

Hebdo



The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of Women's Rights, with all its attendant horrors. . . . Women would become the most hateful, heartless and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex? Queen Victoria

Political consciousness permeates all aspects of Cuban daily life

Jose Marti International Airport in Havana is Cuba's window to the rest of the world, but only Russian-constructed aircraft (mainly the propeller-driven variety) travel its runways. It's a fairly small facility — neat, clean, unsophisticated — but it proudly bears the name of Cuba's most celebrated statesman of the 19th Century, the independentist Marti, who led the fight against the Spanish.

That's one of the first things you notice when you come to Cuba — the names, and the banners, the posters, statues, and memorials everywhere. "Solidarity with the Vietnamese Revolution," some of them proclaim. Over busy factory gates, "Long Live Proletarian Internationalism". A roadside plaque in Havana's university district commemorates the fact that " — a comrade fell here leading the attack on Batista's palace." And, where you might expect to see a Coca-Cola sign, instead you are reminded that this is the "Year of Socialist Emulation", part of the drive to step up production for all the people.

The visitor to Cuba is immediately struck by the vivid, colourful and assertively political art. It is a marked and welcome contrast, to the dreary commercialism that a North American is so accustomed to. But, it is only one reflection of a much deeper phenomenon — the degree to which the Cuban people, even at the grass roots level, are very politically and historically conscious. Bred of desperate and costly struggle to overcome foreign and domestic exploitation, this consciousness becomes evident in any conversation with students, with soldiers, with ordinary working people. It is common for heated political discussions to occur almost anywhere: at the airport check-out counter, along the sultry urban boulevards, lining up for ice-cream in Lenin Park, or on the smooth white beaches.

The foreign visitor, especially, encounters a friendly willingness to engage in discussion (for me, in part English, in part Spanish, and in part ad-libbed sign language). The political and general curiosity of ordinary Cubans led to more than one invitation for suppers of minced meat and rice and conversation into the early morning hours. Vietnam, Chile, Peru, Algeria, or Quebec, and the struggles going on in all these nations are the perennial topics of the day, and it goes on from sunrise to sunset.

The Cuban people seem to be acutely aware that the future of their own society depends very much on the progress of the world socialist revolution, so they follow developments elsewhere closely. They know the balance of forces in the world must shift decisively if they are to break out of their Latin American isolation and insecurity to gain access to new markets and new resources, and — though the Cubans never officially admit it — to dissolve their massive and harmful dependence on the Soviet Union.

Though the Cuban revolution has not degenerated in the manner nor even near to the degree that the Bolshevik revolution did as a result of its isolation and economic and cultural backwardness, Cuba is in constant danger of drifting in such a direction.

There are some indications of such trends occurring. One is the requirement of being "fully integrated with the revolution" through membership in the Communist Party, or deep involvement in the mass organizations, like the neighbourhood-based Committees to Defend the Revolution CDR's as an

informal prerequisite to access to, or advancement in, school or work. (The CDR's, elected at the city block level, not only guard against burglary, but also organize for the big political rallies and tend to the health needs (eg. inoculations) of the community.

Another is the minor privilege-taking that the political and military leadership indulges in, for example, in access to better transportation, driving most of the Russian and East German imports. (Remember, most of the automobiles in Cuba date before 1959 and, with no spare parts, are kept running on little more than sheer ingenuity.) The leadership also have access to (relatively) better clothing and food, and are often able to bypass the omnipresent line-ups. But, these practices are not blatantly performed, and although the masses seem to be generally aware of them, they do not arouse excessive indignation.

What is important is that no one wears the latest Parisian fashions in Cuba, or eats caviar at mealtime. Everyone has more than one change of clothing and shoes; everyone eats meat and vegetables regularly; all the children are guaranteed a quart of milk per day; and good housing continues to be constructed rapidly to try to keep up with a faster growing need. Entertainment (movies, nightclubs, etcetera) is quite inexpensive, but the line-ups, as in Canada, can be long.

The central reality is that the vanguard that led the revolution is still intact. It still pursues a proletarian internationalist foreign policy (Cuba sends more aid to Vietnam, per capita, than the Soviet Union, China, or any other individual country.) Nor has it experienced traumatic turnovers of power or purges (only the expulsion of a minor micro-faction, led by the Stalinist, Anibal Escalante in 1968, and this was seen as an anti-bureaucratic action). The leadership still commands the respect and admiration of the people. Among those that I spoke to, even the most discontented still affirmed their general support of the revolution.

It is clear that, despite whatever fantasies the CIA and Cuban exiles may harbour, any changes that occur in Cuban life will not be in the direction of re-capitalization of the economy. The gains of the revolution are too great, and the memories of "Yankee Imperialism", based on drugs, prostitution, and resource plundering, are too bitter for that to happen.

The over-riding concern expressed by Cubans was always that of the need to continue to build up the economic substructure of the island through industrial advancement, power resource development, and agricultural diversification. Cuba is still basically a one-crop island (tobacco and coffee take a back seat to sugar), and long-term contract commitments to the USSR at prices below the world market don't provide a stimulus to diversification. Second-rate equipment from the eastern bloc have made industrial transformation a slow and arduous process, as Cuba attempts to undo four and a half centuries of colonial deformation.

The accomplishment of these tasks are seen as something that could make a lot of difference in the lives of the people. They would deal with the problem of food and clothing scarcities directly, or through trade, and the present imbalance in Cuba's foreign account could be offset. And, in the long

run, it would mean increasing freedom allowing them the time and energy to demystify the political process to other currents in art and culture, and to assist further throughout Latin America.

In the meantime, the Cuban people's revolution has meant for them: free education for students on their own; free medical care for parents; free birth control information, and a guaranteed minimum standard of living throughout the country; indoor plumbing (many parts of the country); housing that allows people to participate in decision-making to a significant degree in the factories (eg. in questions of promotion) and in the schools (universities employ a parallel system of both faculty and student constituencies).

The people are quite convinced that the Cuban economy in 1961, despite the sanctions of the world, none of these things would have been possible for a poor one by our standards and the danger of

The most consistent bulwark against the spirit of the people themselves. They live in a struggle in which 20,000 of their ranks led the repelling of a CIA-organized invasion by Camillo Cienfuegos and Che Guevara.

Nevertheless, the times ahead will be a test of the objective economic and military character of the Cuban revolution. The Cuban revolution was a radical, structured, politically uneven, and perhaps incomplete. There was an absence of experience or mechanism to prepare the masses to administer the revolution unchallenged towards the world. It has also led to political instability (junta regimes in Peru and Panama) and movements across the world.

