

toronto citizen

MIDTOWN'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

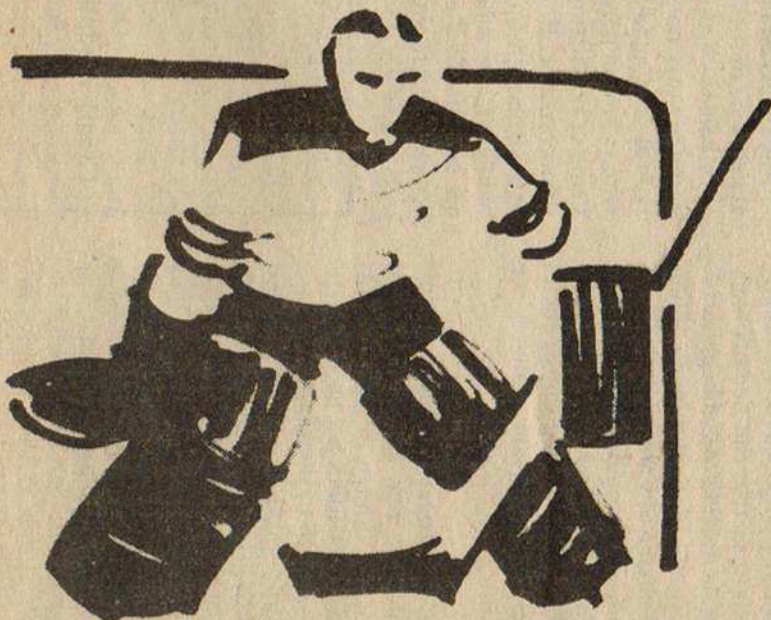
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ALPHA, Year One: Toronto's first parent-run school

page 5



photo: Phil Lapidis



We won- didn't we?

page 7

CITIZEN DIARY

PREMIER WILLIAM DAVIS told the legislature last month that "government policy" prevented him from releasing for public scrutiny the log-books of airplanes operated by the Department of Lands and Forests. A few days later PC House Leader Eric Winkler told opposition MPPs that keeping the logs confidential was a matter of government "security".

It has been widely reported that the Provincial Auditor's statement on the 1971-72 provincial budget called attention to the fact that the planes are being used for flights in and out of Ontario by ministers sometimes accompanied by their families, by civil servants and by "others", whoever "others" are. Less well publicized is the fact that the government was charging the cost of some flights to the Environmental Branch of Lands and Forests when, according to the Auditor, the purpose of the flights had nothing to do with environmental protection.

This is a clever system of concealing misuse of the planes while inflating the figure which the government can say that it spends on environmental concerns. We remain in the dark about the facts behind the entries in the Auditor's report.

THE AUDITOR'S REPORT is a fascinating document. Among other things, it reveals that Minister of Education Tom Wells, who has lately been preaching fiscal responsibility and budgeting economy to local school boards in Ontario, runs a department which grossly overstocks publications inventories, which cannot keep proper records of employees' overtime pay requisitions, and which overbudgeted one internal branch during the 1971-72 year by at least \$600,000.

The report also criticizes accounting procedures in several ministries, the Ontario Housing Corporation, the Ontario Provincial Police and the management of Ontario Place.

SPEAKING OF QUEEN'S PARK, Allan Grossman, MPP for midtown's St. Andrew-St. Patrick Riding, dropped by the *Citizen* for a chat with a couple of staffers during some Easter weekend ward-healing. Grossman re-iterated his belief, reported in the *Citizen* in March, that he is "the guy who invented citizen participation", and he told the staffers that he did not believe the paper had been entirely fair to himself or Mayor David Crombie in its coverage of the Sherbourne-Dundas crisis last issue.

We once again appear to have reached an impasse with our local honorable MPP.

WHENEVER STAR PUBLISHER Beland Honderich gets caught in a traffic jam, hired gun Michael Best, the paper's City Hall columnist, is dispatched to fire some pot-shots at the anti-expressway crowd. His nibs must have been stuck in a dilly of a snarl in mid-April; the front page of what the *Star* likes to call its "insight" section was dominated April 21 by a fusillade of Best prose about Metro's "traffic chaos" and how it would be solved by building the Spadina Expressway. In the article Best nowhere suggests that the unfortunate, neglected commuting motorists might help themselves a bit, if they cared to bother, by starting car pools. Accompanying the story is a photo of a dozen and a half 2,000-pound fuel-consuming, air-fouling automobiles lined bumper-to-bumper on a Don Valley Parkway access road. In every car, without exception, the only passenger is the driver. But the most interesting thing about the photo is that the traffic jam it depicts seems caused by the fact that one of the three lanes on the road shown is closed. Small conical pylons are squeezing the cars in the picture into two lanes, hence the traffic jam. With all the genuine road snarls in Toronto, the *Star* couldn't even give us an honest photo.

THERE ARE 77.5 ACRES of parking lots in downtown Toronto as compared with 2.7 acres of parks.

FIGHTING BACK

Beware of George Brown College

If George Brown College announces plans to open a campus in your neighborhood, beware. Prior to the opening of its new Casa Loma campus in mid-Ward Five last year, the college assured area residents that the huge facility for 2,000 to 3,000 students wouldn't become a local bully. But when the College opened and created a major nuisance for the district, the College's Board of Gov-

ernors almost brushed off neighborhood complaints without so much as an offer to help solve the problem.

The Casa Loma campus, located at Davenport Road and Kendal Avenue, is one of five campuses that George Brown has scattered around mid-town and downtown Toronto.

The issue is prosaic. The campus doesn't have enough parking space for

its students' cars, and parked autos have spilled into nearby residential streets. People who live nearby and don't have driveways to park in have often been unable to find anywhere to park on their own streets. People with driveways have sometimes found them blocked by parked cars. Visitors to area homes have frequently had to park blocks away. Repairmen and tradesmen who do business

in the vicinity have been tagged by green horns for parking illegally in the only available places.

But while it isn't a life-or-death question, it's the kind of thing that can make life in a neighborhood irritatingly difficult, and some of the College's governors do not seem to take very seriously the impact of a George Brown campus on a neighborhood where it is located.

Typical repertoire

When a neighborhood delegation visited the Board of Governors in April, Acting Chairman Gower Markle displayed facility with the typical repertoire of big shots who are not especially interested in what ordinary people are saying. "The College is deeply aware of the problem," he told the delegation. "It's a problem we all have to share." He said that while, of course, he could "give no assurances of what can be done," the College was "trying in every way possible to give consideration to this shared problem." Then he told the delegation that while he was "very reluctant to terminate this discussion of a shared problem," the Board had quite a lot of other business to do that evening. He thanked the delegation "sincerely" for coming to "express their views".

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toronto citizen

MIDTOWN'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

Local NDP weakened by money, membership, ideological woes

All but one of Toronto's four central NDP riding associations have unusually low memberships for this time of year. Bellwoods, the exception, has doubled its membership from last year's 65 to about 130. However, St. Andrew-St. Patrick has signed up only 200 of its 330 members last year; St. George has re-enlisted 80 of its former 150 members; and St. David has managed a mere

40 of last year's 300.

Provincial party organizer, Gordon Brigdon says there are many reasons for the low renewal rate. For one, "there were a lot of tired people at the beginning of the year." So much energy was spent in the fall federal elections, the December municipal elections and the St. George by-election, he says, that party workers have made only limited attempts to sign up old members. Brigdon also states that many NDP workers are involved in community activities and that the turnover rate in the city ridings is large because of people moving.

Meanwhile, Brigdon himself has encountered difficulties with the Ontario NDP fund-raising drive. Only \$30,000 of a \$100,000 target amount to meet a bank loan has been raised. The drive was late getting started and was hurried for fear of a spring election. The NDP is depending on volunteer canvassers to collect donations.

The riding associations have had equal difficulties in organizing their membership drives. St. David's elected a new executive in February and is just beginning to go door-knocking for renewals. As one riding association member observed, they have had only two executive meetings and one fund-raising party; otherwise, no one has been doing anything, even though St. David



photo: Phil Lapides

Ontario NDP leader Stephan Lewis lost his chance to become leader of the province's Official Opposition in March when the Liberals won two by-elections.

CITY HALL

Crombie & reformers clash again

by Jon Caulfield

In a debate marked by the bitterest public exchanges among City politicians since the demise of the last City Council, Mayor David Crombie clashed last week with several aldermen about the role of his office in Toronto politics. Crombie wants to be a "strong" mayor in a job which is poorly defined and in a city which is accustomed to "weak" mayors. In his first four months in office he has sought to accrue power to the mayoralty and has enlarged the scope and size of the mayor's office with the addition of policy and publicity advisors. Meanwhile several aldermen, including some freshman reform members, want Council to become a more powerful body which takes the major policy-making role in the City.

Crombie told Council last week that he interprets his 1972 election victory as a mandate to represent Toronto in dealings with other major Canadian cities in the cities' efforts to organize and negotiate with senior levels of government for increased political and taxing power. "I'm the mayor, and I'll represent the City," he told Council; in support of his position he cited his success at polls throughout Toronto in December's election and said that he was the only Council member elected City-wide.

Crombie's remarks followed a speech

by Alderman Karl Jaffary in which Jaffary, echoing the sentiments of at least half of Council, drew a clear distinction between what he termed activities of the mayor's office and activities of the City of Toronto. While praising Crombie's effort to be a "strong" mayor, Jaffary said Crombie represents only himself and not the City of Toronto when he acts without consulting Council.

It is clear that unless Crombie modifies the way in which he exercises his office, the issue of his role will arise again, and Council may attempt to clip the mayor's wings somewhat. Alderman Colin Vaughan made a motion in this direction last week but withdrew it before Council voted on it. It would have asked Crombie to consult with Council whenever he plans a conference which involves spending City funds. While the motion would have lost last week, it is likely to attract considerable support, though perhaps not a majority, if a situation similar to last week's arises again.

Rumblings since January

Since shortly after the new Council took office in January, there have been rumblings from aldermen about Crombie's failure to consult them on issues in which they feel they have a stake, individually or collectively. For example:

—In February Crombie short-circuited Vaughan's negotiations with



photo: Phil Lapides

Midtown's NDP associations gathered at Bathurst United Church last spring to discuss the Waffle question. Since the purge of the Waffle, according to some observers, the NDP in Toronto has lost much vitality.

has previously had a strong association and ran second to conservative Margaret Scrivener in the last provincial election.

St. Andrew—St. Patrick

St. Andrew-St. Patrick, has, according to riding president Don Monro, always had a problem getting its membership drive underway, because

members prefer to spend their time on other party activities. St. George is just beginning to regroup after the March by-election and to organize renewal canvassing.

However, the depleted memberships are not entirely the result of foot-

(continued, page 2)

the Metro Police Commission about a police communications tower in his ward. Vaughan only learned about it afterwards.

—Last month several aldermen criticized Crombie's failure to inform them about the progress of negotiations to save a block of houses slated for demolition by a developer. Some aldermen made a move at that time to force Crombie to call a special meeting of Council to discuss the issue with them.

—On more than one occasion Crombie has angered aldermen by making statements about City policy without consulting them.

Last week the rumblings broke into open skirmishing in Council:

—When Crombie told the aldermen that he is always only a phone call away and that his office door is always open, Alderman Dan Heap openly contradicted him and said Crombie is sometimes difficult or impossible to reach. Other aldermen suggested Crombie should not simply be leaving his door open for individual aldermen but should be coming to Council to discuss City policy issues on which he wants to act.

—Alderman John Sewell was one of several aldermen who said he had not been aware that Crombie planned a conference of mayors from major Canadian cities at City Hall May 7, and Crombie responded to Sewell by suggesting he

was lying.

—Crombie told Council that anyone "seriously" interested in a conference of mayors to discuss urban problems would realize that the position Toronto will take at the conference is something which cannot be debated in Council. Vaughan replied that he had the impression that what Council was for, to debate questions of City policy.

Translating equipment

The issue which precipitated last week's confrontation was an item on Council agenda in which Crombie requested \$900 from Council's contingency funds to cover the cost of French translation equipment for the May 7 conference. The item arose during Council's afternoon session when Crombie was home, sick in bed, and the aldermen had to debate it in his absence.

Sewell told Council that Crombie had not consulted them about the conference, that he had no idea what it was about and that the only reason Crombie mentioned it to Council at all was that he wanted money for translating equipment. He said that Crombie should be asked to take the money from the mayor's departmental budget, not from Council's contingency fund, to make it clear it was the mayor's conference, not Council's or the City's. Vaughan supported Sewell's suggestion by suggesting he

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Hanging over the central ridings is the spectre of the Waffle purge last June

(continued from page 1)

dragging after elections, the malaise runs deeper than fatigue. Hanging over these central ridings is the spectre of the Waffle purge last June. Bob Beardsley from St. Andrew-St. Patrick said many of the party regulars who work hard doing the association's leg work are still bruised from that experience. According to Monro many people have been "turned off", and the riding has suffered a real loss.

Similarly in St. David, many of the members are "fed up with the leadership of the party." And these people were not Wafflers; they were distressed at the fact the purge occurred. Both St. Andrew-St. Patrick and St. David went "on strike" in the summer to protest against the party's handling of the Waffle problem.

Unlike these two ridings, the Bellwoods' association has managed to pull itself out of a summer depression. A number of members had been closely

aligned with the Waffle, but few people left the association. However, some of the renewals, according to one member, have been reluctant ones.

