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A. Levenston

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Tiny
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TORONTO CLARION

Volume I, No. 7

January 25 - February 7, 1977



Bain Co-op Hikes Rent Ten Could Be Homeless

By Paul Weinberg

Tenants at the Bain Avenue Co-op apartments have declared a boycott on the 18% rent hike announced by their Residents' Council for February 1.

Boycotters will continue to pay their current rent to the Co-op, but will refuse to pay the increase.

Seventy of Bain's 260 apartments will participate in the rental freeze, predicted Francie Wyland, one of the organizers of the protest.

The boycott has split the Bain residents and has raised questions about whether non-profit co-operative housing is a solution for low and moderate income people.

No Choice

Alexandra Wilson, property manager and Bain Avenue Residents' Council spokeswoman, says the council, elected by the tenants, had no choice but to raise rents.

"We have all kinds of operating costs, and we just don't have any reserves to draw on."

Non-profit housing co-ops like Bain are excluded from rent control guidelines, which require justification for rent increases over 8%.

Wyland says the council is

being insensitive to the economic hardship of low income tenants in the Co-op.

Starting February 1, rents will be \$193 for a one-bedroom apartment, \$253 for a lower two bedroom, and \$266 for a lower three bedroom. Uppers cost an extra \$20.

Rents Comparable

Rents in profit-making developments in the area are comparable to those in the Bain Avenue Co-op.

While the government rent supplement will ease the burden of the rent increase for half of the tenants, there are many low-income people in Bain Ave. who don't qualify, says Wyland.

Under the provincial program only low income pensioners or people with children qualify for a rent supplement. Unfortunately, Wyland says, young people, students and the unemployed don't qualify for the subsidy.

Wilson agrees that the rent supplement program should be extended to all low income people, but she insists that only 10 at the most may be forced to leave Bain Ave. because of the higher rent.

"We don't agree on the tactics, that's all. If we freeze the rents, we'd have the force of

three governments upon us and we wouldn't win."

The Co-op is paying off a \$6.5 million mortgage to Central Mortgage and Housing. Eventually the house will be completely owned by the tenants.

Hailed by City Reformers

Tenants pay rent to their elected residents' council which negotiates with CMHC and the City, through which mortgage payments are made.

The scheme has been hailed in the past by city reformers as an alternative to high cost housing sold on the private market.

However Steve Oltuski, a tenant opposed to the rent hike, says ownership by the tenants is meaningless if they cannot afford the high rents needed to purchase the apartments from the city.

Success in Montreal

Opponents of the rent hike point to a housing project in Pointe Saint Charles in Montreal, which successfully held off CMHC in a similar situation without a single eviction.

Peter Tabins, a tenant who supports the rent hike, believes

Bain Avenue will be too weak to withstand government pressure until the tenants have won ownership.

"With ownership we will have the resources to mobilize a stronger force along with the other Co-ops."

Wyland claims that her group has a petition of 133 names supporting a rent freeze.

She says people were intimidated by the Residents' Council with subtle threats of eviction if they do not pay their full rents.

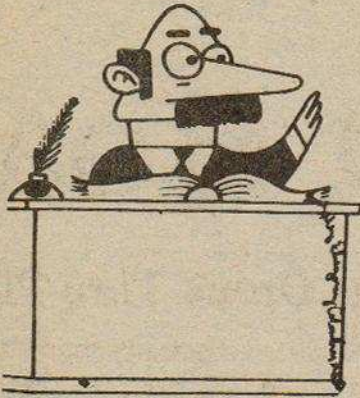
Vote in Question

Wyland gives this as the reason for December vote in which a majority of residents opposed a referendum on the question of a rent freeze among all members of the co-op.

Wilson denies any intimidation and insists that the vote against a referendum was a fair vote, with 120 people against, 16 for and 6 abstaining.

The Residents' Council proposes setting up an emergency assistance fund with co-op money to help tenants unable to afford the higher rents.

In the meantime, representatives of the Council do not exclude the possibility of evictions if a rent freeze is carried out.



All the Way with the Blue Jays

Mark my words, Metro Council will plunk down a cool half million of the taxpayers' dollars so that the Toronto Blue Jays can play four or five afternoon games during the three-week Canadian National Exhibition.

Though the majority at the last Metro Executive Council meeting balked a steamroller drive by Paul Godfrey, Paul Cosgrove and Mel Lastman to lay down \$825,000 then and there for a new portable stage at the CNE grounds, David Crombie's motion to delay the expenditure was a grandstand play for the media.

The CNE people have let the old stage rot in open weather, and now it's so decrepit, they claim there's no way they can move it into position between an afternoon Blue Jays game and an

clancy thompson Force of Circumstance

evening grandstand show.

Throwaway consumers all, they want to buy a new stage to jockey about. "We said we want baseball in Toronto, so let's go all the way with it," said Scarboro's go-go mayor Cosgrove.

Bette Stephenson Gets Ahead

Bette Stephenson's been dripping like a leaky faucet to media types and liberal women's groups about how she would just as soon see the Ontario Status of Women Council abolished.

It's a sham and a shame, this business of government's intervening in affairs of private initiative, says the lacquered and painted lady Minister to her confidantes. After all, she adds, everyone knows that the only way to get ahead is through lots of hard work and guts.

But it happens that effort is a virtue to the Minister of Labour only if your skin is as white as a pristine Canadian snowfall.

Two years ago Bette, then president of the Canadian Medical Association, signed her name to a jingoistic little number in the *Toronto Star* deploring the number of medical students of Chinese descent at the University of Toronto's medical school.

"It is a fact that there are fewer opportunities for Canadians because we have been admitting foreign students (sic). Many foreign students (sic), the Chinese for example, tend to devote themselves entirely to academic studies and they succeed. Canadians have a broader outlook."

The foreign hordes she castigated for their diligence turned out to be Canadian citizens or landed immigrants.

Then there are those rare creatures who can bypass Bette's hard work formula altogether. Such a one is her son, who during Ms Stephenson's tenure as CMA prez, was admitted to U of T's medical school despite a most dismal academic record.

An Alderman Dreams

Dreams of apocalypse are never far from the mind of a man of God.

Alderman Dan Heap, an ordained minister, confessed to one of my young friends at the *Clarion* that he never leaves tips in restaurants.

"Now my daughter and some union friends refuse to go out with me until I agree beforehand to tip," he said dolefully.

Why wouldn't one tip people who rely on gratuities to make a living? my friend inquired.

"Well," replied the reform alderman evasively, "some people believe that if restaurant employees couldn't rely on tips, they would be forced to organize for better wages."

