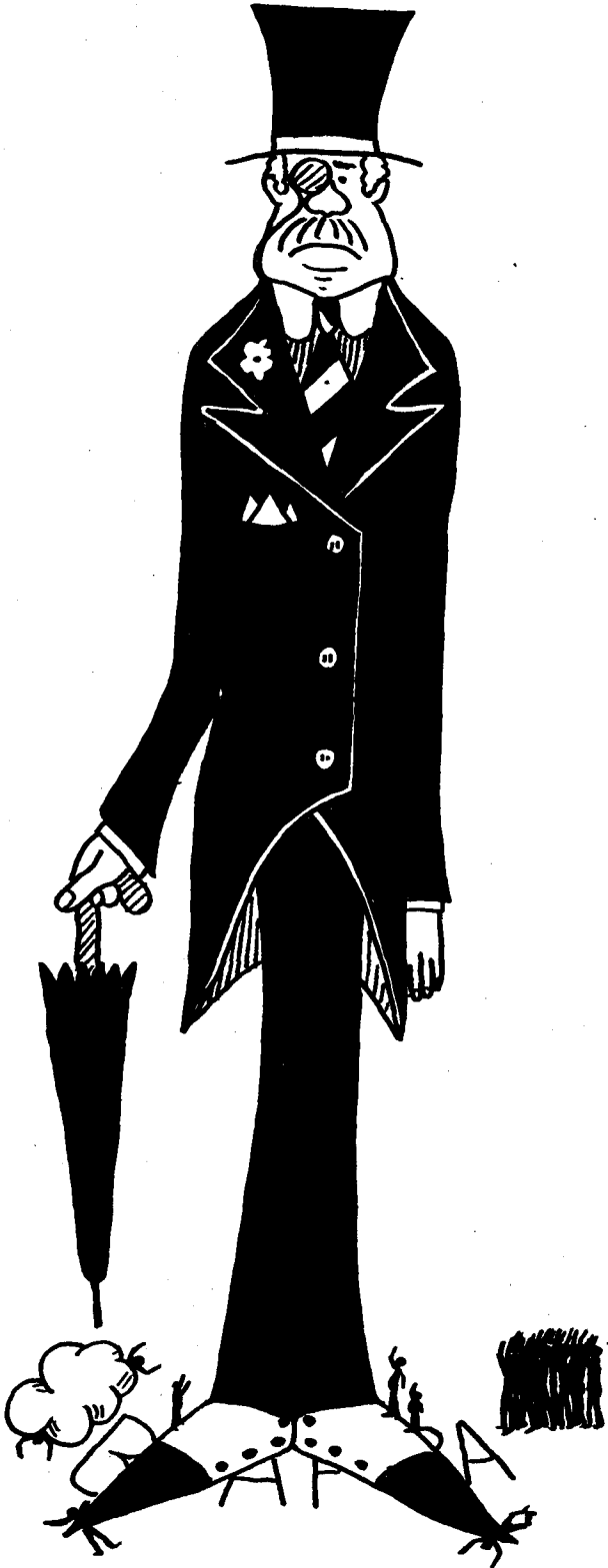
Regretfully, again, it appears that the principle involved has (in Mr. Michalski's words) 'subsided'. It is far too important for that epitaph.

Mike Patten

# The cost of callousness

## or, Will the real British policy maker please stand up?

By DEE KNIGHT



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 Britain 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. Clearly, his job must be as unpleasant as it is unwholesome, for he must explain why his government continues to ship arms on a massive scale to Nigeria, after nearly 2 million people have died, why it continues to support a military solution in the face of a stalemate, and repeatedly connives with Nigeria in thwarting an increased volume of food relief while 1,000 people die each day from starvation.

In Toronto last week, 'Citizens Outraged at Starvation Tactics', an ad-hoc group of about 40 people, mostly high school and university students, staged a public meeting to decry this policy and suggest alternatives. If our tactics were radical, our demands were reasonable, formulated by such men as the Moderators of the Presbyterian and United Churches in Canada, and the Anglican Primate of Canada (in collusion with such subversives as Stanley Burke and the executive director of Oxfam).

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 obtain 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 have been 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.

Mr. Stewart, in a 'long view', sees a familiar and satisfying administrative unit which was formed and easily controlled by Britain, and he wishes to preserve it. We see pictures, films and news 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 one. Increased tensions in 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 innocent deaths per day. In terms of oil, 1 child is worth about 500 barrels on a 'good day'. Prices are rising. A century and a half ago, the great-great-grand father of a child who died today was sold for a few trinkets, or for a case of rum. And then, he was not allowed to die but only to sign his death warrant and work as a slave for fifty years digging his, and his people's mass grave. Now, church relief workers provide the mass graves, or they come ready-made by bombs.

There are some other differences between today and a century and a half ago. The people of Biafra are no longer willing to go quietly as their heritage is ransomed and their children are starved to death. We who are aware of the starvation tactics being used are adamant that they will be stopped. As on last Tuesday, we intend to clearly announce the alternatives, to decry present policy and to 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 be willing to disrupt Mr. 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 'polite' hearing.

Through several meetings in upper rooms around the city, we plotted strategy, with the knowledge that our greatest asset would be surprise, as large numbers were not possible. We frightened ourselves considerably by agreeing to try to stop Stewart's car for a confrontation as he approached 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: interrupting Mr. Stewart's visit to City Council in the afternoon, a public remembrance of Biafran children, and a 'counter-dinner' outside the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park while Stewart was entertained by the Lieutenant Governor.

The major effort failed. It was a hard night of intensive planning, answering questions and reassuring people that if we were arrested it would be a tactical victory and probably not deportation for the Americans and Biafrans in the crowd.

In the morning we got moving early to scurry around printing press statements and leaflets which were stupidly left until the last minute, and picking up essential supplies like bullhorns which we could rent for one day.

At 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 a taxi with a Toronto black who had to be clued in as to what was going on in Africa, a race to the printer, then it was back to the hotel with a press statement but no leaflets.

What now? After a short period of despair and loose talk, we agreed to line the entrance to the banquet hall and catch him at the door. This we successfully did.

### Stewart accepts confrontation

After brief scuffles with the hotel rent-a-cops and other security people (one of us was carried out when he refused to move from the V.I.P. guest room), we heard that Stewart was willing to meet us. 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 off a Stewart monologue. "The political problems of this war are extremely complicated, and we must be careful not to be simplistic in seeing only the starvation. I am sorry to see so many 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, showed our gruesome placards, and answered press questions.