The Waffle represents one irritant. In addition, the Ontario New Democratic convention in Toronto last December was singularly unproductive and discouraging. The convention became increasingly marred with hostility and distrust between those who wanted reaffirmation of socialist and nationalist principles and those who were defensive of the policies of the Lewis leadership. Conflicts also divided labour union delegates and many riding association members.

Sagging morale

The by-election results in Huron and St. George dealt a blow to already sagging NDP morale. Party hopes to become Queen's Park official opposition were shattered as the Liberals pulled ahead with a three-seat margin. Since then, the NDP caucus has been compara-

tively quiet, and except for several members like Morton Shulman and Donald Macdonald, has lost much of its reputation as the unofficial opposition.

The by-election, like the 1971 provincial election underscored the need for a different election strategy. In St. George, NDP support increased by only one percent in spite of an unusually large budget, campaign managers and workers from the NDP provincial office and a candidate with an impressive record. The NDP technique of persistent door-to-door contact failed to produce even a face-saving loss.

Party officers, like NDP provincial secretary Gordon Vichert, attribute the crushing defeat in St. George, not only to Margaret Campbell's personal appeal, but also to the lack of a strong labour base in the riding — a traditional source of NDP strength — and the lack of an issue like unemployment to exploit. Campaign organizers waited for canvassers to bring back word of a common complaint from voters, but none

was forthcoming. And no issue was generated by the NDP itself, in spite of the expertise of the candidate, Ellen Adams.

Also ineffective has been the tendency of party leadership to de-emphasize the socialist policies of the party in the hopes of winning support from more conservative and middle-class voters. NDP members, not only in St. George, but in neighbouring ridings, were disappointed in the lack of content in the St. George campaign literature, which could be described as coy. Although an all-out socialist campaign would probably not have won any more votes in St. George, riding association members would have felt more comfortable with it and riding activity may not be as listless now.

Efforts to heal

Certain efforts are being made to heal some of the party sores. A weekend conference about trade unions and the NDP was held in March. It was useful in educating members about how unions operate, as well as in reducing some of the mutual suspicions. In addition, a recommendation was passed on to rid-

ings to create a new position of union liaison officer on their executives. And a new community affairs officer will help inform the riding association about and co-ordinate community activities.

But perhaps the most important sources of cheer for the NDP recently, have been opinion polls which show that the public approves of the party's role in the minority government situation in Ottawa. They show party popularity is up by six percent. Approval of the way national leader David Lewis has handled himself during the past year has gone up 23%. In what are obviously difficult times for the NDP in the mid-town area, riding associations may find it easier to rally around the federal rather than the provincial banner in the coming months.

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The College ignored the City planning staff and blindly went its own merry way

(continued from page 1)

Norm Opperman, one of the residents, replied, "This makes me very pessimistic." He said he didn't think the parking situation was a "shared problem" but that it was a neighborhood problem which the College was causing. To this Markle responded, "If we're pessimistic, there's no point in talking." He said he did "not intend to prolong this part of the discussion any longer."

Ward Five Alderman Colin Vaughan, a City Council representative on the board, managed to prevent the discussion from becoming a confrontation by suggesting at this point that a working committee of College and neighborhood representatives be formed to devise a solution to the problem. After Vaughan spoke, another Board member suddenly called the governors' attention to the fact that there wasn't a quorum of members present. This meant, he said, they couldn't pass Vaughan's motion.

Although the meeting had been in session and doing business for some time prior to the discussion of the parking issue, and though the governors apparently intended to go right on with their meeting when the neighborhood delegation left, Markle agreed that it would be inappropriate to debate and vote on Vaughan's suggestion. He repeated that the Board had quite a number of other matters to deal with, and the neighborhood delegation, partly mollified, departed.

Vaughan is confident his idea will be approved when the Board does manage to gather a quorum. The working committee will satisfy the demands of the neighborhood to get something done to start sorting out the parking problem.

Past record

However, the community remains very annoyed with the College's past record on the parking issue. "What has happened is simply some of the fears of the residents came true," Ying Hope, the ward's other alderman, told the Board. At a public City Planning Board meeting in March, 1971, when the campus plan was discussed with area residents, Hope, representing the area, asked the College's administrators about



photo: Jack McLeod

Ward Five's Hope: "The worst fears of the residents have come true."

the parking question. He suggested the planned facilities might be inadequate and said the neighborhood was already short of parking for nearby commercial and industrial establishments. He mentioned the City's parking requirements, based on the planning staff's experience with past parking situations, and asked if the City could request George Brown to follow the City requirements.

The Planning Board's report on the meeting paraphrases the reply of George Brown President C. C. Lloyd to Hope. "Lloyd said that the City cannot force us to do anything (because the College is a provincial institution) Then, he emphasized that the College is morally obligated to follow a policy of good neighborliness with the surrounding community." He later told the meeting he thought the College was providing "quite generous parking".

The College's parking plans were based on estimates that 10 to 15% of students would come to the campus by car. It is not known what these projections were based on, but the City planning staff demurred and said in a 1971 report, "It is suggested that instead of depending on some assumed percentages, the College should undertake a detailed survey." The report points out that inadequate parking facilities at George Brown's Nassau Street campus

had already strained relations between the College and the Kensington Market neighborhood.

The College did no survey, ignored the planning staff and could not be compelled, as a provincial institution, to think any more seriously about parking. These facts seem to have escaped Lloyd and the Board of Governors, however. At the meeting with the community delegation last month, Lloyd and other Board members said in tones of concerned sincerity that the College had built all the parking facilities it had agreed with the City and community to build and that it was mysterious to them that these were not enough. In fact the College had made no agreement with anyone about parking but had simply dictated the amount of space it intended to build against City and community wishes.

At the meeting with the community delegation, the Board's student member pointed out why there was such a parking problem. He said that many students, most of whom are "adult" students with jobs and families, squeeze their George Brown courses into busy days between home and work. They can't use transit because they have to get to and from the College very quickly, and they can't use car pools because they come and go at different times to and from homes and jobs all over the Metro area and surrounding counties. He suggested the College knew perfectly well that this would be the nature of its student body when it planned its parking facilities.

George Brown has invested quite a lot of petty cash in printing pamphlets and brochures and distributing them to homes in the vicinity of the Casa Loma campus. One of these is titled *Hi, Neighbor*, and the general message they convey is that a George Brown campus is a fine newcomer to a residential neighborhood. Based on the experience of mid-Ward Five, this doesn't seem to be true.

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Toronto's transit system immobilizes the disabled

by Peter Morris

For most of us, getting around Metro Toronto poses no great problems, but for the estimated 20,000 disabled adults — one percent of Metro's population — it is a constant frustration. The design of the city, its buildings and transportation system virtually ignores the physically handicapped.

Finding suitable transportation is as important for disabled adults as for everyone else, if not more so. The lack of transportation prevents many handicapped people from holding normal jobs. Simple outings are difficult and expensive.

Transportation Denied, a 1971 report by the Action League for Physically Handicapped Advancement (ALPHA), is critical of the Toronto Transit Commission because its facilities are designed to serve only able-bodied people. For an individual confined to a wheelchair, stepping up to board a bus is impossible; since every subway station in Toronto has stairs, the handicapped are effectively prevented from using the subway network.

"A large segment of the physically handicapped population is completely barred from public transportation facilities," says the ALPHA report. "If the physically handicapped cannot get around easily and cheaply, they will become socially isolated and eventually will become trapped in a sphere of emotional and psychological stagnation."

Prohibitively costly

Because ordinary public transportation is closed to them, Metro's disabled people are forced to find more exclusive, expensive transportation. Many hire a taxicab when they need transit, but while this is an adequate system of transportation for occasional short distances, it is prohibitively costly for daily use.

Van services for handicapped people are expensive too. For example, Deer Park Wheelchair Transportation Services charges a rate of \$8.00 an hour for up to five wheelchairs, and there is an additional \$2.00 "stair charge" if an individual requires assistance with a flight of stairs at one end of the trip.

A physically handicapped person supported by the Ontario government's Disabled Person's Allowance receives \$145 a month. A disabled person is allowed, under the program, to earn another \$24 monthly with no reduction in DPA bene-

Help needed for poll of elderly

Two hundred volunteer canvassers are needed to assist the Central Eglinton Information Centre in a door-to-door campaign to contact the 5,000 senior citizens who live in eastern North Toronto. The campaign, which will begin by June 1, is planned to:

—inform senior citizens of services and facilities which are available to them;

—seek out lonely elderly people to whom personal contact may be very important;

—gather information to plan for better services for senior citizens in the area.

The area to be canvassed includes the district bounded by Yonge and Bayview, and Merton and Sherwood. Individuals interested in assisting are urged to get in touch with the Information Centre at 486-6072.

Ward Five group meets May 9

Ward Five's new Confederation of Community and Residents Associations plans a meeting May 9 at 8:00 p.m. in St. Paul's Church at Avenue Road and Webster Avenue. The organization currently has six member groups, the Avenue-Bay-Cottingham Residents Association, the Annex Ratepayers, Wychwood Park Ratepayers, the Ward Five Education Council, the Bloor-Bathurst Information Centre and Therapists. The May 9 meeting is planned to recruit new members for the group. Unless the membership is raised to ten groups, the organizers plan to disband. All residents' community, social or business groups in Ward Five are eligible to join.

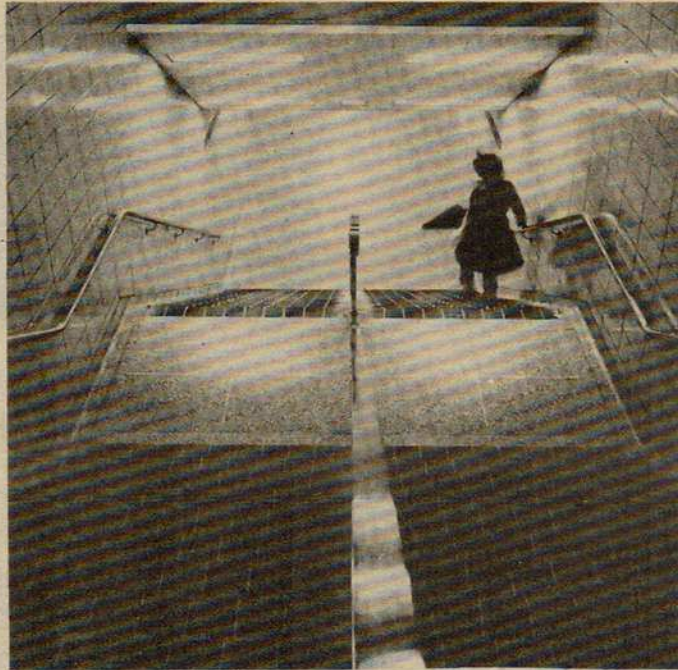


photo: Phil Lapides

An ordinary flight of stairs to a subway platform is an impassable obstacle for a disabled person confined to a wheelchair.

fits, but if he or she earns more than \$24, 75% of these earnings are deducted from DPA benefits. And so while many disabled people are prevented from getting ordinary commuting jobs because of the design of the transit system, government benefits make little allowance for the expense of special transportation requirements for the employed disabled.

A solution to the problem may be a compromise between proposals suggested by ALPHA and by the TTC at a conference last year. ALPHA asked the TTC to install elevators in Toronto subway stations; the TTC rejected this because it would cost \$15 million. And a TTC commissioner pointed out that this wouldn't solve the problem anyway since subway turnstiles are too narrow for wheelchairs to pass through — in addition to elevators, other major modifications of the system would be necessary too.

Weary of isolation

The TTC suggested a dial-a-bus system for disabled people which the federal and provincial governments hopefully would fund and which would take passengers door-to-door rather than simply to and from transit interchanges. ALPHA rejects this because, it says, handicapped people are weary of being isolated from the general public. The group says that the fact that handicapped people are now generally separated from able-bodied people has done much to contribute to public ignorance of the needs of the handicapped.

The compromise involves developing a dial-a-bus system throughout Metro for both able-bodied and disabled people. The terminals for the buses would be some subway stations modified for the use of handicapped people. Proponents of the idea point out that it would help other people who also have serious transportation problems, for example, senior citizens, and mothers or fathers trying to get around with a couple of young children and an armful of parcels.

But even if the problems of transportation for the disabled were solved, other physical barriers would continue to keep them from a semblance of normal mobility. It is impossible for people in wheelchairs to cross streets because they cannot mount curbs without help. A single step in front of a building prevents entering the building, and the interior designs of most buildings do not permit disabled people to move about.

Hamilton by-law

Various solutions are proposed. A ramp with a slight grade cut into a step or curb enables people in wheelchairs to go into buildings or cross streets. Metro might pass legislation similar to a 1970 City of Hamilton by-law which ensures handicapped people access to all storeys in multiple dwellings with elevators and in public buildings.

Toronto's new City Council has established a Task Force on the Disabled

and Elderly to discuss the problems of the handicapped and to help solve them. In its first few months the task force has:

—begun taking steps to discuss the possibility of elevators in some subway stations with the TTC;

—recommended that City Council adopt a policy of requiring all public buildings to be accessible to "all the public"; Council's Executive Committee is receiving reports on how to implement this policy from civic officials;

—discussed the inaccessibility to disabled people of most shopping and walking malls in new downtown developments; the task force has received a reply to a letter to the Metro Centre developers in which Metro Centre president Stuart Andrews commits Metro Centre to dealing with the issue of access for the disabled;

—contacted the directors of the CNE and the new Metro Zoo about access for the handicapped in these facilities;

—received a reply to a letter to the Ontario Association of Architects in which OAA president Alexander Leman admits that architects could do more to design buildings which are accessible to disabled people and expresses support for the task force's work;

—discussed making an effort to get the province to pass a Uniform Ontario Building Code which takes account of the needs of the handicapped.