His is an interesting but hardly novel theory of immiseration, a real apocalyptic vision. If you can only make people's lives miserable enough, they'll have to revolt.

Heap, by the way, is a product of Upper Canada College.

Downtown Housing Prices

So you've heard that the downtown housing market is depressed, and you're thinking that this may be a good time to jump in and buy a house?

The president of the Toronto Builders' Association says "Now is the time to buy," while the CMHC announced a record number of housing units built in 1976 — 270,000 units, well above federal projections of 235,000 units.

Watch out. It's all a well-orchestrated campaign of "buy, buy, buy" to hood-wink house buyers about the real increase in housing prices over the past year, says Tony Grande, NDP MPP.

Toronto Real Estate Board statistics, released for internal use only, show an average increase of \$2,248 in the price of a house over 1976. The average Toronto house cost \$59,897 in January, 1976 but by December the price had jumped to \$62,145.

Letters

Work is a pain in the Ass

To the *Clarion*:

In "On the Line" I attempted to show how different people think about what they do for a living, what things they like about their job and what they don't like.

All the people I've interviewed had things they disliked about their work. Some found these things so unbearable that they were planning to quit and go into something else. The two exceptions were the university graduate turned auto mechanic and the body-rubber/hooker. There's probably some cosmic

truth here, some statement on the plight of the protestant work ethic — I don't know.

I originally chose last issue's "On the Line" interviewee for her experience as a waitress. During the course of the conversation, however, she brought up some important points about work in general.

As that was my last column for the *Clarion*, I can say that Beth Gaines is in wholehearted agreement with Carolyn Cote — work is a pain in the ass.

Beth Gaines



Group Charges Milrod Reporting Divisive

To the *Clarion*:

The article in your last issue on the fired Milrod workers contains several statements that can only hurt their struggle, statements which are not only factually incorrect but also of a divisive and anti-communist nature.

John Huot's article raises the old red-baiting spectre of "outside groups trying to control the workers' struggle" in order to attack the work of the Canadian Communist League (M-L). He

implies that black workers and white workers have no common struggle, but that "white leftists" should only "get into their own communities and mobilize support." He treats racism not as a tool of the capitalist class which must be fought by all workers, but as the concern of black people alone — this at a time when racist attacks are stepping up day by day and class unity is urgently called for.

The League supports the recent formation of a Milrod Workers Defence Committee consisting of fired workers and those still on the job. This committee has now begun contacting workers in other factories, communities and unions throughout Toronto.

We hope that, through the work of this Committee, the fight of the Milrod workers will become the fight of thousands of working people in the city. All those people and organizations who genuinely support the Milrod workers should join us in fighting for class unity — not division — and working to build abroad campaign of solidarity.

Judy Darcy, for the CCL [M-L]

Reader wants to believe

To the *Clarion*:

Re: John Sullivan's article in Issue 5 "Eggs is no yolk." I have been buying free-range eggs from a health food store in the east end for several years, and I now discover from your article that I've been buying the wrong brand — Eco Farms.

But you didn't explain why they were bad... I would like to believe in the *Clarion* so I'd appreciate some response which hopefully contains the information required to make the state-

ment about Eco Farm eggs believable.

Debbie Fitzgerald

John Sullivan replies:

Sorry about that Debbie, but editorial requirements don't allow me to mention everything. ECO Farm eggs are from a commercial egg hatchery.

This means they are from battery raised hens which are fed commercial feed. The eggs are fertilized all right, but they are not free range, nor organic.

MARXIST INSTITUTE COURSES		
COURSES START Week of February 7, 1977 8:00 p.m. Lord Lansdowne School 33 Robert Street		
Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
FREUD—A reading course on the basic writings of Freud leading to an examination of the relation between Freudian & Marxist theory. Judy Oleniuk, 769-7123	Perspectives on Southern Africa — A series of 8 presentations with discussions led by members of TCLSAC. Pat Cunningham, 533-2284	Introduccion al Marxismo Nosotros examinaremos Marxismo como las Ciencias de la Historia, la Teoria de la Economia Politica, Lucha de Clases y Socialismo. Bill Johnston, 769-7123
Introduction to Marxism Contemporary issues will be examined and discussed from a Marxist perspective. Mike Kuttner, 531-7107	Marxist Philosophy — According to students' interests will cover matter in motion, objectivity vs subjectivity, dialectical method. Danny Goldstick, 978-6789	CAPITAL—Reading and discussion course continues with Volume III, Part Two. Bill Johnson, 769-7123

TORONTO CLARION

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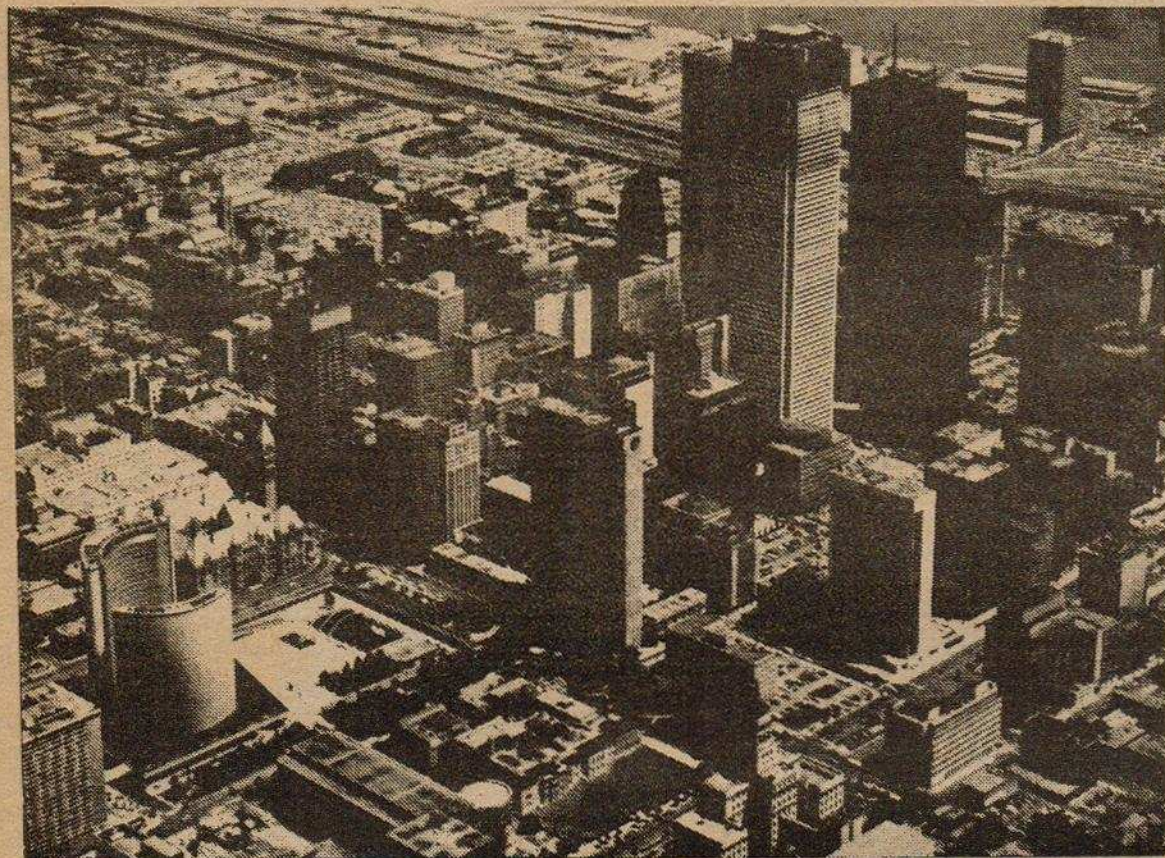
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Central Area Plan: Crombie's Tiny Perfect Hoax