Only a complete opening up of the political process would solve the problem. The encouragement of opposition ideas with free access to all foreign leftwing thought remains unlikely that these developments will meet the state's economic priorities, plus the

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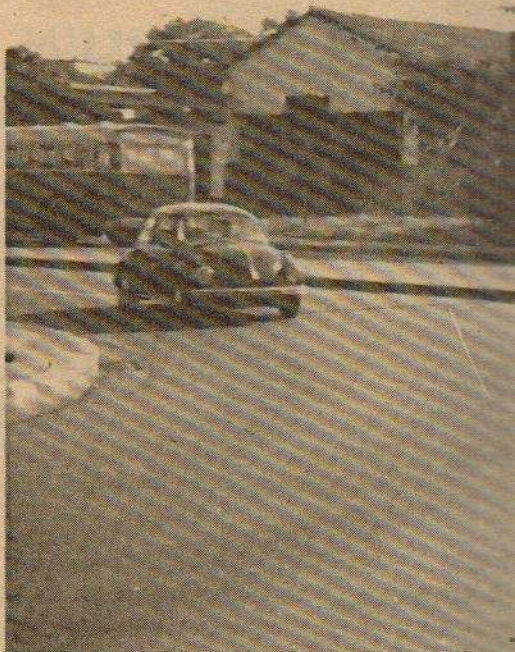
Revolutionary slogans

USSR's influence, but maintained that Cuba was still a socialist state (e.g. those countries that have socialized their means of production) and that it continued to enjoy relative autonomy in the face of the world, not stooping to the reactionary "peaceful co-existence" policy of the big brothers.

Of course, we talked about Quebec and English Canada. I was quite optimistic about the future of the radical movement in Quebec, the spring's general strike plus the recent adoption of socialist principles by the Common Front unions recently as real turning points in the development of the petit bourgeois nationalist Parti Quebecois of the next couple of years to coincide with the emergence of a new party from the local Political Action Committees (CAP's).

His orientation now was towards mass action politics, away from the terrorist past. He said that the only value that his cell had was in that it was politically educational, showing the way to crush any growing independentist sentiment and the need to unify the disunited and incoherent FLQ. Now, most of the work is operating at the trade union base.

Although Lanctot looks forward to the day he can return to socialist Quebec, he made it clear that he was committed to the revolution.



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The over-riding concern expressed by Cubans was always that of the need to continue to build up the economic substructure of the island through industrial advancement, power resource development, and agricultural diversification. Cuba is still basically a one-crop island (tobacco and coffee take a back seat to sugar), and long-term contract commitments to the USSR at prices below the world market don't provide a stimulus to diversification. Second-rate equipment from the eastern bloc have made industrial transformation a slow and arduous process, as Cuba attempts to undo four and a half centuries of colonial deformation.

The accomplishment of these tasks are seen as something that could make a lot of difference in the lives of the people. They would deal with the problem of food and clothing scarcities directly, or through trade, and the present imbalance in Cuba's foreign account could be offset. And, in the long

run, it would mean increasing freedom from the drudgery of menial labour, allowing them the time and energy to democratize production and Party life, to open up the political process to other currents, to experiment even more widely in art and culture, and to assist further in the spreading of the revolution throughout Latin America.

In the meantime, the Cuban people adamantly defend the gains that the revolution has meant for them: free education plus a living allowance for students on their own; free medical care; free day care facilities for working parents; free birth control information, devices, and abortion on demand; a guaranteed minimum standard of living that includes the old, the disabled, and the mentally disturbed; indoor plumbing and electricity (for the first time in many parts of the country); housing that is virtually rent-free; and a chance to participate in decision-making to a significant degree in the neighbourhoods, in the factories (eg. in questions of promotion, rewards, et cetera), and especially in the schools (universities employ a parallel power structure giving vetoes to both faculty and student constituencies on important matters).

The people are quite convinced that without nationalization of the economy in 1961, despite the sanctions that it evoked from the imperialist world, none of these things would have been possible. But the country is still a poor one by our standards and the danger of bureaucratization is ever present.

The most consistent bulwark against bureaucracy is the revolutionary spirit of the people themselves. They live with the memory of a tremendous struggle in which 20,000 of their ranks lost their lives in the liberation war, of the repelling of a CIA-organized invasion, and of revolutionaries such as Camillo Cienfuegos and Che Guevara.

Nevertheless, the times ahead will be difficult for Cuba, not only because of the objective economic and military conditions, but also because of its history. The Cuban revolution was rurally based and fairly spontaneous in character. The July 26 Movement, embodying the vanguard, was very loosely structured, politically uneven, and performed primarily a military function. There was an absence of experience or means of creating consciousness which would prepare the masses to administer their own society. This absence left unchallenged the development towards the "personal" leadership of Fidel and his revolutionary colleagues rather than the emergence of lasting democratic institutions. It has also led to political inconsistency (eg. support for the "left" junta regimes in Peru and Panama) and a certain isolation from workers' movements across the world.

Only a complete opening up of the political process in Cuba can solve this problem. The encouragement of opposition groupings to form and debate their ideas with free access to all foreign leftwing publications is clearly central. But it remains unlikely that these developments will occur in the short run, given the state's economic priorities, plus the influence of the Soviet Union.

This was the assessment not only of many Cubans, but also of many of the political refugees resident in Cuba with whom I spoke. The most interesting discussion I had was with Jacques Lanctot, formerly with the FLQ, now serving as a translator for the Cuban government. He too was quite critical of the



Revolutionary slogans, like this one urging solidarity with Vietnam, punctuate Cuban streets.

USSR's influence, but maintained that Cuba was still the best of the workers' states (e.g. those countries that have socialized their means of production), and that it continued to enjoy relative autonomy in the field of foreign policy, never stooping to the reactionary "peaceful co-existence" line of its bureaucratized big brothers.

Of course, we talked about Quebec and English Canada too. Lanctot felt quite optimistic about the future of the radical movement in Quebec, seeing last spring's general strike plus the recent adoption of socialist manifestoes by the Common Front unions recently as real turning points. He predicted a split from the petit bourgeois nationalist Parti Québécois of its leftwing elements in the next couple of years to coincide with the emergence of a mass labour party from the local Political Action Committees (CAP's).

His orientation now was towards mass action politics, having rejected his terrorist past. He said that the only value that his cell's action two Octobers ago had was in that it was politically educational, showing Ottawa's determination to crush any growing independentist sentiment and that it led to the dissolution of the disunified and incoherent FLQ. Now, most of its former activists are operating at the trade union base.

Although Lanctot looks forward to the day he can return to an independent, socialist Quebec, he made it clear that he was comfortable in Cuba, that he

enjoyed its slower pace of life, and liked particularly his access to information on world events. He said it was like "being at the centre of things."