The task force meets on alternate Wednesdays at City Hall. All meetings are open to the public. The next one will be May 16 at 5:30 p.m. in Committee Room No. 1.

PLEASE DON'T WALK ON THE ASPHALT

This month's *Frontiers In Urban Landscaping* award goes hands down to the University of Toronto which has paved the yard in front of the campus psychiatric counselling service on Bancroft Street with asphalt and has painted the asphalt green.

NEW HORIZONS IN REAL ESTATE DEVELOPMENT

One would have hoped we might be freed from the machinations of the real estate and property development industries in our graves. Not so. "Many cemeteries," reported the *Financial Post* April 21, "already have multiple depth burials on one gravesite and crypts that have six to 12 entombments. A Nashville, Tennessee, cemetery developer has taken this concept one step further with the construction of two 20-storey mausoleums capable of containing 128,500 bodies."

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City Hall

by Jon Caulfield

A good Council is half a loaf

(continued from page 1)

ported Sewell and made the motion which would have asked Crombie to consult with Council about conferences. Council defeated Sewell's amendment 12-9, and then all the aldermen voted in support of Crombie's request.

Crombie precipitated the debate about the mayor's role during Council's evening session. He arrived after the dinner break and kicked off the session with a blistering attack on the nine aldermen whom, he said, had failed to endorse his conference. He told Council that the conference was going to discuss crucial issues, the political and taxing powers of Canadian cities, and he attacked those who didn't support it for playing "petty politics" and "nagging" about a mere \$900 expense. He brushed aside several aldermen who tried to tell him that Council unanimously supported the conference.

Over-reaction

It is not clear where Crombie got the idea that a sizeable minority of Council didn't endorse the conference. One of his assistants, Bryn Lloyd, telephoned Crombie after the afternoon debate and gave the mayor his impression of what had happened. He later said that the mayor's understanding of what had happened reflected what he had told the mayor. Crombie mentioned hearing a radio newscast about the debate of the Sewell amendment, and during the dinner hour he spoke with a few aldermen. At least one of these aldermen is known to have advised the mayor strongly against raising the issue again in the evening, but Crombie apparently thought it was important to instigate a debate about the conference and his conduct of planning for it.

Alderman Anne Johnston and other Council members said during the debate that they thought Crombie was over-reacting to what had happened that afternoon.

Probably the best speech of the evening was made by Alderman Mike Goldrick. Goldrick, who is exceptionally knowledgeable about the structure of Canadian government as it relates to cities, and whose office is only a few hundred paces from Crombie's in City



photo: Jack McLeod

Alderman Mike Goldrick

Hall, was one of the aldermen who said they had not known about Crombie's conference till they read about the \$900 request in the Council agenda. He had supported Sewell in the afternoon debate. "When I voted as I did," he told Crombie, "I did not think I was playing petty politics or niggling about where funds would come from. I think this conference is very important, and I support it completely. I have written about these things, have published about them, have talked about them."

"But there are a substantial number of issues which have not been explained. You said the mayors would be representing cities. What does that mean? The mere act of calling this conference is making important policy, and it seems to me there could have been prior discussion with Council on the issues to be talked about at a meeting with representatives from other cities. It seems to me this is something the government of the City of Toronto has a right to talk about."

The conference

The fact that gives rise to a conference of representatives from major Canadian cities is that the structure of Canadian government isn't designed to cope with the existence of big cities. Jaffary expressed the problem at its simplest in a *Citizen* interview February 8: "If Prince Edward Island and its few hardy souls can devise a welfare program that fits Prince Edward Island, why can't the 2,000,000 people of Metro Toronto devise a welfare program that fits the needs of our population?" The answer, put simply, is that Metro hasn't got the power.

The structure of and financial support for major urban policies in Ontario — welfare, transportation, planning, economic development and so on — are provincial powers. Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and every other municipality in Ontario are "creatures of the province". Queen's Park could draw a line down Parliament Street tomorrow, if it chose, and split Metro into two cities named Blatt and Fungus. The province's cute little regional government scheme is an example of its power. The *Citizen* discussed provincial control of even the smallest Ontario towns in an article about Erin Township March 23. The situation in other provinces is much the same — witness Manitoba's restructuring of Winnipeg's government.

Sometimes pooh-poohed

This issue is sometimes pooh-poohed as somewhat pedantic and not really too important by people whose political concern is the house down the street which a blockbusting developer is going to wreck sometime within 24 hours unless somebody can stop him. But the problem of government structure is as important to saving that house as is simply keeping someone living in it.

If you save a row of buildings that someone has let deteriorate, you're going to need money to fund expropriation of the houses, money to rehabilitate

them, and maybe build a few more by infill, and money to subsidize them as a lower-income co-op, if a lower-income co-op is what you want them to be.

In the case of Sherbourne-Dundas, where a process something like this is taking place — the developer is being bought out rather than expropriated — the province deigned to fund the City's policy. Allan Grossman, minister in charge of Ontario Housing Corporation, was the man with the power. If cities are ever to be able to implement policies as they see fit, and not because of the largesse of senior levels of government, there will have to be a big change, a constitutional change, in Canadian government structure. Electing a good City Council is only half a loaf; the other half is giving them the tools to do something more than chase about in the maze of federal-provincial strictures. This, I think, is the point the writer of an ill-informed and confusing article in a recent *Last Post* was trying to make.

Cities and hinterlands

The problem becomes more complex when you add the dimension of the economic relationship of Canadian cities and hinterlands. "There is some argument," said Jaffary in the February *Citizen* interview, "that Toronto is an imperial capital." Canada has lately and lately been starting to throw some wrenches into the works by which its land is cleaned to the bone and left to rot by extractive industries and other foreign and domestic "imperialists". But poverty and its related problems are very much a rural phenomenon in much of Canada, in large part because of the machinations of urban economic interests there. There is a hefty case to be made for strong provincial powers to be maintained in the area of managing the relationship between Canadian cities and hinterlands, very much a role of protecting them from us.

And so sorting out the distribution of powers among Canadian senior governments and big cities isn't just a matter of engineering; it's very political and is compounded further by provincial-federal rivalries. Not much of a start was made on anything at Canada's first tri-level — federal, provincial, municipal — conference late last year. (See the *Citizen*, December 14: "Everybody Wants To Control The Dollars".) Meanwhile very local issues in Toronto are gummed up because of lack of financial resources. (See the *Citizen* January: "Housing Co-ops".)

The key actors in the drama are the provinces because they are the governments who will lose substantial power in the reforms. And they have indicated they are not prepared to surrender much power at all. There's a long grind ahead.



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FOR THE BIRDS

Amid the song of the yellow warbler and the chant of the red-winged blackbird the drone of the two-tone Pontiac will soon be heard in the Boyd Conservation Area near Kleinburg. It will be cruising through the parking lot of the centre for environmental studies which the Metro Toronto and Region Conservation Foundation recently announced would be built on 400 of Boyd's 2,000 acre site. Among the various facilities planned for the centre — laboratories, lecture and meeting rooms, an auditorium — will be a display and exhibit centre which, presumably, will display and exhibit facsimiles of flora, fauna and wildlife displaced by the new building.



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ALPHA -- success as a school, failure as a community school

by Mark Golden

ALPHA is a parent-run elementary school operated under the Toronto Board of Education. Parents and teachers hired by the parents set policy and carry out their policy from day to day in the school.

The first person I saw at ALPHA was Kyla. I used to know Kyla at a daycare where I sometimes work. We hugged each other and sat down with some other kids to play Krypto. Evan turned up a card, an eight, and dealt each of us five cards. I had an 11, a six, a four, a 17 and a three and had to add, subtract and apply logarithmic functions to somehow make the five cards equal an eight. Evan worked with five cards too. Some of the younger kids or poorer mathematicians only have to use two or three of their cards. Kyla is only four, and she just had to say what number was on the card turned up. It was pretty nice.

The second thing I saw was Kyla's picture. One of the kids had taken it in photography class, and it had been put on the cover of the school magazine. I looked at the magazine; it featured an interview called "Tonu and the Cake".

"Hey," I said to someone. "This is pretty nice."

"Oh well," they said. "This is nothing. The real thing is the meetings."

ALPHA has probably had more meetings than classes so far. The school opened only last September, and the meetings began the year before. A group of people called Parents For A Hall-Dennis school had meetings even before that. They were liberal professionals in the main — idealistic enough to attract support among educators and powerful enough politically to overcome opposition. They succeeded in persuading the North York Board of Education to open an experimental parent-run elementary school called MAGU.

But MAGU was too far away for many Toronto members of the group; and they objected to the school's "experimental" status and to its location in the same building as Wilmington, a conventional public school. So a few parents decided to approach the Toronto Board with plans for their own school.

A flyer was circulated in OISE, a notice appeared in *Community Schools*, and about 40 people turned up to a meeting in August, 1971.

Roger Simon, a professor at OISE, did the phoning for that first meeting. "There was a lot of negative discussion at first," he recalls. "People didn't want a school like the other public schools, and they didn't want to be a second MAGU. Some MAGU people were there, but no-one wanted to listen to them. Everyone mostly told stories about what the schools had done to them and might do to their kids."

Weekly meetings continued for a year with two weeks off for Christmas, and gradually some agreement was reached on what people did want. "We agreed that we wanted a real community instead of a geographical community," says Simon. "We had much the same life-style in mind and we didn't want to stay isolated and dispersed. We wanted more than just a school; we wanted a general sharing of resources. In fact 'school' was sort of a bad word; the original idea was a community centre, the integration of education and other things — not field trips into real life but letting kids do real life things within the community."

The ALPHA brief

This agreement was never formalized, never debated. No vote was taken to pass the ALPHA Constitution. But the consensus was captured in a brief written for the Board. The brief spoke of a school environment supporting:

- children and adults in their efforts to define, pursue, and achieve their own educational goals;
- continuity between home and school; with children and parents and teachers and friends we intend to

How much energy can we spare for changes so limited?



photo: Phil Lapides

KIDS AND ADULTS AT ALPHA SCHOOL
Above, parent Pierkko Wiggins doing a lesson with two students. Below, teacher Pat Hale and a friend at the school.



photo: Phil Lapides

I have a picture in my mind of a group of parents crowding around a brightly painted ship which is about to take their children off to the Promised Land. Except the parents are supposed to be on board too. And so they might be if the accumulated baggage of 30 years or so of comfortable middle class life wasn't too heavy to float and too precious to leave behind.

develop a community where living and learning are one and the same;

— the child's total experience of himself and his world; adults are not now, nor have they ever been, equipped to tutor children about life as though the children existed in a vacuum without access to their own systems of analysis.

It would be a community school, in fact, with a community of adults willing to share the duties and responsibilities of educating their children and themselves. "The role of the teacher is open to all," said the brief, and an early school list includes parents' specialties — weaving, games, math, play therapy, sewing, photography, gym.

The idea appealed to the Board. Trustees, especially Gord Cressy and Fiona Nelson, were friendly, and the ALPHA proposal was passed in principle in December, 1971, after relatively little discussion.

ALPHA then began to demonstrate that living and learning are indeed one and the same.

Toronto's new experimental public school was new, all right, and it looked experimental enough — it had a full-day program for four-year-olds, for example — but it was also public. While the organizers had naturally put their kids on the list of potential students, other

parents were welcome to apply for the rest of the 100 places in the school.

And apply they did as soon as the Board's decision hit the papers. But what were they applying for? The general philosophy of ALPHA was clear, and the new parents were all for better schooling; most could agree that education should be non-competitive, that aggression should be dealt with, that younger kids could learn from older kids.

But how were these things to be done? ALPHA had no real structures for making decisions. The group had always tried to reach a consensus over time, and most decisions had concerned philosophy — goals, not methods. Now policy approved by a consensus of one group of parents might be debated again and again by successive, different groups. ALPHA was a set of principles looking for a structure.

No kids were involved in decision-making, though they had their "own systems of analysis". No kids were going to the school as yet, and so parents drifted in and out. Some of the original parents, tired of re-arguing policies they had thought settled, drifted out never to return. Some tried to ensure the community nature of the school by stipulating the duties and responsibilities of par-

ents whose kids would attend the school.

A precedent

ALPHA parents had not wanted a free school. They believed free schools are basically elitist and are available to only a small and relatively privileged part of society. They had wanted a public school, publicly funded, which they hoped would be a precedent, a lead for other parents to follow.

But along with their precedent they got all the normal school procedures to contend with — a principal, although the school is supposed to be parent-controlled; a Supervisory Officer who has to sign all the papers and who sometimes won't. They had to have "qualified" teachers whom the Board approved. They had to have an ordinary school budget. Some parents had wanted the Board to hand them a lump sum to spend as they liked, but ALPHA's spending is subject to normal Metro accounting procedures which basically gives the school only its supply budget — about three percent of the total — to make decisions about.

And as a public school ALPHA also had to let anyone into it. If that changed the nature of the school, if some of the new people want the staff to run the show, if they just want a baby-sitting service, if they would just as soon have the kid in Dewson but ALPHA is closer, then the original parents just had to try to struggle through these things or leave or maybe shut one eye and take a second look at the conventional public school in their area.

By Easter 1972 ALPHA was a community school with no teachers, no building and several communities.