Like the picture, the new Central Area Plan focuses on buildings, not people.

OMB Hearings Drone Thru Plan

As the lawyers drone on, it becomes hard to tell whether the motionless members of the OMB are asleep or awake. It's even harder to take seriously the idea that these rambling, droning, monotonous hearings are deciding the fate of our city.

The OMB's final decision will be based on the arguments of developers, planners and the city's lawyers. Unless overruled by the Davis government, the OMB's decision will rule the growth of Toronto for the next quarter century.

hearing. The most important and controversial fight was the Massey Hall/Marathon site, just south of Ed Mirvish's cultural empire on King St. Crombie and the planners claimed a victory for their Plan, when in fact there was a complete collapse.

The Plan's institutional policy also collapsed under the weight of high priced pressure from the University of Toronto and the downtown hospitals.

Instead, the large developers confine themselves to specific objections, aimed at changing boundary lines or numbers. Magnanimously, the developers' lawyers do not argue over the City's right to make minor changes.

Only the largest developers can afford to keep track of the hearings on a day to day basis over the six to eight months they will consume.

\$5000 To Present Case

Small property owners who object to some particular feature of the Plan are in a poor position to win their cases because most cannot afford legal counsel. Rumor has it that the minimum legal fee for a few days' work at the hearings is \$5000.

At least partly because of such prohibitive legal costs, the largest developers will probably be accommodated, while the smaller ones will be denied.

The OMB will say that the City has made its case, except for a few modifications, and Mayor Crombie will announce that this is the final capstone of a victory for the people.

Burden on the City

The original proposals required regional institutions to justify all expansions to the City. After U of T and the hospitals got through with Crombie and the planners, the City was back to its old institutional policy — one that places the burden on the City if it dares to question the expansion needs of local institutions.

Now the City is making its case on the revised Plan before the OMB, which must grant final approval. The development industry has launched no direct attack on the Plan.

what a city is or should be. What it does is to acknowledge with the force of law what private developers are already doing.

Where developers have already showed interest in building, the Plan allows high densities. In the east end of downtown, where they've shown little interest, the Plan downzones for commercial densities.

Downtown Housing Policy

The City's housing policy projects the next decade's increase in housing units on the basis of the last ten years' growth. No questions are asked about whether that rate of growth was too little or too much, whether housing is needed in the City or in some other place. Only the most highly qualified professionals would have been capable of formulating such a policy, anyway.

Now that the low-density downtown neighborhoods have been busted by high income whitepainters, the Plan considers them worth preserving at all costs. This is true. They were also worth preserving when they were low income neighborhoods a few years ago. Their physical preservation is now officially sanctioned, just as their social

destruction was.

Since the inner city neighborhoods are being preserved at low density, downtown housing must go where the office space goes. Voila, the planners discover the beauty of mixed use buildings.

The housing policy is really not bad, except that Crombie and his planners insist that it is based on social need. That's a lot of poppycock.

Many developers who had problems with the Plan have been accommodated in the 15 months preceding the OMB

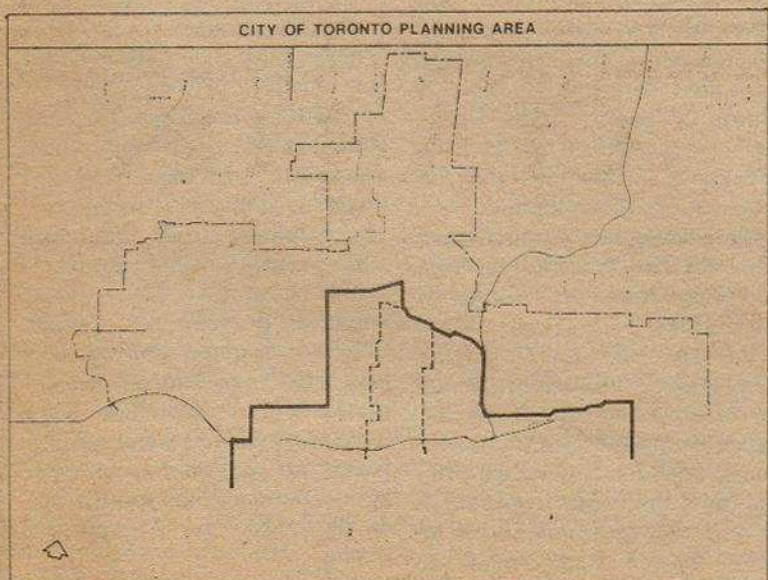
By Loebek Torsen
Now in its third week of hearings before the Ontario Municipal Board (OMB), the City of Toronto's new Central Area Plan, which is supposed to shape downtown growth for the next quarter century, is once again proving a showcase piece of bamboozlement for the City, its lawyers, technocrats and planners and for the sycophantic media.

The Plan says one thing and means another, a simple fact which was lost on the reform politicians who tried to fight it at the city council level last year.

That time around, John Sewell, Dan Heap and Dorothy Thomas thought they were playing a numbers game and lost the chance to fight the Plan on the more important level of substance.

The new Plan allows office space to double and 30,000 new units of housing to be built in Toronto's central area. Crombie's technocrats call this "the deconcentration of office space away from the Central Area" and the "provision of housing on the basis of social need."

Actually, the Plan makes no effort to shape the city's growth on the basis of any theory of



For 25 years the Minchopoulos family's King's Plate Restaurant, at King and John, has catered to truck drivers, warehousemen and neighborhood gourmets.