It went on, ... about people in power not being considered responsible for the politics they formulate. Then why is, and isn't the idea of responsible administration the accepted mode of public control in a democratic society?

### Pushed away by thugs

We picketed outside the hotel for several hours while waiting for a second meeting on Stewart's departure. This time, we were pushed away by Toronto police and Stewart's personal thugs - big heavies who clearly enjoyed pushing us punks around. He followed their wedge and ducked into his car.

The day was a success in that Michael Stewart was kept continuously uneasy and conscious of determined opposition. Some people were educated about Nigeria-Biafra and Britain. More opportunities will be given so that people may learn and lend themselves to the effort to stop starvation and apathy.

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

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 ceases to be absolutely necessary. Their subordination to production even leads to absurdities 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 begins to grasp itself as 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 latent, but overt and severe in an increasing number of areas, begins to oppose the most qualified workers to the logic of monopoly capitalism. When Alstom takes control and changes the management of Neyrpic, when an incoherent policy condemns a mining region to slow death, 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 deliberately hands over 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 get better pay 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 an autonomous, creative activity which is an end in itself. It is an activity which measures the scientific and technical potential of an enterprise in scientific and technical terms and which sees this 'technological capital', this 'human capital' -- the cooperation of polished teamwork, the possibility of conquering new domains of knowledge, new

# Technology and human

chances for the domination of man over nature -- destroyed by the barbaric commands of financial profit.

The inert demands of capital come to oppose the living requirements of a creative praxis. To men who gave -- and want to give -- all of their creative capacities to a task which was their life and the meaning of their life, a task which made them part of a universal pursuit, capital suddenly says: Stop; what you are doing doesn't pay and is therefore worthless. I pay you your salary. From now on you will mass produce components designed in Minnesota.

### *A prefabricated fate*

And technicians, engineers, students, researchers discover that they are wage earners like the others, paid for a piece of work which is 'good' only to the degree that it is profitable in the short run. They discover that long-range research, creative work on original problems, and the love of workmanship are incompatible with the criteria of capitalist profitability.

This is not because they lack economic profitability in the long run, but because there is less risk and more profit in manufacturing saucepans.

They discover that they are ruled by the law of capital, not only their work but in all spheres of their life. Those who hold power over big industry also hold power over the State, the society, the region, the city, the university -- over each individual's future.

A contradiction breaks out between the power, the responsibility, and the mastery of the worker in producing praxis, and his powerlessness and servitude in relation to capital. He discovers that he is alienated not only as a worker but also as a citizen of Grenoble or of Saint-Nazaire, as a voter, as an individual on whom capital imposes from afar and from outside a future contrary to his plans, a prefabricated fate which will govern his life and that of his children and his fellow citizens.

It 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 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 a satisfied entire region potential wealth will be condemned to emigration, of their place in the world over their fate. This is a certain level of culture for autonomy, the need freely and to give a experienced with the same physiological necessities.

The impossibility of living proletarians of the last ability of reproducing the for the workers of scientific the impossibility of putting to work. Industry in the the country-side men with stomach. Their muscles health declined, and the was but the empty function a hostile surrounding world.

The industry of the twentieth century increasingly the universities and colleges able to acquire the ability dependent work; who has to synthesize, analyse, to an ability which spins in risk of perishing for labor be usefully put to work.

### *Boredom and*

In extreme cases, which might think, the need for creation and communication of sharp pain. That is the technicians in the nucleus or elsewhere, who standing of the function is able to intervene at any the first sign of trouble eight hours a day, situations which show them that they are not doing well, and therefore their intelligence and ability to intervene.

Their boredom reaches neurosis. Powerless with by men but which make finally come to feel that still have the ability to they take apart and put complicated apparatus (on which to exercise the of several months, a few desert their 'work' in a down or becoming insane.

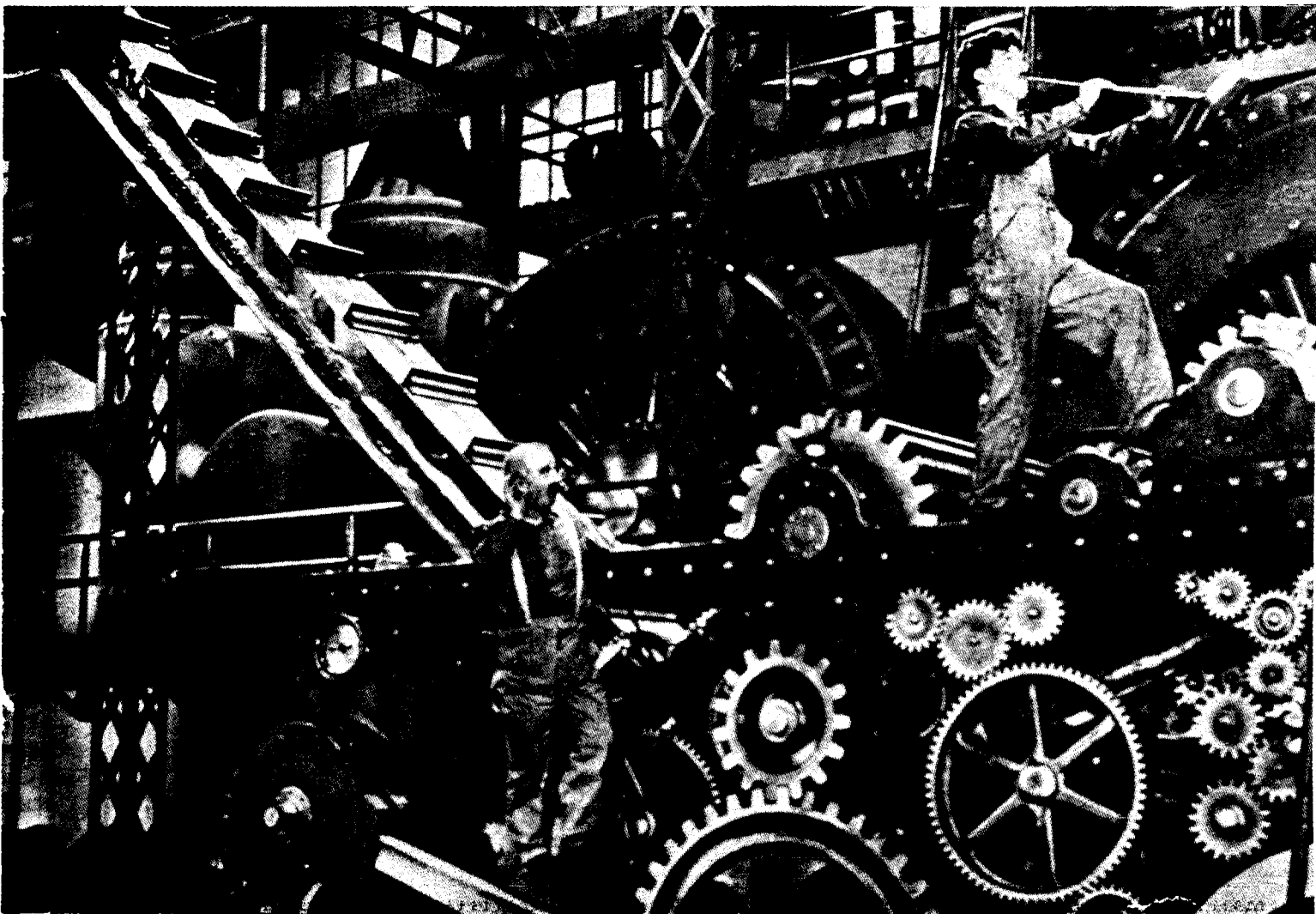
But what this example a human and cultural misadventure of advanced capitalist institutions, its education reduced the technical work efforts to adapt the work test possible time, has given a minimum of independent