Not that the new parents were really so different from the others — the spring list showed the same sprinkling of professors, actors, physicists, lawyers, architects and psychologists. But they hadn't the shared experience that helped make the idea of total involvement so appealing to the parents who had started the school; and those original parents had been unable to carry through a program which would be followed until that commitment was shared among the whole group.

Three teachers were picked in late spring:

— Pat Hale, an ALPHA parent and former teacher-member of the Park Community Council, to work with the younger kids and specialize in reading;

— Paul Doyle, a young teacher from Halton County, to work with older kids and specializing in math;

— Doug Lancaster, to work with the oldest kids and specialize in social sciences.

The problem of site

The site was a problem. The choice finally came down to a building on St. Clair Avenue West or the third floor of the YMCA on Broadview Avenue south of Gerrard Street. The St. Clair site needed no removal, and the trip down to the Y seemed too long to some North Toronto parents and too dangerous to others. "I've lived in Toronto all my life," said one parent. "I never went East of Parliament before, and I don't intend to start now." But the teachers strongly favoured the Y, and the community, completely deadlocked — the vote was 27-27 with two abstentions — took their advice.

The reasons for the decision were good. There was a feeling that exposure to one of the poorer parts of town would not do the kids any harm, and some parents were eager to provide an alternative to the inner-city schools in the area.

But the consequences were serious. More people left the group, and more important, the Y needed more work than had at first appeared necessary. So ALPHA spent its first month last fall operating out of basements around the city. The resulting confusion became chaos by the end of the first term, and that chaos is only now starting to be sorted out.

I don't want to discuss events at

ALPHA last fall in any detail. It's enough to say that by Christmas one teacher — Doug Lancaster — had left, that the school's original enrollment of 100 was down to about 50, and that only 11 of the first families of ALPHA were still involved.

It's also true that two of Doyle's students finally began showing up at their scheduled math workshops, and that one of Hale's actually read a book at home.

No-one thought MAGU would survive its first six months either. ALPHA's survival seems guaranteed. The Board is proud of its alternatives — one ALPHA is easier than changing the whole system — and several trustees and administrators are too closely identified with the school to be eager to close it down. The quarters in the Y cost \$12,000 a year, so ALPHA may be moved to Brant or Sackville if one of those schools is closed. But parents have the go-ahead to decide whether or not to rehire the present two teachers for the coming year.

Personality problems

Many of the first year's problems have been personal ones. Discussions of principle quickly become debates about personalities when no objective criteria have been set — for example, for adequate parental participation in the school.

Yet though people may change, problems remain. ALPHA will be with us for some time to come; another alternative school, a French language immersion school, is being talked up now. It may be useful to examine some characteristics of the ALPHA experience to see if they have a more general application.

Arguments over personality degenerate into power struggles. And there is no group less able to deal with power struggles than middle-class liberal professionals.

Much of middle-class life is based on the denial of power. Middle-class people have a good deal of political and economic power — in a sense they contribute significantly to the oppression of lower social classes. As liberals, they deplore that oppression, and as members of the middle-class they perpetuate it as they protect their own position in society. The guilty reality of their own power is never faced directly. "Non-coercive" education masks the reality that adults make decisions for the good of their children; ALPHA kids do not vote at school meetings. "Consensus" decision-making masks the reality that groups do not always agree because their self-interest doesn't always coincide. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the attempts of the ALPHA community to become part of the Anglo-Saxon working-class neighbourhood around the school.

The ALPHA LIP Program was one such attempt. Nine people, three of them parents, were hired to offer classes at the Y in cooking, photography, art, music and other skills for ALPHA kids, neighbourhood schoolchildren and teenagers. The project was partly to make up for the lack of sufficient parental participation in the school program; as such it has been a very necessary success. But as a process for mixing the communities inside and outside the school it hasn't worked.

ALPHA kids learn cooking before four p.m., kids from the area after four. The local kids do come — the cooking class is well attended, mainly by boys from Queen Alexandra public school — but there is very little mix. There is a simple explanation for that, of course — ALPHA kids come from all over the city and there's not much point in their hanging around after school.

It is less easy to pass over the failure to include working class kids in the school itself. Community members, especially Pat Hale, encouraged a number of local parents to send their kids to the school. "There was a real

(continued, page 6)



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ALPHA School

(continued from page 5)

difference between these kids," she says. "Most of the middle class kids could read or almost read when they got here; the Park School kids couldn't. They had more manipulative skills than the middle class kids. And they had more confidence in some ways. I can't tell you how often the middle class kids say, 'I can't do that, I don't know how, do it for me.' But the Park kids couldn't read well, and there was such confusion in the fall that I think their families really thought they weren't going to get a chance to do much better. So they took them out."

These parents had different demands to make on the school than the middle-class majority. They want their kids to learn basic skills, and they didn't think these demands would be met. Hidebound? Reactionary? Well, Pat Hale thinks a lot of the kids at ALPHA are having trouble with handwriting. Though their verbal skills are well-developed, their manual skills are not, and they often lack the discipline to wait for their hands to catch up with their thoughts.

There are teaching aids for that kind of problem. One encourages large motor activities and provides an easy surface to write on. It's called a blackboard, and ALPHA doesn't have one.

But methodology is beside the point. What is significant is that ALPHA is not likely to attract working-class families until it convinces them that it can and cares to teach their kids basic skills.



photo: Phil Lapides

"Just how far would you like to go in?" said Frank. "Just far enough so's we can say we've been there," said the Three Kings.

Success and failure

How can you evaluate the ALPHA experience so far?

The easiest way is to say that it's pretty much of a success as a school and a failure as a community school.

One parent whose son is now at Jesse Ketchum says, "If nothing else, ALPHA gave him a chance to shape his own destiny." Leaving ALPHA was his own choice, but the school helped give him the confidence to make that choice. Another parent says he is still very much a part of the school because "as shitty and awful as this school is, it's better than other public schools. It at least has some relation to reality."

Some parents give more approval. An ALPHA open letter from Pirkko Wiggins said that "as far as the kids and the teachers are concerned, everything's going along smoothly." And some parents who have left — Roger Simon is one — seem to feel that the school mainly suffers from a lack of versatility. His own child has taken to the highly structured first grade at Winchester public school.

But that kind of easy answer won't do. ALPHA is trying to run an individualized, unstructured program. Doyle's math students, for example, do have two periods a week of set time to work at whatever level they've been tested at. But the rest of the instruction takes place over business lunches of peanut butter and pop, or at half-time in hockey games, or at tours of the University of Toronto's computer facilities. If some kids go to watch the programmers, some other adults have to stay with those left behind. If Doyle helps one or two kids subtract apples from oranges at lunch hour, someone else has to be there to talk about the way watches work or the price of tea in China. ALPHA needs the community to run its educational program. A breakdown in the community concept directly affects the kids in the school, and that concept has broken down. ALPHA has never been able to develop the kind of shared responsibility that was its goal.

Ironically, the very lack of structure that required parent participation in order to be successful also inhibited

many of them from taking a role more active than tying the odd shoelace. Parents waited for explanation from the teachers and interpreted the lack of direction as "lack of leadership" or, worse, hostility. Teachers waited for parents to assert themselves as equals and interpreted inhibition as laziness or, worse, bad faith.

But there was a more fundamental problem, a problem endemic to middle-class alternatives. How committed are the participants to a change in their lives?

ALPHA parents did not change their jobs; they went on working the same as before. They did not change their family situations. Indeed, the nuclear family was so generally accepted that one of the original parents, one of those most committed to the idea of a community school, could still suggest that single parent should have two votes at meetings.

And when change did come, it threatened — at least one of the founding couples left because deep disagreements about what was happening at ALPHA seemed to be bringing on a split in the family.

Just how far would you like to go in? said Frank. *Just far enough so's we can say we've been there.* said the Three Kings.

The contradiction

You see the contradiction — a new approach to life on one side, a radical experiment in community and education, a levelling of the barriers between person and person, child and adult, parent and teacher. And on the other side — job/home/family/security/power. Both in the same people.

I have a picture in my mind of a group of parents crowding around a brightly painted ship which is about to take their children off to the Promised Land. Except the parents are supposed to be on board too. And so they might be if the accumulated baggage of 30 years or so of comfortable middle-class life wasn't too heavy to float and too precious to leave behind.

"You have to remember," a parent from the original group told me, "that these people get plenty of jollies outside the school."

The energy required to work with kids and the time required to work things out with parents is very demanding. For a lot of people who can get their jollies outside, for people who do not really

experience oppression in their daily lives, the struggle simply is not worth the reward, especially when the reward can only be expressed in the most nebulous terms. And, so many of the parents went back, sometimes painfully and embarrassingly, to their conventional schools — Ketchum or Kew or Huron or Dewson.

There has been a lot of criticism in this account of ALPHA's first few months, and I want to be clear about why I have been critical of a group whose aims are so admirable.

ALPHA was and is an ambitious concept. It was meant to include people from all classes of society in a community which would share the responsibility of providing a better education for its children.

I think ALPHA has so far failed to include working-class parents. I think it has failed to operate as a community school. And I think the reasons for these failures go beyond the persons and events particular to ALPHA and apply to other similar educational alternatives. The education provided by ALPHA may well be better than that available elsewhere. That is important. I can only wonder how much change we can make for our children when we don't make changes for ourselves, and how much energy we can and are willing to spare for changes so limited.

(Mark Golden is an editor of Community Schools.)

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Harold Bate of Devon, England, an inventor, has been fuelling his automobile with pig dung for the past 17 years. Bate has modified his 1955 Hillman to operate on methane gas distilled from porcine manure. He finds that 100 pounds of dung produces a volume of non-polluting, high-octane fuel equivalent to about eight gallons of gasoline; the residue remaining after distillation makes an excellent fertilizer. Individuals who do not keep pigs, according to Bate, may use excrement from any other source to manufacture fuel. By his calculations, a family of four provides enough raw material to produce the equivalent of a gallon of gasoline in slightly more than a week. For further information contact the *Chicago Daily News*.

L. BASILE

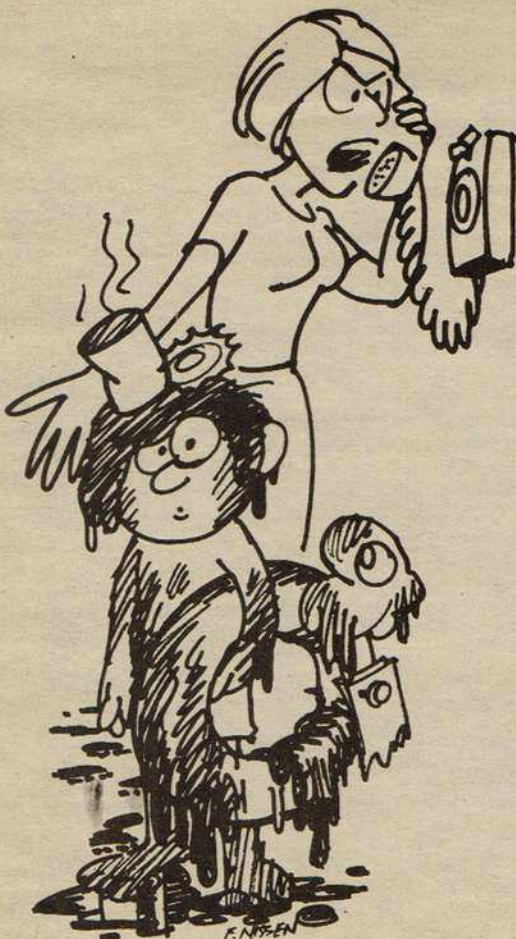
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The Fans Go Wild: Paul Henderson's Miracle, by John Gault. New Press, \$5.95.

Face-Off At The Summit, by Ken Dryden with Mark Mulvoy. Little-Brown, \$5.95.

The Death Of Hockey, by Bruce Kidd and John Macfarlane. New Press, \$5.95.

Hockey Night In Moscow, by Jack Ludwig. McClelland and Stewart, \$6.96.

Hockey Showdown: The Canada-Russia Hockey Series, the Insider Story, by Harry Sinden. Doubleday, \$3.95.

As the evenings lengthen and daffodils replace crocuses after this strangely short winter, the Stanley Cup play-offs seem particularly incongruous — an irrelevant flicker of colour in the corner of a bar or beverage room. It has been a bad year for hockey. Harold Ballard spent the winter in jail amid mutter-clucks of sympathy from the press after his conviction for embezzlement and fraud and amid roars of irritation from fans because he had dismantled the Leaf farm team operation and refused to treat the W.H.A. seriously, thus reducing the Toronto Maple Leafs to expansion team status almost overnight. Derek Sanderson spent the winter in Florida after collecting a million dollars in a sophisticated version of the con game slickers pull on Portuguese immigrants every week — "Now, to prove your good faith, take a million dollars out of the bank and give it to me. Wait here, and I'll be right back." Bobby Hull scored another 50 goals this year, playing to crowds of 1,800 people in towns like Ottawa.

I suppose we all have our nostalgic songs to sing about hockey, playing pick-up hockey on a Saturday morning, staying till after dark and walking home in the dry crunching snow; remembering when Henri Richard came into the league as the Rocket's kid brother, and wondering if he would make it; hearing the echo of that inimitable nasal voice, unchanged over the years — "Two minutes and three seconds left in the second period, New York leading Toronto three-nothing . . . Pronovost tries to pass to Walton, goes wide, picked up by Camille Henry . . ." Perreault made a spectacular but totally vain and senseless rink-long solo rush, losing the puck at the end of it. "That was a fine individual effort," Withered Hewitt, newly-converted socialist.