Standing on the northwest corner of the new Massey Hall/Marathon site, it may soon disappear.

The family says Marathon has yet to make an offer for their property.

"We make our living here," one of the Minchopoulos brothers told the Clarion. "We have to sell our property for enough to make a living at a new restaurant. If you can't make a living, you go on welfare or unemployment."

"Cheap Eats" restaurant reviewer Buzz Burza finds the fare at the King's Plate truly "fit for a king." See page 7.

B. Davrio

World Gossip Round-up

By Tom Walkom

Like a band of medieval flagellants, America's liberal establishment has whipped itself into the ecstatic state where it almost believes in US president Jimmy Carter.

When Carter first hit the national scene some two years ago, New York columnists tended to brush him off as a southern redneck. Now that he's officially installed as top banana, these same columnists talk of Carter as a folksy southern populist in the mold of such lovable as 19th century president Andrew Jackson.

Folksy 19th century populist presidents tended to be referred to as ol' someone-or-other. Who can forget for instance Ol' Hickory (Jackson), Ol' Kinderhook (Martin Van Buren), Ol' Tippecanoe (William Harrison) or Ol' Rough and Ready (Zachary Taylor)? And it seems only a matter of time until Carter gets the nod as Ol' Peanut (with his brother Billy, the gas station operator, perhaps being weighed in as Ol' Octane).

But New York columnists wax most eloquent when they compare 'Jimmah' to those twin stars of the liberal pantheon — Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy.

Actually here the comparison may be valid. For like Roosevelt and Kennedy, Carter has an immense capacity to mystify the media.

Roosevelt has managed to earn a niche in history as the man who brought America out of the Depression through the use of far-sighted economic policies. In fact, the erratic economics of Roosevelt, designed to forestall real populist elements in the Congress of the 30s, served to prolong the US and world depression — until World War II provided a way out.

Similarly, John F. Kennedy reaps kudos as a peacenik from liberals who prefer to forget his role as a major force in escalating the Vietnam war (the Green Berets were his), as the man who tried to invade Cuba, who committed American troops to an African war in the Congo and who played nuclear

brinkmanship with gay abandon.

Carter's actions too have betrayed his well-oiled image as champion of the little fellow. Even before his inauguration, Carter let the US steel industry know it could use its monopoly muscle to jack up prices.

At the same time, he signalled to US businessmen, through a pas de deux with Federal Reserve chairman Arthur Burns, that his government would not lower unemployment too much (when unemployment figures get too low, workers get uppity). No matter. The myth of Ol' Peanut lives on in the media, and promises to do so for some time.

Meanwhile in the *plus ca change* department, EGYPT'S URBAN POOR have exploded in riots to protest a series of price rises (since rolled back) in the necessities of life. These price hikes, which pushed such commodities as bread and cooking gas beyond the reach of the poor, were the result of pressure to cut government spending from US private banks acting through the Inter-

national Monetary Fund. In return Egypt was to get an IMF loan.

History buffs will recall that similar pressure from international creditors in 1882 created similar riots and eventually led to the British occupation of Egypt. The 1882 riots were different in at least one sense: for one of the Egyptian government's cost-cutting remedies at that time was to slash army pay. No one made that mistake this time, and the army sided fully with President Anwar Sadat during the riots.

In the WORLD OF THE SPIRITS, former Canadian prime minister William Lyon Mackenzie King must be chuckling. During his seemingly interminable term of office, Mackenzie King managed to confuse and mystify press and public. Now his ghost has apparently succeeded in turning the attention of the media away from the problems of the current Liberal government, in order that it may concentrate on tedious academic disputes regarding the nature of King's Liberal regime some 30 years long gone.

Eyewitness Account

Rhodesian Carnage: Ruins Litter Scene

Special to the Clarion from a TCLSAC reporter in Africa.

"They planted cabbage, tomatoes, onions and tobacco. This year would have been the first harvest. Mango trees grow wild here. They were building new houses. They were starting to build a new life."

These are the words of Camarada Domingos, Chief Responsible for the Provincial Commission for Zimbabwean Refugees, Manica Province, as we walk around Nhazonia, one of the Zimbabwean refugee camps in Mozambique some 50 km from the border. Cda. Domingos is talking about the steady stream of Zimbabweans — over 150 a day into Manica alone — who have been fleeing into Mozambique during the past twelve months to escape the forcible roundup and removal of Africans from the border region by Rhodesian troops. In Mozambique they hoped to live in peace under the joint protection of the Mozambique government and the U.N. High Commission for Refugees. But peace was to be short-lived at Nhazonia.

The Pungwe River bridge is about 15 km from Nhazonia. It is on the main road between the two provincial capitals of Teto and Chimoia. Today, half this bridge lies shattered in the Pungwe River and a hand-operated barge now ferries all traffic from one bank to the other. This is the first sign one sees of the August 9, '76 attack by Rhodesian troops on the 8,000 Zimbabweans then living at Nhazonia, an attack which left more than 675 dead and as many others wounded.

Cda. Domingos says "There was no struggle. There were only unarmed men, women and children here. The Rhodesian forces were wearing our FRELIMO uniforms and singing the revolutionary songs of Zimbabwe and Mozambique. The faces

of the whites were blackened. They came into Mozambique one way and went out another. They were here for only one day."

Nhazonia is now deserted, the survivors of the August massacre having been moved to a new camp located much further inland from the border. But even so, one can still see many signs of the productivity which filled the days of the people living at Nhazonia — the large cultivated fields which are now overgrown and full of weeds, the many huts both completed and in the process of being built, the school and hospital buildings.

Nhazonia refugee camp was founded in August 1975 and named after the river that flows below the fields. All that had been built had been done in the space of one short year, with outside help in areas where the Zimbabweans were not yet able to be self-sufficient.

In the camp's two primary schools, however, the refugees were able to provide qualified teachers from among their own members. And the flourishing fields were the result of many hours of hard labor as there was only one tractor in the camp.

As one walks around Nhazonia today the scene is very different. There are hospitals which have been burnt to the ground, leaving behind only skeletons of charred posts. A hospital which escaped fire was totally ransacked, with all the straw-filled mattresses torn apart. The hut in which the camp's medicines were stored was burned, as was one of the primary schools and many of the huts in which people lived.

The survivors told how the Rhodesian troops, after killing hundreds of men, women and children, ordered the others to

put the bodies of children into the huts which were then set on fire.