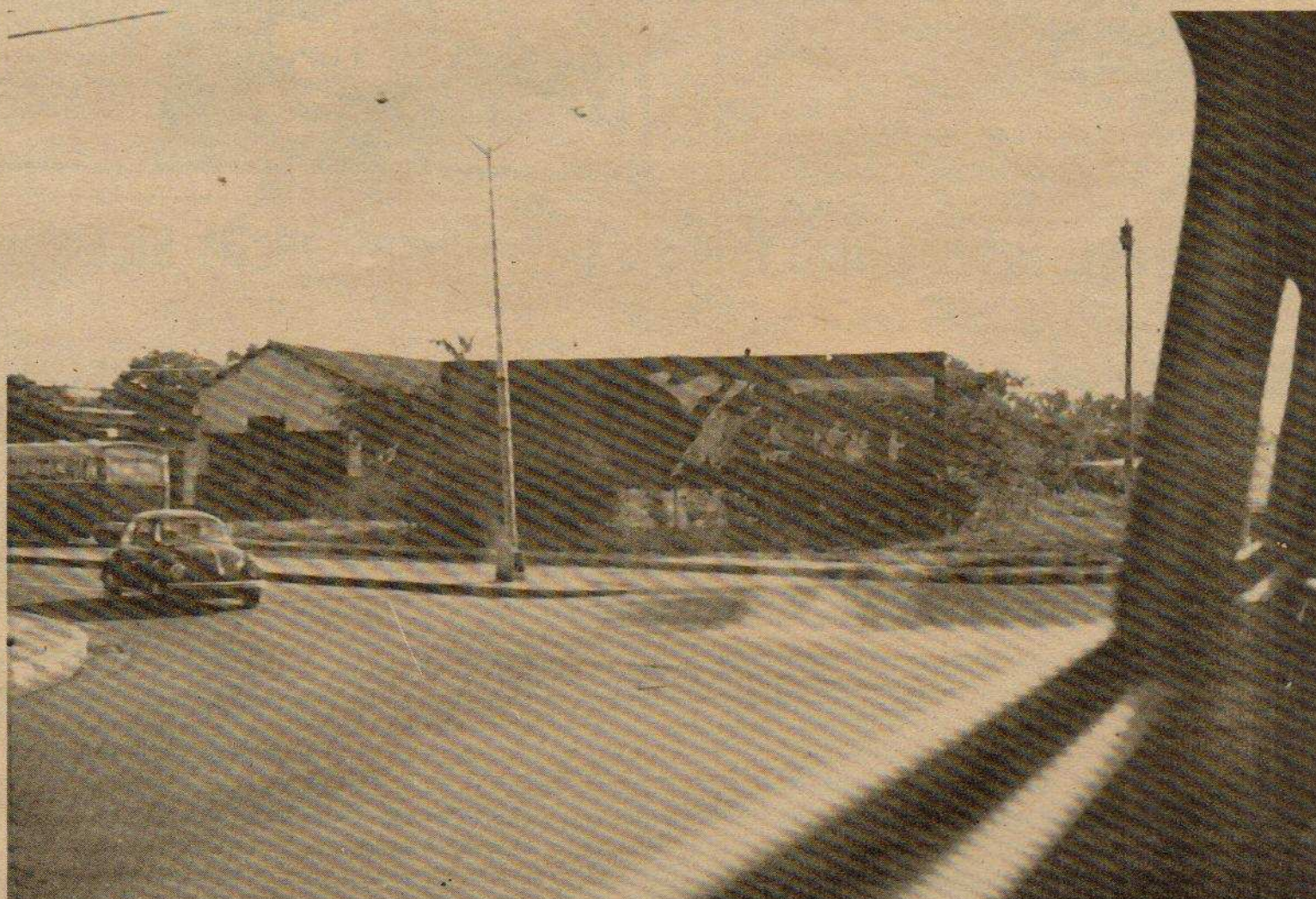
Despite CIA-inspired myths to the contrary, political refugees, like Lanctot, are being treated well in Cuba. They have work, housing, and a steady income. The only problem is that it tends to overburden an already weak economy, and so the Cubans are now reluctant to welcome such immigrants.

As well, they'd feel relieved to be able to get rid of most of the bourgeois elements disinherited by the revolution who also prove a nagging burden on the state, but the United States won't take them, nor will anyone else.

When will prosperity come to Cuba! When will the revolution be complete! And how can socialists elsewhere aid the Cuban cause! Perhaps the best answer to these questions came from Jacques Lanctot. The day before I left Cuba to return home I asked him, in the presence of some Cuban comrades, what could be done in Canada to best aid the Cubans in their struggle. "Make the revolution here," he replied. The comrades nodded their agreement.

Barry Weisleder

Barry Weisleder is a student at Glendon College. He visited Cuba in August.



Jose Martí airport symbolizes the unity of the revolutionary traditions of the past and the struggles of the present.

Elton John's fireworks flash through lyrics

Before fame and fortune found Elton John, he was just a pudgy keyboard man known as Reginald Dwight, Reggie was an unspectacular boy who often worked as a studio sideman. Early experience in the recording studio was gained in a most unlikely manner - he recorded cover versions of pop songs - you know those albums you find in the supermarket with "30 top chartbusters" and the like. Well somebody somewhere has a copy of Elton John trying his damndest to sound like Little Stevie Wonder.

Reggie wasn't doing all that well when he saw an advertisement looking for composers to set lyrics to music. He could write music but never had much luck

with lyrics so he answered the ad and was introduced to a lyricist named Bernie Taupin who couldn't write music. The rest is history.

Taupin writes the lyrics first. He starts with a title idea and expands from there. The completed lyrics are then sent to Elton John who composes the melodies from the first line down. The pair always work completely separately. Elton writes the music at an unbelievably ferocious pace and most songs are completed in a half to three quarters of an hour, some sooner. You can appreciate the genius of the composition by following the words to some of their better songs. The phrasings are woven into the melody with a deftness and

balance that's absolutely uncanny.

Honky Chateau (MCA), is the sixth and latest album for Elton John and Bernie Taupin. Like each of its predecessors this is a distinctive sounding work which carefully avoids tried and true production paths.

Personnel on this album has been limited to a small core group consisting of Nigel Olsson, Dee Murray and Davey Johnstone (all of whom are with Elton on his current tour). Gus Dudgeon, Elton's indispensable control room wonder, is producer once again. There are some

notable omissions too. Arranger Paul Buckmaster who added the lavish string sections to many of Elton's successful recordings is missing as is guitarist Caleb Quaye, who until Honky Chateau played fantastic lead riffs and acoustic rhythms on all the studio produced albums. **Allan Mandell**

Stones are rolling downhill

The front cover of the Rolling Stones double album, **Exile on Main St.**, is made up of a number of photos of circa 1930 sideshow acts and freaks. The pictures are black and white and grainy. The back cover blends into the front but is made up of fuzzy shots of the Stones with torn edges. It's a sloppy package, indicative of the production and composition to be found inside.

This album is a four sided disappointment. The vocals have been carelessly miked rendering almost all the lyrics muddy or inaudible — a far cry from the excellence and clarity of the Stones' last few releases.