The second thing was the CCM equipment ads. In one of the depressingly bad games — Vancouver, I think — I was mournfully working my way through a case of beer, while the Canadians slashed and tripped and cheap-shot their way to a humiliating defeat, and was watching the beer ads and the equipment ads flash by. They began to seem the same — the beer ads, with their plump self-indulgent looking young fashion models with their chic long-but-not-too-long hair, and the hockey equipment ads, with their plump self-indulgent looking young hockey players with their equally chic hair. The images began to blur into a composite picture of sleek, smug, soft, fat affluence.

When I undertook to review five recent books on hockey and on the Russia-Canada series, I intended to write a nostalgic little essay about how hockey was a good part of this country, and how it has been cheapened and devalued. After reading these five books, I find it more difficult; in two cases, that kind of pungent nostalgia was done so superbly well that I want to say, "Read Kidd and Macfarlane or Jack Ludwig about what this game used to mean." In the other cases, it was done in such pedestrian fashion that the very idea of treading the same ground makes me wince.

Kidd and Macfarlane

Bruce Kidd and John Macfarlane began working on *The Death of Hockey* in early 1971, long before the Russia-Canada series began to be discussed. Kidd approached the subject as an athlete and a left-nationalist; Macfarlane approached it as a hockey fan. Both had come to see the dilution, corruption and marketing of a sport as a symbol of what had happened to this country, just as the sport itself was a symbol of Canada.

The result is a fine book, a powerfully polemical 170-page essay written with grace and sensitivity. It begins with a moving introduction which says a great deal about why we should care whether or not this sport is being bought, pack-

NATIONAL PASTIMES

We won - didn't we?

A quiet eulogy for "the one true Canadian invention". We blew it, fans.

by Graham Fraser



aged, marketed and sold as television:

—Hockey is the Canadian metaphor, the rink a symbol to this country's vast stretches of water and wilderness, its extremes of climate, the player a symbol of our struggle to civilize such a land. Some people call it our national religion. Well, what better? Like the ball games of the Mayan Indians of Mexico, worshipped because the arc of the kicked ball was thought to imitate the flight of the sun and moon across the heavens, hockey captures the essence of the Canadian experience in the New World. In a land so inescapably and inhospitably cold, hockey is the dance of life, an affirmation that despite the deathly chill of winter we are alive.

To speak of a national religion, of course, is to grope for a national identity. We in English Canada have always been uncertain of our identity because we have always been a colony, first of the British Empire and now of the American, sharing in each case a common language and similar history. . . . Our cultural and historical experience is unique, but our ties to one empire or another have blinded us to the fact. Except for hockey, which the late Ralph Allen used to describe as the one true Canadian invention. Unsure as we are about who we are, we at least know this about ourselves: we are hockey players, and we are hockey fans, and once we could say we were the best.

Most of the books on the Russia-Canada series say something similar, — in fact, the symbolism of the Russia-Canada series hits one over the head at every turn — but none says it so well.

Kidd and Macfarlane proceed to dissect the anatomy of hockey, chapter by chapter, pulling apart and examining what, it becomes clear, is a rotting structure. In each case, there is a depth of feeling and a precision of anger that gives the book a strength which mere rhetoric would not.

Harry Sinden

Funnily enough, for that reason, one of the better books about the Russia-Canada series is Harry Sinden's, *Hockey Showdown*. It is a personal and unpretentious book, and the only one of the lot that is priced sensibly.

There is an appealing honesty about *Showdown* which is reflected in the \$3.95 price and the cigar-store marketing; Sinden is detailed and reflective in his sessions with the cassette tape recorder which makes for, if not great reading or profound insights, at least not an irritating book. As a participant, he writes the ideal "fan's book" — the kind of detailed, personal, day-to-day account than he might have written in letters home.

Ken Dryden

This is something which is missing in Ken Dryden's book, *Face-Off At The Summit*. (Both books were actually written by ghost-writing sports reporters working from tapes which Sinden and Dryden dictated during the series.) Dryden is obviously as earnest, serious and analytic as the thousands of newspaper reports have always told us he is. He was the only player on the team who went to the Army Club in Moscow to see how hockey training in the U.S.S.R. was conducted, and he has some ironic

comments about the commercialism of hockey — Labatt's and Molson's battling over rink advertising in Moscow, Esposito endorsing a European helmet even though he never wears one. But although the book conveys some of the agonies that Dryden went through after losing in Montreal and Vancouver, and although it is nice to see a hockey player with more than a neanderthal political consciousness—"we have a class system, with stars of various magnitude, while the Russians follow the socialist system and attempt to play down what they call our 'cult of personality'." — the book really doesn't tell the reader much he doesn't already know. Dryden neither reveals much of his own motivation to become an intensely competitive professional athlete, nor seriously questions the way the system operates.

Of course, neither does Sinden. Sinden recounts how he harassed referees — "Fergie and I knew what we were doing. There's only one thing to do in a situation like that — embarrass him" — and how he instructed the players in the final game to finish the job of injuring Kharlamov's ankle which Stapleton had slashed in the sixth game — "if he happens to skate by, give him a tickle." He is, in his own words, "Joe ordinary Jock", a small-town boy who moved to Oshawa to play hockey, who worked in the General Motors plant for eight years before becoming a player-coach with the Eastern Pro League, and finally moving from Oklahoma City to the Boston Bruins in 1965. He isn't a man to ask piercing questions of the nature of hockey.

Jack Ludwig

The one writer who went to Moscow and returned with something of the tragic vision which Kidd and Macfarlane have of what has happened to hockey was Jack Ludwig. Ludwig is a novelist, and, after three quickie books by hacks and ghost-writers, it was a relief to come across a book that was written by a writer. It is ironic that, although all the other books were written in part by journalists, Ludwig's is the only one that has the vividness, immediacy, texture, smell and sound of the actual event which journalism is supposed to provide.

All the dynamics and historical roots of the process which has ruined hockey are presented, with a tight disciplined sense of flow: the effects of massive expansion almost overnight; the continual process of changing rules since 1940 to make the game more superficial; the details of the OHA junior and midget draft ("Child buying is the most degrading consequence of the commercialization of hockey"); the killing of the national team; the history of the for-

mation of the NHL and the use of the press and the media in a campaign to elevate the NHL above the senior amateur hockey leagues, who were then playing better hockey.

The discipline which is the book's strength is also its most serious limitation. While it raises arguments effectively and well, it leaves a reader hungering for more. As an essay on hockey, as opposed to a book about hockey, it remains on the outside of the game, recounting and analyzing but not describing. This is an unfair quibble in many ways; that was not the book the authors set out to write, and they should not be criticized for not writing it. In their chapter on the press — "the cheerleaders" — Kidd and Macfarlane make it clear how duped we have been by the so-called journalists of sport, who have operated as publicists, not reporters; after reading the books on the Russia-Canada series, I wished they had been able to go and do the reporting job themselves.

John Gault

Not going to Moscow didn't seem to be an impediment to John Gault, who wrote the mandatory biography of Paul Henderson, journeyman hockey player turned superstar.

Gault is a talky writer, intent on smothering any reader in his own brand of folksy philosophy and clumsy nostalgia. Since the collapse of *The Telegram*, he has been most visible writing sugary profiles for *Toronto Life*, usually taking a theme of description which could be called the "that - guy - you - always - thought - was - a - money - grubbing - bastard - and - probably - crooked is actually - charming - kind - and - human" style of journalism, and respectfully mythologizing Great Men like Harold Ballard, Phil Roth and Mel Lastman. Puff jobs.

Gault's biography of the slim young man who saved the country's honour last September 28 and proved that "our" system is better than "their" system is subtitled *The miracle of Paul Henderson*, and it is as slick and polished, self-indulgent and shallow as most of Gault's work. It reads as if it was dictated into a tape-recorder. It is a shame, really, because a good book could be written about Paul Henderson — or about any hockey player. Ronald Fraser's two volumes of interview-based books on work, in which people described in great detail what kind of work they did, how they felt about it, and how it affected them; Gay Talese's profiles of athletes; even Jim Bouton's or George Plimpton's books are proof that books about ordinary people who are not very significant in any great scheme of things can be the topics of very good books. But writers have to use their eyes and ears and ask questions.

Hockey Night in Moscow, like the *Death of Hockey*, is sustained by a vital mixture of love and anger; polemical stance fades, in both books, in excitement about excellent play, and the fan's delight turns to sadness at the realization of how something fine has been turned into something cheap.

In a minor way, the Russia-Canada hockey series was a radicalizing experience for Jack Ludwig. A relatively unthinking hockey fan before the series, he finishes the book with a point of view not far from that which Kidd and Macfarlane had reached when they decided to write *The Death of Hockey*. Ludwig ends his book.

— . . . In Montreal before the first game I didn't have a clue what a book on this series might be about, rather than the confirming of everything we knew about our being "The World's Best."

I try to watch NHL hockey, but I can't. It all seems slow and sloppy and dull. I keep waiting for some line to swoop out the way Yakushev and Shadrin did, or for someone to move with Kharlamov's speed and grace. I think Canadians can play hockey as good as the hockey played in this series. I know, Canadians can. But I wonder if we'll let that happen.

Our last word has to be something more than "We won, didn't we?"



cartoon by Aislin from *Hockey Night in Moscow* by Jack Ludwig, McClelland & Stewart



Salome!

by Sean O'Shea

Oscar Wilde's *Salome* with an added '!' is the inaugural production of New Theatre, that has found a home in the Bathurst Street United Church. It's always good to welcome a new theatre and this company does have some ambitious plans, like doing Sam Shephard's *The Tooth of Crime* soon, but it makes one ponder the logic behind the LIP grant philosophy. They dish out money for new groups while allowing already established companies like The Factory, which has more than proven its worth, to fold.

Anyway, Jiri Schubert's production of *Salome!* isn't too much different from the Wilde original. It's a brief play and not that interesting by itself but certainly provides a good basis for a director with

a wild imagination. Schubert doesn't have that imagination, but he has jazzed the play up although most of the tamperings are fairly minor. The play has great erotic possibilities, and this production is billed as 'an erotic fantasy' but, in spite of the appropriate setting, the eroticism doesn't ooze out. The cave-like theatre is shadowy and candles burn, it smells of incense, and the action is coloured in reds and oranges. But the extravagant dash of passion and decadence isn't at the heart of the production. The heat doesn't come from within.

Certainly the high point of *Salome* should be Salome's famous dance. Herodius vows he will give anything to see this dance, so it should be a knockout. Dorothy Poste's Salome isn't seductive, and the dance is unsatisfying.

It's an adequate production of *Salome*, even if it doesn't stun. The play is given enough life by the cast to keep it interesting. New Theatre is located at 736 Bathurst St. and admission to the Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday performances is on a pay-what-you-can basis.

Raven

by Alan Mayer

Raven, a collection of Eskimo tales for children staged by Caryne Chapman and a group of players at A Space, has been entertaining children and electrifying adults for the past few Sundays and is now being held over through an almost total word-of-mouth response.

During the week A Space is an art gallery, a large studio in an upstairs loft on St. Nicolas Street. There are no stage and no seats; the audience sits on the floor before the show, amusing itself by cutting out stars with paper and scissors handed out on admission. When the lights go out, in swoops *Raven*, Eskimo super-hero, and using the arts of primitive tale telling — dance, song, and speech — the company presents the most thrilling story of all, the myth of creation. *Raven* collects the stars, hangs them up in the sky and the world has begun.

With all the technical miracles A Space has to offer, video-tape, sound and wall-to-wall slide projection, the area becomes boundless as *Raven* and friends attempt a journey to the top of snow mountain to find the stolen light. But they cannot do it alone and must enlist the aid of members of the audience to go with them. Thus Chapman solves the problem of all habitual children's theatre devotees — how to watch the action and the expression of the audience at the same time. Rolling cast and children into one gives the play tremendous impact and as both march toward the top of snow mountain, theatre becomes make-believe and once more we are all playing.

The Company works beautifully with the children relating to them almost individually. Chapman has extracted from them a performance innocent and sincere, wonderfully fitting with the content of the production. Music by Seamus Caulfield blends and focuses whatever particular emotion the story evokes, at turns joyous and rending.

A first production for both A Space and Caryne Chapman, its success should encourage further ventures. It is important, for a good children's play can remind us of theatre's early roots.



Neil Simon

by Alan Mayer

There are after-dinner plays just as there are after-dinner mints. New Theatre can hurtle toward madness, but the airy comedy still settles easily on throbbing ulcers. *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* by that master of peppermint confection, Neil Simon, is being passed around to the evening crowd at the Colonnade Theatre.

Only a Simon hero, like Barney Cashman, having decided his life has been too "nice" running a prosperous sea-food restaurant day-in and day-out, would decide after 30 years of faithful marriage to have an affair and conduct it — in his mother's apartment.

But his first attempt is a failure. Not that the young lady isn't willing. In fact this husky voiced patron of Barney's shrimp cocktail, is more than eager to, as she shockingly informs him, "screw". But Barney doesn't comply, feeling that they ought to know each other first, and so he squanders their allotted hours before his mother returns explaining his "nice" life and throwing in a lecture on her morality to boot. The young woman departs wishing she'd passed up sea-food for cornbeef hash and a burly Irishman.

His next meeting with a schizoid show-girl teaches Barney about marijuana, and properly turned onto the high life, he is finally ready and willing to do the dastardly deed when later he meets his wife's best friend.