All around the camp are abandoned hoes, charred and broken pots, bits and pieces of clothing, metal cooking utensils — all items one associates with a people who are peacefully building a new future. These remnants are a stark denial to the Rhodesian regime's announcement of August 10 that they had just attacked "a terrorist command headquarters and base camp in Mozambique in which over 300 terrorists were killed." In fact the only armed personnel at the camp were eight FRELIMO militants who normally patrolled the entrance to the camp, and they were away from the camp at the time of the attack.

On the day of the attack the refugees were preparing for a celebration. Cda. Domingos explained: "Many people were gathered in the football field for the festivities. These were the ones the Rhodesians reached first. Those working further away in the fields were lucky. They heard the shots and ran away to hide in the bush."

[The Toronto Committee for the Liberation of South African Colonies is a research and support group.]



R.F. VanLierop

South Africa Township 'Kids Burnt Alive'

At the moment terrible things are happening in Guguletu and Nyanga (black ghettos outside Cape Town), where the migrant workers have turned on the local permanent residents and really made these areas living Hell. So far about 30 people have been killed and at least 1000 made homeless.

The trouble started when the students' campaign to make Christmas a period of mourning was ignored and rejected by the migrants staying in Nyanga. A group of people then set a couple of hostels on fire and this — much as in Soweto — sent the migrants on the rampage.

Kids have been burnt alive and thousands have left Nyanga and Guguletu to seek refuge in other areas.

Perhaps the most horrific thing about the whole event was the leading role played by the police in encouraging the violence. They have sided with the migrants and in fact urged them to kill the permanent residents. The police at one stage stood between the migrants and the

permanent residents and shot at the permanent residents, who retreated. They then spurred on the migrants to attack them. Really quite amazing and very, very scary.

It would seem that the Afrikaner is not prepared to pay heed to any grievances and that no fundamental changes will be made through consultation. All paths to peaceful change seem to be obliterated.

The political situation is exceptionally depressing. There is very little scope to do anything contributing to change which does not involve some very real threat to your own "freedom." The bannings (of 22 black and white trade union organizers) came as an incredible shock: when a person like Gideon Cohen is banned one realizes how little it takes to get oneself in the shit. Gideon had been totally uninvolved for about 1½ years. So it would seem that being overseas may enable one to do more. But I could be wrong . . .

— a Jan. letter from S.A.

Milrod Workers Forge Landmark Struggle City Moves on Backs of Immigrants

By John Huot

Take a look around you to see who builds the high rise you live in and the office tower you work in, and cleans them while you sleep, who tunnels the subway you ride to work on, who sews your clothes on Spadina, and who empties your bed pan in hospital, and you get a picture of the extent to which Toronto functions on the hands, knees and backs of immigrant workers.

Light industry is another big employer of immigrant labour in Toronto. There are more than 6,200 industrial plants in the area, but only 300 employ more than 200 workers.

Employers in Toronto's small plants hire from four or five different immigrant groups, making it difficult for immigrants to use common background, language and community life as a power base against the employer.

The Metro Toronto Industrial Commission boasts that average wages of industrial workers here are 15-20% lower than the average for the all of Ontario.

Explosive Power

Between 1970-73, strikes by Italian, Greek and other southern European workers protesting their low-paid, overworked status, demonstrated the explosive power of Toronto's immigrant workers.

These strikes also demonstrated how far employers and government will go to keep immigrants "in their place." In 1972, Toronto Western Hospital fired 350 workers after a 16-day wildcat strike.

When strikes for better wages and working conditions broke out at AP Parts, Gidon Mufflers and several other small sub-

urban plants, workers mounted militant picket lines to maintain their strikes against scabs and an Ontario government condoned professional strikebreaking company, which supplied goons, dogs and drivers to bust picket lines.

In many cases, immigrant strikers fought other immigrants hired to break the strike.

Police Defend Companies

Metro police were brought in to defend the companies. During the three month Artistic Woodwork strike in 1973, up to 150 police a day busted picket lines and pickets' heads.

These immigrant strikes won support from white, native-born workers of large Toronto-area employers, such as Douglas Aircraft, Northern Electric, CN/CP and the Post Office, as well as Teamster barns. Activists from the women's movement, students and clergy also provided strong support.

First Struggle Since 1973

Milrod is the first major factory struggle by immigrants since 1973. It is also the first significant struggle to develop in a plant made up of a majority of Toronto's newest immigrants — West Indians and Asians.

These recent immigrants face a special problem: racism. They are more likely to end up in lower-paid, harder jobs than European immigrants. They are refused housing and face the danger of assaults in the street and subway. They see their children streamed into schools which lead only to low-paid, hard jobs.

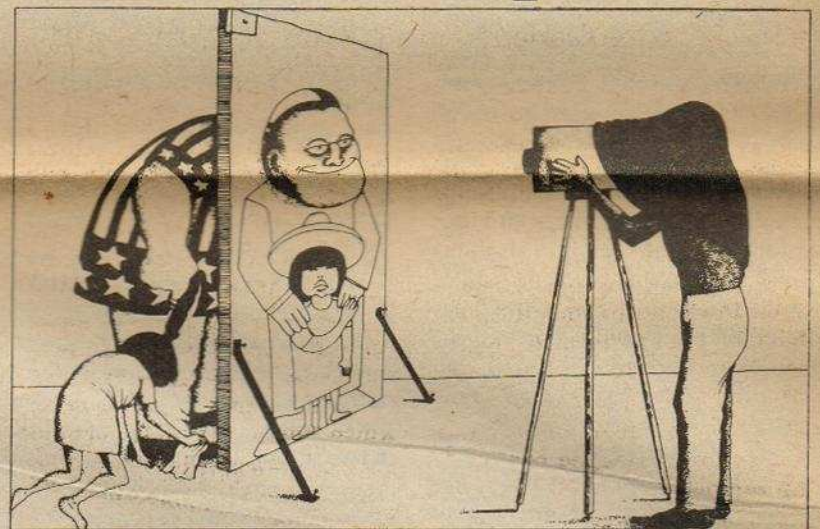


U.S. Invades Banana Republic

The racism these immigrants face both on and off the job creates a powerful community base from which to resist their treatment by employers, landlords and government.

Furthermore, blacks in Toronto draw strength from what they clearly perceive to be the international scope of their rebellion against racism, be it in the Caribbean, southern Africa, Asia or the US.

Milrod may reflect not only a new stage in immigrant workers' struggles, especially those of non-European immigrants, but also a source of increased strength and new forms of struggle for native Canadian workers.



The US has committed American troops to a counter-insurgency offensive in Nicaragua. Eight hundred American Rangers, 300 Green Berets and 3000 troops from Guatemala and El Salvador are engaged in combat against the insurgent Frente Sandinista de Liberacion Nacional.