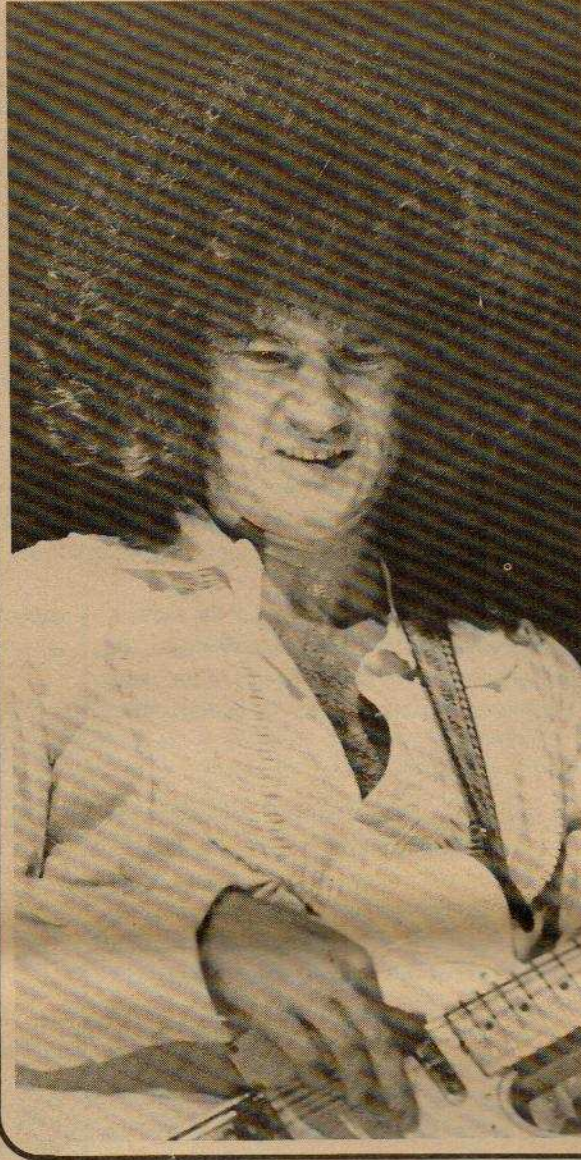
Were the only difficulty with this set the atrocious vocal quality, I might be inclined to be somewhat forgiving (albeit frustrated), but the compositions - all by Jagger and Richards - are second rate musically (perhaps lyrically as well if they could be deciphered). Most of the blame for the final product rests with Mick Jagger and the rest belongs to producer Jimmy Miller. The musicians include Nicky Hopkins, Jim Price and Bobby Keys - they accompanied the Stones on tour too. The melodies and arrangements are trite and offer few opportunities to exploit the band's talents.

The better tracks are oddly the first and last cuts on each of the four sides, and only side four is bearable in its entirety. The fillers on the first side are disgraceful examples of static rock.

It's strange that such a weak album, offering an ineffectual Mick Jagger was released before the Stones American tour. In concert in Toronto, Jagger was a dynamic satanic force, smoothly manipulative and unshakably in control. I can only surmise the album was rushed to release. You might be able to put together a short album by discriminating choice from among the eighteen songs on Exile, but even at that, most cuts would need more work to bring them up to standards.

Allan Mandell

Applause thunders for Charlebois



The Varsity — Christine Sosnowski

Quebecois singer Robert Charlebois' controlled performance at Massey Hall last Saturday night evoked two encores and a standing ovation amidst thundering applause from the predominantly French-speaking audience.

Fuzzi-haired Charlebois, 28, in a white Indian shirt and brown and white palomine, studded trousers began the concert with "Conception", a bouncy, carumba-like song off his new album. He was backed up by a six-man group which gave a free-flowing jazz flavour to the music.

Charlebois' movements on stage give the semblance of being calculated to produce a super-star effect. His energy is not total and his physical involvement not complete, but rather comes in spurts.

Undisputedly, Charlebois does possess a good strong voice which carries itself in English as well as French but his chansons francaises were soothingly sentimental and had more interesting musical arrangements.

Charlebois, who said in a press conference that he was interested in communicating in another language, alternated introductions in French and English and sang two new English compositions "Hallowe'en in Hollywood" and "The Greatest Idea".

It is somewhat confusing, however, as to just what Charlebois wishes to communicate. The lyrics in "Hallowe'en in Hollywood" lament the passing of a gloried Hollywood era.

Often the music to his songs will be serious, whereas the words are absurd, and he frequently uses joul, a slang peculiar to French Canada.

Although Charlebois is the only rock hero to emerge recently from French Canada, he surprisingly did very little political material. That may not be his objective at all. His audience was more than satisfied with the style and content of Saturday evening's concert.

Christine Sosnowski

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New Programme Review Committee Solicits Views

The Terms of Reference of the Committee include:

1) GATHERING OF INFORMATION:

- Enrolment patterns
- Staff and Student attitudes to the New Programme
- Views on objectives

2) ORGANIZATIONAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE FACTORS INFLUENCING EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMMES:

- Effects of sponsorship of teaching by separately financed Divisions
- The Role of the Colleges
- Counselling
- Part-time Studies

The Committee would like to receive written statements of views and relevant documents from individuals or groups of individuals. They should be sent, before October 30, 1972, to the

3) CURRICULUM :

- Specialization, Generalization, and Suggested Programmes
- The role of the Fourth Year
- Pre-professional Programmes
- Standing and Credit System
- Procedures for Curriculum Development
- Interdisciplinary Studies

4) MODES OF INSTRUCTION AND EVALUATION

Secretary to the Committee, Mr. R. Dolan, c/o Office of the Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science, Sidney Smith Hall.

Women rewrite history...

The Canadian left has often been criticised for its U.S.-oriented analyses of Canadian society and the problems that confront it. While much of this criticism has been directed to writing off what the left has to say as somehow irrelevant to Canada, nevertheless, it has been taken seriously. In response, independent progressive groups have begun to gather the relevant facts and formulate their own theories and strategies.

To do so, it has been necessary to investigate such questions as the roles that the bourgeoisie played in the economic development of Canada, and to understand the history of labour movements, suffrage movements and anti-communist attacks. In order to develop a strategy, the history of Canada needs to be re-investigated and fundamentally re-written.

Women Unite! is an early product of that process. The history of women has been written to a large extent by men — exceptions are primarily the journals and diaries of the ladies of the privileged classes. Existing volumes of Canadian history make very little reference to the day-to-day lives of women and the working class. As history reveals it, they were not involved in the establishment of this country.

Women Unite! attempts to fill part of the gap in Canadian women's history. This anthology represents the first major bringing together of experiences and thoughts of Canadian women. Some of the material in this volume has been floating around in left circles for several years, and has undergone a process of criticism and rethinking and rewriting. All the work done to produce the book comes from women who have participated in the women's liberation movement — people who believe that oppression can be overcome only through a radical and fundamental change in the structure of our society. The strategy for such a change varies from



place to place and from woman to woman. Women Unite! provides a view of an overall strategy with varying components.