Out of fear of creating the too 'rich' development would refuse to submit narrow task and to the effort has been made to ginning. They were designed active but docile, intelligent outside their function, in a horizon beyond that of the were designed to be specific.

### *Revolts in*

Anything in their educational environment that could allow their work the self-accustoming in their work has been a power and of local self-direction permit the workers to at least their civic and eradicated from existing

It is in education that it provoke the revolts which its factories. Its maneuver to be able to produce its it has to be able to count whose horizons have been



# in capital in the neurotic society

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

because unless this demand  
regions with their present or  
ll die out, their inhabitants  
tion, to diaspora, to the loss  
world, their life, their mastery  
is true also because once a  
re has been reached, the need  
eed to develop one's abilities  
purpose to one's life is ex-  
same intensity as an unsatis-  
essity.

of living which appeared to the  
last century as the impossi-  
their labour power becomes  
cientific or cultural industries  
outting their creative abilities  
the last century took from  
who were muscles, lungs,  
les missed fresh food. Their  
the acuteness of their need  
unctioning of their organs in  
world.

he second half of the twen-  
ngly tends to take men from  
colleges, men who have been  
ability to do creative or in-  
o have curiosity, the ability  
e, to invent, and to assimilate,  
is in a vacuum and runs the  
r lack of an opportunity to  
c.

## and despair

which are less rare than one  
for autonomous activity, for  
ication, assumes the acuteness  
is the case, for example, of  
e nuclear industries, in Mar-  
who have a complete under-  
oning of the factory, who are  
any point in the system at  
ouble, but who spend months,  
sitting in front of screens  
t the whole apparatus is work-  
re that they, with their intel-  
intervene, are useless.

ches the point of despair and  
witnesses of a universe made  
nakes men superfluous, they  
that they still exist, that they  
y to do something. At home,  
put back together the most  
is (radio and television sets)  
e their skills. At the end  
a few years at the most, they  
in order to escape breaking  
ane.

ple also reveals is the extreme  
misery to which not only the  
l capitalism but above all its  
ation and its culture, have re-  
worker. This education, in its  
worker to his task in the shor-  
as given him the capacity for  
ident activity.  
eating men who by virtue of  
pment of their own abilities  
mit to the discipline of a too  
the industrial hierarchy, the  
le to stunt them from the be-  
designed to be competent but  
lligent but ignorant of anything  
n, incapable of having a ho-  
of their task. In short, they  
pecialists.

## in education

ducation or even in their en-  
allow them to find outside  
accomplishment denied them  
n eliminated. Any organs of  
lf-determination which might  
to shape if not their work  
and cultural life have been  
ing institutions.

at industrial capitalism will  
hich it attempts to avoid in  
uvres are too clear. In order  
its zombies without trouble  
ount on a mass of individuals  
con limited from early child-

hood. It need a dualist education, like that which  
still prevails, for good reason, in Great Britain  
as the survival of the aristocratic power. The elite  
there has its 'humanist' school and education, and  
the people have others where utilitarian knowledge  
is disseminated. The choices made according to  
birth and to wealth, beginning with primary school.

This system, however, is dying out, because it  
is unacceptable even in a merely formal democracy,  
but also because the British economy itself risks  
ruin as a result of it. Still, the Gaullist regime is  
trying to introduce it. It wants to introduce earlier  
specialization, to 'industrialize the university', to  
give quicker diplomas.

It wants, in sum, to repeat on the educational  
level what in the sphere of leisure has been called  
'mass culture'. That is the distribution of predi-  
gested parcels of knowledge -- a cut-rate culture --  
by means of 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 master-  
ing comprehensive an area of knowledge and of  
locating this area with its interplay 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  
out of context the ready-made results of the praxis  
of the past.

The student is taught recipes and gimmicks to  
be mechanically applied to empirical problems.  
The student is made to ingurgitate a few chosen  
pages of knowledge. Out of depths of carefully  
maintained ignorance a few little islands of know-  
ledge will be permitted to emerge. 'Passivity and  
submission' will be taught. The student will know  
enough to know how much he does not know, and  
to revere science and the culture of the elite.

## Education subordinated

Now, this enterprise is a tissue of explosive  
contradictions, for to attempt to teach ignorance  
at the same time as knowledge, dependence at  
the same time as intellectual autonomy within narrow  
limits, is to expose oneself -- if one cannot  
enforce a rigorous segregation -- to the risk of  
seeing these limits and this ignorance challenged.  
'In order to be accepted', Simone Weil wrote, 'Sla-  
very must last long enough every day to break  
something in a man'. The remark is valid for the  
new proletarians of culture.

If one cannot mutilate and specialize them from  
childhood, one cannot prevent them from feeling  
that the specialization and ignorance imposed on  
them, and the chances of autonomy and culture  
denied them, represents an unacceptable spoliation.  
There lies the possibility and the necessity for a  
cultural battle waged on all fronts by the socialist  
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 educated, against the academic mandarin

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

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 fu-  
ture requires specialists. The only thing that is  
true is that the corporation heads demand specia-  
lists, and that is true for two reasons. Education,  
a so-called unproductive and unprofitable expense  
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 docile and adaptable to the in-  
creased intensity of industrial work.

