

# toronto citizen

MIDTOWN'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER 25¢

## WOMEN: BREAKING THROUGH THE FANTASY

page 13

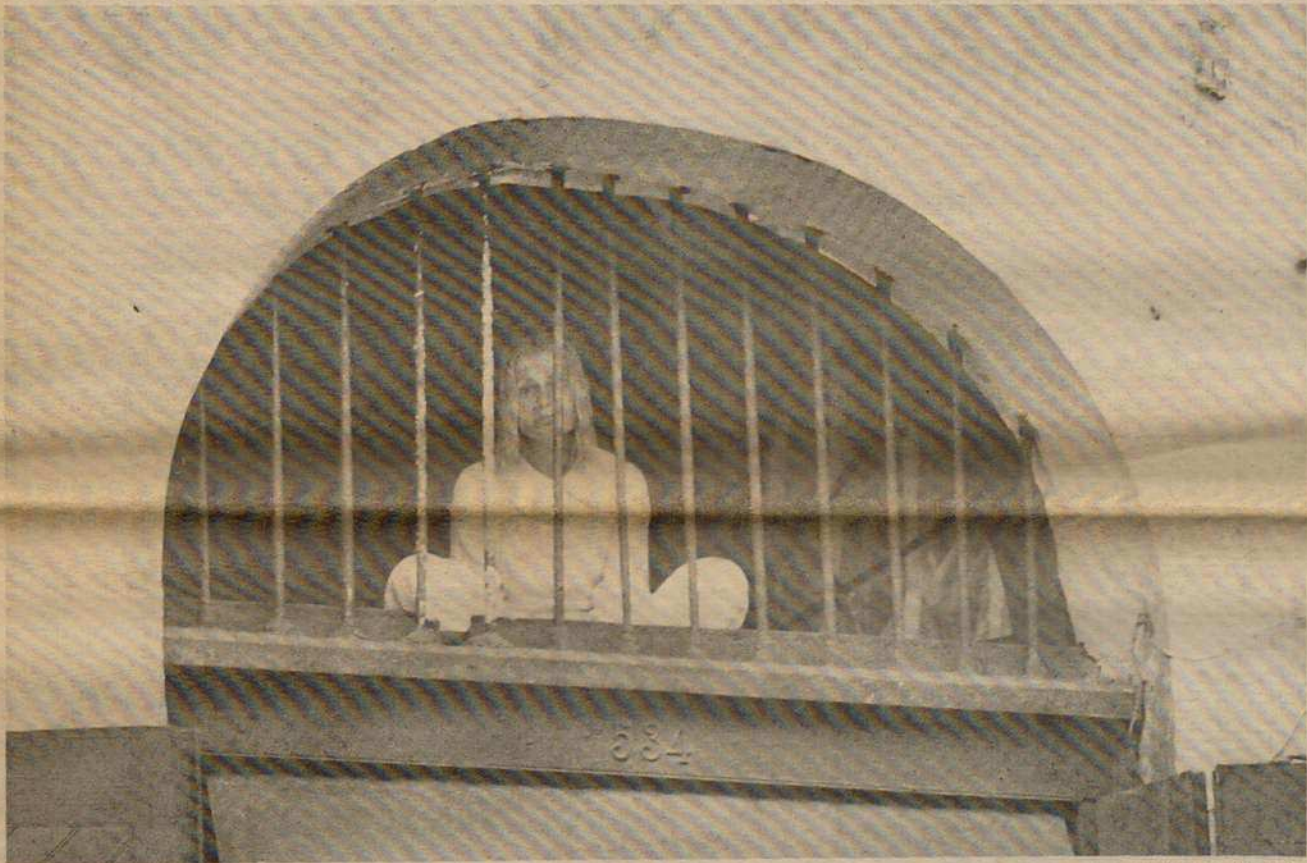


photo by Abigail Heyman

**One-way  
traffic.**

**Whose it  
for?**

**page 8**

**The  
black-caped  
crusaders**

**page 9**

**Candidates  
under the  
microscope**

**page 5**



# SEF schools under attack

Provincial spending ceilings are forcing trustees to cut costs this year and next. The largest item in any board's budget is teachers' salaries, and that expense can't be reduced unless there's tampering with the pupil-teacher ratio. Trustees usually turn towards other areas to make cuts — such as school building costs.

A motion was passed at the Feb. 10 Toronto City Board of Education meeting which may lead towards a school building policy which would produce schools faster and more economically. Suggestions for a new policy will come from a committee of two trustees and two architects.

The author of the motion, Ward Ten trustee Herbert Barnes, has criticized both the Board's traditional building policy and its experimental one, the Study of Educational Facilities plan (SEF), which involves all six Metro boards. Under the traditional system architects and contractors are engaged separately, and contractors in turn engage other firms to produce different parts of the building; healthy profits are passed on all the way down the line.

The SEF experiment, begun in 1966, was supposed to produce open concept schools faster and more cheaply by applying systems building techniques to schools and using prefabricated, mass-produced parts. The schools were also supposed to be of a better quality. Easily movable walls, air-conditioning and broadloom were going to insure adaptability for a wide range of uses by school and community. More expensive versions of standard facilities were used to reduce maintenance costs.

Things didn't work out quite as expected. SEF schools were built faster. But their costs were

ditions and growing pains led to problems which can now be solved.

Further objections to SEF schools have come from other quarters, and these complaints cannot be solved by a more economical SEF operation. Some say that the exteriors of SEF schools are ugly, like big grey fortresses. Another more weighty criticism asserts that the SEF plan encourages technological answers to social problems. SEF responds to what it sees as the problems of education today — rapid social change and the demands of the community to become involved in the school — with certain building techniques and facilities that allow more physical flexibility in a building.

But while providing one sort of flexibility, the SEF programme hampers another. Under the SEF deal, the Metro Board had to agree to provide between one and two million square feet of school to be built and had to "normalize" their demands — agree on what kinds of features were to be in all twenty-four SEF schools.

This means that individual school communities which didn't want air-conditioning, expensive flooring or lighting or extensive broadloom but might have wanted instead to hire more teachers or teachers' aides, or to buy more books, couldn't. The choice was made for them. If the community school concept to which the board is warming is to have any meaning, this is just the sort of choice which communities themselves should be able to make.

Metro has no immediate plans for another SEF contract, although some SEF schools are still being built under the old programme and the \$300,000 a year SEF staff budget is still intact. Barnes would like to make sure that no more SEF

contractors and the firms they employ present the board with a design and a lump fee, and the board chooses the most attractive package. Barnes feels this method could bring savings of up to 20 percent. The architectural uniqueness possible in on-site building would produce better looking schools. And, since the policy would work on a school-by-school basis, more attention could be paid to the needs of the local community.

### Community Control of Budget

In another tentative step towards more local control of the schools, the Board asked Director of Education Ronald Jones to confer with four principals on the feasibility of an experiment in which city schools would have complete responsibility for administering their own finances for a year.

When the board talks of shifting

financial power to individual schools, it begins to look as if they're serious about community control. Giving this sort of responsibility to a school would mean that decisions could be made to divert, for example, funds from equipment to salaries so that more lay assistants could be hired.

The motion also asks that a later report be made on the possibility that these decisions would be handled by a governing council at each school, which would include the principal and presumably teachers and parents. Duke of York, a school which has asked to participate in the programme, has already said that it will make its decisions in this manner.

### Cop-out at Park School

Trustees managed a fancy cop-out on their responsibilities to the people at Park St. school at their last meeting. The Board promised last year to meet with the community at the school to discuss its brief requesting measures to

correct the inadequate education the people say their children are receiving.

The meeting was to have taken place last month, but when the majority of trustees failed to show up on time to reach a quorum, Board Chairman Charlton ruled that no official Board meeting was possible. Angry parents made the meeting a traumatic experience for some trustees who did attend. Some of the Park School mothers sent a letter to the Board asking that another date be fixed for the meeting they had been promised.

Ted Matthews, trustee from Ward Eight, said "We've promised them a meeting, and we owe them one." But Judy Jordan of Ward Eleven summed up the feelings of most trustees when she said that "nothing positive will be accomplished by meeting and being subjected to vituperation again." The Board dodged its commitment by voting not to set a new date for a meeting at Park.

### LETTERS

## Ensure fair elections

During the past few weeks there have been articles, letters, a lot of discussion and even questions in the provincial parliament regarding the many irregularities on election day in the St. Andrew-St. Patrick riding.

Because, as a candidate in the last election, I also suffered as a result of these unfair practices, I am convinced that the Ontario Election Law should be changed to ensure fair elections. Equal opportunities should be given for the public to know all the candidates, their ability and program. Participatory democracy should be strengthened.

The present election system is outdated because it favours those who have too much money.

I offer the following changes as necessary improvements in the campaign and election procedure.

All candidates should have equal time on radio and television and in other mass media. Tax

money should be provided for each candidate to have mailing privileges for three leaflets. No other mailings should be allowed.

In order to avoid poster and propaganda pollution and more garbage on our streets, no more than 5,000 posters should be used by a candidate during the campaign. The posters should be given designated places on an equal basis.

As neither power nor money should be a decisive factor, no more than \$5,000 should be spent on the campaign by any candidate or his supporters. If more than \$5,000 is collected by any candidate in campaign donations, the excess should be given to charitable organizations immediately.

If a candidate does spend more

than \$5,000 on his campaign the election of such a candidate should be made null and void.

All election officers and returning officers should be public employees.

Not more than 20 voting polls should be used in each riding rather than the 100 or so now used. This will allow the checking of irregularities more easily.

The voting should take place at a public school.

Elections should be held on Sundays to allow greater opportunity for workers to vote. No advance poll should be allowed.

Heavier penalties should be given to those who tear down election posters and those who hire people for this purpose.

Dr. Istvan Kovacs,  
Christian Democrat.

## He hates the Sheik

Sirs:

Apparently Mille Bonnet and Mr. Topp (I have seen this suspicious looking individual at several recent matches and suspect that he is writing a column under the pseudonym of 'Jonathon Jaye') find the Sheik's antics at Maple Leaf Gardens on Sunday nights terribly amusing.

I think I represent the feeling of a great many wrestling fans in offering the opinion that the Sheik's sickening activities have all but debased a sport that is usually known for its highly competitive exhibition of strength and science.

Is it likely that any one grappler could have defeated in succession the likes of Bobo Brazil, Lord Athol Layton, Tiger Jeet Singh, et al?

No!

At least, not unless he (it) resorts to the type of degrading tactics that the Sheik and his 'manager' (I use the term reservedly: animal trainer is perhaps a more appropriate appellation!) Abdullah Farouk have resorted to over the last three years.

It did not greatly surprise me to learn recently that a car marked with Syrian license plates and driven by a rather bizarre looking individual wearing wrap-

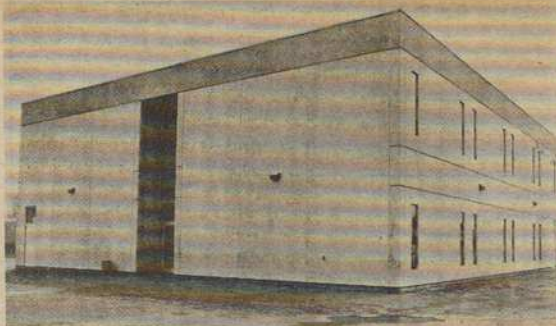
around sun glasses was espied near the scene of Whipper Billy Watson's recent accident. No doubt this suspicious bit of evidence will be ignored if the authorities are as lax in their duties as referee Tiger Tasker.

Might I suggest two alternatives? Either assign a reporter whose attitude is more in keeping with that of the majority of wrestling fans to cover the matches; or, advise Mille Bonnet that professional wrestling is a serious business, demanding the kind of objectivity and sense of social justice that have heretofore been lacking in their columns. (The placement of a wrestling column in the entertainment section of your newspaper is an indication of their irresponsible position!)

Furthermore, their attempts to raise the Sheik to the level of a cult hero — in the manner of the Maharishi or Mayor William Dennison — has all but destroyed the faith of a great number of devoted wrestling fans inadequate reportage of their favorite sport.

Death to the Sheik!

Edward M. Cole  
Sackville  
719 Yonge Street,  
Suite 5  
Toronto 5.



Eastview Public School, a SEF building.

generally higher than those for schools built by traditional methods. And a SEF study of "user attitudes" in its schools concluded that "all things considered, the new open-plan non-SEF schools were just as satisfactory as the SEF schools."

Barnes holds that since SEF failed on two of the three criteria it set, the programme ought to be retired, despite SEF officials' claims that unusual market con-

ditions are built, and that the Board's traditional school building policy is changed.

One of the ways in which it could change would involve design competition and design-build teams. Ernest Avenue school in North York was built using these methods; it is both architecturally interesting and cost fifty percent less than a SEF school built in the borough at the same time.

Under this approach, architects,

## Glittering crutch

Now that Tom Hendry has sufficiently beaten the drum about up-coming Toronto Free Theatre and Canadian Playwrights' Co-Operative, perhaps he will give us a rest until we can decide for ourselves whether he has genuine writing ability.

An enterprise involving such men as Hendry, Kinch and Palmer probably has good chances of success, and if we're all very lucky, they won't need the "Made in Canada" label as a crutch. I say this because pseudo-nationalism has fooled many with its glitter, and in your last number, you showed signs of being taken in too. How many people really feel that the Factory Lab (minus Glassco) has contributed anything but a bad name to Canadian theatre?

As many Quebec independentists seem to have found out, true constructive nationalism is far more than shallow "clannishness" or label-choosing. Unless we keep a sense of perspective about these things, we may wind up discovering that the kind of packaging done at Texpack was really the best example of a "truly Canadian" industry.

Yours,  
George Granville,  
English Department, R.M. H 11  
University College,  
U. of T.

## toronto citizen

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# What it all adds up to...

By Felix Gifford

Nearly twice as many votes were recorded at City Council in 1971 compared with the previous year according to a recent report in CITY HALL. The 'Reform Group' realized the value of recorded votes quite early in the current term and 1971 saw the fruits of their endeavours to get everything in writing. Sewell voted most often, missing only 2 out of 268 votes. Mayor Dennison missed only 6 votes. Others who missed less than 20 votes were: Clifford (7), Kilbourn (15), Archer (16), Jaffary (17), and Marks (18).

Clearly the writers of CITY HALL (Sewell, Jaffary, Kilbourn and Crombie) are more conscientious than most. Crombie, who was absent for 61 votes, missed less than nine other aldermen. These nine include Bruce (who missed 122 votes), Piccininni (93), Boytchuk (87), O'Donohue (82), Lamport (77), Brown (75), Hope (64), Scott (63), and Wardle (62).

Obviously these aldermen are a luxury that the citizens of Toronto can ill afford. If their despicable record does not lead to an immediate public outcry that forces their resignation, they must be rejected firmly at the next election in December, if they dare show their faces.

Three of these malingerers,

Scott, Lamport and Brown, were singled out for their truancy during 1970. Sewell's castigation of them then, however, has clearly had some effect. Scott's absences declined from 37 per cent in 1970 to 24 per cent in 1971. Similarly, Lamport's absences declined from 33 per cent to 29 per cent, and Brown's declined from 32 per cent to 28 per cent.

Some would argue that, considering their voting records, when they bothered to vote, it would be better for Toronto if the nine with the worst records stayed away all the time. This is certainly true in the case of six of them. BRUCE, PICCININNI, BOYTCHUK, O'DONOHUE, LAMPOR, and WARDLE almost consistently voted against the people of Toronto and for developers, big business or whoever else was trying to make a cosy living off the peoples' backs.