The introduction to the book chronologically outlines and analyzes how the women's movement in Canada emerged from the peace movement in the early 60's. The first section of the book is a chronological account of women's role in Canadian history. However, there is a time gap between the suffrage movement and the beginnings of the New Left.

The rest of the book is directed to strategy and discusses (1) alternatives to the family, (2) economics of working women, and (3) politics of sex. This anthology, like other women's anthologies, presents theoretical, historical, personal, and artistic pieces of work. The significant difference between this book and other women's books is that Women Unite! is

distinctly Canadian.

The writing, editing, proof-reading, et cetera were done by the press collective. It is significant that women have had to produce their own material for their existence to be recorded. At the same time, Women Unite! does not attempt to flatter or exaggerate the role and contributions that women make or have made.

The social criticisms are levelled not at Men — but rather at the capitalist system. The book emphasizes the need for human beings to function co-operatively, for children to be treated like people, and for men and women to break down stereotyped images of themselves. Articles criticize the loss of sensitivity and emotion particularly in the male and the repression of overt aggressiveness and decisiveness in the female.

The Press Collective makes no pretence that the women's movement has been centered anywhere except in the university and the middle class — and the book reflects this. Nor does it address itself to questions about native women or to Quebec. Even so, many basic questions are raised about the direction of social change.

The critical analysis and questioning in Women Unite! is of a completely different order to that in the Lace Ghetto. The Lace Ghetto to some extent is a personification of imagery of a woman — glossy, frilly, expensive. It's a swank coffee table book which somehow legitimizes the discussion of "what do the women want anyway" for the upper middle classes more than a cheap paperback might. Both the Lace Ghetto and Women

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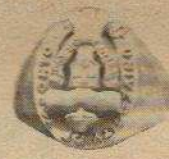
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... examining the role of women

Unite! claim to be the first Canadian women's liberation publication. One is a fun book full of pictures, the other is full of words and ideas. They compliment each other very well.

The Lace Ghetto offers no analysis — the pictures and reproductions of advertisements speak very clearly for themselves. The authors very skillfully chose and organized statements and pictures and interviews so that the reader very easily feels empathy for the

"repressed women". The book describes the world as it is and the power of the book forces an awareness of what is. It does not provide any analysis, explanations, or suggest alternatives.

The historical section of the Lace Ghetto is its most interesting. In it, the role of violence is discussed by Nellie Hall-Humpherson, a militant organizer for the Women's Social and Political Union (an English suffragist group). Even though she herself has smashed windows, was jailed

et cetera she feels that she had a right to do so, because women then had no part in making the law. But — the interview reveals — she feels that women now have the vote so that they participate in some way in making laws, therefore women's liberation groups should not break any laws.

The pictures and statements from the 1900's show a marked similarity with pictures and advertisements in 1970's magazines. The Lace Ghetto provides a

visual presentation of the fact that women's rights and social positions and roles have not substantially changed.

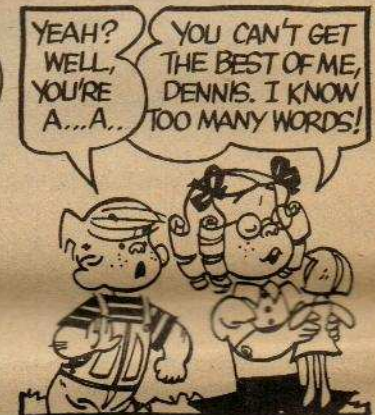
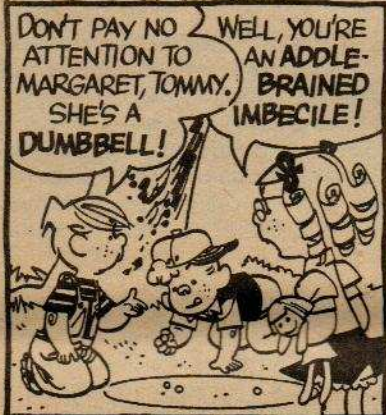
However, the appearance of these books is a strong indication that women are not prepared to tolerate their oppression much longer.

Ceta Ramkhalawansingh
Women Unite!, Toronto Women's Educational Press, \$3.00. *The Lace Ghetto*, by Maxine Nunes and Deanna White, New Press, \$7.95

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Dennis the Menace

by Hank Ketcham



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Women in love: frustration, pain, and rage

ISN'T IT FULFILLING TO BE IN LOVE?

She: I think he loves me.
Do you love me?
He: Yes, I love you.
You are beautiful.
She: I feel so good. He loves me.
I am worth something.
I feel so good,
I love him.
He: I love you but I have important things to do.
She: Talk to me, because I love you.
He: You are a good listener, but I have to read the newspaper.
She: (The newspaper is more important than I am.)
He: Your liberation is impossible without my liberation.
She: So what is important is I should strive for your liberation.
He: You're always trying to prove you're equal.
She: No, I'm always trying to remind you I'm equal.
You seem to forget.
He: You're very bright. How amusing!
She: You're very bright. I am impressed.
He: Does that mean you love me?
She: Sometimes I think I hate you.
He: You're castrating.
She: My psychiatrist calls it penis envy.
He: What's the matter with you?
She: I'm not sure. I'm always dissatisfied.
He: What do you want anyway?
She: A friend. Some intellectual stimulation.
He: I can give you stimulation.
She: I am not a sex object.
He: You can't take a joke.
She: You are a joke.
He: You're very hostile.
Your problems are of their own making.
She: What's the matter with me?
He: Let me tell you...
She: You always want to be on top.
He: That's where I belong.
She: Because you love me.
He: That's right.
She: But I'm despicable. What's the matter with you?
He: I like you in spite of yourself.
She: Thank you, thank you very much. I love you.
You're so kind.

(Somehow, I'm not sure).