These two political-economical reasons in fact  
run counter to the current of technology itself. In  
a state of constant upheaval, technology renders  
overly narrow specializations obsolete several times  
in each generation. Technology requires at the out-  
set an all-sidedness, a solid theoretical foundation,  
in order to facilitate reconversions, reorientation,  
the continuous assimilation in the course of a  
productive life of new scientific and technical  
developments.

## Labour power reproduced

The wider reproduction of labor power is there-  
fore an objective necessity. Professional ability  
cannot be maintained today unless it grows, unless  
there is continual accumulation of new abilities.  
The 'labor bottlenecks' of which nearly all ca-  
pitalist economies complain 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 re-  
newal 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 pro-  
ducing merchandise, that he produces nothing that  
his employer can sell -- nothing but the moral  
and intellectual resources which make up the worker  
himself as he makes himself in his work, when  
he is not unmade by the work others force upon  
him.

## 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 pro-  
ductive time in which the individual renews him-  
self. At the same time it would be to admit that  
this labor power, produced and enlarged by the au-  
tonomous labor of the worker himself, has no  
other owner than the worker who produced it.  
It would, finally, be to admit that labor power is  
no longer merchandise to be used as one wishes  
once one has paid its market price, but that it  
is the worker himself, that it belongs to him by  
right, and that he has the right to determine  
its social use.

The workers' right to determine its social use  
means their right to control all possible and fore-  
seeable modifications of the conditions under which  
their work is performed. It also means their right  
to exercise this control not only in order to sub-  
ordinate these modifications to their need of human  
self-development, not only in order to guarantee  
that no one will extort from them a quantity  
or a quality of extra work, but also to make cer-  
tain that they will be given the time and means  
to expand their professional ability in conditions  
under their control, in view of foreseeable tech-  
nological progress.

The wider reproduction of labor is in itself  
socially productive work. As precondition and con-  
sequence of the increased range of social produc-  
tion, the acquisition of new qualifications is not  
to be made dependent on the solvency of each  
individual. Everything which concerns the profes-  
sional education of workers is to be placed under  
the control of the workers themselves. All the time  
necessary for their education is to be considered  
as socially productive time, as societal work, to  
be paid accordingly.



# New arts centre is born

One of the greatest joys of Glendon campus this year is the new nightclub in the basement of Glendon Hall. The beautiful atmosphere of L'Araignee has inspired both audiences and performers into unbelievable close rapports without a sign of hesitation or restraint on either side.

Last Sunday evening, Martin Poltin, the classical guitarist, after exhausting his own repertory, but not the audience's enthusiasm, began to improvise freely. He allowed everyone an intimate glimpse at himself as a remarkably articulate and original artist in his own right as well as a skilled craftsman on the guitar. To Poltin, the room became an emotional reality as he ran his very soul through his fingers to the audience, with tears shining in his eyes affirming to us that he was truly communicating.

## A planned arts centre

Such events are rare indeed because the atmosphere that allows them to occur must be both carefully constructed and yet maintained with stability. Yet L'Araignee can also accommodate the rock-musical 'Hair' with equal success. A stable yet adaptable space seems to be a contradiction, but L'Araignee proves this is not the case.

L'Araignee was designed to be the cultural centre of the Glendon campus. During orientation week this remarkable room proved itself more than up to the job. All kinds of events seem spontaneous and joyous there. Audience and performers both seem stimulated collectively and relaxed individually in the basement club's open milieu.

Dave Bradstreet, who opened the club to standing-room-only crowds

for both his sets told Greg Gatenby, L'Araignee's redesigner and director that the room was the best he had ever performed in, and asked if he could return, perhaps if necessary, at less pay than his first engagement. Bradstreet is a professional who has played in coffee houses all over Canada.

## L'Araignee proves itself

As orientation week progressed and the play 'Hair', folksinger Ron Nigrini, singers 'Bob and Sue' and classical guitarist Martin Poltin all drew capacity crowds, and as Glendon students grooved in the great atmosphere of L'Araignee, it became clear that the nightclub was something this campus had been looking for for years: a true cul-

tural centre with good management and a cool environment.

While Glendon has needed L'Araignee, what the concept lacked was competent designing and planning. Enter Greg Gatenby. The commitment of a full-time manager to the task led dozens of other Glendon students to enthusiastically donate summer time to redecorate the old Pipe Room.

The new design principles were sound. The walls and ceiling were painted black to give a terrific illusion of space in an otherwise smallish room. Comfortable lounge chairs and moders, cube and square-edged tables were added to give an informal lounge-like feeling. New electrical fixtures (lights, strobe and spot) and sound equipment, as well as an inobtrusive yet obvious stage were all the props L'Araignee needed to become adaptable enough to stage.

## 300 memberships sold

Plays both in English and French, modern jazz, poetry readings, films, folksingers, revues, dances with live groups and discotheque and finally, a coffee house have been planned revealed Gatenby.

A real gauge of the impact and popularity of the new cultural centre was the response last week to the offer of memberships in L'Araignee, entitling one to a reduced admission fee and special 'members only' soirees, for two dollars. To date, over 300 memberships have been sold, enabling Gatenby to quickly pay off some large debts and to make plans for the future of L'Araignee based on near-certain popularity and a continuing strong response from Glendon students to what L'Araignee has to offer.



Greg Gatenby



Photo by MORGAN

"Hair" in L'Araignee

# '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 smut that passes under the name of real life pictures, that's your right; if I want to see John Wayne mowing down the Viet Cong, that's my right. We aren't forcing each other to see something we don't want to see, and neither of us has the right to stop the other from seeing what he wishes to see.

As for violence begetting violence, I don't buy it. The ancient Roman emperors used to present gladiatorial combats in order to sate the citizens and take their minds off overthrowing the government. Each of us has a capacity for violence within us, a capacity which we can let loose by watching a violent movie or by punching your neighbour in the face. It's your choice how to let it loose, but for normal people it's just that- a release.

Violence does not beget violence in normal people. Watching 'A Fistfull of Dollars' doesn't turn me into a killer when I leave the theatre any more than 'Staircase' makes you a homosexual.