They were joined in this disgraceful enterprise by DENNISON, ROTENBERG, BEAVIS, PICKETT, MARKS, GRYS, CLIFFORD, and ARCHER, constituting a clear majority of 14 out of 23 on most issues.

Kilbourn, Sewell, Jaffary, Chisholm, Crombie, Scott, Eggleton and Hope invariably voted for citizen involvement, against cars, and against developers. Brown, when he was there, switched repeatedly from one side to the other.

# Glove found in bread

Mrs. Myrtle Chow of Brunswick Ave. went to the Weston Bakeries plant on Dupont St. last week and bought herself a glove. The only trouble was that it was sliced up in small pieces in a loaf of raisin bread.

Mrs. Chow had no idea what was in the bread and unknowingly began making sandwiches for her children. She also began eating a piece and got ill after a few bites of the foreign substance in her loaf.

"It was chopped up very thin and at first glance looked like marble cake embedded in the bread," she said.

Mrs. Chow said it was the second time she has found something in bread bought at the George Weston retail outlet attached to the company's baking plant.

This time she decided to take action and called Ward five alderman Ying Hope who contacted both the Toronto Health Department and Weston asking for an immediate investigation.

Dr. G.W.O. Moss, Toronto's acting Medical Officer of Health, told the Citizen a department official visited the Chow home and verified the complaint. He said Weston officials said the bread was baked at their plant in Essex, near Windsor.

"Because the plant is outside our jurisdiction we have notified health authorities there," Dr. Moss told the Citizen. He said the incident was quite isolated. "It's the first bread with a glove in it that I have seen in 25 years in public health.



Mrs. Myrtle Chow shows Alderman Ying Hope the bread she bought which had a sliced-up glove in it.

It's a one-in-a-million chance," he said.

Stanley Johnson, general manager of the Weston Bakery plant at 610 Dupont St., said considering the millions of products Weston bakes a year the "number of problems is very minute."

He said Weston has a very highly skilled inspection procedure and that all companies have some problems of this sort.

But for Mrs. Chow the glib explanation she got from the health department official and the short shrift she says she received from Weston have left her very upset.

She says that the experience shows that a large, rich company can get away with this type of dangerous "error" and not be penalized for it.

The fact that news teams from two of the Toronto daily newspapers investigated the matter and took pictures but never printed anything has convinced Mrs. Chow and her husband that there is little concern for safeguarding the food people buy in stores.

Mrs. Chow's personal action has been direct. Since the incident she has been baking her own bread for her family.

# Western plans expansion

By Keith Richardson

Residents of the Dundas-Bathurst area have recently received notification of a bylaw change requested by the Toronto Western Hospital, which plans to build a major extension on their present site, and to convert a building across the street into a new boiler plant.

The hospital's proposal anticipates a greatly increased need for teaching and research space, as a result of the new practice of placing medical students directly into hospitals after an initial 18 months of university study. The Kates, Peat, and Marwick consulting firm is currently preparing a "role study" on Metro hospitals, which is expected to designate four of them — Toronto General, St. Michaels, Sunnybrook, and Toronto Western — as "major teaching hospitals".

Toronto Western already has over 120 undergraduate medical students in full-time attendance at the hospital, taking academic and practical programs under the guidance of regular hospital doctors.

The hospital is waiting for release of the consultants' report to the provincial government Feb. 28 before submitting detailed architectural drawings to the Planning Board. The bulk of financing for the intended "educational" complex will come from the provincial budget with additional financing coming from the federal government and from the hospital's own building campaign, now close to its \$7 million target in its four years of operation.

The proposed facilities may cost up to \$35 million, mainly for construction of a large squarish 10-15 storey building toward the south end of the hospital site, displacing present driveways and parking lots. This building plus other alterations and additions will more than double the present floor area of the hospital, although no new bed spaces will be added. The new density of about 4.75 will require redesignation of the site from residential to institutional zoning.

The St. Christopher House to the south on Wales Ave., already owned by the hospital, is proposed

as the site of a new boiler plant for the hospital (officials allay pollution concern by noting that the new smokestack would replace an older one, and also that the hospital converted to natural gas last year).

The St. Christopher people, who have been running a social service agency out of the Wales Ave. building since 1912, have been anticipating relocation for some time. Director Jean Palmer says most of their programs have already been moved out into the community, such as the senior citizens' drop-in centre operated at a nearby church, their meals-on-

wheels program, and the music and recreational programs carried on in local schools. It is hoped there will be new St. Christopher headquarters nearer the Alexander Park area.

With support in principle already obtained from the government, some form of expansion at Toronto Western is a virtual certainty: the citizens will have their say on the matter some time several months from now, when the Planning Board calls the required meeting. In this case, the element of the hospital-as-campus should add an interesting new dimension.

## ? ZERO GROWTH ?

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FORUM II: Tuesday, February 29th, 1972 8 p.m.

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Christopher E. Taylor, Zero Population  
Richard E. Hurlburt, Investment Counsel

FORUM III: Tuesday, March 7th, 1972 8 p.m.

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# Meditation amid moneymaking

Toronto's 150-year-old Holy Trinity Church hopefully will soon find a happy place for itself in the midst of an ultra-modern mega-development, if a deal just arranged between officers of the church and Fairview Corporation is approved by City Hall.

These unlikely bedfellows — the Eaton Centre developers and the community-activist church congregation — have finally resolved years of dispute by agreeing on a land swap that will allow Eaton's its Yonge St. frontage, while preserving, perhaps enhancing the public-square atmosphere that has always attended Trinity's location.

If the model at right becomes reality, the visitor will enter off Yonge into a 45-foot-wide passageway cut through the facade of the Eaton store, and walk out onto a fairly large tiled-and-fountain public square, with the old church and two of its historic buildings on the northeast side, and access to Bay St. and City Hall through two low-rise pavilion structures forming an L on the northwest.

The church people are quite enthusiastic about the possibilities of their "people-place" in the midst of the cash registers. Nor is it really a new concept to them, this extension into secularism. "We've already seen ourselves as adjacent to City Hall", says Rev. Jim Fisk, "and of course Yonge St. has always been our front doorstep. What we're asking ourselves now is, can we use our influence to add to the Fairview project, to add values not predicated solely on economics?"

The church's designs for the square, as drawn up by parishioner and architect Gerald Robinson, attempt to achieve a feeling of open access and spontaneity, "a mixed balance of activities — commercial, residential, recreational, educational, theological", as Rev. Fisk puts it.

The square will feature a "cloister effect" with the open galleries and terraces of the two pavilion buildings, containing new church and community-programming offices, apartments, cafes, boutiques — even studio space. Public access will hopefully be on three levels, one un-

derground connecting with the planned 250-store Fairview shopping mall.

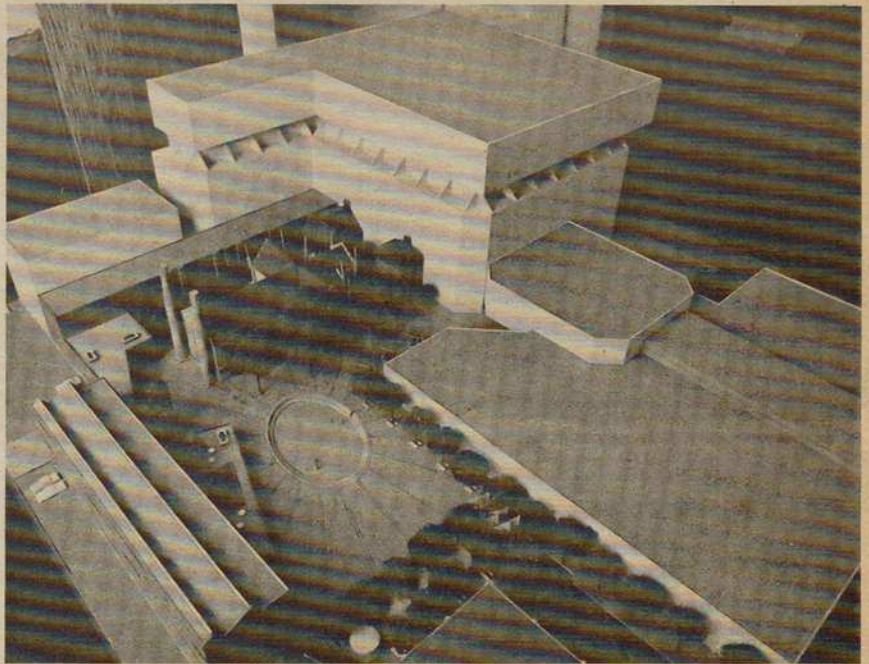
A small "meditative garden" has been incorporated into the plan, near the two relocated houses — one of these, Scadding House, will be taken over by the Ontario Federation of Naturalists; the other, the old parsonage, will probably be occupied by Trinity's distress centre.

Basic to the Holy Trinity-Fairview plan is the idea that the City should own all the open land including the public square. "It should be a public resource, and we want the people to treat it as such," Rev. Fisk states. This may be for tax reasons of course, as the church foresees the unhappy probability of eventual taxation of church lands. For the next little while though, the \$70,000 a year Fairview has agreed to drop into the collection basket until the finish of construction, and then the further rental income received from Trinity's mini-development should handsomely offset all costs of the venture.

With the Trinity-Fairview concord, and its approval last Thursday by the Anglican synod, the matter now rests squarely with the City. Unable to get speedy cooperation before, Fairview and Eaton's have given the City only the rest of this year to clear the way for this latest proposal.

Mayor Dennison has pledged he will "do anything necessary to put Eaton Centre on the rails", but also expressed annoyance that pieces of city land were traded around without consultation during the Fairview-Trinity negotiations. In answer to Dennison's cavil, Rev. Fisk replies that "we knew we had to go to the City — we never assumed otherwise!"

Probably the main problem in gaining City approval is the Eaton-Fairview request to close four streets — Teraulay, Louisa, Albert and Trinity Square — in order to integrate their so-called "super-block" development. Rev. Fisk hopes that even if turned down on this point, Eaton's may still be able to revise plans further in the direction of heterogeneous redevelopment.



View from the south of the proposed new Trinity Square, amid the Fairview development.

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### 34 COMING EVENTS

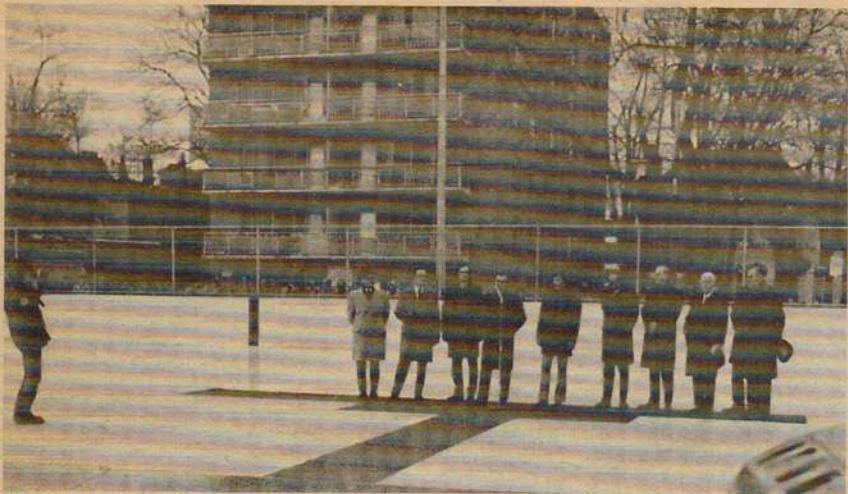
**CITIZENS' FORUM,** Tuesday February 29th, 8:00 p.m. Committee Room No. 1, City Hall. Open public discussion on Bremner's Proposal to make Yonge Street one-way southbound, south of Davenport Road. Please come if you are interested in traffic, transportation and downtown development. For more information call 463-7893 or 921-6041.

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Official opening of the skating rink at Robert and Sussex took place earlier this month. Owned by the University of Toronto, the rink is opened to the public on evenings and weekends.

**KEEPING TRACK**

*Not voting...  
and voting wrong*

By RODNEY OLSON

Alderman Ying Hope is a member of City Council's Buildings and Development Committee, but he wasn't at the Committee's meeting Jan. 31 to vote on the controversial rezoning of the area south of St. Jamestown which will enable Meridian Development to construct three high rise towers at very high density. Some of the issues surrounding the rezoning arising at the B&D meeting are outlined in the City Hall column.

Neither was Hope in Council to vote on the rezoning last week. Hope who, according to City Hall, had Council's seventh highest absentee rate on Council votes last year — he missed more than twenty percent of them — tends to meander in and out and not participate much in the debates.

He was hanging around occasionally on the afternoon of the vote on the Meridian application but wasn't in the chamber to vote either time the motion was read. While his vote wouldn't have carried the day this time, there are occasions when it might. An alderman who doesn't vote on crucial issues should have some understanding with his constituents about why he doesn't.

Alderman William Archer was characterized by a Ward Five search-committee-for-reform-candidates report — reprinted elsewhere in this issue — as a nice man who usually doesn't vote the right way. Archer, who calls this paper the Toronto Sediton and complains that we never say anything favorable about him, once again cast his vote with a

developer opposed by local residents.

Okay. We'll say something nice about Archer. His remarks in Council often help clarify confused issues, and he often manages to notice important little implications about proposals that no-one else does and that ought to be pointed out. His idea for a fifty-alderman Council on which the majority of aldermen are citizen-politicians based in small, roughly homogeneous neighborhoods is one of the more intriguing ideas for a reformed Council structure we've heard.

There. We've said something nice about Archer. But we still don't know if he ought to be returned to Council again from Ward Five or any other ward. Why? Well, about that voting record, Bill....

**Storefront help**

The Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto has a storefront operation at 347 Danforth Avenue, just west of the Chester-Danforth Subway station. It's to help organizations participating in the Local Initiatives Program and other community groups by providing backup resources and services including typing, duplicating and general organizational skills.

The project is operating on a L.I.P. grant and has a staff of 13 people ready to help at almost any time, any day. The telephone number is 461-0771.

**How Ward 5 reformers assess their candidates**

Community organizations and other groups in Ward Five are now considering a proposal from a special reform committee to back Alderman Ying Hope and anti-Spadina Expressway leader, Colin Vaughan, for alderman in the next election.

A recommendation to this effect was presented to a Ward Five — '72 meeting earlier this month. The reformers, organizing for December's municipal election, will meet again on March 15 to discuss reaction to the proposal and to plan a general meeting for all residents of Ward Five in April. No procedure has yet been set on how the reform candidates will be selected.

The following is the report of the special Search Committee. Submitted to this month's meeting, the report frankly discusses pros and cons of five possible candidates.

The Committee has gone to considerable effort to gather names of likely candidates, and to interview every one who expressed willingness to be considered. The following five agreed: William Archer, Ted Culp, Ying Hope, Elio Madonia, Colin Vaughan.

The following nine declined: Ellen Adams, David Freeman, Jack Granatstein, Derek Hayes, James Lemon, Barry Lowes, Gordon Marantz, Fiona Nelson, Nadine Nowlan.

The interviews were up to three hours in length. Your committee tried to appraise as accurately as we could each candidate's qualifications under three major heads: knowledge of city and ward affairs, views on questions of importance to the ward and to the city, and electability.