Costa Rica has closed its borders with Nicaragua and has sent military observers, as has Honduras. Panama refuses to participate at any level, reports People's Translation Service of Berkeley, Calif.

The US has a long history of direct intervention in Nicaragua — it was used as the jumping-off point for the CIA-sponsored

Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. Nicaraguan dictator Somoza, whose family has run the country since the 1930s, is a West Point graduate.

The US is using the offensive to study its own and its allies intervention forces, according to the Nicaraguan defense minister. The war games are under the direction of the Central American Defense Council.

Commanding the military operation is US General Dennis McAuliffe, son of the famous World War II commander who, when surrounded during the Battle of the Bulge and given an ultimatum to surrender by the Germans, replied "Nuts."

Coffee Shortage Perks Prices

By Alan Meisner

Coffee prices will remain so high in 1977 that "that mid-morning cup" may soon be a luxury.

However, sources close to the Brazilian Coffee Institute report a record profit for 1976 — over \$2.3 billion, more than twice the 1975 profits.

Institute president Camilo Calazans recently said "It is obvious that prices will not fall because Brazil's harvest is going to be small and Brazil's stocks are rapidly dwindling."

In 1976 73.5% of the Brazilian crop of 28 million sacks was destroyed by a summer frost which is supposedly responsible for forcing the price of coffee to more than three dollars per pound.

However, a recent report by H.J. Maidenberg indicates that the coffee crisis did not originate with the frost of July 1975. Nor was it the result of the civil war in Angola, the world's fourth-ranked coffee exporter. The coffee crisis is rooted in

the grain and soybean shortfalls of 1973.

"As recently as 1975 high grade coffee was selling on the docks in New York for as little as 45 cents a pound. Brazil decided to get rid of its surplus beans at almost any price," reports Maidenberg. Earnings dropped from 80% to 20% of total income. Despairing Brazilian coffee farmers abandoned coffee for more profitable crops such as soybeans and corn. At the same time Brazil began importing cheap coffee beans from Africa.

Brazil has emerged since 1973 as the world's second largest importer of soybeans, with the help of the Japanese. Eager to cultivate a new source of supply in the face of the 1973 US embargo on soybean exports, Japan provided Brazil with substantial financing in its soybean switchover.

The dramatic decrease in the world supply of coffee after the '75 frost merely tops a trend of declining supply that had begun much earlier.

Trade sources in New York estimate that current Brazilian stocks are down 75% from 1973 and that exports this year will be a third of the normal 20 million bags.

The future is uncertain as coffee and soybean prices have become closely linked. "If coffee prices stay relatively high and profitable to growers," says a New York coffee importer, "farmers will switch out of other crops. Should prices fall, they will stick with soybeans and corn."

"Assuming Brazilian farmers do switch back to coffee," Maidenberg concludes, "consumers might be no better off because a switch would tend to drive up grain and soybean prices and thus make beef, pork and poultry more expensive."

KAPLAN'S CHEESE

The Best in the Market

(72 Kensington Avenue)

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8:00 p.m., Huron Street Public School, 541 Huron Street

A MARXIST INSTITUTE LECTURE SERIES

Thursday Feb. 3, 8:00 p.m.

CANADA AND THE INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC CRISIS
Speaker: Wally Secombe, author of *Highrise and Superprofits*

Thursday, February 10, 8:00 p.m.

RESPONSE TO THE CRISIS: THE CANADIAN STATE
Speaker: Leo Panitch, professor of Political Science, Carlton University; member of Ottawa Committee for Labour Action.

Thursday, February 17, 8:00 p.m.

RESPONSE TO THE CRISIS: CANADIAN LABOUR
Speaker: Sam Ginden, Research Director, UAW (Canada) and a panel of Canadian unionists.

Thursday, February 24, 8:00 p.m.

QUEBEC: A WORKING CLASS RESPONSE TO ECONOMIC CRISIS
Speaker: a representative of CEQ, Quebec teacher's union.

A No-Nonsense Guide to Health Food Stores

By John Sullivan

There's something about health food stores. A mystique or perhaps a kind of esoteric atmosphere. You step inside and it's like another world where you can buy the magic ingredients for health, beauty and a long life.

Small wonder that health food stores are flourishing these days. They're trendy, of course, but more importantly, there is a growing realization that processed food is a major cause of sickness and disease.

Yet not all health food stores are alike. Only about 15 stores in Toronto provide good food; the rest sell mostly super-prepared junk. One health food store in Toronto doesn't sell any food at all. They've got pills, supplements, extracts, herbs, juicing machines — but no food.

Yes, there are health food stores and then there are . . . alternatives. Genuine alternatives run by real people who provide simple honest-to-goodness food.

One of the first Toronto alternatives was the Golden Ant, which evolved from a head shop owned by the Harbinger (an early underground paper). Talk about an alternative! Everything was self-serve: weighing, packaging, grinding the flour and — get ready for this — there was no cashier, so customers paid for everything themselves. Really. Needless to say, the Golden Ant didn't last very long.

Now about ripoff stores. It's easy to separate the places that care about food from those only in it for the money. The big money is in pills (usually at least 100% markup) and brand name packages which exploit the ignorant and desperately ill. Alas, many "health foods" are gimmicky and downright fraudulent. But like Ken at Goldberry East says, "You've got to start somewhere."

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

- Emphasis on simple, basic, do-it-yourself foods.
- Bulk food for cheaper prices and package recycling. Good food and good ecology go hand in hand.
- Vegetarian management. Vegetarians understand and care about food like nobody's business.
- Friendly, helpful and dedicated staff. Don't hesitate to ask about specific items. They ought to know where it came from and what's in it.
- Community bulletin boards, preferably unsupervised.
- Homemade bread, pastries, granola.
- Locally grown stuff for cheapness, freshness and Macrobiotics.

Bad Signs

- Slick and impersonal management.
- Brown or Demerrara sugar,

I wouldn't feed this to my dog



even as an ingredient.

- Unrefrigerated or rancid wheat germ.
- Too many pills, extracts, supplements, etc.
- Overpackaging.
- Imported Carob Junkies and the like. They are expensive, stale and necessarily contain a preservative.
- Muscle-building equipment.
- Staff wearing phony dietician costumes.

SHOPPING AROUND

BALDWIN STREET NATURAL FOODS

20½ Baldwin, 979-1777

A well-run store with a good selection of everything, especially organic produce. Good bulletin board.

COUNTRY SUNSHINE

1694 Queen E., 699-3651

Your best bet in the Beach area — basic and noncommercial — nothing with sugar or preservatives. Bring your own container if possible.