An amusing situation, amusingly explored and amusingly resolved. But Barney and friends are so busy quipping and wise-cracking that there is little time for such things as excitement or drama. Which, unfortunately, is talent wasted. Marvin Goldfarb is splendid as the nice, kind grown-up Jewish boy, and Barney's lovers are all fleshed out sharply. But the production as a whole, taking the rhythm of a Catskill comedian, smothered any moment that might have shifted the level of action toward some semblance of depth or conflict.

Just as well. In an amusing play one step toward anything significant is a step toward a perforated ulcer.

The first, *Fontessa*, a mime, was done in vaguely period dress. Lois Smith sat demurely on a bench flanked by artificial plants while other players trooped back and forth across the stage. Nothing seemed to happen, and one never knew why Miss Smith was there in the first place.

The second number was *Pas de Deux*. Both dancers, Elizabeth Keeble and Wally Michaels, were good, but neither was good enough to carry off that kind of thing in such a small theatre. The sound of their feet was so distracting that any grace in their movements was lost as was the background music.

The third piece, *Marionet and Doll*, was partially successful. Lois Smith and Rudy Lyn work well together. But again there was no consistent idea. At times the puppet had a will. At others, he didn't.

Waltz, which began the second half of the evening, was a parody of classical ballet. It was very funny.

Swan Song, another mime, with Miss Smith and Mr. Lyn, took itself too seriously. It would have been hilarious as a black comedy about a has-been magician who remembers accidentally knifing his assistant during their act. Played straight, it was very heavy melodrama.

The last number, *City Silence*, ended the evening with modern dance that was right out of a third-rate Broadway musical complete with bumps and grinds, unattractive costumes and flashing lights.

Individuals were good. Cassandra Robertson stood out as a real comic talent. In fact, everyone was competent. It was just that no one seemed sure of what the company was doing.

Lorelei

by David McCaughna

The Broadway theatre is in a worse state than we thought if it swallows *Lorelei*, a huge witless musical comedy currently filling O'Keefe Centre. *Lorelei* is essentially a revival of the 1949 hit *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, about a dumb blonde flapper called Lorelei Lee from Little Rock, Arkansas. She's a real gold-digger, and goes with her cool, flip girlfriend Dorothy on a spree to Paris, followed by her button-rich boyfriend Mr. Esmond. It was an inane musical originally, but with some catchy songs and dances it was successful, and later proved a good movie vehicle for Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell.

In these nostalgia obsessed days, one would expect a campy revival of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, perhaps starring a couple of sleek female impersonators, but a reason for the existence of *Lorelei* would be hard to find. They have changed the basic structure a little. We begin with Lorelei burying her husband of many years, the same Mr Esmond, and then re-telling her past. Every once in a while, to remind us that we are watching something new, the action freezes and Lorelei consults the 'good book', her diary, to make certain that her memory is correct. Luckily they haven't done away with all the songs from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and "Little Rock," "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend," and "Mamie is Mimi" are still fun to hear. Comden and Green have come up with a whole slew of new songs but only a couple of them shine. But even worse, and what really pulls *Lorelei* into the mud, is the prodding, unfunny script by Solms and Parent, who seem to have culled their jokes from Bob Hope's wastepaper basket. The show limps from musical number to musical number, and with eighteen songs that's a lot of limping.

Some people find Carol Channing enchanting. She was a tolerable Dolly, I admit, and certainly this production must be her attempt to find another comparable hit. But Dolly was such a vast and booming personality that it could safely encompass the Channing personality. In *Lorelei*, Channing flogs that personality at us, with the baby-voice and goey mannerisms. Not falling under her spell must qualify one for the Grouch-of-the-Year award, but it becomes hard to take after three hours of Carol Channing playing up every little trick in her book to capture the audience.

John Conklin's great Art Deco sets are a major asset to this Broadway-bound fossil that surely needs every added bit of cleverness it can get.

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Silent Players

by Steven Sokoloff

The Canadian Silent Players will be at the Firehall Theatre till Sunday, May 6. Judging by audience response on opening night, the production was a success. But my response was slightly different. By trying to combine ballet, mime and modern dance, the company failed to do any of the three exceptionally well. The most successful sections of the revue were the *Silent Spots*, short sketches of pure mime, which displayed the virtuosity of Rudy Lyn and various other members of the cast. What I question even in these pieces was the inconsistency, not only in the use of props, costumes and pancake makeup — Mr. Lyn was the only one in white face — but in theme and motivation as well.

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A glossy loser, a wacky winner

by Natalie Edwards

Murray Markowitz is a Canadian film maker at an early stage in his career. He has made two short films, *Blake* and *The Glass Ring*, and an economical feature, *More Than One*, about the lives of retarded people, which was selected as an entry for the Chicago International Film Festival.

August and July, his most ambitious effort to date, is supposedly an attempt to catch and reveal the essence of lesbian love in cinema verite style. It was shot in eight weeks in the lovely Ontario countryside near Alliston with the cooperation of Sharon Smith and Alexa DeWiel who play themselves in the film.

The idea is ingenious, but the motive seems doubtful. No one likes to call a man's work exploitative, but the lack of revelation about the music and writing of these two creative girls and the concentration on the radical nature of their love make the film's intentions suspect.

August and July appears to be a truthful expose of the lives and loves of a romantic pair during the short sweet course of one summer. Yet it is strangely dissatisfying, slow, weighted with words, frequently querulous and complaining in tone, and finally becomes a moving photo album of pretty pictures which only hint at the depths and desperations beneath the idyllic surface.

A good deal of the technique of the film in fact works directly against a sympathetic comprehension of the girls' lives. James Lewis' gorgeous cover-girl photography continually makes sex objects of them, almost as they might appear in an erotic male daydream, rather than observing them with detached honesty as two people striving for a difficult and sincere relationship. His constant use of super-scale close-ups brings us no closer to the girls but has the opposite effect, forcing the audience to disengage their empathies, much as we pull away from someone who shoves his face too close to ours while talking. The dialogue and visuals too often are synchronized; a wandering camera might have freshened our viewpoint or added to our understanding while we listened to repetitive conversations. Yet when intercutting was employed to break one such scene — the lovemaking sequence — it destroyed the tempo and natural rhythm. The audience is left with



Sharon Smith, Alexa DeWiel: "August & July"

the disconcerted feeling of a sneeze that never comes, slightly disappointed and cheated. One wonders if at some depth this reflected Markowitz's own attitude as he filmed this unusual couple.

Markowitz's attitude and the involvement of the crew are never visible, permitting the film to seem a confidential and genuine document on the surface. Markowitz was no doubt influenced by Canadian film makers Don Owen and Allan King. He should re-study Owen's tackling of the relationship between two girls in *Donna and Gail*, where Owen was honest enough to expose his own thoughts, reactions and even his presence as part of the film. And he could look again at the integrity King maintains in *A Married Couple and Warrendale* by painstakingly impressing on the audience the presence of the camera and the crew and by maintaining respect for sequential time, not juggling things out of context for effect. Markowitz does this more than once, particularly with his use of a close-up kiss to open the film.

The film is attractive in a glossy

magazine sense; the subject is one of great public curiosity. And some truths about the two girls do filter through to keep *August and July* from just being a sexploitation show. It may even be a box-office sleeper, the solid English-Canadian financial success we've been waiting for. According to its distributor, Crawley Films, it grossed \$6,000 in one week at Cinecity. Perhaps that's motive enough for Markowitz.

TIKI, TIKI

Seeing *Tiki, Tiki*, at the Nortown, you may well wonder what was going on in the mind of Gerald Potterton. He heads Potterton Productions, a company whose work includes the recently acclaimed *Pinter People*; the charming animated version of *The Selfish Giant*; *Superbus*, a short shown at the Canadian Pavilion at Expo '70 in Osaka; and the feature, *The Apprentice* which will be shown at Cannes and has been selected as the Canadian entry at the Berlin Film Festival.

What happened to bring *Tiki, Tiki* to the screen is even stranger than the movie itself. The Russians had made

an indigestible three-hour live action children's film, *Dr. Aibolit*, which a company named Commonwealth of Los Angeles bought to work into a North American children's movie. Commonwealth was woven into the empire of the internationally notorious Bernie Cornfeld, and before *Dr. Aibolit* could be remodeled, the Cornfeld empire collapsed. Potterton, who has a reputation for combined live action/animated film, was brought in on the rescue.

With an immense, impossible Russian film of which no one could make heads or tails, with a team named Blatt and Burstein tied in to do the music and with a healthy budget, Potterton was expected to work a miracle.

And so he got some miracle workers — for a script, Jerome Chodorov, author of *My Sister Eileen*, *Junior Miss* and *Louisiana Purchase*, and for animation and co-direction, Jack Stokes and Jim Miltz of *Yellow Submarine*. Together they worked out a way of using miles of peculiar Russian film loaded with clowns, pirates, little children dressed as monkeys, and assorted weird characters. It wasn't easy. Their solution has to be seen to be believed.

There's a lot of fun in the film — wit, excitement, escapes, adventures, fancy film effects. The movie seems to have just about everything in it technically and literally except a love affair. There'll probably never be another like it, and years from now it may still be knocking them dead at midnight shows at the Roxy. It's basically a kids' film that satirizes kids' films.

It's good to see Potterton, an old N.F.B. animator, on ground he knows he can handle rather than swinging wildly as he did in his direction of the recent *Rainbow Boys* (*Citizen*, April 20). Old folks may find *Tiki, Tiki* incoherent madness, but the TV generation accepts the live action/animation mix with perfect equanimity. The eight year old boy with me liked it for the grand fights between pirates and clowns, the struggle through the slimy swamp and the boat crash; the ten year old lady with us enjoyed the humor and the bargain of getting "two kinds of movies in one".

MUSIC & MUSIC FESTIVALS

L'Ormino & Dayspring

by Michael Schulman

During an interview last fall Herman Geiger-Torel, Director of the Canadian Opera Company, told me that Francesco Cavalli's *L'Ormino* might be among the less familiar operas performed by the company during the 1974 season. *L'Ormino* has recently enjoyed a major revival in Britain thanks to imaginative and vital editing by conductor Raymond Leppard; Leppard's recording of the opera was an unexpected classical best-seller.

Torontonians didn't have to wait until 1974 to see *L'Ormino*. The Opera School at the University of Toronto Faculty of Music gave four performances April 12 to 15 staged by Richard Pearlman, using Leppard's "realization" in an English translation by Geoffrey Dunn. The production was, within its expected limitations — it was, after all, a student performance — a

great success. Cavalli's gentle lyricism, though eventually repetitious to contemporary ears, was sustained by the fine conducting of James Craig, who kept the rhythms taut and the *tempi* moving without losing that unique sweetness of the Venetian style. Special praise also goes to the U. of T. Symphony Orchestra.

The singing was only so-so — at least that of the cast I heard on April 14; there was an alternate cast. While none of the vocalists gave one cause to wince, I would predict that no future operatic stars will emerge from this line-up. The sets by Brian Jackson were on a professional level, as were the Malabar costumes. The one real drawback of the entire production was Pearlman's self-conscious direction, overly coy, occasionally vulgar in its repeated attempts at humor, and distracting in the excessive stage movements and posturing of his singers. Still, bravos to the Opera School for attempting such a rarity, and for bringing it off so well. I would hope that Geiger-Torel grants the Opera School its priority in the opera and leaves well enough alone. *L'Ormino* is simply too gentle, too intimate and too small-scale vocally, visually, dynamically and dramatically for O'Keefe. The COC can not afford what would appear to many as attempted one-upmanship, especially if it fails in the attempt, as would be likely.

Dayspring Festival

One of the most stimulating artistic events in Toronto last year, was the Metropolitan United Church's weekend-long Dayspring Festival which featured concerts and sessions in improvisation under the guidance of Murray Schafer, perhaps Canada's finest contemporary composer. In addition, there were theatre and dance groups, puppets and balloons for the kids, and picnicking and planting ceremonies for all.

This year Dayspring has expanded to a six-day "celebration of light and life" and offers, with Schafer returning as resident advisor, a potpourri of events.

All events will be at Metropolitan United Church, Queen at Church Streets. For further information call 363-0331.

—Tuesday, May 8, 8 PM: *Bands in Concert* — Metropolitan Silver Band, Danforth Citadel Band, Joyce Sullivan, Soloist, Melville Cook, Organist.

—Wednesday, May 9, 8:30 PM: *Choral Concert* — Toronto Youth Choir, Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, Premieres by Harry Freedman, John Beckwith.

—Thursday, May 10, 8:45 PM: *Canadian Film Surprises* — Recent independent experimental films.

—Friday, May 11, 8:30 PM: *Toronto Dance Theatre: actress Mia Anderson; The Four Horsemen.*

—Saturday, May 12, 11:30 AM to 6 PM: *Participation Workshops* in improvisational drama, dance, hand bells. *For Children:* theatre, music, art, magic, strolling musicians, Wild West act.

—6 PM: *Dayspring Banquet & Buffet* — \$2.50 (children, 50c).

—7 PM: *Apocalypse* — multi-media performance of song, dance, poetry and projections.

—8 PM: *Labyrinth* — an improvised journey from Darkness to Light featuring composers David Rosenboom and Murray Schafer.

—Sunday, May 13, 9:30 AM: *Okeanos (The Sea)* — quadrophonic composition by Murray Schafer.

—11 AM: *Dayspring Worship Service.*

—12:30 PM: *Picnic on the lawn, carilloneurs, band music, tree planting.*

—8:45 PM: *In Search of Zoroaster* — Canadian premiere of Schafer's "ritual celebration" calling for 225 voices with instruments.