A brief report on each of these potential candidates follows:

**YING HOPE:** On local issues, particularly the Spadina Expressway and the police tower, his performance has been excellent; he has co-operated extraordinarily well with the people of the ward.

On city-wide issues we are concerned over the number of

recorded votes which he has missed (nearly one in four in 1971); but his voting record on these issues has improved very considerably over the past year. He has so far felt it best not to become completely identified with the reform element in Council, but he seems to be moving in this direction.

**TED CULP:** Well-informed and knowledgeable about this ward and also about city-wide issues; he favours the development of some kind of ward council, and in general his views coincide with those of this committee. But his diffidence and quietness of manner give us serious doubt as to his ability to win an election. He is interested in running in Ward 3, and is asking for assistance to do so.

**ELIO MADONIA:** Affable and friendly, with a fine personal story of achievement and community service since arriving in Canada as a penniless young man, Mr. Madonia is interested in running either in Ward 5 or in Ward 4.

He feels he can command wide support from among the ethnic voters, but the committee is not certain of this.

He is a Pentecostal lay minister, which may cost him votes among certain elements in the Italian community.

Mr. Madonia is also a strong organization Conservative, and there would be considerable concern about having him and Alderman Hope, both Tories, as running mates, particularly as this would probably affect the NDP decision whether or not to run a candidate.

In addition, he has no discernible links into the east end of Ward 5. There is some indication that he might be too willing to follow the lead of Alderman Hope in City Council, because he is not as well-informed about city-wide issues as our candidate should be. He declares himself allergic to eggheads.

**COLIN VAUGHAN:** Vaughan

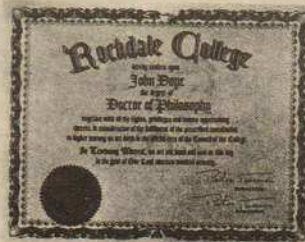
came across very well in his interview with the committee, stilling some of the fears that had been expressed about his arrogance, his penchant for sweeping statements and for grandstanding. His views are those shared by the committee, his knowledge of city-wide issues is great, his thoughtfulness and concern about our city are most impressive.

He supports the ward council idea very strongly. There has been some concern about his electability and about how easily he and Alderman Hope can work together.

**WILLIAM ARCHER:** Not unlike Colin Vaughan, Archer comes across much better in a small

Continued on Page 7

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# Onward and upward in the new Toronto

Decisions about development in five areas are in process. One site — in the Gothic-Quebec neighborhood near High Park — isn't downtown; but decisions about development south of St. Jamestown, Metro Centre, Eaton Centre and Trefann Court affect quite a lot of land in and around the city's core. What's going on isn't just a series of isolated decisions but a process of decisions about the whole form and character of downtown Toronto. On a small map of downtown you might shade in areas whose future is being discussed as development proposals arise; then shade in another color areas that have been developed in one way or another during the last 10 years. It's an interesting sort of exercise to illustrate the scope of development underway in central Toronto.

## South of St. Jamestown

Meridian's application for rezoning to permit construction of three high rise towers at very high density south of St. Jamestown got final approval at the Buildings and Development Committee Jan. 31 and through Council last week. At B. & D. Alderman Sewell proposed referring the issue of neighborhood development to a working committee of local residents, aldermen and developers. There's been considerable local opposition to the development; every elected official from the area — municipal, provincial and federal — has opposed it.

The developer has now and then mentioned willingness to sit down and talk about the whole business. Sewell suggested that the best climate for talk would be a situation in which the rezoning application was set aside. If it passed, he said, people and the developer could talk till they were blue, but then the developer could just go ahead and do what he was going to do anyway.

Alderman Eggleton proposed lowering

the density quite a bit since there's no planning evidence for the density the developer's requested and because the city planning staff suggested that a considerably lower density would be appropriate for the area. As a gallery packed with Meridian minions jeered opponents of the application, both Sewell's and Eggleton's motions were voted down.

Meridian didn't call out their pep squad and its cheerleader — lawyer Jerry Goldenberg — for the Council discussion of the issue. Sewell and Eggleton again proposed their motions; again they lost. It's interesting to know how people voted on questions which generate as much controversy as this has. Sewell, Jaffary, Chisholm, Crombie, Eggleton, Scott and O'Donohue supported both motions. Pickett voted for Eggleton's and against Sewell's. Hope, Kilbourn and the mayor were absent. Everyone else opposed the motions.

And so once again Council has approved a large residential development which clearly has little to do with the city's real housing needs — family housing and lower income housing. They've approved a rezoning which rides roughshod over local protest on behalf of a developer whose methods of assembling land and clearing out the people and existing structures is bull-meets-china-shop. The application now goes to the Ontario Municipal Board which probably won't approve it without changes which at least embody the gist of Eggleton's motion.

Metro Centre won't be underway this spring as the developer had planned. The Department of Municipal Affairs has referred Council's plan for the site to the Ontario Municipal Board after the Department received a lot of mail opposing the plan, particularly in regard to the proposed transportation interchange; the plan's pretty fuzzy about this aspect of

the development. Undoubtedly other aspects of the plan will also arise during O. M.B. hearings.

Meanwhile the Confederation of Ratepayers and Residents Associations has said publicly there's some doubt about whether the city or the province owns 55 acres of the hundred and eighty-seven acre site — the section between Bathurst and Spadina south of Front Street. Council's Executive Committee has directed the city solicitor to look into the issue which calls into question the city's right to develop the area — if the province owns the land. Maybe Council's plan for the site will be found illegal.

## Eaton Centre

While Metro Centre's under the gun, Eaton Centre is moving forward again. Fairview, the developer, and Holy Trinity Church, which owns a bloc of land in the middle of the planned site, have been at loggerheads for almost a year. Now Fairview has made some major concessions. The church will participate in a development project which will blend the old church and a couple of historic buildings it owns. There will be an acre-sized public square beside the church, and an office tower which would have cast an afternoon shadow across the church and the square won't be built. Fairview was so accommodating because it was under considerable pressure from Eaton's to get things moving. A few properties on Yonge Street are yet to be acquired, but the development will probably be coming to Council fairly soon.

## Trefann Court

Trefann Court, in which development is being planned by the same sort of working committee Sewell suggested for the area south of St. Jamestown, has sent its proposals to City Hall. Trefann would have been bulldozed long ago had local

residents not got together and succeeded in persuading Council to try some citizen-controlled development.

The working committee's plan involves renovation of about half the houses in the area and construction of quite a lot of new housing, mostly low density, for various sorts of residents — families, single people, older people. The plan also proposes a community centre which will include such functions as medical, dental and social assistance. Funding of the plan has already been arranged through the federal, provincial and municipal governments.

Now the question is how the plan will fare at City Hall. The Planning Board couldn't manage to get a quorum together for the first step in City Hall approval, Board endorsement. This roused the ire of some working committee spokesmen who said it was an insult to the Trefann people who've labored hard over the plan for a year and a half. Another meeting has been scheduled. From the Board the plan will move to the Urban Renewal Committee, then to Council. The Trefann people do not want to see the plan piddled apart as it shuffles from place to place in City Hall, and they plan to be on hand to make sure it isn't. Trefann Court is doing something historic, something that means a lot for the future of citizen-controlled neighborhood development in Toronto and all across Canada.

## Gothic-Quebec

The proposed high rise development in the Gothic-Quebec neighborhood will be considered at Buildings and Development Feb. 28. Local residents who have been organizing and fighting the development are planning to voice strong opposition at the meeting. They're wondering if Cadillac will follow Meridian's example of packing the place with friends who'll make noise on cue. It might be a lively evening.

# Strange doings at the old art school

By KEITH RICHARDSON

Roy Ascott is speaking. He's the new, youngish president of the Ontario College of Art, and he's lounging on the edge of the O.C.A. stage addressing a Saturday crowd attending a futurists' conference.

"The significance of art lies finally in inventing alternatives ... Modern art, like modern life, is ambiguous, its structures are uncertain. We have decided that in art education, there is very little that can be taught. Our alternative is to foster an environment which allows creative behaviour to flourish."

"We have to do away with the idea of the art school as monument, drawing people into it. The college should be a seed, an organism that validates itself externally through a process of osmosis ... Our teachers are to be regarded as elements of an information bank, part of the environment, rather than as shepherds. We are solely a community of people who get together to keep each other going as artists."

This kind of food for thought has produced one notably spicy sprout at the College — it's a course known as "Ogden's Menu", the creation of a peripatetic ideaman named Frank Ogden. It basically involves inviting students to subject themselves to miscellaneous netherworlds of sensory experience.

That is, if you've ever wanted to pluck a chicken at 4 a.m., watch the sun rise from the top of the T-D tower, analyze bottom samples from Toronto harbour, spend a few winter weeks in a styrofoam igloo, fly a helicopter, milk rattlesnakes, lie in a sensory-deprivation tank, box bears, argue for 24 hours ... and take videotapes instead of notes, then Ogden's Menu is for

you. Ogden argues that experience is the raw material of all art; only the input of new varied data will generate new or hybrid forms of awareness and expression. The total originality of Ogden's approach has at least

forced colleagues and students alike to think. Ogden himself



Ogden's students leaving for Bahamas.

rarely darkens the school doors, preferring to hold his classes in a variety of locations, often over a 24-hour period. Anyone, student or otherwise, may come to his marathon encounters.

At this moment he and 24 of his students are on just such a survival mission in the Bahamas. Lest you laugh, it should be pointed out that the west coast of Andros Island is an uninhabited and thoroughly inhospitable place, furnishing only wild boar, clams, seagulls and insects for diet, with only salt water and scrub vegetation for appetizers. Each student, in return for forking over the travel fare has been issued a two-gallon pail in which to take whatever survival

gear he or she thinks appropriate. Water-distilling apparatus is of prime importance, and the new colonists have prepared themselves for the wearing of burnooses and living nocturnally to conserve water in the hot climate. At the end of eight days, a plane will pick up whoever is left.

As far as the results of such

latest project is an idea to convert graveyards into amusement parks, with children playing on the swings and slides bequeathed instead of gravestones, by the dear departed.

It's the kind of idea Ogden would approve of. His recent suggestion to drain polluted Lake Erie and turn it into farmland is currently attracting serious attention as well as violent abuse from all over the continent. Being controversial is not new to Frank — he's made a career of unorthodoxy. Usually without proper credentials, he has at various times been an LSD therapist, radio station manager, cross-Canada helicopterist, adviser to the Bahamian government, film producer, publisher of the only global daily newspaper, and now an art college instructor who doesn't ... It seems Frank tends to make very inflammatory statements about the accepted tenets of "teaching" and "education". He has literally phased himself out of any functional teaching relationship with his students, often sending them to take his place in an official capacity or on a speaking engagement. "Look at the University of Toronto," says Frank. "Hundreds of guys making

\$30,000 a year to get together with their students three hours a week, sitting on their tenure and regurgitating 20-year-old material. Are these teachers either?"

"In three years' time, we'll all look at the U of T as if it were the Inca ruins. Even now they have trouble getting two students out at 10 a.m., but hell, I can get 50 out at 3 a.m. because the kids know something's happening. They're so motivated they're bound to get more, even out of less. And why do they need me?"

"The institutions of our time are too rigid, except for business. If you show a businessman it works, he'll buy it. That's why there's quite a flap in the U.S. now over 'contract performance' in education. Professional companies with modern methods are bidding on the teaching contracts at different schools, outdoing the regular teaching staffs while still following the standards set by the schools. The American Teachers Federation would sure like to see them thrown out."

Some of Frank's Colleagues may feel the same way about him, but that's OK, as Ogden is currently working on plans to move his course full-time to a Caribbean yacht next year.

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# News Briefs

## newsletter provides consumer info

An original series of "consumer-topic" publications is being produced by the Switchboard people at Rochdale — Entitled "In the Belly of the Beast," the newsletters are concerned with downtown survival, with such things as where to get goods and services as cheaply as possible.

The first contains a listing of "community tradesmen", scores of mechanics, carpenters, plumbers, painters and truckers who apparently do reliable work at modest prices.

The information listed has been collected more or less by the Rochdale "grapevine" method. About 800 copies of this first

"tradesmen" supplement have already been printed and distributed via Switchboard's mailing list. Individuals are also encouraged to phone in (932-0944) for copies of the pamphlets, or with information or donations to help support the work.

## Ward Five Schools

A small committee has been formed in Ward Five to develop public consciousness throughout the ward regarding public schools and their administration and education in general.

A working session to complete plans for the meeting will be held March 15 at the Bloor-Bathurst Information Centre and anyone interested in the project is invited to attend.

Further information is available from Mary Ann Griggs at 922-3097 or 929-5483.

## Candidates

Continued from Page 5

group, and he makes a strong case for himself. He is intelligent and articulate, and extremely capable; in handling ward issues he has done some excellent work.

He has a strong streak of independence and courage in his political philosophy. His ideas for revamping Council may have great merit from the standpoint of the alderman's accountability to the citizens, and improved communication between Council and neighbourhood. But despite this, Archer's voting record at City Hall makes him unacceptable to this committee as a candidate for Ward 5.

Our proposals: Serving as your Search Committee has been a strenuous and at certain points daunting piece of experience for its members. We have endeavoured to be crunchingly candid with each of the five persons who accepted our invitation to talk, and to be objective in our appraisals. We wish to pay tribute to every one of the five for exposing themselves to our microscopes and scalpels. After careful assessment of the strengths and the weaknesses of each man, your committee

(a) proposes the names of Ying Hope and Colin Vaughan for your consideration;

(b) recommends that Ward Five — '72 withhold decision on our report for at least one month to enable more widespread consideration throughout the ward.

# Residents decline right to select principal

By Ellen Murray

Most elected officials these days are being deluged by pleas or demands that local communities be directly involved in decisions about matters which concern them. The tables were turned at a meeting earlier this month when Parkdale residents and businessmen voted 274-135 to reject the city Board of Education's invitation that they become involved in the selection of the new principal at their local high school, Parkdale Collegiate.

The meeting was held because the board had earlier approved a proposal by area trustee Richard Frost that the community participate in the choice of the collegiate's new principal. The Parkdale Coalition, which represents some churches, agencies, the tenants' association and other groups in the area, had supported the motion at the Board. A Coalition spokesman had said that the group felt, "The Collegiate, a major community institution, should be part of the community. At the present time, it is a world unto itself."

The board, when it approved Frost's motion asked that area trustees and teachers at the school work out a method for involving the community in the process of choosing a principal. What happened instead was a meeting in which residents were given an agenda as they entered which contained a motion from a local businessman asking that the community support the old system of picking high school principals — i.e., letting senior Board administrators do it, with rubber stamp approval by the Board.

William Charlton, chairman of the Board of Education, chaired the meeting and had to deal with several procedural questions at its outset. Should a motion have been printed on the agenda, and should it be accepted as the first motion to be considered that night? In all the flyers and letters sent by teachers to the community, no mention had been made of the fact that motions were being accepted ahead of time. Didn't this procedure prejudice debate? Charlton ruled that putting the motion on the agenda was okay.

Frost said that the question residents had to decide was whether the Board should appoint the new principal with or without comments from the local community. "This community may decide to close itself off, or it may say, we want you to appoint someone who will become active in the community."



photo by Stan Witkowski

Trustee Richard Frost

A resident opposed to participation in the decision, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoffer, drew the biggest hand of the meeting when she said, "Being a principal is a highly qualified job; people don't get elected to a job like this. Elections only happen in politics, and we don't want politics in our schools."