Lynn Lang
reprinted from Women Unite!
Canadian Women's Educational Press
1972

MY FRUSTRATION

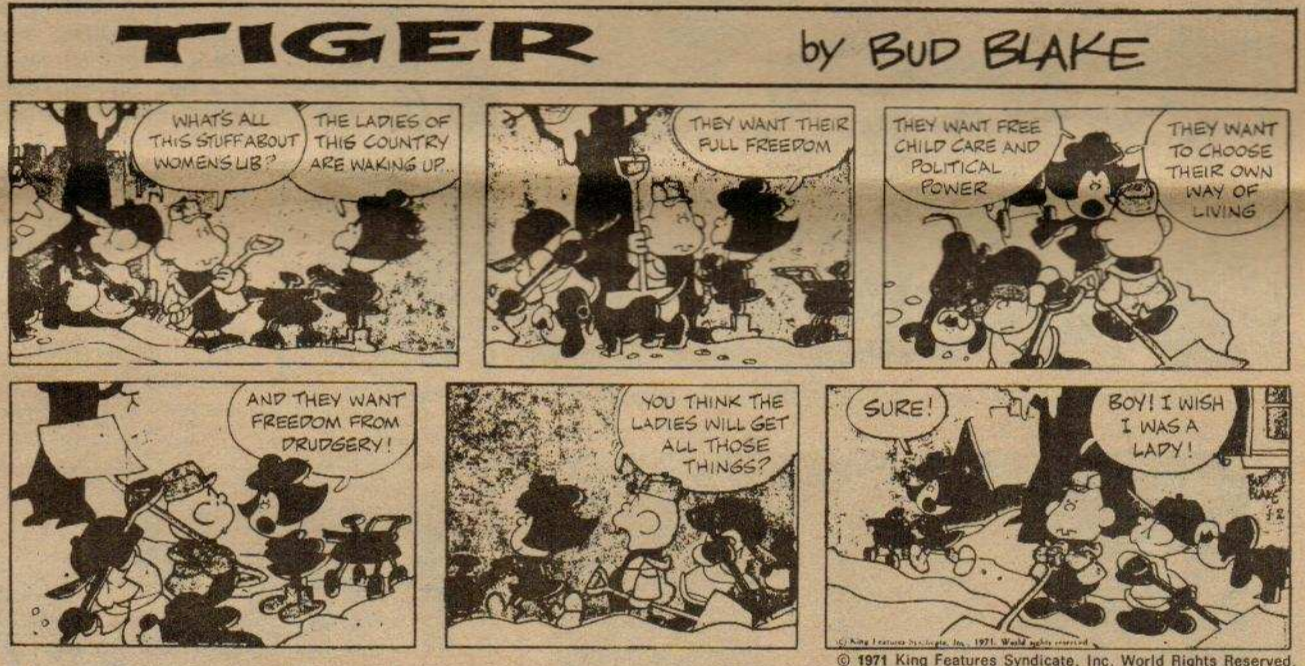
I am not in this world to live down to your expectations
your flirtations
your imitations—
to abide by your decisions
to accept your derision
of my decisions
to believe your accusation
of castration
to deny my frustration
to condone your endless evasion
to believe your protestation
that your intention
isn't circumvention
it's not why I'm here
it's not
it's not
it's not

FOR A SISTER

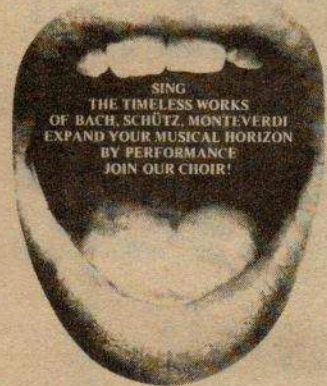
Finally the dishes are done,
Floor swept
Children bathed and put to bed.
At last there is time for coffee, cigarettes
And quiet talk between us.
(*Woman stuff — the men would say).
Tonight you tell me how it was when you
were young and single (as the saying goes)
Describing parties, dances, love affairs
Your face alive and laughing
With memories of what seems far away—
Until you rise, your body heavy with another child,
And I remember:
You are not yet twenty.

Bronwen Wallace
reprinted from Women Unite!
Canadian Women's Educational Press

1972



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He (Jesus) said to them, But whom say you that I am?
Peter answering said, The Christ of God
Luke 9:20

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Farm's fresh air triumphs over Foul Play

Two new shows of some significance opened last week, *Foul Play* at Factory Theatre Lab and *The Farm Show* at Theatre Passe Muraille.

Foul Play admirably describes Lawrence Russell's play. It is chock full of dirt of various sorts, sexual perversion, weird fantasies and enthusiastically degenerate decadence. It is definitely an urban comedy, replete with those strange

freaks one sees skulking around corners in the inner city. In fact, some of the five separate scenes that make up the play seem to be so shrouded in urban smog that their meaning becomes totally obscured.

In refreshing contrast to this urban blight stands *The Farm Show*, which, to dust off the hoary cliché, is a breath of fresh air.

The show is a collection of vignettes, skits and monologues about country life. The cast gathered their material during a summer's sojourn in the Clinton area of southwestern Ontario. The author, Paul Thompson, should actually be called an editor because all the dialogue consists of the words of the people of the region talking about their way of life.

The show could have been a rip-off of farm life by presenting only a superficial romanticized view gained from a short visit. Fortunately, editor Thompson seems to have been aware of that danger. In addition to the folksy barn dances and

Orange Day parades, he provides sights of the other side of farming. He includes a sequence on the dreariness and enforced insularity of winter with people crawling around from box to box on the stage. The troupe also mimes a farm accident in which a man is killed while trying to repair a moving binder.

The atmosphere surrounding the farms folk of Clinton is dignified, decent and much more desirable than that which cloaks the characters in *Foul Play*.

Rob Martin



Valri Eromfield and David Clement frolic in Lawrence Russell's *Foul Play*.

Two French-Canadian plays zero in on Quebec's despair

The Theatre du P'tit Bonheur started off an ambitious second season last Thursday night with two disturbing plays by Quebec playwright Jean Barbeau. Both *Solange* and *Goglu* bring us into the world of a lonely individual who finds no gratification in the reality of his milieu. Each main character is a misfit who has resorted to fantasy and illusion in order to survive. At critical moments, however, they cannot hide their misery and frustration. In the silence of a barren forest where we see a single park bench, we learn of their dreams and disappointments.

Louise Nolan gives a very engaging portrayal of Solange. In her monologue, she takes us, her imaginary listeners, through her past. We learn of the influence convent life has had on her, not only from the details given, but also from her wide-eyed girlishness. She is now a twenty-seven year old woman, who, despite her background, has encountered sexual perversion, censure, and rejection. The different aspects of Solange's character make us laugh at one time, and shock us at another. A profound sensitivity to the character's way of thinking adds to its dramatic potential.

In *Goglu*, we witness an exchange between a nervous, sexually frustrated young bachelor, and his easygoing buddy, Godbout. As Goglu, Daniel Daylva stresses a sense of feeling trapped by his hyperactive manner. The character tries to fill the space and silence around him, just as he tries to fill his inner emptiness with fantasies. He cannot pretend indefinitely that he is satisfied. As his emotional crisis intensifies, it stands out in relief beside the insensitive complacency of Godbout. The exchanges between the two friends have been well timed by director Jean Van Curek. Less original and polished a performance than *Solange*, on the whole, *Goglu* still makes its point about loneliness.

The milieu described in the two plays is distinctly Quebecois. Those francophones attending will immediately notice the dialect and idioms used by French Canadians. There are numerous references to traditional pillars of Quebec society—its church, its rural attitudes, and its long-term rejection of the new and different.

Eleanor Coleman



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Cartoon-like hero time-trips to war

Slaughterhouse Five lays grim Dresden holocaust to comic rest.