## Violence is glorious

Thus I can say without being hypocritical that I enjoyed 'The Wild Bunch', the controversial western which was banned in Toronto this summer because of excessive violence. The producers of this film claim it is a treatise against violence, and a large number of the

people who go to see it can say with a straight face that they are going to be lectured in anti-violence. This is the same as people who go to see 'Oh, Calcutta' in order to be certain that they don't miss any of the filth they're so dead set against.

The blurbs about the violence of 'The Wild Bunch' are simply this: advertising come-ons. People will always rush to see something they think they shouldn't see. 'The Wild Bunch' is no more violent than a number of recent westerns, and for that matter, films of all types.

'The Wild Bunch', even with all its gunfights and slowmotion death 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 a 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 lawless frontiers and who flee to Mexico for one last gunfight before civilization makes them obsolete. 'The Magnificent Seven'; however, had no pretensions about it. It made the American gunfighters heroes who went south to defend the Mexican peasants from bandit raiders. As such, it is hard to believe it was made way back in 1960, because it seems to be an argument to justify you-know-what war.

As in every Western worthy of the name, there must come a showdown between the forces of right and wrong.

The showdown scene at the climax of the film brings to mind other great showdown scenes such as the 'magnificent seven' returning to the Mexican town that the bandits have run them out of, or the scene

in Shane, in which Alan Ladd as the retired gunslinger, the epitome of western heroes, puts on his gun one last time and rides to face Jack Palance.

## Only two survive

Just for openers, a man's throat is slit, setting off five minutes of unamed fury as pistols, rifles, knives and gatling guns wipe out practically every man, woman, and child in the town, and setting the Ontario censor into a frenzy of sniping.

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 loftier 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 goal, 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.



THE WILD BUNCH: WILLIAM HOLDEN, ERNEST BORICONE, ROBERT RYAN, EDWARD G. BRENNAN, ANTHONY QUINN, JOHN CAHILL, GUY VAN PETERSEN, PHIL TELLEMAN, SAN PIERPAOLI



# 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 audience, which is where the lasting effects of the revival can be seen.

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 amusing themselves. As the show becomes more interesting, so do the audience's devices for self amusement. The music provides an emotional climate in which the crowd is free from the inhibitions which normally prevent it from developing an awareness of its own latent grooviness.

The growth of an audience's feeling is a cumulative thing. It relies not only on the events of the day, but those things which the members of the audience have experienced before. Many in the crowd had felt the togetherness of other festivals and were anxious to get that feeling again.

But everybody soon realized that despite the inexperience of a generally less 'hip' crowd, the situation was as free as that of any pop festival. By nightfall it had grown into a groovy tribal stomp. The afternoon bred a lack of concern for the petty restrictions of 'so-

cial acceptability'. Peddlers walked around offering acid, mescaline, and hash with the same aplomb as the peanut vendors.

The body was celebrated in dancing, stripping and painting. Dope smells hung over the stadium like incense at a love-in. Several people were launched skyward in blankets and some huge quantities of yellow leaflets fueled a festivity of the paper airplane.

## The Ballad of John and Yoko

When the Plastic Ono Band came on, the otherwise irritating M.C., Kim Fowley, inspired a truly beautiful scene, when the crowd lit thousands of matches simultaneously to welcome the band. The crowd did not participate in the singing as much as they could have but that might be ascribed more to awe than the lack of interest.

The sterile world of the 'bad guys' is full of tales of the innate evil of mankind. Hopefully the ease of the pop festivals will inspire a rethinking of experience leading to the rejection of the type of straight values that foster immediate hostility at any large gathering of people. If this awakening comes, the peacefulness of a large 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

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

Were you there? I sure hope so. I went all by myself. I feel things better 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? I was really surprised as I hadn't gone to the Pop Festival. That seems to have been 'much better' as far as crowd participation is concerned. But, anyway, I ran into all kinds of people I had forgotten, or, sometimes, had tried to forget.

Everybody was there, wheeling, dealing, 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.

Performances on both sides of the stage. Talking about Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Cat Mother, Gene Vincent, Alice Cooper and all the others, what can you possibly say? It was different for everybody. Some of the kids who were born around the time when it all started didn't know who some of these 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 'crawled all over us' as John predicted, sort of brought it all to a peak. It was getting there. Peace should be everywhere man, even if you live in suburbia and have speed on your mind. You're one of us!

## Where do I go?

What am I doing in this place? I want to be a flower child again and believe in it all. I want to get stoned and 'get the crabs and don't care'. These are my people, they have my age. They dig what I have to say, they are all that and the rest of it.

So what's the point of a festival? Who gives a shit!

But if you didn't go, you missed out. The revival was, is and will be, because it has given some people the feeling that some of the things they believe in are shared by others, that they're not alone and that one day, they'll be free to make it, their own way.

## Rock Revival '69



What were YOU doing at the Rock and Roll Revival?

## A Pop Pilgrimage

By BRIAN PEARL

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; and it's new, so it can still be convincing even to our jaded consumer society, which has seen and emptied a thousand cultures in pre-packaged form.

In 1967 the Beatles sang 'I'd love to turn you on' in a song called 'Day in the Life' on the Sgt. Pepper's album. The Beatles turned on every pop music group in the world, and through them, turned on millions of people. In this generation, drug oriented rock music is the nucleus, the core of the new culture, and Sgt. Pepper's was the first album of such music to reach the mainstream of Western pop culture. When it was released, people thought Sgt. Pepper's was a landmark album, something that would change things. But after Woodstock, there is no doubt.

This new culture proved itself far more patient than any other. 300,000 people were crammed into an area

the size of Sunnybrook Park, most of them without food, shelter and after a day-long downpour, clothing. All anyone had was heavy music, drugs and a lot of other people. A city of 300,000 with nothing but soul to live on; the ultimate triumph and justification of Hedonism.

## Ain't got no

And, least important of all, they had no money. The gates to the Woodstock Music Festival were thrown wide open after a few hours of finger-in-the-dike-like ticket selling and collecting. The promoters recognized a force too big to thwart.

The Hog Farmers, members of a communal farm in New Mexico, came east for the weekend and helped distribute food and bring down people on bad trips. Sharing was a rule enforced individually.

Some rules were collective, though. When an argument began in the crowd one afternoon, people around the scene began to chant "Peace, Peace, Peace ..." until the argument ceased and anger sub-

sided. 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 Joan Baez to Jonny Winter, was ultimately intimidated, most for the first time, by the immense power they had amassed as popular Rock performers. They performed all night because the schedule broke down and because the people were there to hear them; and they were waiting.