Erma Kaufman was the first of several speakers who concentrated on blistering the Parkdale Coalition instead of talking about Parkdale Collegiate. Mrs. Kaufman, a non-resident who says that she has attended coalition meetings "to keep an eye on its activities," said the Board's proposal that Parkdale residents become involved in picking the new principal was "part of a total programme to gain control of all social services in the area."

Resident Kelly Creighton tried to clear issues she felt were being muddled. People should not be afraid of getting an unqualified man as principal, she said, because any possible candidate would have to have certain academic qualifications and a lot of teaching experience. The question was, of all the qualified

candidates, what sort of person did people want to be principal of their school? If the community did involve itself, the choice would be made by them, and not by someone outside their community as they seemed to fear.

There are some complaints about the way the meeting was organized. Initially, some of the trustees from the attendance area met with some teachers from the school; after a general discussion it was decided that the teachers would do the actual organizing and publicity for the meeting.

Letters and publicity flyers were sent out to parents in seven languages, and to community organizations and church groups to inform people of the issue and invite them to the meeting. The very first sentence said that the Parkdale Community Coalition had introduced the idea. Frost feels that the teachers who sent the letter knew that this was an inflammatory way to present the topic because of the controversy about the Coalition in the area.

He says that the teacher-trustee meeting also agreed that the best way to present the topic of community participation in selecting the principal was to present several ways in which they could be involved, not just to ask them whether they wanted to be involved or not. The letter itself said that several different plans for involvement would be presented at the meeting. This is not what happened.

Residents were confronted with a motion which took a black and white view of the situation, and only one plan for involvement — that of K. Dock Yip, a trustee from Ward Six — was presented during the evening.

Frost feels that the main problem with the meeting, however, was that there just wasn't enough time to prepare for it. "The idea was just pushed too fast." He thinks now that informational meetings should have been started when he first proposed the idea last fall. Community participation in the selection of a principal should be expected in other schools, he says, but not this year.

## Bathurst Church

The congregation of the Bathurst Street United Church failed at its general meeting last week to reach a final decision on what to do to keep the financially troubled institution from closing.

It heard a report from a task force set up to investigate a proposed cutback in expenses and plans to produce more revenue from various organizations renting space in the church.

During the congregation's only meeting, the Church Minister, Rev. James Allman, said he would not extend his two year contract when it expires this summer unless some alternate financial situation was worked out.

His action, which is tantamount to a resignation, is expected to give the congregation added manoeuvrability when it again considers the question following Sunday Services, Feb. 27.

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# BREMNER'S ONE-WAY STREET PLAN

*We need more facts to know if it's for cars or for people*

by Jon Caulfield

City Works Commissioner Ray Bremner's Proposal For A North-South One-Way Street System might be good reading for students of practical politics. But subtitle the report Getting What You Want Done For Your Opponents' Reasons. The story goes like this.

One of Bremner's biggest worries is the city's streets, and one of his biggest worries about them is keeping traffic moving. It doesn't move very fast during certain hours of the day — from morning till evening on weekdays — and at times it doesn't move much at all.

Bremner got the idea at least four years ago that one way to help ease traffic congestion would be to create some north-south one-way arteries similar to the east-west arteries, Adelaide and Richmond Streets. One-way street systems in some other Canadian cities and several American cities have got traffic going again after years of sluggish downtown vehicle movement. Bremner's ideas have been variations on the theme of a southerly Yonge Street and a northerly Church Street from Front Street to the avenues' junction at Davenport Road.

Whenever the idea's come up before, it's been couched in the rationale of more efficient traffic movement — for example, in the 1968 letter to Chief City Planner Dennis Barker which appeared in the Citizen Dec. 9, 1971. In a new plan dated last month, Bremner suggests the Yonge-Church scheme again, but this time easing the traffic flow is mentioned only in passing.

Time and again the report emphasizes that the reasons for developing the one-way streets — the report also suggests a northerly Bay Street from Front to Queen — are better pedestrian movement and easing conflict between cars and people at intersections. The simpler intersections are made, the less walkers and drivers become snarled at cross-streets.

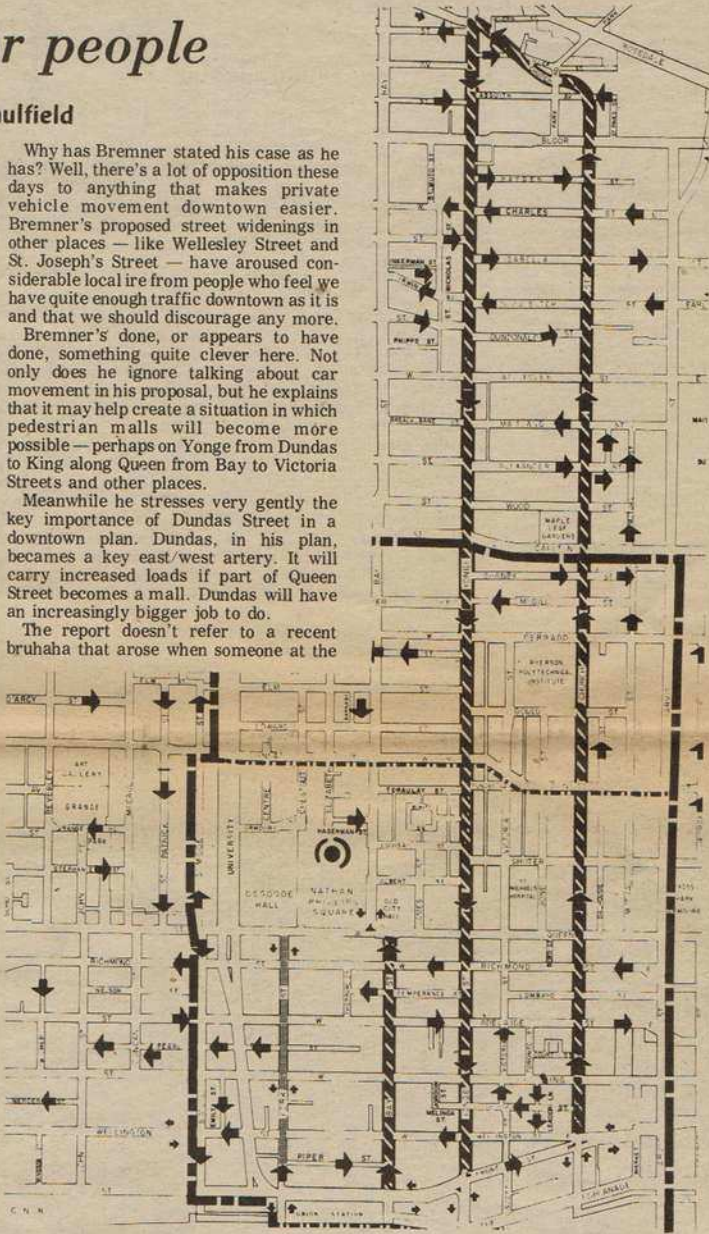
If cars are coming from two directions instead of four and have many fewer possibilities for turns, pedestrians have an easier time; and so do the cars since they aren't backed up in curb lanes waiting to slip among people walking across the street they want to turn into. In addition — the implicit premise that traffic flow will be considerably eased is contained here — sidewalk widenings become possible: if you need less space to move cars, you can have more space for pedestrians.

Why has Bremner stated his case as he has? Well, there's a lot of opposition these days to anything that makes private vehicle movement downtown easier. Bremner's proposed street widenings in other places — like Wellesley Street and St. Joseph's Street — have aroused considerable local ire from people who feel we have quite enough traffic downtown as it is and that we should discourage any more.

Bremner's done, or appears to have done, something quite clever here. Not only does he ignore talking about car movement in his proposal, but he explains that it may help create a situation in which pedestrian malls will become more possible — perhaps on Yonge from Dundas to King along Queen from Bay to Victoria Streets and other places.

Meanwhile he stresses very gently the key importance of Dundas Street in a downtown plan. Dundas, in his plan, becomes a key east-west artery. It will carry increased loads if part of Queen Street becomes a mall. Dundas will have an increasingly bigger job to do.

The report doesn't refer to a recent bruhaha that arose when someone at the



Metro level began talking about a much-widened Dundas in connection with such downtown developments as the Eaton Centre. But Bremner seems, in the report, almost like a sweeper in a curling match — making the path just right for a future restatement of the arterial Dundas idea.

To top it all off, Bremner tosses a sop to the potential anti-one-way movement. He proposes two-way operation of the currently one-way York Street. "Well, we're not just making all one-way streets," you can hear him saying to an irate questioner at a meeting.

But the big question is how bad an idea is the one-way system, and maybe the answer isn't cut and dried. If the plan will enable more people-space downtown through sidewalks and malls, maybe it's worth some thought. If it will help alleviate the sort of farce that mid-town traffic has become with its attendant air and noise pollution, maybe the idea's got some merit.

Bremner says quite explicitly in the report that no increased traffic load is anticipated in the core, and that the plan in question is only designed to handle the traffic we have less chaotically. If he'll be held to this point and will integrate the one-way system into an overall transportation plan that insures less emphasis on cars, maybe we can take him at his word about anticipations of future traffic load. This is a very big if, since the downtown commercial development steamroller is pushing ahead full tilt at the moment and bringing more and more people into the city daily.

There are a lot of other aspects of the plan that one would like to know about before making up one's mind. For example, in cities like Baltimore which have one-way streets, these become virtual freeways at rush-hours. Great walloping packs of cars steam up streets at 40 m.p.h. through a staggered light system — only a couple of feet from pedestrians. We do not want anything like this in Toronto, and unless Bremner is prepared to make the limit a stiff 25 m.p.h. — which does not mean people can go a bit over and travel 30 — and unless he is prepared to jam things up a bit with not-too-efficiently staggered lights, we ought to work against the plan.

But first there's some information we need to know. In his report Bremner does not discuss very important data like what sort of way traffic levels off after creation of one-way streets; what happens with noise and air pollution which comes with actual one-way streets; how pedestrian safety fares with this sort of more efficient car movement. One would like to know some of this, and facts and figures ought to be available from many cities.

## Mixing it up at Citizens' Forum

*Sewell vs. Rotenberg...again*

By M. WALKER

Citizens' Forum on 15th February was supposed to be about Citizens' Forum. The first part of the meeting consisted mainly of facile bickering between Rosie "most aldermen are crooks" Smith of Ward Six and Alderman "don't be so cynical, Rosie" Rotenberg of Ward Eleven.

The second part included a more emotional interchange between Aldermen Sewell and Rotenberg. Sewell complained hysterically that he was not given a copy of the departmental estimates, up for consideration by the executive committee the following day. Rotenberg replied urbane that the bulk of the document precluded more than minimal distribution. To make his point, he left the room and

returned under the weight of the two enormous volumes of estimates. Many citizens spent the remainder of the meeting perusing their details. Sewell stayed in his seat.

These episodes, and many others, exemplify the faults and virtues of a Citizens' Forum. They ramble from insult to insult, from illumination to confusion. Radical aldermen are treated with courtesy; the remainder meet only with spirited hostility. Rotenberg said sweetly that more aldermen would attend if Rosie Smith didn't needle them so. Someone replied for her that aldermen should have a duty to attend, but noted too that even radical aldermen, apart from Sewell, were rarely there.

Rotenberg himself attends frequently, and so he, presumably, is made of sterner stuff. Certainly

he enjoys arguing. Possibly he believes that his trips to the lions' den will make him more popular with the lions. The effect is probably the opposite. It is only when you tangle with him yourself that you really understand how slippery he is. His need to win arguments, to be right, and to justify his devious behaviour would all seem pathetically childish if his actions were less important. Rotenberg had the gall to claim that he, more than any other alderman, was working for the interests of the citizens. He claimed too that developers do not feed money into his Swiss bank account.

Sewell remains likeable, in spite of his ridiculous posturing. His manner with Rotenberg was that of a sulky and petulant child. Rotenberg, appropriately enough, shed his snake's skin and became the hurt but understanding mother for a few minutes. Sewell made the

real point about the estimates — that decisions are made without time for proper discussion — but this was lost in the irrelevant argument about whether or not Sewell should have his own copy. It is difficult to decide whether Sewell would be more effective if he were less emotional about issues of secondary importance.

Rotenberg initiated the only sustained discussion on the ostensible topic of the meeting — the future of Citizens' Forum. He proposed that each meeting should consider one broad issue, for example, parks, or transportation, and should arrive at proposals for future policy. The Forums' organizers claimed that this had already happened on occasion, and gave examples.

The chairman, Jeremy Carver, suggested that Rotenberg wanted the Citizens' Forum to be just another lobbying group. Carver argued, obscurely, that "process is

the important thing." Perhaps he was alluding to the Sartrean distinction between process and praxis. If so, Sewell opted for praxis, in that he said that he uses Citizens' Forum to get ideas about particular issues rather than about planning philosophies. One speaker wanted to focus on one ward each month. Sewell retorted that such meetings should take place in the wards, rather than in City Hall, which is located in Ward Six. Rotenberg, meanwhile, unravelled the mysteries of the departmental estimates for the interested few.

The consensus seems to be that Citizens' Forum should continue in much the same way as before, providing a context for an open discussion that emphasizes the following day's Council Agenda.

The next Citizens' Forum will be held in Committee Room 1 in the City Hall on Tuesday, February 29 at 8 p.m.



# Ever wondered about those black-caped crusaders ?

## Meet The Process, Church Of The Final Judgement

by Virginia Smith

During the past year, the Hare Krishnas and politicals have had to share their streetcorners with a new set of evangelists. The most flamboyant of these are members of the Process, the Church of the Final Judgment. Draped in their long black capes, the Process messengers work the Yonge Street area from around Bloor to Dundas. They sell the Process magazines, preach the word, and request donations to support their social work.

The Process first achieved notoriety in Ed Sanders book on Charles Manson, *Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion*. Manson, Sanders implied, had developed a taste for human sacrifice through indirect interest in the Los Angeles Process. Orthodox Christians tend to regard the Process as a vile brood of devil worshippers. I visited the Process House at 99 Gloucester Street fearing and perhaps hoping to find black magic and maybe a little Satanism. I was greeted by a large picture of the Process founder, Robert de Grimston, who looks like a dashing Count Dracula. The corrupt aristocrat image is not reflected among his disciples, most of whom look like nice folks.

Relieved and disgusted at finding only friendly, do-gooder smiles and free coffee, I settled down in the Process coffee house, where the voice of Mick Jagger seemed the only devilish overtone. The coffee house fills up every night with grey-uniformed Processeans, newly initiated Process acolytes and casual visitors. Most look young hip, but there's a heavy sprinkling of older visitors.

One girl told me that Process membership meant a new life for her, an end to alienation, paranoia, and dependence on drugs. Another coffee house regular, the only black man I ever saw at the Process, said that he was about to become a Process acolyte, but that he didn't intend to put aside his former life as a hopeful revolutionary. A few others were detached from the Process, but seemed to enjoy the atmosphere. The emphasis is more on socializing than proselytizing.

The Process house is a centre for religious worship as well as a coffee house. The light drop-in tone contrasts a bit oddly with the grim Process beliefs. Disciples of the Church of the Final Judgment believe that the end of the world is imminent. Father Malachi, a master of the Toronto Process, explained that De Grimston founded the Church in England in the early sixties after experiencing a "series of visions of the end and what lies beyond". By the late sixties, the ecologists were outdoing the prophet with gloomy predictions. Doomsday, like vegetarianism, no longer seemed an interest reserved for cranks.