Billy Pilgrim, the hero of *Slaughterhouse Five*, is lying unconscious in a double hospital room in the late 1960s. He shares the room with a Harvard military historian who is visited by his young Radcliffe-student wife. The two of them are discussing the old hawk's recent book on the bombing of Dresden, and how publication was so long delayed by all the bleeding-heart liberals. Billy comes alert for the first time when he hears what they are talking about and says quietly, "I was there." This isn't heard, and the old man continues to praise the military operation. "I was there", Billy says again.

"What's he say?" asks the old hawk.

"He says he was there", his wife answers.

After a brief silence, the historian says, "Well, let him write his own book!"

The scene is like one a rural friend of mine regularly creates by announcing in the presence of guests that there are too many people around. We all then pretend nothing was said, or nothing personal was meant, or anything that will side-step the obvious knives. It is Kurt Vonnegut's and screen-writer Stephen Geller's artistry that they parry with such elan; it is their failure that, like us, they have no idea what else to do.

So it goes with *Slaughterhouse Five*. It is such clever satire that one almost forgets that is all it is, that one mustn't look for passion, drama, heart or balls, because that is not the kind of show one has gone to. Think of *Slaughterhouse* in terms of *Strangelove*, not *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

Having said that, I am robbed of much of my copy, because character is not an element of satire, and I respond primarily to character. With the exception of Billy, everyone is a type, sometimes a very funny type, sometimes a dead horse type. And Billy, while he has a history, wears it in a way that invites little empathy.

Billy Pilgrim has seen the horror and it has turned him off like a faucet. He has an accepting, vaguely stunned manner, like a 1972 version of *The Pawnbroker*. The difference is (and perhaps it is a difference between the sixties and the seventies), it doesn't trouble him much, and therefore doesn't really trouble us all that much. At one point we share Billy's premonition of the imminent crash of his plane, but it doesn't raise goose bumps because Billy is essentially a cartoon (or at least a devotee of a philosophical sect so different from ours that he is like someone from space), and we all know that cartoon characters do not die.

So we can watch the scenes of bombed-out Dresden and not be horrified, which, if it seems like some kind of moral failure on the film's or on our part, is also a serious relief. (I write that having last night seen *Deliverance* which affected me not unlike bad stomach flu, and which I would recommend about the same way I would recommend sleeping with someone who has gonorrhoea.)

Enough nay-saying. You won't go wrong seeing



Billy Pilgrim scours ruins of fire-bombed Dresden for wartime mementos in Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*

Slaughterhouse Five. It provides more to think about than most current films. Tralfamadorian philosophy (conceived by Vonnegut and proscribed to by Billy Pilgrim) makes as much sense as common knowledge does. Ondricek's photography visualizes the film's diffidence well, Glenn Gould's music adds, and the actors do what they are given to do. Director George Roy Hill (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) very deftly keeps

the incredibly intricate plot from tripping over itself, which is no mean feat. And, some of the laughs are deep, healthy and uncomfortable, comedy laughs as opposed to gag (Woody Allen is a first-rate gag writer, Vonnegut writes comedy.) *Slaughterhouse Five* is really quite a good film. It's just that Nietzsche seemed to have it in mind when he wrote that a joke is the epitaph of an emotion.

bob bossin

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Watsup

movies

A Fan's Notes has its premiere (and possibly only) engagement starting tonight at the International Cinema. One wants to say something nice about it, in part because Eric Till lives here, in part because his previous movies **Hot Millions** and **The Walking Stick** were pretty humane for their genres, and in part because a good comedy director has decided to really do something serious. Mainly, however, one wants **A Fan's Notes** to succeed because of the hassles and butchery the film has gone through in the three years since it was begun. Scenes cut by the studio distributor because they made the hero less sympathetic, that kind of thing.

So, one wants to say something nice, but I'm sorry, it is an awful movie, and not just because of studio censorship. You just can't fill all the extra and bit parts with starlets, you can't make nearly every scene an interior decorator's dream, you can't get away with satire, glib dialogue, sharp focus technicolour, easy listening music and expect to say something about an alcoholic failure. I am not universally down on slick, big-screen serious pictures. In fact, I am a sucker for them. But it takes a juggler like Schlesinger or Losey to keep it all balanced, and, though his intentions are admirable, Till is just not in that league. With Jerry Orbach and a very sympathetic performance by Patricia Collins. \$2.50.

If... It struck me recently that I had not learned to hate until high school, and that my five years at N.T.C.I. had taught me rebellion. So I am a mark for If... I like the movie so much I make no pretence at being objective. I think that it must be a good film and that Lindsay Anderson deserves his reputation, and I am sure that he sees how limited, how reactionary, the film's vision is. But that is all defence. The fact is, that's me up on the roof giving it to the principal right in the middle of his status-quo, liberalizing forehead.

On the same bill is **Zero de Conduite**, Vigo's short 1933 film of a schoolboy rebellion, which I hear is even better than If... Showing Thursday, \$1.50, at OISE, right in the belly of the beast.

Bedazzles. Dudley Moore as Faust in the guise of a London postman, asks Peter Cook as Satan, also dressed as a postman, to explain The Fall. Cook says he will demonstrate and hops up on a mailbox, assuming the role of God on His throne. "Now, dance around praising me", he says. Moore shuffles a bit singing, "You're great! You're terrific!", then stops. "Go

on", orders Cook. "No", answers Moore, "I'm getting bored." "Exactly!", says Cook, jumping down off the mailbox. Roxy, Thursday, 99 c.

Naked Came the Maple Leaf. This weekend two experimental films, David Cronenberg's sparse, eerie **Crimes of the Future**, and Joyce Wieland's film of Pierre Vallieres' words and mouth. Also Bob Fothergill's CBC news special from the day Canada joined the United States, **Countdown Canada**. Vallieres and Countdown at 8:00, Crimes at 10:00, Poor Alex, \$1.50. Starting Tuesday, Peter Rowes Neon Palace, with Rowe present opening night, in the flesh.

rock

Eric Anderson is back at the Riverboat, 134 Yorkville (922-6216) until Sunday. Accompanying himself on guitar and occasionally piano, Anderson weaves a poetic web over an enthusiastic audience. His set on Tuesday included older material as well as songs from his new album **Blue River**. His compositions are gentle and thoughtful, with **Blue River** and **Faithful** being standouts that night. **Violets of Dawn** was an unexpected opening bonus that was smoothly and emotionally performed and brought back acres of good memories. It's probably be crowded so get there early. The Columbia album **Blue River** is well produced to the point of old-shoe-comfort. Piano and background vocals, especially on **Round the Bend** and the title song are perfect in every way. Peter Thom, a native Montrealer with an even, pleasant voice and an album on U.A. to prove it's also on the bill with Anderson. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee will be featured October 3 thru 22.

music

The Canadian Opera Company faithfully continues its productions of "our favourite operas": **Tosca** at 2 pm Saturday and **Siegfried** that night at 8 pm sharp. **Aida** is on Monday night at 8:15, **La Boheme**, Sunday night, 8:15, **Tosca** (haven't I seen that name somewhere before?) on Wednesday evening, 8:15 and **Aida** Thursday evening, 8:15.