All the laws concerning pot, hash, acid, barbituates, and even heroin were suspended at Woodstock. Acid was sold like popcorn on the hillside in front of the stage. Most of the people at the festival were high on some drug "102 per cent of the time" (from a New York Times interview).

## Strawberry fields forever

What astonished the American Press most about the event was its non-violent nature. To explain the coolness of the immense crowd, the old trojan-horse explanation, 'drugs did it' was trotted out one more time.

This explanation is hollow simply because it is the writers who were hung-up on the availability and open-

use of drugs at Woodstock, not the people there. And when a journalist attempts to bring down the festival, explaining the peace with lines like: "trading on the freedom to get stoned, transforming it into a force that tamed the crowd and extracted its compliance", he's not telling it like it is.

People weren't uptight at Woodstock because, for many for the very first time, there was no need to be defensive or closed in a crowd. You were with kin at Woodstock, thousands of them, and there is security in numbers. The people at Woodstock were so together to begin with that the music and the contact you had with all the other people through the music was enough for anyone. If anything, the drugs were only a symbol of the uniqueness of the temporary, holy city of Woodstock. The drugs proved to the people that they were not only special, but totally free. As one girl put it:

"There were so many people there I thought, wow, wouldn't it be a good idea if we could show our power by, you know, getting political? And then I thought a little more about it and said, oh, what for? It's already here. We already know it, we haven't got to bother."



# sports

## 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 picked up Scooter Skritchlinger from Goose Bay for two million dollars and their first draft choice for the next five years, is famous for being the only man in NAHASL history to survive seven knee transplants.

In a straight cash deal, Burnaby got Marcel Cacher from British Honduras in return for Vancouver Island. He will be playing manager for Burnaby, although British Honduras must be paid a thousand dollars for each point he scores. Cacher hopes to have a good season once his new heart pacer is installed.

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 hired a former Viet Cong to add some action to the game. The VC plans to ring home with a series of hidden pungi sticks and claymore mines to add a little excitement to the race between hidiers and seekers.

## Much ado in Proctor

Athletic Director Mike Salter announced that a number of activities will be beginning this week. "A number of activities will be beginning this week," Salter said. Meetings for instructional programs will be the big item on the agenda this week, with attendance at the meetings deciding the fate of each sport.

Weight training, boxing, and wrestling start on Wednesday. Salter points out that a large turnout at the boxing meeting is vital, inasmuch as boxing equipment is expensive and he won't layout any cash until he is satisfied that interest is high enough to warrant it.

There is a good chance that Tony Canzano, fisticuff coach at U of T, will be the instructor but Tony warns that prospective pugilists should be prepared for long training sessions and at least six months of work before he lets them into a ring.

Several other sports are also getting started, unimpeachable sources inform us. Serge Colekessian is organizing a bowling league; if that's right up your alley, let the man know. Dave Stone is running curling again, along with his assistant Tim O'Shanter. Dave's got a great pep talk for all interested parties, so drop around and listen to his bonspiel.

Eric King is trying to get up a water polo league for all you aquathletes. The set-up will be three or four teams with no house or year distinctions, with the pool reserved for their use one night a week. Poor swimmers are also welcome, and will be allowed to play in the shallow end. There is no truth to the rumor that the Serpent of the Don will be on one of the teams.

Girls are desperately needed for the Women's Athletic Council. Organizational talent is lacking and any girl from any year is

welcome to come down and help run the program. Jane Shortts also would like to meet any girl interested in running for girls' athletic rep. Sheila Robinson is presently filling in until a by-election can be held within a few weeks.

The Glendon Golf tournament will be held on the 25th and 26th, with Bob Habbeshaw in charge. The school will pay all green fees, but players must have their own clubs or rent them. The tournament is co-ed.

Jim Martin, a well-known racketeer, gets his tennis tourney underway on the 29th. Tim Taylor's the man to see if you want to play for the soccer Red Guards, and the cross country will be held on October 7th. Irrelevant student council president Bob McGaw warns entrants in the latter competition that their CUS life insurance policies don't cover attacks by packs of militant squirrels.

## Fourth forecast for first

By RON MALTIM

This Wednesday marks the opening of the Glendon intramural football schedule. Commissioner Jake Hanna informs us that the ticket has been sold.

The biggest guys in the Don Valley last year, 3rd and 4th year, have 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 Graham Powell, Rod Major, and Jim Jack provide the pensioners with a solid core which could carry them

to their second straight championship.

Lat year's runner-up in the contest for the Grey Saucer, D-House, will again send a powerhouse into competitions. The rumours that the entire Argonaut defense so instrumental in the recent loss to Ottawa, had been cut by Coach Leo Schultz of D-House have been dispelled. Feelers have definitely been put out by the National Liberation Front concerning a D-House franchise.

Both fourth year and D-House will be hard pressed by a strong C-House team. Reliable sources say that the final cut has been made

and C-House is down to its normal 120 man roster. Ye Green Machine, which blew a gasket in the playoffs last year, is led by Rick McKenzie, Bob Murrich and Al Hamilton. The recent signing of rookie Jolly Green Giant, could give C-House the impetus to unseat fourth year.

The final play-off spot should be a toss-up between second year and the Green Bay Packers.

Murry (the toe or head) Shields and Terry Irie had a strong second year team made up mostly of last year's first year.

The dark horse of this year's race will be the E-House. Coming on strong towards the end of last season, E-House lacked only passers and receivers. That problem has been solved with the signing of Bart Starr and Lance Rentzel. Star half-back Renault Marier of E-House said, "I think de Canadiens weel win dee hockey again."

Previous first year teams have had trouble getting players out at the beginning of the season. This communication gap has been solved by telling someone in first year about the league. Rumours that twenty of Dave Raimey's cousins are first year day students appear to be entirely groundless; but who knows? Perhaps we were never meant to know.

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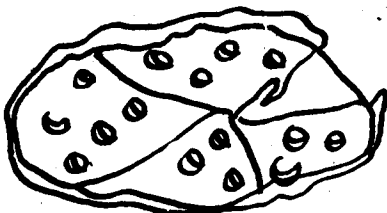
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# Baseball at Jarry Park

## "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. Loo 8-7. The Expos lost two games for every game won, but they played exciting ball, entertaining ball, 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-champions. Like the Met 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 shot, and maybe even win once in a long while. The team has done more than that, and now, in September, it has a far better first record than the Mets ever had.