According to Father Malachi, "we're in the final stages of proving to ourselves that it can't work," yet there's "no recognition that we're all in it together." The Process is attempting to raise the general level of awareness. "People must experience a death orientation."

A "death orientation" has an unwholesome sound, and some of the material in the Process magazine "On Death" is a little chilling. There's a big spread on the Kamikaze pilots, with a reminder that "kamikaze" means "the divine wind." A Processean meditates on death: "death I worship, and death I long for." At a meditation service I attended, the assembly sang "He wants an end to all of the earth, the final end of a long time search."

This macabre attitude does not seem to influence day to day behavior at the Process. Father Malachi explained that "what's really important is what's happening now. We don't actually talk about the destruction of the world." "The past and future" are discussed "in terms of explaining the present." So the Processeans smile and serve coffee, which may indeed be the only way to face Armageddon.

I tried to get a bit clearer about the Apocalypse and after, but the Process has

The Process precept:

**"Love Is At The Root Of All Contact.  
It Is The Basis For All Communication."**

established no dogma about judgment and eternity. Father Malachi himself doesn't believe in eternity, and subscribes to a doctrine of reincarnation. We are living at the end of a negative cycle; "we are at the farthest possible state from God." Only when we have completed the downward spiral, will we be born into a positive cycle, a brave new world.

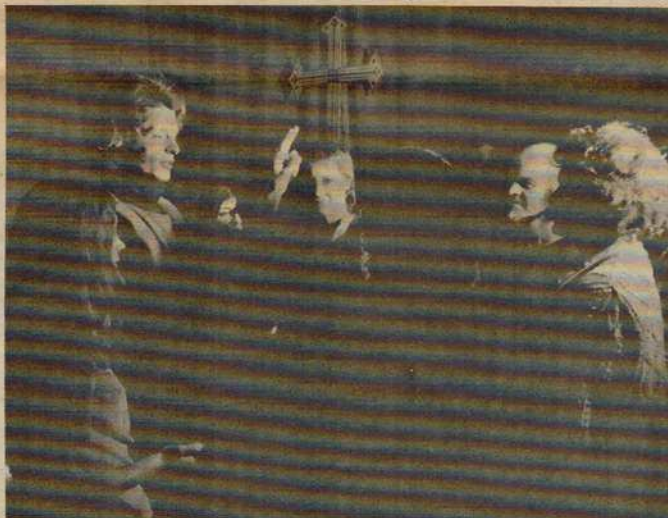
At the Process service, the minister recites: "Christ said: Love thine enemy. Christ's Enemy was Satan and Satan's Enemy was Christ. Through Love, enmity is destroyed. Through Love, saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them. Through Love, Christ and Satan have destroyed their enmity and come together for the End. Christ to Judge, Satan to execute the Judgment."

The Process believes in God and the three great Gods of the universe, Lucifer, Satan and Jehovah. Lucifer is not the devil, but the God of enjoyment, sensuality, satisfaction, permissiveness.

in Process literature. A lurid headline announces that "Satan Rides Again With the Hell's Angels." The motorcycle gang is treated with a blend of horror and fascination. Statements by Charles Manson and Malcolm Muggeridge are juxtaposed on the same page, with the title "The Reconciliation of Opposites", but the mind boggles at the connection.

Lucifer, not Satan, seems to preside at the coffee house. Process beliefs are expressed in weekly rituals, the Sabbath Assembly and Midnight Meditation, where the tone is a bit heavier. The Process favors an elaborate ritual with incense, candles, red and purple robed ministers. The Assembly looks like a Halloween party if you insist in viewing it ironically, but the whole thing actually packs a good deal of power. Some of the hymns are rousing and bacchanalian, with plenty of tambourines and drums.

After you've seen the Processeans at their devotions, it's hard to focus on them again as social workers. Members



Initiates at Consecration Ceremony

Jehovah, the wrathful God of the Old Testament demands courage, self-denial, discipline, and duty. Satan is a divided God whose impulse is to transcend the body completely and, at the other end of the spectrum, to sink into bestiality and violence. Christ, as in traditional Christianity, is God's link with man, the Emissary. Christ means unity, a reconciliation of the distinct patterns.

The Process uses the three great Gods to construct an elementary psychology, not so different from the old choleric, sanguine, phlegmatic school of thought. The Gods are personality patterns. The individual feels some impulse from each of the gods, but one represents the basic thrust of his personality. The Process recommends awareness and control, not catharsis to the unruly Satanic type.

Father Malachi explained that Satan is at once adversary and friend. "Satan sets out to destroy you by tests and temptations." In this way, "Satan can show you your vulnerability, your weakness." Satan is having a fine time at this point in the downward spiral. "Satan has a function only so long as we are imperfect. As we approach God, Satan's function becomes less and less."

Satan appears as an ambivalent figure

spend much of their time not only running the coffee house, but working with the community outside the Process center. The Process has been criticized for linking its social action with religious hocus-pocus. I myself find it hard to understand how Process beliefs establish a basis for social work. If you believe in the end of the world and a "death orientation", why go around giving candy to babies or anything to anyone?

Father Malachi reiterates the Process emphasis on now; in Day to day life I do what I feel I must do. The Process, moreover, is not only thinking of the end, but "laying the ground for the new beginning." He stresses the role of the individual in resolving social conflict. The Process attitude seems to minimize the importance of political revolution or concerted attack on bureaucratic structures.

At Christmas, the Process people collected, repaired and distributed thousands of toys to children who otherwise might do without. Free food and clothing are distributed at the Process House. Processeans regularly visit homes for old people, the Mental Retardation Centre, and 999 Queen Street. These are not sporadic visits, but attempts to build

continuing friendships with those who have been isolated from society. Some patients find a new community at the Process after their discharge from 999 Queen. The Church of the Final Judgment appears, in some respects, an exotic Salvation Army.

Drugs are not cool at the Process. The Salvation Army offers a new way to alcoholics; The Process, which generally attracts a younger generation, does a lot of work with drug addicts. Professionals admit, according to Father Malachi, that the "true believer" method of dealing with drug problems is the most effective. The Process offers the addict not methadone and a life back on the streets, but a structure, a community, a belief.

The Process Statement on drugs discusses two types of addicts. One cannot cope with mundane reality; the other is dissatisfied with normality. He is looking for God. Who would want to admit that he's just the ordinary type junkie?

The Process accomplishes its work through efficient and disciplined organization. Church members are ordered in an elaborate hierarchy, with varying degrees of knowledge and responsibility. At the top is Robert de Grimston, who communicates with Process chapters throughout the world. De Grimston does not decide matters like when and where a new Process chapter will be founded. The move into a new city, says Father Malachi, happens more spontaneously. The scope of de Grimston's authority is not clear to me, but he seems to be more a prophet than a union leader.

The new Processean is an acolyte. After the Sacrament of Fire and Water, he becomes an initiate. The initiate becomes a disciple only after several weeks study and sensitivity training. The disciple gives tithes to the Church. More fervent Processeans may become Messengers, either OP's (Outside Processeans) or IP's (Inside Processeans). Outside Processeans live communally outside the Process chapter. It's the OP's you see working on Yonge Street. IP's live in the Process house with the prophets, superiors, and masters.

Father Malachi, who is a master, explains that the masters are "in contact with the founder" and "take complete responsibility for everything that happens in the chapter." An aspiring Processean cannot hope to reach the upper branches of the hierarchy in less than four years.

These complicated gradations are justified by the fact that some individuals are natural leaders, and, says Father Malachi, "everyone grows up with some sort of control problem." He never asks anyone to do something he "hasn't done himself at some time", since no one ever skips a grade in the hierarchy.

The Process has been proselytizing widely only since 1970. Official estimates of Church membership range from 70,000 to 100,000, concentrated mostly in England and North America. Though the Processeans are diligent street workers, they don't seem to favor the hard sell. Father Malachi recalls that during the early days, Processeans aroused and perhaps even encouraged hostility when they preached at the London School of Economics and Oxford. Toronto Processeans come on a fan rather than sweaty. If there's a basic fanaticism, its tempered by restraint and sophistication. Their publications, which are lavishly done, are imaginative and literate. The Processeans may be cracked, but they're not stupid.

One Processean I chatted with referred to "Jesus freaks" as if the Jesus people were totally other. There's no overall community of post-Superstar Christians in Toronto. More orthodox freaks disapprove of the Process. A minister at the Yonge Street Mission told me that the Process considers the rapist the moral equal of the Good Samaritan, an attitude I found impossible to associate with the Good Samaritans I met at the Process.



THE STAGE

FANSHEN — BETHUNE

by David McCaughna

China has been out of the darkness for only a few months and we are being Chinaized right into the ground already. Nixon is on his 'historic' journey. Chinese New Year just passed, and two local theatres are presenting plays dealing with aspects of the formerly mysterious land.

At Toronto Workshop Productions there is Fanshen, under the direction of George Luscombe. Based on the famed

book of the same name by William Hinton, and dramatized by Rick Salutin, it follows the peasants in the small Long Bow Village of rural China as they overthrow their landlord after centuries of virtual slavery and move into the shaky ground of new-found liberation. As the programme notes state, "it is the story of how the peasants of Long Bow Village built a new world."

The first half of the play, as the people get rid of the sinister landlord, is the more interesting. But in the second part, where the peasants struggle to adjust to the new freedom, there isn't much life. The play, functioning

like an ideological treatise, is uninvolved. Sociological studies are not the stuff plays are made from. And the one-dimensionality of the characters proves this point.

The production of Fanshen does feature a number of interesting elements. As always with TWP productions there is some striking movement and the set and use of props is quite imaginative, but it all fails to breathe life into a dull script. The play, I imagine, would be of some interest to the dedicated sinophile.

Down the street at Theatre Passe Muraille there is the more successful Bethune, a 'collective

creation' directed by Peter Boretski. It, of course is about the Canadian doctor Norman Bethune who has become a hero. In documentary style the life of the dedicated doctor unfolds somewhat slowly before our eyes. Against a huge draped red Buddha and Maoist slogans, we see Norman as a child, as a young man, as a married man, as a doctor serving the poor in Detroit slums, during the Spanish Civil War, making IB discoveries, and, finally, with the troops of Mao. Six nimble actors switch from part to part with amazing speed and the thoughts of Chairman Mao are oddly juxtaposed against those of W.C. Fields.

What we end up with are the details of a man's rather varied and awe-inspiring career. There isn't really much of a person there. One reason rests with the plot itself but another with the gimmick of having the role of Bethune handed from actor to actor which destroys the development of the character.

Bethune, the play suggests, is Canada's National Hero. At the end of the play O Canada is sung. I have noticed that the national anthem is being sung in quite a few plays this year.

Two egg rolls...

by Nigel Spencer

Bethune at the Theatre Passe-Muraille enshrines above all, the simple, human beauty of common sense. Its success can be measured in audience participation of the truest kind... with one's head, heart and guts. We actively watch, sympathize with and judge what is presented, and if we are swept off our feet, we owe it to the play's lucidity.

The first act follows the early life — and growing awareness — of Canadian doctor Norman Bethune, up to the Spanish Civil War and his decision to work with Mao and the People's Liberation Army. The series of vignettes and episodes scattered impressionistically about the spacious stage are propelled by Bethune's underlying moral principles and framed by conflicting quotes from Chairman Mao and W.C. Fields. We go from the poignant fun and greed of the flapper era to a turning-point at which the brilliant renegade realizes that medicine is not all that is corrupt in our society. "There is a rich man's T.B. and a poor man's T.B."

The Russian Revolution was a birth... "the agony and ugliness are always necessary and always would be... to deny this is to deny our faith in mankind."

The statement that "a revolution is not a cocktail party" is ironically juxtaposed with the most chilling scene of the play. As a collection of "revolutionary" artists and intellectuals whoop it up in a Montreal apartment, their drive gradually and irresistibly becomes an improvised scene of children at a painting class who squabble their way into World War Two.

The second act, low-key but equally gripping, shows Bethune in China and provides a practical demonstration of what lesser mortals only dare dream about. It is here that simple, Chinese pantomime works so well to convey the self-evident truth of real democracy. "Christ had the right idea but he didn't have a policy."

Bethune is a collective creation drawn from the man's writings, and the cast under Peter Boretski performs with dedication and control, despite the numerous quick-changes. The simple, open stage and blend of Eastern and Western acting styles embrace the audience with rare respect and honesty.

SEE NO EVIL, HEAR

by George Walker

On a monochromatic set at the Tarragon Theatre, four characters act out a series of scenes designed to decorate the staples of domestic drama. Playwright Jack Cunningham's *See No Evil, Hear...* is a rather heroic attempt at introducing the Pinter style to the multi-media package. The results are at times promising and at others actually unsatisfying.

A hostile professor, his befuddled wife, a rather nasty young man, and a rather innocent girl are the stock and enigmatic figures who live together in Cunningham's well-ordered hell-on-earth environment. Using that insistent and veiled repetitious style found in the writings of all those who read more than one Pinter play, the scenes accumulate evidence of these people's lives. Then with the help of some pointed (and occasionally witty) projections, the play hurls this evidence at the audience with an incessant belief in itself. Fortunately, some of the belief is justified.

The play works best on a level of innocence where the author's comic sense can operate most honestly. (Several variations on the — who's got the balls — joke were charming and successful.) However, the director, Brian Meeson, has done little to exploit this virtue in writing. His direction, although, competent, tends strongly toward the heavy side and is occasionally downright melodramatic. Further, he seems to have very little faith in his performers' spontaneity and never allows them to escape the structure of his staging. It is extremely frustrating to watch someone like Patricia Hamilton work like mad and never get anywhere. In fact, the play itself suffers along these lines, and the frustration here is even greater.

But finally, one looks forward to seeing more of Jack Cunningham's work, because whatever the limitations of this particular play and production, one thing is made clear. The man has talent.



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VARIOUS

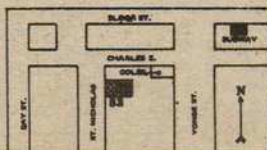
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THE STAGE

TOM HENDRY -- THREE RING THEATRE

by Dave Gustafson

When what's-its-name gets around to giving the certificates of merit for creation and productivity, Tom Hendry will have to be a prime candidate. Fifteen years ago he gave up a flourishing business as a Chartered Accountant in Winnipeg so he could co-start, without salary, the Manitoba Theatre Centre. As MIC's founding Administrative Director, he spent five years developing the machinery of Canada's first and model regional theatre.

Hendry then spent five years in Toronto converting the Canadian Theatre Centre from an unimaginative, single-purpose concept into a hard-working reality. While evolving from an amoeba to octopus, the Centre excelled in promoting communications, playing lost and found department for moving talents, introducing new methods like Danny Newman and recording theatre history. When Hendry packed his energy and vision off to Stratford, the CTC faded to little more than a memory. Today, he notes: "It's outlived its usefulness and should be killed off or shrunk to an informational function."

At Stratford for two seasons, he served as Literary Manager, a profession with more dangers than high-wire walking at Niagara Falls. His desires to bring new works into the classics museum were based on sound vision, but the wire snapped. He points out that the Festival is "a kind of cultural mecca that pilgrims come to, and they



display the armbone of the prophet once a year and everyone goes away feeling like a better person for having taken part in this ritual exercise. It's a cultural and therapeutic event." He suggested once that audiences at Stratford experience theatre as opera: "They don't really experience it as communication, but as an event where it's kind of self-contained and you experience the thing without really understanding what it's all about." Looking back now on his Stratford experience he says, "It was a great mistake ever going near that place. Just a terrible mistake... wasted two years for me and them."