GOLDBERRY'S

14 Wellesley W., 921-4057

Two floors now. Wide selection of most things with a remarkable variety of teas. Best bulletin board in Metro.

GOLDBERRY EAST

555 Parliament, 921-5266.

No direct connection with other Goldberry anymore. A friendly place owned by a graduate of Etherea. Good selection of cell salts and herbs.

GOLDEN TEMPLE

89 Harbord, 967-5359.

Run by 3HO Sikhs who stress the awareness and vibrations in "conscious" foods. They sell Birkenstock shoes (Birkenstocks are "in" — Earths and Roots are out, in case you didn't know).



HEALTH SERVICE CENTRE
A very straight Multinatural with 4 Beckers-like locations. Their staff wear white uniforms.

HEALTH SHOPPE

41-A Charles W., 923-5071.

(3 other locations). Another Multinatural. The manager says, "We carry everything we can get hold of."

KARMA CO-OP

344 Dupont, 923-3013

The best alternative. A real education in cooperation, food and big business. You can get everything at Karma, not only health food. Members only. To join it takes a \$12 loan plus an \$8 annual fee. Markup is only 17%, compared to at least 40-50% everywhere else.

LIVING SEED

181 Avenue Rd., 921-7486.

A great place with a relaxed, homey atmosphere. Bruce has the largest selection of Rudolph Steiner books in Canada — also the national headquarters for the Friends of Findhorn (a revolutionary farming experiment in Scotland).

MacMILLANS

4 Cumberland, 922-0632.

Toronto's first health food store opened Feb. 1, 1939. Straight, but Mr. MacMillan is sincerely dedicated to the health movement. Best selection of health books.

NATURE'S WAY

6 Wellesley W., 924-7034.

The pits. Cheap prices but the worst store anywhere. When the owner left his job at Rolly's he sent invitations to Rolly's customers asking them to shop at his store instead. *Nature's Way* was originally the name of a store operated by Rochdale's Etherea restaurant. They never bothered to register the name, so when he found out, the bastard registered it himself, then phoned up the real *Nature's Way*, telling them to change their name fast or he would sue.

ROLLY'S

640 Yonge, 923-6351.

Since 1954. Central location, but straight, with lots of muscle-building stuff.

SUN AND EARTH

1398 Yonge, 964-7130

A modern General Store. Helpful staff, good atmosphere, but everything is prepackaged.

QUINTESENCE

203 Avenue Rd., 923-4935.

Newest store in Toronto and one of the best already. The manager dislikes the business aspect of health foods and wishes there were more cooperation between stores.

WHOLE EARTH

160 McCaul, 364-0072.

Probably the first alternative health store in Toronto, an intimate place that has the best and cheapest date squares in town. Good bulletin board too.

WHOLE FOODS TRADING CO.

464 Parliament, 967-5196.

Another great place. The owner, who used to manage Karma Co-op, wholesales or retails everything you need in natural foods.

ON THE LINE

Julie Dean: Immigration Guard

as told to Heather Dean

When I finished the "nanny" course at a community college I'd had enough exposure to small children to last me a while, so I started skimming the want ads for a job. When you're 18 and don't type you have to look at everything.

I saw an ad for security guards that didn't specify height and weight, and checked to see if they were hiring women. They were and I was.

The company I worked for bid on contracts to supply guards to various customers and sent us out there. I don't know what they got, but we got \$3.25 to \$3.75.

Mostly we worked places like conventions with controlled access systems. We'd sit in door-



"An awful lot of people didn't understand what was happening to them... I got the distinct impression people had been tricked into coming down to the inquiry."

ways or hallways and check that people had passes. Sometimes to break the monotony we'd get to patrol someone's grounds with radios.

The best job was down at the Strathcona — it paid better and there were usually neat people to talk to. The company had a government contract to guard people waiting for an immigration inquiry.

One guy was along who sat at the desk. Theoretically he was supervising us all — total bullshit in practice. He filled in the forms while we fed people, got their medicine, arranged for their things to be sent, or just talked to them.

One night he had to take off. His mother had been attacked by his German shepherd. I took over the desk because I was the only person who could figure out how to fill out the forms. They really freaked out when they found me there. The desk was too holy for a woman to touch.

A lot of our work was talking people down. Some of them were really fucked up ... crying and confused ... couldn't speak the language. Often my tiny bit of Spanish was the best the place had to offer.

Most of the guards were sorry for the people and treated them decently. But I don't remember a single word about whether what we were doing was right.

While you're down there it's just the job you have to do. The guilt used to hit me when I got home.

An awful lot of people didn't know what was happening to them. Even allowing for language problems and natural confusion, I got the distinct impression that they'd been tricked to get them to the inquiry.

They'd knock on a woman's door and ask her to come down to "answer some questions." She'd just pick up her coat and purse. Then slam/bam she'd be run through an inquiry, ordered deported and held under guard until her plane came. She could ask a friend or neighbor to pack her things and bring them down if she could contact one.

A lot of the women were pregnant. They thought that if they had their baby here, even if they got thrown out the kid could stay because it was born here. I don't know if that works out in practice, but that's what they had in mind.

I had a long talk with one Pakistani girl who was really depressed. "For the rest of my life, I won't be able to walk down the street without being chaperoned by my brother. I worked so hard to get away from that. How can I live like that again after having had my freedom?"

I was quite enjoying my job — I wouldn't mind being a security guard again, maybe at the airport — when rumors began that the company had lost its contract. We were waiting for the bad news, and I figured I would get hit by any layoff because I'd only worked there a few months.

One of the other guards told me they were hiring guards at the Don, at \$5.00 an hour. It's not a job I would have thought of myself with my qualifications — high school, a "nanny" course and seven months' experience at mickey mouse security jobs — but what the hell? I decided to see if they thought I was qualified.

At my interview they seemed to say "Don't call us, we'll call you." But they did call the next week and I became the youngest guard ever to work at the Don.

NEXT WEEK:

Our Heroine Goes to Jail



A. Meisner

For a few brief moments the city ground to a near-halt. Roads were impassable, offices closed down, and the kids had an unscheduled holiday. There wasn't much to do, except shovel away the front walk drifts, and that wasn't too practical since the wind rushed the drifts back within an hour. The best way to get across town along Bloor Street was on cross-country skis, and the tobogganing in Christie Pits was terrific.

But it didn't last long. Cities don't let themselves be slowed down for too long. The cars and trucks fought back and turned the snow to slush; fleets of plows and snow melters gathered up the snow, and dump trucks carried it away.