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

On this night in May, there is a hint of magic in the air, a feeling of some impending, wondrous event that permeates the crowd. Baseball in Jarry Park has the taste of carnival to it, and it is hard to believe that Bill Veeck, one of baseball's greatest showmen, is not behind it all, racing from section to section to shake hands, chew the fat, and organize umpire lynching parties.

Dominating the scene is the huge scoreboard in right-centre, a light show that leads the crowd in bilingual cheers for each Expo batter. Organ music floods the air, giving every move on the field an added sense of rhythm. When the organist leads the crowd in the Mexican Hat Dance, the noise of 21,000 pairs of clapping hands and stomping feet on the aluminum stands can be heard in Dallas, Texas.

A surprisingly large number of Americans still see Canada as a frozen wasteland. The thought of playing baseball here was unimaginable to them. As a result Major Jean Drapeau was forced to build a domed stadium by the early seventies in order to secure the franchise.

It is doubtful that Drapeau will be able to keep that promise. Heavily-taxed Montrealers can't fork over another 60 or 70 million dollars for a stadium; at present, Jarry Park is undoubtedly the best park in the majors from a spectator's point of view, but it will be far too small for the giant crowds that will come with increasing success on the field.

The Americans will probably not push Drapeau on his promise. It is beginning to dawn on them that the thermometer crawls above zero in Montreal occasionally, making a domed stadium unnecessary, and the unqualified success of the team at the box office kills any thought of moving the franchise elsewhere.

Many of those who forecast doom for the Expos pointed with some justification to the pitiful attendance of the Alouettes in recent seasons. It was felt by many that Montreal was a hockey town, and no other sport could survive there. Yet baseball has survived.

The answer to this lies in several places. But, basically the thanks for baseball's success in Montreal should go to the French-Canadians. It is almost inconceivable because of their love for hockey and lacrosse, but football has just never stirred the people of Quebec. While the English-speaking Quebecers followed the Als in past years, it was baseball that flourished in rural Quebec.

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 semi-pro league, the Provincial outdraws many American minor leagues of both classes A and AA.

Yet the Expos belong to all of Canada. Their welcome has been just as strong as in English communities. The Canadiens belong to French-Canada, and the Maple Leafs to English Canada, but in the Expos, Canada has a team in which everyone comes together. They are a national team, and pretentious as it may sound, 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 is not apparent on the surface. Atlanta, in a similar situation has the only team in the deep south, estimates that fans visiting Atlanta to see the Braves put 54 million dollars in Atlanta's economy last year through their use 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 on the field, the Expos have provided the fan with an exciting product. The Expos lose, but they excite. 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 Etchevery, Hal Patterson, Bernie Faloney, Marv Luster, Ed Learn, Billy Wayte, Ted Page, Billy Ray Locklin, Terry Evanshen, Henry Sorrell, Chuck Walton, Don Lisbon, and Al Irwin. 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 pennant race mathematically, and 21,000 come to see them knock off the Braves, front-runners in the Western division. The stands are packed with a polyglot of every section of Canadian society.

Bill Stoneman is pitching 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 Phillies: in September his record is 10 - 17, but he has five shutouts, and it is on his arms and the arms of Mike Wegener, Jerry Robertsson, Dan McGinn, and Steve Renko, who may be the best of them all, that the teams are built. Just ask the Mets.

Coco Laboy, who spent ten years languishing in the Cardinal's farm system, overlooked by everyone but Gene Mauch. Now he is threatening at 29, to be rookie-of-the-year. Milt Pappas hangs one, and Coco puts it to Jones' left field.

In the sixth the Braves explode and Stoneman is gone. Clete Boyer, Bob Tillman, and Sony Jackson single. Rico Carty puts one off the scoreboard and Atlanta leads 5-3.

In the eighth the Expos tie it, and the game goes extra innings. Dan McGinn pitches brilliantly, aided by a tremendous catch by Staub, but Claude Raymond is matching him for the Braves. Raymond is from St. Jean, one of the few Canadians in the big leagues, and the hand he gets moves him to tears on the mound.

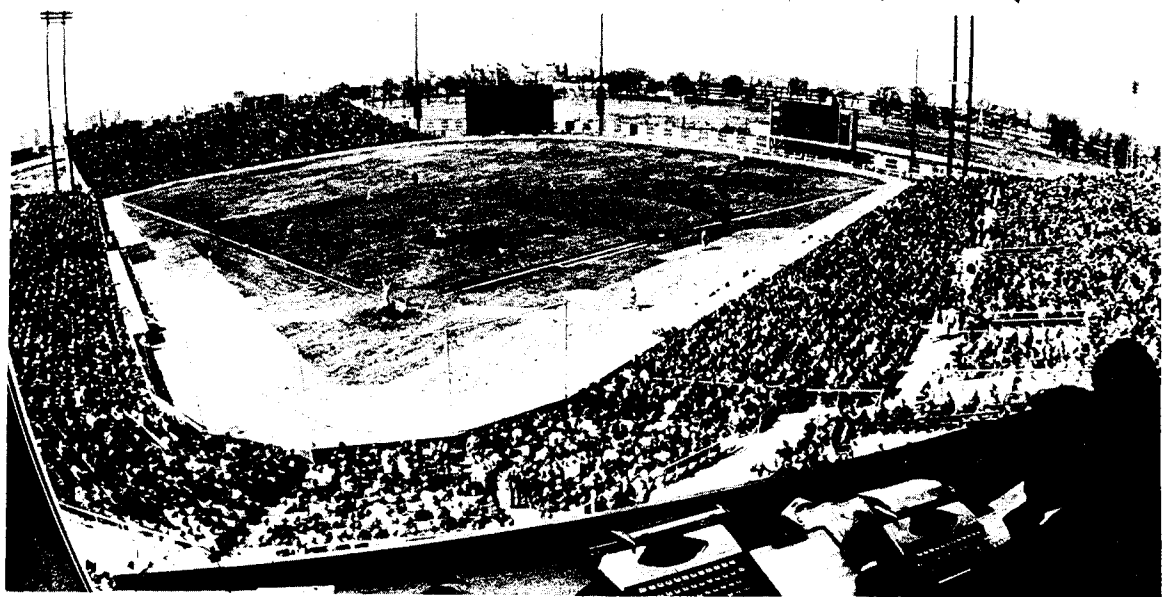
In the twelfth Elroy Face replaces McGinn Face walks Mike Lum. Elroy is forty-one years old, with fifteen years and eight hundred games behind him. Face is through, but he clings desperately to his forkball that has long left him.