Back in Toronto now as a playwright (new profession: go back to step one) he has been active in the "radical" national

campaign to secure attention and rights for Canadian playwrights. And as before, he's been getting results. He attended the Canada Council's Playwrights' Conference held last spring in the Gaspé, then assisted Brian Doherty in organizing a second national meeting in Niagara-on-the-Lake and thereafter creating the Toronto Playwright's Circle.

With the Circle's support, he put together a brief describing the playwright's dilemma and calling for a National Incentive Program for increasing Canadian Content in Canadian Theatres. Failing that, the brief demanded immediate implementation of a 50 percent quota of Canadian plays for all publicly subsidized theatres.

Then, to escape from escalating phone calls, Hendry

went off to a writers' colony for a month and wrote or re-wrote two full length and nine short plays.

Because he, like all writers, faced the nuts and bolts problem of duplicating his plays he conceived a brief for a Winter Works Project and, with Carol Bolt's help, solicited \$29,000 for a Playwrights' Co-op. Office and getsetters have been set up at 666 Eglinton and in their first three weeks this very practical and productive outfit typed and ran off 20 different scripts. Directors across the country are already phoning and dropping in.

Of course, having copies of a play is of little value if they're not performed. So, to ensure production of his and other new works, he submitted another brief to Winter Works and with his wife, Judith, negotiated for \$30,000 to launch the Toronto Free Theatre. Hendry, John Palmer and Martin Kinch are

directors for the company, which has plotted activities deep into 1973. They're already busy looking for talent, refining scripts and searching for people willing to invest in the advancement of Canadian Culture.

The creative triumvirate also plans to include in TFT's schedule, and Audition Theatre, based on the O'Neill Foundation in Waterford, Conn. It will involve giving semi-staged performances of 6-10 plays in a 2-3 day period, for a gathering of artistic directors from across the country. A third project of the group will be in some level of theatre for children.

Fortunately, Hendry enjoys immense understanding and support from his wife: Judith Hendry is also active in theatre as Public Relations Director for the Shaw Festival, which ironically has never done a Canadian play.

Tom's "idle" moments go into writing articles and giving speeches about facets of Canada's abnormal theatre situation like having a National Art Centre that presents only foreign plays. His dedication to and promotion of Canadian plays is beginning to create a new fashion - positive thinking about Canadian content is beginning to spawn in the Establishment Theatre Industry.

Why is he dedicating his tremendous energy to such a monumental and poverty-level cause: "I feel I have something to say and I can say it best in a theatre - like other playwrights in Canada I want a theatre to say it in and an audience to say it to."

To quote a member of the olde garde: "Well roared lion."

PROMISES, PROMISES

by Alan Gordon

*Promises, Promises* currently at the Royal Alex charges a lot and delivers little in the way of solid entertainment. There is the book by Neil Simon that serves as an example of the genius at his lowest ebb, the music by Burt Bacharach that somehow ends up as a parody of itself, and the show as a whole which, produced by David Merrick, ends up as a second-rate version of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* with a slight nod to Billy Wilder for the plot-line of *The Apartment*.

Watching *Promises, Promises* as presented here, we can't help but get the feeling that this show is still trying out. The lead-in lines to the musical numbers are embarrassing, and the rational for several dance numbers is shaky enough to elicit groans from a full house.

Basically, the story revolves around an aggressive young executive-material type who has his own apartment. We follow his rise in career and drop in self-esteem as he gives the key to his place to his higher-ups. He doesn't mind doing this until he realizes that his higher-ups are lower down than he can stand. He tells them off and he and his apartment are left together, for happily ever after.

Neil Simon at his worst is better than most musical writers, and we can forget that *The Apartment* was as good a film as this is a mediocre musical. Simon's one liners save the show from several embarrassing moments, and a couple of characters, Doctor Dreyfuss (he's tried LSD and had a better trip in Miami... when it rained for ten days) and Marge MacDougall, who wears an owl coat, save the entire second act

all by themselves for us.

The cast for the touring company is just a cut above the average touring company.

The show just doesn't make it. It hasn't the charm of *Sweet Charity*, the cynicism of *The Apartment* or the class of *How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. And for thirty dollars top for a couple, it should be better than all of them.

Oh, an additional note to Messrs. Merrick and Mirvish. For

the money, which is more than we paid to view the production on Broadway, we should at least get what we got on Broadway. There were four singers in the orchestra, a brilliant innovation by Bacharach, and a brilliantly designed and executed sound system. In Toronto, for fifteen dollars a ticket, the only thing we had in the pit was a sluggish orchestra whose lead trumpet seemed to require an introduction to the score and his mouthpiece.

THE CATONSVILLE NINE

by Gethin James

The University Alumnae Dramatic Club's presentation, *The Trial of the Cantonville Nine* is rather disappointing. It is not difficult to discern a number of contributing factors. In what is presumably an attempt to realize the passivistic side of the characters, Diane Polley's direction underplays most of the lines. This was a primary error in that the "Nine" had taken positive, aggressive steps in their protest, and aggressive actions come from spirited people. The occasional arm is thrown in the air as a sign of frustration but, for most of the time, the cast are like sheep on the stage; sheep don't burn selective service records.

There are deeper problems, however, with this production. The "play" is not a "Play". That a "real life" trial is a dramatic affair goes without saying; but it is by no means automatic that the transcription of a trial is a dramatic work. *The Trial of the Cantonville Nine* is no play: as

we have it in the Coach House it is hardly dramatic. Something is sadly wrong. Were the actual people really like this in court? There is the unmistakable feeling as the play wears on that some of the case are "natural" on stage and that they are not "acting natural". Not only is a play missing, but also here and there, acting too.

The only real feeling of conviction is conveyed by Michael Polley, but even he peters out by the end. I never felt that Bill Butler's prosecutor was ever really prosecuting with a will! Nor whether Kurt Jacob's judge was ever really squirming on the legal/life dichotomy. But maybe the "real life people" were like this in the trial. Whether or not this was the case, things as they are in the Coach House are sadly amiss. What an opportunity was present to allude to the Greek Chorus as revived in Max Frisch, for instance; again Daniel Berrigan's judge should have in some way acknowledged that Brecht had something to say about judges. Father Berrigan - a passionate protester but no play.

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THE PAINTER'S EYE

by Anthony Thorn

PREVIEW OF EROS AND OTHERS

It's a good month for shows; most of the galleries are putting on one-man exhibitions, and a lot of them look first-rate. Douglas Morton is showing at the Art Gallery of York University, until March 10th./ Louise Nevelson's work may be seen at the Dunkelman, until March 4th./ Scarborough College (science Wing), University of Toronto is showing a Canadian Retrospective by John A. Hooper, until Feb. 28th./ Ernst Bauen is exhibiting at Alumni Hall, Victoria College, until March 3rd./ Ashley and Crippen is showing William Hayter's new etchings, beginning Feb. 19th./ Robin Collyer shows sculpture at Carmen Lamanna Gallery, until March 2nd./ A show called "Italian Sojourn" by Frances-Anne Johnston at Roberts Gallery continues until Feb. 26th./ Geoffrey Armstrong is showing at the Shaw-Rimington Gallery until Feb. 27th./

Gallery Joso, 71 Yorkville, is showing the fantastic paintings of the Yugoslav artist, Bozidar Duric. Duric's world seems fungoid, visceral and so ornately detailed that the eye boggles. His landscapes, giant flies and strange hands are all depicted in an almost saccharine light, achieved by the use of the classi-

cal technique of glazing.

Joso's own work may also be seen at the gallery. He is a sculptor of great sensitivity, working in bronze and terracotta. His pieces, modest in size, are some of the loveliest things showing in Toronto, figurative, lyrical, and completely contrary to the dominant modes of the day. For those who have tired of the brutal severity of minimalist sculpture, Joso's work may be the anodyne. More of it may be seen at Lillian Morrison's gallery, and downstairs at the Hotbed Gallery.

Max Epstein, that flamboyant and controversial artist, will open his immense new show of paintings and sculpture, called "Resurrection", at the Drew-Smith Gallery on Feb. 25th. A part of the exhibition will be his plexiglass collages, made of the smashed pieces of earlier work, destroyed last summer in his enormous studio, by himself. His work is big and powerful, urban and tough, like himself; it is a school unto itself. Gaudy and bright, it reflects Spadina Avenue and downtown Yonge St., the pinball parlours and shooting galleries, the world of neon and plastic. It has integrity, force and strength of color.

Starting on March 4th, Hotbed Gallery will present an exhibition of the work of the Viennese artist, Ernst Fuchs. Formerly shown at the Hals Gallery on Yonge St., the exhibition consists of fifteen prints; thirteen etchings and two silk screens.

Although Ernst Fuchs, at 40, is one of Europe's most highly regarded artists, his work is little known in America. Erotic, sensual and fantastic, his etchings present an imagination nurtured on biblical imagery, on Blake, Durer and Hieronimus Bosch. Although his craftsmanship is superb, it is not his craftsmanship alone which draws one to his work, but his imagery. His women, whether or not he calls them by the names of biblical heroines, are not women at all, but succubi, the product of fevered sexual reveries.

If you are fortunate enough to own a copy of *Avant Garde Magazine*, (No. 9), you will have seen an article on Fuchs and his work, with many illustrations. To quote from that article, "Women in the works of Austrian artist Ernst Fuchs are almost invariably portrayed as ripe, sensual, unbearably seduc-

tive femmes fatales. Men, on the other hand, are usually shown as corrupt, tortured and wasted away."

Fuchs uses the pictorial and technical mannerisms of the Vienna Secession, but his erotic vision seems to stem more from literary sources than pictorial ones. The heroines of Poe's work, and Baudelaire's, the images of demons in the form of women from the pens of the witch finders and inquisitors, and the fevered fantasies of celibates, all these seem to find fleshly utterance in Fuch's line.

Like most eroticism, these etchings have something of the grotesque in them. It is as though, separated from the other elements of human relationships, the erotic either reduces itself to a symbol, or to a distortion.

Hotbed Gallery is one of the few Canadian galleries valiant enough to show art which is erotic in subject. In spite of the fact that the morality squad and the blue stockings disapprove, and the public shows only the smallest interest, this gallery continues to perform a valuable function to the arts. To be liberal is to comprehend all.



MUSIC

By Michael Schulman

JOHN WYRE: FREAKING OUT WITH BELLS

At 2 p.m. on Feb. 15, John Wyre was listening to the taped portion of his composition "Bells" being tested on Massey Hall's amplification system. Two vacuum cleaners humming in the darkened hall made hearing difficult. So did the sound equipment, not quite up to the demands of the work's climax. I suggested adjusting the dynamic level of the climax by redubbing, but the tape, already in its "8th generation", was nearing its limits of reproducibility. Finally, the tape's producer, who was also on hand, agreed to manually control the volume during the rehearsals and performances scheduled for Feb. 22-23, with the Toronto Symphony under Seiji Ozawa.

The test completed, Wyre proudly showed me his handiwork — the score of "Bells" — and handiwork it is! I wish I had the space and inks to share with you the view of this multi-colored circle of musical notation and abstract images, nearly 3 feet in diameter. Although the music, for bells, other percussion, harp and strings (along with the taped, electronically transformed bell sonorities not otherwise realizable in concert) could have been scored "linearly", Wyre says the circle affords him and the conductor a unified visualization of the entire work. The individual musicians will each have their own part of the score drawn by Wyre, "large enough to see in the dark", as the lights will be down during the performances.

Wyre was born in Philadelphia in 1941 and came to Canada in 1966 to become

the Toronto Symphony tympanist. He's resigning from the Symphony, along with principal percussionist Robin Engleman, at the end of this season; it's the second time the restless Wyre has quit. The first time he left

Cahn.

"Percussion", says Wyre, "is the freest and most open category. Instruments come from so many more traditions and different cultures than, say, strings." Percussion music appeals to con-



Wyre and Bells

was "to escape" — but with nowhere in mind to escape to, he returned. This time, however, he had a goal — to compose, perform and travel as part of a group of five percussionists, himself, Engleman, Michael Craden, Robert Becker and William

temporary composers, performers and listeners not only for its variety of novel sonorities, but, as Wyre points out, striking, jingling and jangling the often bizarre instruments adds a "theatrical, visual immediacy" to the listening experience.

Wyre is an avid collector of percussion instruments from all over the world, in all shapes, sizes and sonorities. Performing as a foursome (Craden has recently joined them), he and the new group have already appeared in Hamilton, Rochester and Toronto, including visits to schools in North York, playing many different instruments. "When we put all the instruments together, it's a mind-blower! The form and structure of our music is mostly improvised — it's something that's happening as we get to know each other better. I'll miss the Symphony, though. It's a beautiful source of sound. It's been a great learning experience, and a tremendous energy trip — I'll have to find another way of channeling it."

Wyre is looking forward to a planned Japanese tour with the percussion group in Spring '73. Japan has already had an impact on his career. Drawn to Toronto by the opportunity to work with Seiji Ozawa, Wyre composed "Bells" at Ozawa's invitation for performance by the Japan Philharmonic, appearing himself as a soloist for the first time. In July, 1971, he made his U.S. solo debut performing Toru Takemitsu's "Casseiopeia" with Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony.

The Orient has meant other things to Wyre as well. About 3 years ago, his continuing spiritual quest brought him to Zen meditation. "It taught me how to cool my head and achieve peace of mind." Does he still practice it? "I go back and forth — I'm not a disciplined individual. I can't nail myself to a task for a long period of time."

Wyre's spiritual speculation

were manifest in the center of the original score of "Bells" in which, he told me, he had drawn 3 Buddhas superimposed on a cross. "The drawing was some kind of representation of the resolution, the coming together of all religions. It's happening in music, too." Why, then, has he in the updated score replaced the Buddhas and cross with two abstract forms, red and yellow, on a blue field? "When you realize the truth, you don't have to make pictures of it any more." Wyre had difficulty expressing his discerned "truth" in words — "I'm not a poet, I guess" — but his openness to all music, and all sound, is apparently his own way of meeting the Universe halfway.

"Sound is a spiritual discipline for me. Sound teaches — all you have to do is hear it. If I think — about what I'm going to play during a concert — I always put my mallet in my mouth. But if I keep my mind clear, then I know where I am."

Wyre points out that "Bells", the name and subject of his composition, "have been a part of most of the world's religious disciplines, in one form or another. The Buddhists have beautiful bowls that they use in meditation. When struck, they ring for 30-40 seconds. Your mind dissolves... When you hit a bell, the sound diminishes. If I follow the sound, I feel much wholer, it brings me to now. I

continued on page 13

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WOODWIND INSTRUMENTS



continued from page 12

started collecting bells and wound up with hundreds of them hanging from my rafters. I would shake them all and listen to them "cook" for a half hour. That experience, of just hearing the bells interact, unpredictably, is a really soothing thing. Everybody who's ever heard it has freaked out. That's what I'm trying to accomplish, with the audience, in my music."