The events of Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday are free; the evening events Wednesday through Saturday are on a "pay as you can" basis; there is a \$1 admission for the opening band concert. After each performance, the audience is invited to an informal gathering with the artists at The Oatmeal Crypt.

7:30 pm

Double Bills
\$1.50
Last Half & Singles
\$1.00

MAY 1—TUE.
Ingmar Bergman
Dreams

MAY 2—WED.
Jean-Luc Godard
Masculin-Feminin

MAY 3-4 TH.—FRI.
Marx Brothers
A Day at the Races
Marlene Dietrich
The Travelling Executioner

MAY 5—SAT.
W.C. Fields 7:30; 10:15
Never Give a Sucker an Even Break
Preston Sturges
Christmas in July 9:10

MAY 6—SUN.
The Fixer
The Good Earth

MAY 8—TUE.
Ingmar Bergman
Lesson in Love

MAY 9—WED.
Jean-Luc Godard
The Married Woman

MAY 10—THUR.
Sign of the Cross

MAY 11—FRI.
Buster Keaton
The General, Seven Chances
Harold Lloyd
Grandma's Boy

MAY 12—SAT.
W.C. Fields
It's a Gift 7:30; 10:15
Sullivan's Travels

MAY 13—SUN.
Greta Garbo
Camille
Mata Hari

MAY 15—TUE.
Ingmar Bergman
Summer Interlude

MAY 16—WED.
Roger Vadim
The Game is Over

MAY 17—THUR.
The Lives of Bengal Lancers

MAY 18—FRI.
Marx Brothers
Cocanuts 7:30; 10:30
Mae West
She Done Him Wrong 9:00

MAY 19—SAT.
W.C. Fields
The Bank Dick 7:30; 11:00
Preston Sturges
The Great McGinty 9:00

MAY 20—SUN.
Fearless Vampire Killers
House of Dark Shadows

MAY 22—TUE.
Ingmar Bergman
The Ritual

MAY 23—WED.
Eric Rohmer
Claire's Knee

MAY 24—THUR.
This Gun for Hire

MAY 25—FRI.
Marx Brothers
Animal Crackers 9:00; 10:30
Marlene Dietrich
Morocco

MAY 26—SAT.
W.C. Fields
International House 7:30; 10:15
Preston Sturges 8:30
Palm Beach Story

MAY 27—SUN.
Gospel according to St. Matthew
Teorema

MAY 29—TUES.
Ingmar Bergman
Smiles of a Summer Night

MAY 30—TUE.
Francis Truffaut
Bed and Board

MAY 31—THUR.
All Quiet on the Western Front

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Confessions of a pastry voyeur

by Marilyn Linton

I would not classify myself a pastry freak. I am more a pastry voyeur. Window-shopping pastries is a favourite pastime. What unites a pastry freak and myself is a shared visual vulnerability. When a pastry comes into view, the pastry maniac becomes fiendish in his intentions, while I, having a modicum of guilt about my enjoyment, hold my urges in check. This is not to say that I do not eat pastries, but rather, that when I do succumb, I often do so grudgingly.

Some favourite shops are:

Paprika Mill
743 Mt. Pleasant Avenue

The owners of this shoppe make a special pastry called pishinger torte which consists of many layers of crunchy wafers with a chocolate nut and butter-cream filling, topped with a crackly caramel glaze. It is superb.

Iberica Bakery
209 Augusta Avenue

The Iberica offers Portugese custard tarts, plain or orange, in a flaky pastry. They also have sugar coated almond cakes and almond custard wedges which are scrumptious.

Le Petit Gourmet
1064 Yonge Street

This store specializes in food from the Basque region of France; I recom-

mend their basque tarts, chewy on the outside, with a custard filling in the centre and their croissants.

Rumanian and Hungarian Foods
17 St. Andrews Street

Baklava is sold here, as well as another excellent pastry which has Middle Eastern origins — filo pastry again, but with a cottage cheese, nut and raisin filling. Two would make a nourishing lunch; the portions are large.

La Sem Patisserie
1331 1/2 St. Clair Avenue West

Italian pasteries are made fresh every day. Choose from many eclair-like sweets which are filled with different flavoured custards. Sit awhile at the tables with your pastry and a coffee; then take a walk along St. Clair's Little Italy which stretches from Lansdowne Park east to Oakwood Avenue.

The following pastry makers charge handsomely for their creations in pastries and sweets:

A. Amjarv
602 Yonge Street

A pastry lover's paradise where the sweets are superb but expensive — for example Alexandertorte; a shortbread-like pastry halved in raspberry jam and topped with icing.

Chez Charbon
333B Lonsdale Avenue

M. Charbon makes specialties at Forest Hill prices, but his Charbon cake is a good value. Five chocolate cake layers are filled with a thickly spread rich chocolate butter cream, and a bitter sweet chocolate fondant icing coats the whole cake. For \$2.85 it serves eight to ten.

- One place to avoid is:

Creed's
Manulife Centre

The attitude that confuses quality with price and reputation is most blatantly expressed in this establishment's new Good Taste Department, where strawberry jam shamelessly demands \$4.50 a jar, honey is \$3.25 a jar and chocolates are \$6.95 a pound. Neither need nor speciality can justify such waste, and if the



rich in Toronto support such a boutique, they are very gullible.

Making pastry at home can be time consuming but immensely satisfying. If you enjoy baking cakes and tarts, you may find added pleasure in decorating. You can do fantastic work with a simple pastry bag filled with whipped cream,

ART

Canadian realists

by Merlin Homer

Despite some recent challenges by Canadians, the 17th Century Dutch are still the kings of realistic painting. Two current Toronto shows, by Bruce St. Clair and Jack Chambers, reveal how far Canadian realism has to go before it begins to match the work of past masters.

The message which comes from the great Dutch painters is that, when you get as close to reality as you must to paint it exactly, the experience is profoundly moving. Hubert van Ravesteyn was no Vermeer, but it is instructive, before heaping praise on Canadian realists; to have a look at his unpretentious *Still Life with Walnuts* in the Margaret Eaton Gallery, Art Gallery of Ontario. This little still life has a simplicity, truth and verisimilitude lacking in the work of the two currently exhibited Canadian realists.

Bruce St. Clair

St. Clair's subjects are rural and outdoors, and he makes a strong attempt to capture different qualities of out-of-doors light. His paintings set in autumn, spring and summer to some extent recreate the atmosphere at different seasons of the year. The light is pretty clearly spring sunlight, or summer sunlight, but St. Clair's colour is too restricted. There is sometimes a dis-

icing or meringue. Marzipan, purchased from many pastry places, will allow you to make flowers or fruits to decorate cakes. Add food colouring and work the marzipan with your hands into rose, violet, leaf, or pear shapes.

You can also decorate cakes or fill tarts with fresh fruit, for example, strawberries or green grapes washed in white wine and dusted with sugar. Glazed fruit pastry filling is made by simply boiling down apricot jam or grated orange peel and water or wine. Rub the mixture through a sieve and then spoon over fresh fruit which has been placed in a pastry shell. Chill for an hour and serve.

The recipe which follows is for a Black Forest cake. A sugar syrup drenches the layers and a whipped cream and cherry filling is spread between them. The whole cake is iced in whipped cream which is garnished with more cherries and lots of shaved chocolate. By itself, it is a masterpiece to look at. With the addition of marzipan flowers or special piping it can be a cake for a special occasion. Black Forest cake is sold in many shops, but making it yourself will be less expensive and a very satisfying experience.

Black Forest Cake
Begin with the cake:

5 eggs

3/4 cup granulated sugar

1/2 cup cocoa powder

3/4 cup all purpose flour

Beat eggs and sugar until creamy stiff. Combine flour and cocoa powder and add to egg mixture. Bake in a 9" x 3" loaf tin in a 350 degree oven for 20 minutes or until knife inserted in centre comes out clean. Let cool and begin assembling the cake. You will need:

1 cup drained pitted Bing cherries

1 quart of 35% cream, whipped

1/2 cup sugar syrup made with half

sugar and half water cooked to syrup

1/2 cup ground almonds

1/2 teaspoon almond extract

2 cups shaved bitter-sweet chocolate

Cut cooled sponge cake into three even layers. Spread first layer with 3/4 cup of the cherries, sprinkle with almond extract and top with a 1/2" spread of whipped cream. Soak second layer with sugar syrup and place on top of first layer. Sprinkle this layer with the ground almonds and top with a 1/2" spread of whipped cream. Add the last cake layer. Spread the top and sides of cake with whipped cream. Garnish with the rest of the cherries and sprinkle with shaved chocolate.

successful, it is due to the strong design of the work.

The Non-Gallery

The Non-Gallery, which isn't really not a gallery, is having its first show, an assortment, at 42 Yonge Street. Its goal appears to be to sell art to the lower Yonge Street lunch hour crowd. The prices are reasonable, the work looks legitimate, and the proprietors provide a little catalogue telling why each piece is a worthy work of art. Louis Dobry, whose work is included in the present display, paints nice Toronto street-scenes. My street wasn't there, but may be yours is.

(Bruce St. Clair, Aggregation Gallery, 83 Front St. E.; Jack Chambers, Nancy Poole's Studio, 16 Hazelton Avenue.)

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STAR SHOWS

It's About Time

by Owen Moorhouse

It's About Time, the latest show at the McLaughlin Planetarium, attempts too much. Such diverse topics as the evolution of our calendar and the influence on time of gravitational fields are jammed together in a 50-minute program. Because its scope is so comprehensive, the discussions of some subjects are too superficial to be worthwhile.

The program examines two quite separate areas — man's attempts to measure astronomical time, and modern scientific ideas about time. Had the program concentrated on either of these areas, rather than both, it would have been more effective.

Parts of the program are, however, quite successful. The discussion of the development of our calendar has sufficient detail to be quite informative. A number of anecdotes about the idiosyncratic practices of Roman chronologers make it entertaining as well. It's too bad that the program does not explore the calendars of other ancient civilizations whose time-keeping was more accurate than that of the Romans.

It is during the discussion of the calendar that the best use of the dome is made. The daily variations in the positions of the sun and constellations at a specified time, which are the data of the chronologer, are rarely noticed by the average

person. During the rest of the program, however, the images projected are not essential to the understanding of the text. In fact, the narration is perfectly comprehensible without the visual element; better use can be made of the elaborate projection facilities of the planetarium.

The presentation of this program, which is entirely recorded, relies very much on narration. The narration is relieved by a skit involving an extraterrestrial civilization of intelligent beings. This convincing little piece of science fiction points out how the rate of the passage of time can vary.

Another aspect of the production, the music, is less satisfying. There are too many heavy climactic chords; musical accompaniment that is a little less dramatic would have been more appreciated. Playing the song *Circle Game* in its entirety to stress the point that time moves only in one direction is also a bit tedious.

One final point — the audience at the program I attended included many children, yet I think the level of the material was too difficult for anyone under 12 or 13. Such phrases as "dynamic energy transfer" and "gravitational field" mean little to most ten year olds. In addition to its regular programming, the planetarium should produce some shows designed especially for a young audience.

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Cabbagetown & Garbageman

by Mike Sutton

Cabbagetown Diary: A Documentary by Juan Butler. Peter Martin, 1970. \$2.95.

The Garbageman by Juan Butler. Peter Martin, 1972. \$6.95.

The kind of brutal toughness it takes to survive in a slum doesn't allow for sentimentalizing about growing up and living in the streets. The poverty, squalour, and violence of any city's Cabbagetown are brutal and ultimately boring, and *Cabbagetown Diary: A Documentary* can't be blamed because it reflects this social reality in its subject matter and in the brutalized temperament of its narrator. You may cringe a little at the oafish and smug callousness which appears on the cover of the paperback *Diary* when you learn it is "a remarkable glimpse of the underbelly of Toronto," or that the documentary "captures the feeling of Cabbagetown" and has "gotten into the tough, blunt mind of a citizen of Cabbagetown." All we respectable Torontonians know who we are. We know how they live down there and are very willing to pay someone to tell us again how virtuous we are.

In *The Garbageman* Butler seems bent on proving that the sordidness of Toronto is not limited to the neighborhood of Allan Gardens but like a syphilitic sore crops up in the Metro suburbs. Again Butler gives us a harsh narrator, this time a psychotic with pretensions to political anarchy instead of a punk who reeks adolescent cynicism. The narrator — and by implication everybody else under the social gun — is the piece of garbage the garbageman of the title is after.

Butler's brutal vignettes serve a realistic end in voyeuristically portraying life in the slums in *Cabbagetown Diary*; in *The Garbageman* they succeed

in creating a vision of surreal phantasmagoria much like those provided by Antonin Artaud, Jean Genet and William Burroughs. It is the surreal quality of *The Garbageman* which first and last impresses the reader. The tell-tale *Ka-thump, Ka-thump* of the narrator's heart as he becomes increasingly crazed is an intrusive and somewhat contrived device, but through his first person narrator Butler manages to create a multiple perspective on telescoping hysteria. If what we are to gather from all this is that everyone is mad, but that some are honest enough to live their fantasies, then the moral of the tale is both trite and fatuous. Once the shock wears off or the tears dry up, one discovers that the brutal vignette has limited literary uses.

Typically Canadian

More interesting perhaps is that the appearance of the brutal vignette in Butler's books — along with a maddened narrator — is not so much peculiar as typical in Canadian fiction. Canadian writers have a penchant for sentimentalizing or brutalizing their characters and subject matter. Both poses are products of the Romantic imagination — one self-indulgent, the other warped, and both are boring. They are boring, one feels, because the writers cannot find their subjects inherently interesting or important.

and so they resort to mystifying literary trickery in order to invest the pathetic and banal with emotional urgency.