Tito Francona is the batter. In 1959, Tito came out of nowhere to hit .363 for Cleveland, then faded back into anonymity. He has lasted fourteen seasons in the majors, yet only a handful of fans have ever heard of him.

Veteran faces veteran. Francona swings, the ball lands in the bullpen, the Expos go down in the bottom of the inning, and it's all over.

The principals of the drama are all gone. Face has been cut, a great veteran unable to realize his time has past; Francona is with Oakland, playing his steady game with no fanfare; Raymond is with the Expos, fulfilling a boyhood dream of playing for his native land. It's a funny game.

The crowd files out, undaunted by Francona's blast. In French, English, and Italian, they talk about Staub's catch and dangerous Dan's pitching and Coco's homer. They'll be back again, for on this summer night in Jarry Park there is a tangible aura in the joy of being alive.



# '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. I looked through the car window, through the haze to a skyline that was strongly reminiscent 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 choose a three day lay-over in New York or could start hitch-hiking back to Toronto. I chose New York.

In the late afternoon I was deposited just outside Coney Island with about fifteen dollars, and vague instructions for locating the East Village. Fine and good, I thought, and started walking towards Coney Island. I spent the afternoon in the Oceanarium, which wasn't much larger than Montreal's, and on the beach watched my first-ever tide.

That was entertaining until the sun sank. I headed for the boardwalk. It was there that I noticed the first cops. To my astonishment, they were dressed, top to toe, in completely black uniforms. There was no hassle here, and I started looking for 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' for a quarter. People half-crazed by the stifling heat sag into the seats, and fall asleep as though drugged.

By some stroke of good fortune, I got the right train and an hour later resurfaced near Broadway and 10th Street. Here supposedly, I would be able to find a crash pad for the night. But an hour's wandering in both the East and West Village, together with polite requests addressed to the occasional congenial looking person I met, produced nothing.

### Village lacks atmosphere

The Village itself was disappointing, not in that it was commercial, but in that it lacked atmosphere and definition. Unlike Yorkville, with trees, set-back coffee-houses and festive 'this-is-a-happening' mood, the East Village offered only bland buildings, bright lights and crowds of frustrated people.

On one corner there was a group of longhairs with guitars, playing and singing. I liked the music, but not the obscenities 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 outgrowing 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 somebody. Uh huh.

It was late and I was tired of lugging my suitcase. The crowd that had been listening to the group disappeared. I found myself confronted by a Black about sixteen 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 cubic sheetmetal sculpture about ten feet high; under the projecting sides lay about eighteen kids, with blankets and sleeping bags. So I set down my suitcase and joined them.

A few were travelling from other cities, but most were 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 sell-out.

There was the odd girl in the group. One called Wendy kept trying to pick up guys (white) and trying not to let the guys (black) know it. It would have been unhip for her to show her preference.

None of this worried me so much as my need for sleep. Blacks would pound on the sculpture and chant to the deep throbbing beat. They delighted in this, and so did I, for it put me out like a lullaby. The next thing I knew however, the group was being besieged by a gang of ten or twelve street urchins, an integrate group of boys eight to twelve years old. They ran around, grabbing whatever they could steal, harassing the group, and imploring of the girls: "Oh you've got nice tits (fondling), can I please be your boyfriend."

They left as quickly as they came, but the cops came soon after and told everyone to move on. They had their night sticks ready for dissenters. All the cops in New York carry a big night stick the size of a small baseball bat.

Everyone just picked up their stuff and started to cross the street. We went up half a block, climbed the stairway of an old building and dumped everything on the verandah. The cops watched but were satisfied to have everybody out of sight.

### Sharing stolen sheets

A girl let a Black and me share one of her extra sheets (stolen from a hotel), and despite the noise and the overwhelming odour of urine, in minutes he and I fell asleep back to back.

The next thing I felt was the nudge of a boot. I opened my eyes to find a big muscular Black looking down on me. Pretending I thought he was performing a public service by waking us (as I hoped 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 political club...that ways you won't have to sleep outside. Radical political organizers have places where you can stay. You'll find they generally take care of each other and the people they work with."

"What kind of work?" I corrected myself.

"Nothing much ... just handing out leaflets, putting 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 the town. He passed, so I started walking toward the Empire State Building. An old man tried to sell me a pair of shoes as I passed him, and when I stopped to tell him they wouldn't fit, I found the Black man behind me.

He seemed trustworthy, so I accepted his invitation for a bit of food in return for doing some cleanup work. His committee headquarters was a basement apartment of sorts with a sign that read 'Ad Hoc Committee to Save America'. The stairway was blocked by a chain which he replaced, much to my alarm, as soon as we had entered. I concluded I was going to get robbed, and got ready to run for it.

He turned out alright. 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 covered with posters of John and Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and several of the Black Panthers. I worked, then left him building a solid door for a back hall entrance.

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. New York is full of streets that intersect at angles, creating little squares and traffic congestions. It was the height of the noon rush hour. To the horror of some and the amusement 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 kind of sick of New York City.

### Hash formed smog

'Ten Years After' was playing that night in Central Park. Ten thousand other guys and me sat outside listening. There was so much hash and stuff being blown that a smog settled down into the valleys. The cops were cool, as long as there was no violence. This was the best part of the trip. I remember wishing that Toronto had an outdoor happening once a week too.

It was time to call the boss and arrange a rendezvous for the next day. I finally found a phone booth that was tolerable. Three out of five are used as public urinals in some areas. If one stopped to pay note, all of New York smelled of urine.

I returned to the square, where I found a whole group of guys making a stupendous noise on the Cube, (the name we had given the monument). Some of them were bombed on drugs, and had to be dragged away when the cops came again.

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 around rapping in Spanish. 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 spot where we hoped there would 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 wouldn't be too messy.

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, Jim was going to try and bum some food, Angel was going back to the monument to see what was happening and wander around. I bade them farewell, turned my back on the crystal towers of the 'Empire City', and headed for the green hills beyond the dusty, distant horizon.



were you a tree  
wood you  
bend, sway, drink  
know the earth  
through long twos  
sail white curves  
for all winter  
and greet forthcoming spring  
with soft green applause?

- John Oughton

... only the echoes of my mind.'