"FIFE & DRUM" FOR KIDS

Woodwinds and percussion were the highlighted instruments at the "Children's Saturday Symphony" on Feb. 19, with Toronto Symphony musicians

demonstrating their instruments and answering children's questions: "How do you clean out a bassoon?" - bassoonist Chris Weait showed how his instrument comes apart; "What are the skins on the kettledrums made of?" - John Wyre said that plastic "heads" have replaced the traditional calfskin; "When did music start?" - Conductor Victor Feldbrill explained, "Music is as old as people. As soon as you have people, you have music. When you were born, your first cry was music, at least to your

In addition to the demonstrations and the questions, the less-than-capacity audience of children and adults enjoyed

music by Rossini, Liadov, Prokofieff and Tchaikovsky, plus the 1st performance of 18-year-old John Chong's contest-winning "Continuum". Certainly, more parents should take advantage of these informal, inexpensive and entertaining Saturday concerts. (The final pair this season will be April 1 & 22 at Massey Hall.) My 2-year-old daughter Sarah enjoyed the music so much she clapped even while it was in progress. For Sarah, however, the high point of the day was the chance, before the concert, to borrow John Wyre's drumsticks and delight in the "sonority" and "immediacy" of



John Wyre and Sarah  
pounding on the tympani's plastic "head". Thank you, John.  
photo by Bob Buchanan

# CELEBRATION OF SISTERHOOD

by Adelyn Bouland

Movie magazines, love comics, romance novels, women's monthlies, soap operas - these have been the stuff of women's culture. And, alas, they still are. Of the ideology presented in these components, Germaine Greer says: "Love, love, love - all the wretched can't of it make, masking egotism, lust, masochism, fantasy under a mythology of sentimental postures, a welter of self-induced miseries and joys, blinding and masking the essential personalities in the frozen gesture of courtship...the compliments and quarrels which vivify its bareness." Looking back on my love comic and movie magazine days, I know she isn't kidding.

There is no doubt that True Confessions and Photoplay are directed at women in the hope of playing upon the fantasies they require to escape the dull reality of their lives. That this whole industry is a multi-million dollar one indicates the desperation with which women consume the tales. In contrast with this type of women's culture are the plays, poems, rock bands, and art work which have recently begun to come out of the women's movement. This is not only directed at women, but actually is an expression of the experience a person who is a woman has.

From March 10 to 12, a Women's Festival will be presented at the University of Toronto. As far as the people organizing it know, the Festival is the first of its kind in Canada. Numerous women's presentations have been made in the States, including one in Buffalo which lasted a week. The new definition of women's culture is slowly evolving.

The idea originated in one section of the interdisciplinary course at the University, a course harmlessly called "Women in the 20th Century". The courses are conducted mainly as small discussion groups and an attempt has been made, within the halls of academia, at radical education. The women leading the course have various qualifications - but certainly rarely MA's or PhD's. Every attempt has been made to break down the usual role differentiation between "leader" and the "led" to make the course more spontaneous and relaxed. It is not surprising that women who are exposed collectively to knowledge of the domination of their lives by sexist culture should find in each other's disillusionment, the support necessary to organize some sort of retaliation.

But the element of retaliation is not the important aspect. A great deal of sisterhood has developed amongst the 200 or so women who decided, for various reasons to take a course on women. Initially, few of the

Ontario College of Art and encouraged some interest there, as well.

Regarding the content of the work, the desire is to include only works which express sympathy for women and are of a feminist nature; the Festival is not supposed to be an art show

qualify any insinuation that their art is particularly "female" in any way, but they refuse to even ally themselves with other women by displaying their art in an all-female show. The pressure to make it on men's terms is no less fierce in the arts world than in the strictly business world. For many female artists, any

and historical view of a set of events, so that the power structure is questioned.

Salper is quick to add that there is not just the problem of being co-opted by working in an established institution. There is also the danger of "internal co-optation" in the creation of a "soft-culture", which advocates opting out of the system and living a "pure life" of personal liberation. She states: "The celebration of sisterhood - the euphoric sense of individual freedom gained from breaking out of an oppressive culture, casting off a stultifying negative self-concept, and releasing rage at having been judged an inferior object for so many years - is, like cultural nationalism, a necessary part of liberation. It is needed to heal the psychic rift in women, to restore pride and sense of identity, so we can cease feeling guilty, inferior, and cease directing action against ourselves instead of outward. However, if the celebration of sisterhood becomes an end in itself, it is no more than fetishized liberation...individual alienation combated by individual liberation which is ultimately a dead end." A purely academic women's studies program can function to simply heal the "psychic rifts" and give us the feeling that something is being done that we can see. The present social structure is elastic enough to make the women's movement and culture functional for its perpetuation; women's books, poems, songs and plays can be created in the spaces and not change the power structure minutely.

It is not the intent of the collective to make the cultural celebration of sisterhood a replacement for political development. By unifying women and bringing women together to enjoy each other's company and work, the celebration could be a "crucial stepping stone to radical political action" (Scalper), for both men and women.

## WOMEN'S FESTIVAL

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women would have defined themselves as feminists.

Lyba Spring, a course leader, and Iris Desouza a student in the same section, testified to the change which has occurred in the consciousness of the course participants. Vague discontents, slight misgivings have been identified as social, not individual inadequacies, and this has led to an articulation of a completely different attitude towards society.

The organization of the event has been collective with little reliance on the hierarchical. A effort was made at including people from outside the university by advertising not only in the Varsity, but also in the York Excalibur and Guerilla. No ads were put in the ward papers, but at this stage in the women's movement it's hard to say whether response would have been greater, since there has been little interest in the Festival outside of the course participants and the two women's political groups in Toronto. Desouza went to the

which accepts work only by women. A perspective on women by women is the end result the group is working for. Art of this sort is still scarce in Toronto. Women can be found who do leather work, sculpture-weaving, one-woman art shows, but their work doesn't reflect at all the characteristics of their lives in common with other women, or even make some interpretive comment as can be found in the work of Emily Carr or Margaret Atwood.

Whereas with men there is no artist vs man complex, there definitely is an artist vs woman complex. Margaret Atwood has said that poetry "wasn't considered a very ballsy thing to do", so that the men in her field were extremely defensive towards women poets. But art, although conceived as an intuitive, unphysical and perhaps less "masculine" human pursuit, is male-dominated, and an expression of the male experience. There can be no dichotomy for the male artist.

Many women not only dis-

formal association with other women would be to admit a lesser potential than the male possesses. The fact that women have greatly reduced opportunities for display is not taken into consideration. They want to be known as artists, not as women, and much of their time is spent allying themselves with the men in their field.

The new women's culture and the women's studies program, have the possibilities of linking all sectors of society in a new kind of analysis. But in the case of the women's studies program there is still the dichotomy between the social movement and the course themselves. As Roberta Salper states in her article on women's studies in Ramparts: "this dichotomy may insure both that the course do not radically change anyone, and that the Women's Movement does not benefit from the acquisition of skills and other benefits available in the university". The fact that the course is an interdisciplinary one threatens the danger of "mixing" the political

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SCREEN GEMS



**THX 1138**  
by Gary Topp

THX 1138 is a mind-bending look into a future century and into a civilization that exists

totally underground, its hairless citizens computer-controlled, euphoric with compulsory drugs and having arrived at the ultimate in human conformity under a robot police force. The story is concerned with

the efforts of Robert Duvall, who plays THX 1138 in a society where a prefix and a number suffice for a name, to escape his drug-induced state, which leads to love, an unknown and even forbidden emotion in his dehumanized surroundings, and finally his attempt to escape completely from the subterranean world itself.

THX 1138 was directed, written and edited by 25-year-old George Lucas and is based on a short he made which took the grand prize at the National Student Film Festival in the United States. He borrows heavily from Huxley and Orwell for his visions but the film stands more on the wonder of their imagery. Lucas creates a dazzling world of cold white tunnels, awesome spiral avenues, crazy-eyed computers and bleak chromium surfaces that is, on its own terms, as consistently convincing and spooky as anything Stanley Kubrick has made for millions of dollars more. If Lucas lacks a wit that might relieve for a few blessed moments the solemn aggression of his captive world, he holds us with endless frames of the austere beauty of his white-suited citizens, their heads floating like pink balloons down empty, purest-white corridors. One need only walk about a modern business building with its programmed music, sterile corridors and offices and peeping tele-

vision monitors to feel the terror of Lucas' look at a future that is rushing at us. (Early March at CinemaLumiere)

**TRAFIC**  
by Jon Caulfield

In Jaques Tati's latest movie, *Trafic*, Mr. Hulot again encounters modern life in his own unique way. In Mr. Hulot's Holiday, Hulot took a summer vacation. In *Mon Oncle*, he ran up against the gadgets and contraptions that we like to refer to as the conveniences of modern living. I missed *Playtime* and don't know what happened there. In *Trafic*, Hulot meets the automobile.

If you think there's little humor left to be squeezed from the humble car, Tati will surprise you pleasantly. The man can deal with the most commonplace subjects with a freshness and ease that will have you chuckling from credits till curtain. Tati's sense of humor doesn't tend toward hilarity — as, for example, Monty Python does. Tati is quiet and subtle and prefers to gently tickle you pink. And it doesn't stop when the movie's done but continues on as you're travelling home and setting about something else when you get there and are rising next morning. You remember scenes, and they seem funnier with every recall.

A lot of the situations in which Hulot finds himself are situations in which any of us might find ourselves. But Hulot doesn't handle what happens quite as anyone else would; he copes in a rather personal style. Imagine that you've run out of gas and are hiking along a freeway, gas can in hand, in search of a gas station. You meet someone walking up the other side of the freeway in the opposite

direction, gas can in hand, in search of a gas station. This happens to Hulot. This sort of thing is always happening to Hulot. He's neither a fool nor a knave nor someone who tends to get mixed up in ridiculous situations. He's just a kind, mild-mannered man whose life is consistently wacky. Tati's humor is almost all visual. He's a mime, and dialogue isn't too important. *Trafic* is partly in English, partly in French; and part of the time when people talk you can't hear just what they're saying, but it doesn't matter. Most of the movie could be without dialogue and be no less amusing. In fact, the subtitles for the French are pretty sketchy, but this is peripheral to what Tati does.

By the time you read this, *Trafic* will probably left Toronto. It played for two weeks to moderate weekend crowds and smallish weeknight audiences at the International Cinema and wasn't faring well enough for a longer run. *Playtime* breezed through town too — almost before I knew it had arrived which is why I didn't get to see it. This is really a shame because Tati is one of the funniest people making movies these days. But he hasn't been especially prolific and for some reason — poor promotion or whatever — he hasn't gotten the response he deserves. A lot of the time you can depend on the market and the reviewers to do some rudimentary sorting out of wheat and chaff, but now and then things go awry. Stinkos end up with lines around the block, and delightful entertainment slips past unnoticed. If *Trafic* has gone away by now, keep Tati's name in mind and see either this movie, *Mon Oncle* or Hulot's Holiday whenever you've a chance. You owe it to your funny-bone which doesn't know what it's missing.

**ANDY WARHOL:** "Tell de Antonio to say whatever he likes about the picture. It's great."

**VINCENT CANBY, N. Y. TIMES:** "...superior fiction, as implacable as 'An American Tragedy,' as mysterious as 'You Can't Go Home Again,' as funny as 'Why Are We in Viet Nam?' and as banal as 'Main Street.'"

**PHILIP ROTH:** "Nothing so comically grotesque as Nixon's transformation into a President has happened since Kafka's hero turned into a cockroach; **MILLHOUSE** faithfully records that horrible American metamorphosis."

**LEONARD HARRIS, WCBS TV:** "One thing is sure...as you watch...the campaigns against Voorhis, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Stevenson, Kennedy, Humphrey, the Hiss case...the farewell speech in California...as you watch, you'll be chortling or fuming. No one will sleep through **MILLHOUSE**."

**JULES FEIFFER:** "A zapped portrait of Nixon from Voorhis to Vietnam: part camp, part Horatio Alger run amuck — the dark side of the American dream."

**KEVIN SANDERS, WABC TV:** "It's probably the most devastating attack on one man ever put together on film."

PREVIEW

NEW YORKER CINEMA  
SATURDAY MIDNITE

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**FRIDAY MIDNIGHT SHOWS**  
Feb. 25th: - Mar. 3rd: Gimme Shelter [restricted]

**KING LEAR** by Virginia Smith

Peter Brook's *King Lear* is a dark, grey movie. Even Cordelia does not lighten the tone; her role has been minimized. The landscape of Lear's kingdom is pock-marked and barren, remote as the moon from any civilization. The snow and cold are eternal. Lear, like his daughters, is nasty and brutish.

During the opening half of the movie, Brook creates an impression of constant din and

confusion. His camera is constantly moving, making it difficult for the audience to focus its attention or sympathy on any figure. Paul Scofield's Lear kicks over the table and indulges in senile rages about his retinue. Goneril and Regan have a point when they put him out for the night.

Goneril is a grim faced, middle-aged woman. Lear's prayer to make her sterile is clearly absurd. The smiling, blond Regan and her dapper husband, Cornwall, are far more sinister figures. The soft and slightly pudgy Edmund is equally threatening.

During and after the storm scene, Brook is more intent on perceiving Lear as an archetype of human suffering. The camera image often blurs, dissolving Lear's features. At a few points, Brook wipes out all images, leaving only a white, blank screen.

The best of the closing scene is shot on Dover Beach, where the blind Gloucester meets the derelict Lear. Two old men, pushed to the margins of human experience, take a long look at the abyss.

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READING

by Barry Byrne

The Star-Spangled Beaver  
edited by John H. Redekop  
\$8.95, Hard-bound  
Peter Martin Associates

Producing a book of various writings presumably focussed on one topic is rather like trying to build a car with parts from different manufacturers. The different parts may be compatible, and even if they are compatible, some sort of adaptor will be needed to connect, say, a Toyota part to something produced for a Volvo. The most probable result would resemble the nucleus of an auto junk yard. Here lies the basic shortcoming of *The Star Spangled Beaver*. There is no transitional material connecting contributions of different authors represented in this book. The result is a grab bag with assorted interesting and throwaway essays.

In his introduction, John Redekop tells us that the dominant theme of the book is "how Canadians view the United States in general." Mr. Redekop must have had some honest editorial misgivings, for it seems that almost anything written by a Canadian about America and the Americans (barring unalloyed cultural commentary) was eligible for inclusion. We find represented most of the major political points of view that have found homes in Canada. Paul Martin, John Diefenbaker, Andrew Brewin, Donald MacDonald, Hon. V.W. Pickersgill, Dalton Camp, and Robert Nixon have all popped up on these pages. Their contributions, in general, suffer from the deficiencies often found in the pronouncements of politicians, and they are manifest here.

Certainly almost all Canadians would agree that the incident of the U.S. oil tanker, *Manhattan*, sailing through Canadian waters (with no assistance from a Canadian icebreaker) and refusing to fly the customary Canadian colours, was a direct affront to Canadian territorial integrity. And just as certainly Canadians (at best Conservative Canadians) find the American financial contributions to the 1963 Liberal campaign a bold intrusion into the sovereignty of our political processes. Saying that Canada is better off with the United States than Czechoslovakia is with Russia is equivalent to saying nothing. Only the Russians, with tongue in cheek, would attempt to assert the opposite.