The Metro United Church is hosting their first "Chancel Concert" this Sunday at 8:30 pm at \$1 for students. There's a Monday organ recital by Mel Cook at 8:30 pm at his favourite organ, \$1 for students.

A reminder that October 2 is the date on

which free reserved tickets for the October 21 concert of the U of T Symphony become available.

I am going to try to make mention of CBC-FM highlights here every week, as the best musical offerings in the city can often be had at 94.1 millihertz on your FM dial. CJRT also has ample classical selections, items like their recent "Bruno Walter Legacy" being pure inspirations on someone's part. Actually, Allan Ludden is the program director and deserves a hefty pat on the back for his devotion to the airing of serious music.

On CBC, watch for the Atlantic Symphony's first concert next Friday, at 6:30. Saturday's **New Records** at 4:00 is one of the most enjoyable programs on the network and serves the purpose of a record column, but with audio accompaniment. Always, if you can, tune in to **BBC Concert** on Sundays at noon. The concerts feature name-brand orchestras, conductors and soloists who appear regularly in London. Bob Kerr's **Off the Record**, weekdays at 11:00, is an absorbing, unpretentious but not uneducating hour of his own records — a mile and a half above Clyde Gilmour's cozy, docile my-favourite-tenor flummery and his card-index of records no longer in the catalogue.

Try to avoid **Afternoon Concert**, unless you can suffer the insufferable, stifling antics of the two prissy hosts, always neatly stepping on each other's toes and apologizing to no end for no reason. They are the reigning Embarrassments of the CBC, but I don't think they know it. The problem is, the music is usually first-rate — for example, one current theme is Great Chamber Music and they have dared to play Bartok's third string quartet. Usually there has to be some audacious pretext to play things "radical".

Listen for the CBC Vancouver Chamber Orchestra with John Avison. They are a masterful little group of musicians who know as well as some of the best chamber groups from Germany what they are doing when the play Haydn.

art

Aggregation Gallery — gallery one, major works by Gallery Artists in a wide variety of media are planned; gallery two, David Barnett, **Soft Focus Realism** is the focus of his acrylics on canvas. Both are from October 4 to 21.

Albert White Gallery—Continues with **Primitive Art of Nigeria** until October 5.

Art Gallery of Ontario — **French Master Drawings of the 17th and 18th Centuries in North American Collections**, until October 15. We are still planning a review of this and the following show: **Ontario Society of Artists Exhibit**.

Artist's Workshop — Rather proud of the fact that its their twenty-first birthday this year, the gallery is offering over 100 courses and a new Craftsmen's Workshop. A new gallery, Gallery Three and an Art Supply store are to open in late September (around now) at Bloor and Brunswick.

Hart House Gallery—Recent Acquisitions. Until October 6.

Scarborough College — **Arcadia-Olenska-Petryshyn**, a show of paintings, closing today.

Morris Gallery — **The Romantic**

Century: 19th Century European Drawings and Small Paintings. This is their second show of this kind, included in which are a few oil paintings from the School of Fontainebleau — Diaz, Daubigny, Harpegnies. The drawings cover the whole period from neo-classicism to art nouveau. It opens tomorrow and closes October 14.

Toronto Gallery of Photography — Just to let photo buffs know that the operation is alive and receptive. Their gallery bookstore now stocks over 200 titles.

Victoria College — Douglas Martin, paintings, until October 20. (We led you to believe it closed September. 20 last week.)

Isaacs Gallery — Indian Miniature and Tantric Art, October 7.

N.B. We are looking for art reviewers (because they are obviously not looking for us) and although a familiarity with the local art scene is preferable, a willingness to respond (to use the current lingo) is all that is absolutely necessary. Phone Ian Scott at 231-0673 or 923-8741.

Ian Scott

theatre

Solange and Golgu are two one-act looks at life in Quebec (in French) at Le Theatre du P'tit Bonheur, 95 Danforth Avenue, until October 7.

The Rothschilds fold their money bags and silently slip away Saturday at the Royal Alexandra. **How the Other Half Loves** opens Wednesday. 363-4211.

Godspell has left the Alex for the Playhouse Theatre, 1605 Bayview Ave. Tuesday through Friday at 8:30 pm Saturday at 6:30 and 9:30 pm, Sunday at 3 and 7:30 pm.

Leaving Home is back home after a summer vacation, at the Tarragon Theatre, 30 Bridgman Ave., Tuesday through Saturday at 8:30 pm Sunday at 2:30 pm, it's pay-what-you-can.

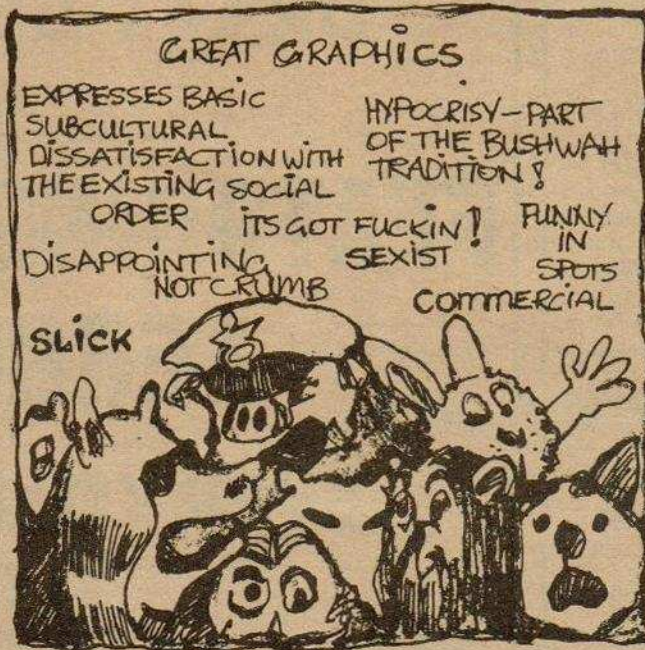
The Hypochondriac, a translation of Moliere's **Le Malade Imaginaire**, finally dies Saturday at the Colonnade Theatre. Wednesday Carlo Goldoni's **Mirandolina** opens for a month's run. 925-4573 for tickets.

Foul Play is sometimes funny but more often just foul at Factory Theatre Lab, 374 Dupont St. Performances Tuesday through Sunday at 8:30 pm Sunday's show is pay-what-you-can. 921-5989.

The Just Assassins from Albert Camus' **Les Justes** at the Global Village Theatre, closes tomorrow. The GVT Players will present four fables today in Queen's Park at noon and tomorrow at the Eastern Branch of the Toronto Public Library, 137 Main St. at 2 pm.

The End, a play by last season's most produced playwright, John Palmer at the Toronto Free Theatre 24 Berkeley St. Tuesday through Sunday at 8:30 pm It's free but reservations are required.

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John Rutherford and Gerald Luxton