In *Cabbagetown Diary* Butler has done for the urban landscape what previous Canadian writers have done for the bush. Butler's punk in the *Diary* is eloquent testimony to the damage to humanity that constant violent struggle with an inhuman environment can cause. But the view of this phenomenon given in the *Diary* is exterior and realistic. The punk is put upon, and he reacts as he is forced to in order to survive. His behaviour in the love affair which runs the course of the book is callous but understandable. He becomes grotesque as he adamantly clings to his individualism in an urban morass where his alienated type is the rule.

In *The Garbageman*, by contrast, dehumanization is seen as an interior phenomenon. The reader is inducted into the world of a madman whose only solution to a life of emotional enervation is psychotic violence. *The Garbageman's* narrator at last justifies his violent individualism with the romantic, anarchistic pratings of the Nietzschean superman. Surrounded by zombies, he strives to become the exception who proves the rule. One gets the distinct impression that this has been done better before and to no good effect.

Tarfagon Theatre
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by Andrew Angus Dalrmpie
Director: Keith Turnbull Designer: Tiina Lipp
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Tarfagon Theatre
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Call: 521-1827
For Tickets & Info

citizen directory

community services / bulletin board

The Citizen Directory is a free listing of useful community information about anything and everything and is open to anyone. (Space limitations prohibit publishing the entire Directory each issue; varied material appears from issue to issue.) Please send items for the Directory to **Citizen Directory, 171 Harbord Street, Toronto 4.**

INFORMATION CENTRES

Bloor-Bathurst Information Centre. Information, referrals and counselling concerning immigration problems and regulations; welfare and government agencies; housing, employment, medical, dental, daycare, legal, etc. Saturday legal clinic. Free store for clothing. Some Spanish-speaking staff. Drop in for coffee. Monday-Thursday: 10:00-9:00, Friday: 10:00-5:00, Saturday: 10:00-1:00. **896 Bathurst St. 531-4613.**

Central Eglinton Information Centre. Information, referrals, counselling concerning community events and problems in Central Eglinton area, senior citizen and daycare facilities, temporary housing, problems with government agencies, jobs, medical questions, etc. **Legal advisory service.** 1708 Bayview Avenue. **486-6072.**

Neighborhood Information Post. Don District information, referral and counselling centre — where to find needed help, how to deal with government agencies, legal information, personal assistance. **265 Gerrard Street East. 924-2543, 924-2544.**

HEALTH SERVICES

Village Health Centre. Total health care clinic serving all health needs: physical, emotional, social. **2 physicians, 2 nurses** on staff. Referrals, information. Fees geared to income for those without OHIP. **106 Scollard Street. 925-3843.**

Women's Abortion and Birth Control Referral Service. Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7:30-9:30. 631 Spadina Avenue. **533-9006.** \$1.00 donation asked.

ENVIRONMENT, ETC.

Pollution Probe. Information and referrals concerning pollution, environment, ecological action, recycling, etc. and related political and planning issues. 43 Queens Park Crescent. **928-4842.**

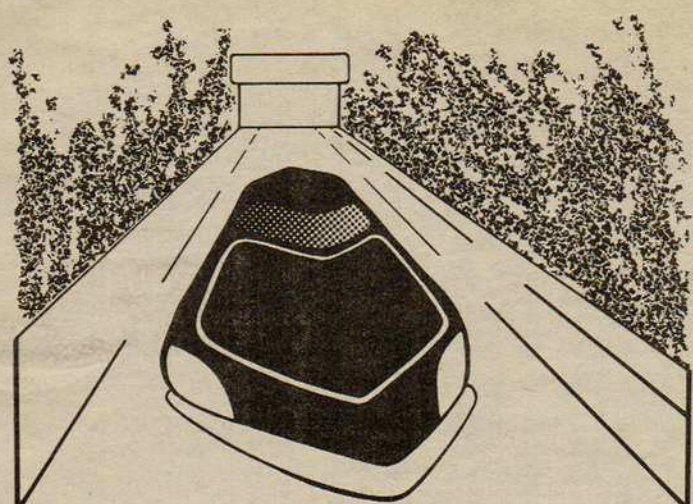
Canadian Environmental Law Association. Information, referral and counselling for people with questions about environmental law. **Legal advice on air, noise, water, etc. pollution complaints.** Publish an environmental law handbook. **928-7156.**

Pollution Solution. Operates three North Toronto recycling depots for glass and tin at Avenue Road and Melrose, Bayview and Eglinton, Bayview and Millwood Dominion store parking lots. For information call **487-5800.**

MISCELLANEOUS

Downtown Action Project. Helps community groups and activists do real estate research to find out who is assembling land, whether developers may be active in a neighborhood. Information about developers, their habits and City bylaws controlling them. Teaches title-searching skills, publishes research on real estate companies, etc. Weekdays 9:00-5:00. 298-D Gerrard Street East. **924-8887.**

Memo From Turner. Publishers of a catalogue which reviews and evaluates the donation policies of certain Canadian corporations and foundations and identifies those which are likely sources of funds for community services and innovative projects. **961-3500.**



EXPRESSWAY?

All Meetings To Begin 8p.m.

May 8th

FAIRMOUNT SCHOOL
90 BOWMORE

May 17th

KIMBERLY PUBLIC SCHOOL
50 SWANWICK AVE.

May 24th

MALVERN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
55 MALVERN AVE.

The proposed extension of the F.G. Gardiner (Scarborough) Expressway will be the subject of a series of public meetings sponsored by the Metro Toronto Transportation Plan Review.

The public's views are vital at these meetings, where we intend to discuss with you:

- (1) The actual need for the expressway
- (2) Whether or not it should be built
- (3) If it is to be built, the route it should follow
- (4) If it is not to be built what, if anything, should replace it.

From these initial meetings, smaller workshops involving the public and planners will be set up to study some of the issues in more detail.

We are sure these meetings will be of interest to you and urge you to attend.

metropolitan
toronto
transportation
plan review

For Further Information Call
... 363-6003

COMMUNITY EVENTS

May Day March, Saturday May 5, at **Bloor and Christie**. Sponsored by the May Day Committee. 1:00 p.m.

Special CORRA meeting, Tuesday May 8 at 8:00 p.m. at Bathurst Street United Church, 736 Bathurst Street, for a **discussion** of a draft brief on the **Aims and Objectives of City Council**. Public invited to take part.

Ward Five Confederation of Community and Residents Association meeting Wednesday May 9 at St. Paul's Church, Avenue Road and Webster Avenue. 8:00 p.m.

Thursday Noon on the Square at Holy Trinity Church features **Alderman Karl Jaffary, May 10** and **Robert Nixon, Ontario Liberal leader, May 17**. At Trinity Square, two blocks south of Dundas, west of Yonge. Lunch and refreshments available. For information, 362-4521.

Spadina NDP Steering Committee meeting for the discussion of resolutions and election of delegates for the federal convention. **Tuesday May 15**. Lord Landsdowne School, College and Spadina. 7:30 p.m.

MUSIC

A Capella Concert by the **Orpheus Choir** of Toronto. **Friday May 4** at Grace Church on the Hill (Lonsdale and Russell Hill Roads). Works by Willan, Vaughan-Williams, Davies, Stanford. 8:15 p.m. Admission \$2.50, students \$1.50.

Homespun Music, Sunday May 6 at **Actor's Theatre**. Dance, poetry and six musicians. 390 Dupont at Brunswick, 8:30 p.m. Adults \$2, students \$1.50. 923-1515.

Charles Foreman, Pianist, Thursday May 10 at the **Music Library**, 559 Avenue Road at St. Clair. Program of works by Brahms, Chopin, Liszt and Messiaen. Admission \$2. 8:30 p.m.

Buffalo Folk Festival, at the University of Buffalo **May 11, 12, 13**, sponsored by a non-profit student organization. The festival includes performances by artists like **Maria Muldaur, John Prine, Leon Redbone, Roosevelt Sykes, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee**. Tickets and information, at the Folklore Center, 284 Avenue Road, 920-6268. All Festival Ticket costs \$10.

Ted Moore Quintet, Sunday May 13 at the **Actor's Theatre**. An evening of **contemporary jazz** with piano, trumpet, drums, bass and flute. 390 Dupont at Brunswick. Adults \$2, students \$1.50. 923-1515.

the citizen calendar
culture/politics/community events

THEATRE AND DANCE

Fifteen Dancers, performing new dances and showing video tapes of old ones at **155a George Street**. **Live shows** are Friday and Saturday at 8:30 and Sunday at 2:30 until July 29. **Filmed shows** every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. Tickets. \$2. Information. 869-1589.

Toronto Dance Theatre At Home, last two days. **Friday May 4**, new works by Peter Randazzo, Barry Smith and The Ray Charles Suite; **May 5**, Barry Smith accompanied by drums and other instruments. In Studio 2, 26 Lombard Street, at 8:30 p.m. Information, 367-0243.

Canadian Silent Players, until **Sunday May 6**. A dance-mime group do 20 vignettes. See page 8 of this issue. At the Firehall Theatre, 70 Berkeley Street at Adelaide, 869-1791. 8:30 p.m. \$4.50, students \$2.50.

Psychocrockery and **E.S.M. Edict**, two new Canadian plays presented by Creation 2 open at the **Firehall Theatre, Tuesday May 8 and Wednesday May 9**. The plays alternate: Psycho. on May 8, 10, 12, 16, 18; Edict on May 9, 11, 15, 17, with a matinee on May 12. Continues until May 26. At 70 Berkeley Street, evenings 8:30 p.m., matinee, 2:30 p.m. Admission \$2.50, students \$1.50. 922-7393.

Midnight Show, Tuesday May 8 to 12 at the **Toronto Free Theatre**. Two one-act plays: **Olga Visiting Graham** and **Manneicin**, by Arvo MacMillan. Tuesdays to Sundays, 24 Berkeley Street. 368-2856.

The Hand that Cradles the Rock, opens **Wednesday May 9**. A neat example of the sex farce, written by Warren Graves and directed by Gino Marocco. At the **Backdoor Theatre Workshop**, 474 Ontario Street. Wednesdays to Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Continues to June 3. 961-1505.

Homemade Theatre Show of Shows, begins **Wednesday May 9** at **Theatre Passe Muraille**. Improvisational presentations, will run for three weeks. Wednesdays to Sundays at 8:30 p.m. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, \$2; Fridays and Saturdays \$3. 11 Trinity Square. 366-3376.

Whiskey by Hrant Alianak at **Theatre Passe Muraille**. An experiment. Friday and Saturday nights **May 11 and 12** at 10:30 p.m. 11 Trinity Square. Admission \$3. 366-3376.

Me? Indefinite run. A new play

by Martin Kinch, directed by John Palmer. At the **Toronto Free Theatre**, 24 Berkeley Street, Tuesday to Saturday, 8:30 p.m. Sunday matinee, 2:30 p.m. Free admission, but make reservations. 368-2856.

CHILDREN'S SHOWS

Modern Fables, by the **Global Village Theatre Players**. Four fables, designed to appeal to any age group are performed in pantomime by three actors with a narrator. **Saturday May 5: 10:30 a.m.**, Dufferin St. Clair Library, 1625 Dufferin; **May 5, 2:00 p.m.**, Jones Branch Library, 118 Jones Ave.; **Saturday May 12, 2:30 p.m.** S. Walter Stewart Library, 170 Memorial Park Ave.

Raven, a stunning play for children adapted from Eskimo legends. See page 8 of this issue. **Sunday May 6 and May 13, 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.** Admission 50c. At **A Space**, 85 St. Nicholas Street, 368-4746.

GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

The McLaughlin Planetarium, It's About Time. See page 10 of this issue. Show times, Tuesday to Friday, 3:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. Four shows, Saturday and Sunday. Admission \$1. 928-8550.

Potter's Studio Open House, Thursday May 12, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Pottery sale and demonstrations. 328 Dupont Street.

An Exhibition of Student Work, at the **Canadian Guild of Potters**. Experimental work from the cera-

mics departments of OCA, Sheridan, Central Tech and Barrie Community College. Until May 19. 100 Avenue Road.

CHEAP GOOD MOVIES

Theatre-in-Camera, 736 Bathurst Street. For complete listings, see page 9. 531-1177.

Revue Cinema, 400 Roncesvalles Avenue, 531-9959.

The Original 99c Roxy, 1215 Danforth at Greenwood, 461-2401.

Ontario Film Theatre, Ontario Science Centre, 429-4100.

Thursday Evening Cinema, OISE Auditorium, 252 Bloor Street West, 923-6641.

Films that made motion picture history, at the Parliament Street Library House. A 9 week series. **Friday May 4, D. W. Griffith's America; Friday May 11, Griffith's The Fall of Babylon, Intolerance; the Americano; and When the clouds roll by.** Admission free. On Gerrard, just west of Parliament, Information, 921-8674.

Home Made Films. Thursday evenings; **May 10, Winter Kept Us Warm; May 17, Goin' Down the Road**. Toronto Public Libraries Learning Resources Centre, 666 Eglinton Avenue West. 8:30 p.m. Information 787-4595.

Cinema of Solidarity, Sunday **May 13, Blood of the Condor**. Sunday **May 20, China!** by Felix Greene. Medical Sciences Auditorium, University of Toronto. 8 p.m. \$1.50. Information, 531-8109.

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