The number of pieces in the book that are essentially uninformative and irrelevant has given rise to a suspicion in my mind. It is quite possible that this volume was hastily thrown together simply to capitalize on the current trend of anti-American feeling in Canada. It is curious that the editor, Mr. Redekop, should have seen fit in his introduction to attempt to repudiate the title of the book. He also expresses the hope that the book "will not be viewed as being merely another exercise in that favourite Canadian sport of plucking the eagle's feathers." But what sort of book does the title lead us to expect? Certainly not a eulogy on Canadian American relations. If my fantasy of the genesis of this book is accurate, then it is a frightening irony that Canadians should have imported an unfortunate merchandising technique from

plied it to a book on the American influence in Canada.

A provocative piece which definitely belongs in this book is "Americanization—The Universities" by Professor Robin Mathews. The figures, facts and arguments presented by Professor Mathews hopefully will become common knowledge to alert Canadians. Perhaps it is possible to construct a good rebuttal to them, but the one presented here by Michael Bliss is weak at best. It depends on the other doubtful analogy between educators and overalls. If you can accept that mental leap, the rest of his argument has the quality of lucid insight. If you can't (and I can't) then the piece by Bliss comes out as a lot of nonsense.

Melville Watkins writes in "The Multi-National Corporation and Canada." The problem here is the American ownership of Canadian resources and the development of a "branch plant economy" in Canada. John Weir writes on the same subject in essence and zeroes in on the question of the loyalties of Canadian corporate citizens. The articles by Watkins and Weir give a good overview of the problems our Canadian economy must cope with. Ralph Blackmore also writes in the same area, but all he seems to add is the recommendation that Canadian universities turn out more and better trained Business Administration graduates. Donald MacDonald writes more or less on the same subject, and his contribution is worth going over, if you want to find out whether he is one of the good guys (whatever that means to you) or not.

The best articles in the collection, to my mind, are three: two on Canada in the light of American foreign policy (one by John W. Holmes and one by Robert N. Thompson), and a sensitive and intelligent contribution by Dalton Camp.

Mr. Thompson, Progressive Conservative member for Red Deer, Alberta, gives a clear exposition of the place of Canada in the development of American foreign policy. (In addition, he deals quite nicely with the problem of Americans as the "New Romans".) John W. Holmes, the Director General of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, puts flesh on the skeleton provided by Mr. Thompson and in addition provides genuine insight (something sadly lacking in most of the essays in this book) into the day-to-day realities of

Canadian-American government interaction.

Finally, Dalton Camp's article, "United We Fall" lays bare the direction we may well be heading in. His piece eloquently points out the degree to which we Canadians are developing a new approach to our political and social life — an approach which implicitly assumes that we are already a part of the United States.

On the whole, I found only seven of the twenty-four articles worth reading. Of those seventeen pieces that I did not care for, the great majority were "throwaways" — editorial style or political-speech style. To echo the suspicion voiced earlier in this review, I feel that the book is padded with a great deal of "filler", perhaps to make it a more attractive piece of merchandise.

I am reminded of the recently published *The Death of the Telegram* as another example of misleading merchandising and advertising. Such behaviour by publishing firms is particularly tempting when the subject matter of the book is topical, but I am saddened to observe Canadian publishers imitating the worst in American book marketing practices.

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9 a.m. — 1972 is International Book Year, and as its first major event, the Metropolitan Toronto Central Library is holding an exhibition, **Books From Belgium**, in the Theatre Foyer, third floor, 20 St. George Street, until March 19.

All day — A disgustingly delightful exhibit of slaughter, butchery, cannibalism and man's inhumanity to man. At the Isaacs Gallery. By Pop sculpturist Mark Prent. Go right after breakfast. . or lunch. . or supper.

Noon-Midnight — **The Friday Pub at Scadding House.** Beer - wine, a variety of teas. Food. Drop in and enjoy yourself at 6 Trinity Square. Admission free. Call 362-4521. Every Friday.

8 p.m. — **Is Quebec Labor going Marxist?** Speaker John Darling. At Vanguard Forum, 334 Queen St. West. Open discussion. Everyone welcome. Contribution: \$1.00 Students and unemployed: 50 cents. For more information call 364-5908 or 363-9618.

8 p.m. — **Speaking William Kashtan, leader of the Communist Party of Canada,** reports on his recent visit to Chile. Book World, 72 Gerrard St. W.

8 p.m. — **Joni Mitchell** gives a rare concert appearance at Massey Hall, 363-7301.

8 p.m. — **F finalists** compete for the Miss Teen Toronto title at the St. Lawrence Market. The evening features a full program of rock groups, and the winning contestant graduates to the Miss Teen Canada 1972 pageant, to be presented in April. 766-2476.

8:00 p.m. — "Quotes for Canadian Culture". Speakers: Tom Clement, chairman 85% Canadian Quota Campaign; Sandra Gathercole, Toronto Film Makers Co-op; Tom Hendry, Director Toronto Free Theatre; and John Boyle, Ontario spokesman for Canadian Artists Representation. Admission Free. At Bathurst St. United Church, 736 Bathurst St. For more information call Canadian Liberation Movement 964-1174.

8:30 p.m. — **East York Symphony, Orval Reis Dr. Les Preludes — Liszt. Kaleidoscope, Mercure. Piano concerto No. 2, Rachmaninoff, soloist Earle Moss.** East York Collegiate Auditorium, Coxwell Ave. & Plains Rd. For Tickets call 461-9451, local 31.

8:30 p.m. — **See No Evil, Hear by Jack Cunningham** continues at the Tarragon Theatre. In this play, the audience is voyeur and invents the "reality" of a situation which the characters skirt. A compelling look at the ways people are induced to supply the worst explanations of human behavior when the media withhold necessary information. 30 Bridgman Avenue, 964-8833.

8:30 p.m. — **Theatre Passe Muraille** presents *Bethune* — a play fashioned as a tribute to our great Canadian hero, Dr. Norman Bethune. Hailed in Mao's writings, the famous lung surgeon of the '30s made his mark in China's revolutionary forces where he brought medicine to the battlefield. This production looks at Bethune's life story from the Chinese viewpoint, incorporating documentary and biographical material. 11 Trinity Square, 366-3376.

8:30 p.m. — Taking its annual night off from the business of incarcerating criminals, members of the Toronto Police Association present *The Toronto Symphony* under the direction of England's Richard Goodwin in a pops concert program. Maple Leaf Gardens.

Midnight — **Gimme Shelter** continues its run at Cinecity in 4-track stereo. \$1.50.

# the citizen calendar

## culture/politics/community events

### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

10 a.m. — **The Garden Club of Toronto** is laying on everything the green-thumber could wish for under one roof — from panels of flower-arranging and gardening experts to model design ideas and supply shops. O'Keefe Centre until 11 p.m. Sunday also.

2 and 4 p.m. — **Dumbo** (Walt Disney) at the **Poor Alex.** Admission is 60 cents; \$1.50 for anyone older (who must be accompanied by a child). Also on Sunday.

Midnight — **The New Yorker Cinema** presents a sneak preview of Emile de Antonio's controversial portrait of Richard Nixon — **Millhouse.** The film is funnier than any current comedy — the only sad thing is its truth. 925-6400.

Midnight — Each week until dawn, the **Global Village** presents **Platform,** Toronto's only live and most unpredictable late-night entertainment featuring everything under the midnight sun. 17 St. Nicholas Street, 964-0035.

### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

3 p.m. — The final concert of this season's University of Toronto music faculty scholarship series is devoted to a program of Baroque concertos featuring, among others, Robert Aitken playing the Quantz Flute Concerto. 80 Queen's Park Crescent, 928-3744.

7 and 9:30 p.m. — **Darling** (John Schlesinger, Julie Christie) at the **Poor Alex.** Also Chapter 8 of *The Perils Of Pauline.* \$1.50.

7:30 p.m. — "And How They Can Regain It" — the 4th in a series of classes on the roots of the oppression of women. Class leader, Kathy Dalton. At 334 Queen St. West. . Sponsored by the Young Socialists and League for Socialist Action. For further information call 364-5908, or 363-9618.

8 p.m. — **Le Theatre Actuel de Quebec** mounts a collage of short, French plays under the sponsorship of La Chasse-Galerie. St. Lawrence Centre, 366-7723.

8:30 p.m. — A dramatic reading of the controversial new play which won the off-Broadway Play Of The Year Award, **The Trial Of The Catonsville Nine,** continues at the **Coach House Theatre,** 10 Maplewood Avenue (2 blocks north of St. Clair West off Vaughan Road). 653-2248.

### MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28

Evening — **Toronto City Council Buildings and Development Committee** meeting at City Hall starring Hugh Bruce, Ben Grys, John Sewell and a cast of thousands. In the Canadian epic *Gothic Quebec Meets The High Rise.*

8:30 p.m. — Neil Simon's 1970 study of losers, *Gingerbread Lady,* which contrasts comedy with deep sadness, opens at the **Royal Alexandra** and runs to March 11.

7:30 p.m. — **Meeting at City Hall** for all those concerned with the proposed demolition of the boutiques and book stores on Gerrard St. For more information call Dr. Parkinson at 920-0847.

### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29

12:15 and 1:15 p.m. sharp — A film on urban affairs is shown every Tuesday lunchtime at Holy Trinity Church, Trinity Square. For more information call 362-4521.

7:30 and 9:30 p.m. — **Don Owen's The Ernie Game** and **David Cronenberg's Crimes Of The Future** are screened, and the directors answer questions afterwards. OISE, 252 Bloor St., W.

### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29

8 p.m. — **Meeting of the North Jarvis Community Association** to discuss the Wellesley St. widening, fight for parks and the Yorkville plan. In Cody Hall of St. Paul's Anglican Church, 237 Bloor St. East.

8 p.m. — **The Growth Ethic: Facts And Fantasies.** One in a series of panel discussions sponsored by Zero Population Growth. In the main auditorium, the First Unitarian Congregation, 175 St. Clair Ave. West (just West of Avenue Rd.). Admission: \$1; Students 50c.

8 p.m. — **Citizens' Forum** meets in Committee Room Number one, City Hall. A chance to meet your aldermen and discuss the agenda on the next City Council meeting. Everyone welcome.

8:30 p.m. — **Toronto Doctor** by Harvey Markowitz at the **Factory Theatre Lab's Playwright's Workshop** series. 374 Dupont Street. FREE.

8:30 p.m. — **William Faulkner's** picture of a life style as embodied in a family from the U.S. South, **As I Lay Dying,** is staged by the new Antrobus Company at the **Central Library** until March 18. 252-1853.

8:30 p.m. — **Astislav Rostropovich** makes one of his frequent Toronto appearances under Karel Ancerl's baton at **Massey Hall.** Also on March 1.

### WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1

A large and varied collection of cloth dolls is presented at **ROM** by Mrs. Alberta Pearce, 1970 grand prize winner of Holland's doll making competition. Constructed and outfitted by Mrs. Pearce, the dolls are part of a collection of approximately 150, ranging in height from 12 inches to life size. Children's Gallery, ROM, until March 21.

8:15 p.m. — Professor Richard Lowenthal talks on "The Soviet Union, Germany and the West" at the Auditorium of the Medical Sciences Building, Kings College Circle, Front Campus, University of Toronto. Professor Lowenthal is an internationally recognized specialist in the theory and history of German and Soviet foreign policy.

8:30 p.m. — **Brussels Sprouts,** centering around three itinerant

youths in Europe whose sudden loss of innocence in a Brussels hotel leads them to some adult realizations. At the **Factory Theatre Lab** until March 15, 921-5989.

### THURSDAY, MARCH 2

12:10 sharp — **Dr. Duktzta, MPP** at Holy Trinity Church, Trinity Square. Open discussion. Everyone welcome. Food available. For more information call 362-4521.

8 p.m. — **Female Sexuality, Myths and Reality.** A series of talks every Thursday at Jorgensen Hall, 380 Victoria St.

7 and 9:30 p.m. — Two films by Bunuel, *Viridiana* and *The Exterminating Angel,* at OISE, 252 Bloor Street W., 923-6641.

8 p.m. — **Nomination meeting of the NDP Trinity riding association** at Oakwood Collegiate (corner Oakwood and St. Clair). Ellie Prepas, Treasurer of the Ontario Waffle, will run as a candidate.

8:30 p.m. — **Fanshen,** the 1971 novel by William Hinten attempts to reveal through the microcosm of a Chinese village and its peasants the essence of the revolution which transformed China in the first half of the 20th century. **Toronto Workshop Productions** has adapted the story to the stage and it runs till March 18. 12 Alexander, 925-0526.

### FRIDAY, MARCH 3

Noon-Midnight — **The Friday Pub** at Scadding House. Beer, wine, variety of teas, food. Drop in and enjoy yourself. At 6 Trinity Square. Admission free. Every Friday. Call 362-4521.

8 p.m. — **Swami Satichidananda,** a well known Yoga Master, will lecture at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto. He will also lecture at his Workshop on March 4th and 5th. The subject will be **YOGA AS A UNION WITH THE ULTIMATE.** For more information call Anna Palo-Heimo or Jamie Laidlaw at 921-7777.

8:30 p.m. — The "Theatre du P'tit Bonheur" presents "un bateau que Dieu sait qui avait monte de qui flottait comme il pouvait, c'est-a-dire mal", a tragi-comedy from Quebec in which three people on a sinking ship try to plug the holes in their lives. Also March 4, 5, 10, 11 and 12 at 95 Danforth (at Broadview), 3rd floor, 466-8400.

### SATURDAY, MARCH 4

9 a.m. - 1 p.m. — **Community School for a Day** at the St. Lawrence Centre Town Hall. For the whole community. Poet: Irving Layton, Folksinger: Uldis Fogels, Jazz: Jack McCaffrey Sing a song\* Dance a Dance\* Paint a Picture\* Write a Play\* Make a Flower\* Make a speech\* Play a Tune\*

Each weekend this winter, the public can participate in one of the most enjoyable aspects of an old-fashioned Christmas — a horse drawn sleigh ride — at **Black Creek Pioneer Village.** The rides take place between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. each Saturday and Sunday, weather permitting, at a charge of 25 cents per person. Families can also enjoy skating, tobogganing and sledding on the hills of the area. 630-9780.

### SUNDAY, MARCH 5

7:30 p.m. — **The Sheik** takes on all comers at **Maple Leaf Gardens.** If you play your cards right, there just might be a riot. 363-1093.

8 p.m. — **Employable You** — An evening of Song and Satire — for Jobs. Presented by the Labour Council of Metropolitan Toronto in co-operation with the Community Affairs Dept. of the Toronto Arts Foundation. Free admission. At the Town Hall, St. Lawrence Centre, 27 Front St. East.

### TUESDAY, MARCH 7

12:15 and 1:15 p.m. sharp — A film on urban affairs is held every Tuesday lunchtime at Holy Trinity Church, Trinity Square. For more information call 362-2595.

8 p.m. — **Is it a Matter of Human Nature?** The third in a series of panel discussions sponsored by Zero Population Growth. In the main auditorium, the First Unitarian Congregation, 175 St. Clair Ave. West (just West of Avenue Rd.). Admission: \$1; Students 50c.

Evening — "Strong and Free" — A film, panel and displays presenting the aims of Canadian nationalism co-sponsored by the committee for an independent Canada. At the St. Lawrence Centre. For more information call Doug Allen or Della Crawford at 366-1656.

8:30 p.m. — **The Factory Theatre Lab's Playwright's Workshop** series continues with *Mother Spider* by D. W. Miller. FREE.

### THURSDAY, MARCH 9

12:10 sharp — **Alderman Fred Beavis** at Holy Trinity Church, Trinity Square. Everyone welcome. Food available. For more information call 362-4521.

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