Myths Keep Shrink In Charge

The Women's Counselling, Referral & Education Centre

In our last article we suggested that therapy often can be helpful for a number of different reasons. A person might want help in recognizing behavior patterns that she wants to change. Therapy can also help to provide the tools for such change and personal growth.

Last time we looked at some of the myths which keep people from considering therapy as an option for themselves.

The decision whether to see a therapist is never a simple one. You must decide which therapist and what kind of therapy is best suited to your needs. To do this you need as much information as possible.

In this monthly column we will provide some of that information and raise pertinent questions so that if you decide to see a therapist, you will do so as an intelligent consumer.

In this article we shall look at a few myths about the power of therapy and therapists and some of the unrealistic expectations the myths have developed.

Myth 1 *The therapist will provide answers to my problems and tell me what to do.*

Therapists do not have answers. The answers and solutions are within you, and the therapist's role is to help you find them in yourself.

You must allow yourself the time for this process to happen, because all the answers in the world offered by another individual will do little to help you find solutions meaningful to you.

The therapist should act only as a guide in this process, helping you to unravel the various threads and blocks that prevent you from finding your own solutions. In this process of unravelling s/he can help you acquire tools you can use on your own.

We all know that advice from

relatives and friends is often more harmful than helpful because of their emotional involvement in our lives and their understandable difficulty in remaining detached enough to give us the freedom to find our own solutions.

Although the therapist may share her/his own personal experiences when they relate to yours, and although s/he does care about you and your life decisions, her/his lack of emotional involvement in those decisions makes it easier for her to support you in finding your solutions and making your own decisions.

Myth 2 *Therapists are more healthy and better adjusted than most people.*

Therapists are normal people with the problems in living and loving we all share.

In fact, some of the most sensitive are those who have struggled and continue to struggle hard in their own lives to put

it together for themselves. They do not have magical healing powers which can ease either your struggles or theirs.

But in addition to their own life experiences, their training and practice provide them with skills in working with people and in understanding behavior.

Myth 3 *Therapists can identify the source of our present problems or difficulties after one or two sessions.*

We must reiterate that therapists are neither magicians nor seers. If you feel it is important to uncover the source of your present problems by looking at your past, then the therapist will act as a guide in the process. The act of uncovering must be done by you, if you are to understand it, acknowledge it and so change present undesirable behavior.

These myths which imbue the therapist with inordinate power must be examined by you before you enter therapy.

Most of us hold the myths in some form no matter how sophisticated we are about therapy. We all have been trained to rely on "experts" for solutions to our problems rather than relying on our own strengths, power and knowledge.

The therapist should be prepared to help you work through these unrealistic expectations and in the process return some of the power you have been robbed of by society.

This is not always easy because in some cases the therapist's own feelings of competence may rest on the role s/he plays as "expert." S/he thus can inadvertently feed into the myths about the therapist's power.

As you can see, therapy is by no means a facile process. The outcome is dependent upon the interaction between client and therapist, upon the therapist's willingness to be open and to avoid perpetrating myths, and the client's willingness to take responsibility for her own learning and growth.

Kingly Dining at Mid-town Truck Stop

By Buzz Burza

THE KINGSPLATE
King Street at John
364-6002

On the south-east corner of King and John streets stands a lone sentinel awaiting the final onslaught of Marathon's Messy Hall complex: a restaurant with the rather double entended name of the **KINGSPLATE**.

It's been years since there was a King's Plate (Canada's most famous horse race is now named for the Queen) but the food is fit for a king. The place is the quintessence of cheap eating, a truck stop in the middle of downtown Toronto. But you'd best be quick because, like so much of Toronto, it's a question of "now you see it, now you don't."

There's a counter with six stools and the booths come in three sizes with room for maybe 50 folks in a pinch. The scrolly

brass cash register belongs in a fancy-fancy Queen Street antique store but continues to chang along.

Although lacking a neon sign (usually the first indication of noteworthy cheap eats) the Kingsplate has grand daily specials. The likes of Home Made Meat Pie, B-B-Q'd Duck, Short Ribs, Beef Stew, Meat Loaf, *et al.* and a pot of soup varying from macaroni to the beautiful bean. Any of these are less than \$2.00.

The house special is the Two Dollar charcoal broiled steak which the menu describes thusly: "Before we serve our steak we have trimmed away every speck of fat or bone and you get nothing but pure eating meat... We believe this is the greatest food value served anywhere."

I'm not about to argue with

the gentlemen (the place has been run by two brothers for 25 years) after eating lunch at the Kingsplate Wednesday, Thursday and Friday with a motley mix of associates.

The *carte* was sampled widely and on Friday I put the open kitchen to what has to be the supreme test, a cheese omelette.

Half the trick of setting a swell table is the arrangement of the food on the plate. I am among the fussier of omelette cookers and had I been working at the Kingsplate on Friday I would have served the omelette upside down, with the elegantly perfect second side up. But the thing was perfectly closed. Nine on a scale of ten.

Coffee's still 25 cents and if you're in the neighborhood, they'll gladly deliver.



B. Daurio

Native Art Exciting But...



The painting on this native carving represents a head cut away from its body.

By Sara Swartz

A potentially excellent display on northwest coast native artifacts at the Ontario Gallery of Art is seriously marred by an almost total lack of easily available information accompanying the exhibition.

The show of primarily Canadian native work was organized by the Art Institute at Rice University, Houston, Texas. The outrageously priced ten dollar catalog was produced in the US also. Unless one is prepared to buy the catalog, it is impossible to find any information on the pieces displayed.

Each exhibit is accompanied by a catalog number and a

simple title — "Mask, Man." Tribe name, date, or any other useful information is not given.

The display does have much to recommend it. The northwest coast people had a rich ceremonial life, and this collection is representative of the artifacts associated with that life. Most of the pieces were used in shaman rituals and secret societies primarily involved with the passage from this life to a supernatural one. The various masks, ceremonial dance tunics, blankets, rattles, pipes and ceremonial dance chests on display are a part of this tradition.

Basketry and weaving were considered feminine art forms, and since women were excluded from most ceremonial rites, these crafts were used mainly in the household.

Although some of the carvings are ivory, bone, horn or stone, most are wood. The characteristic carving tool, the adze, was responsible for the typical texture, leaving a series of light concavities rather like the texture of beaten metal.

Most of the carvings are painted, not as added decoration but as a second pattern added to the first. Usual colors are earth ochres of red, brown and yellow, blue made from clay or copper oxide, white from clamshell ash, and black. Oil from crushed salmon eggs was used to mix the pigments.

There were distinguishing features between the artistic styles of the northwest coast tribes, but the combination of animal and human forms, emphasis on the representation of

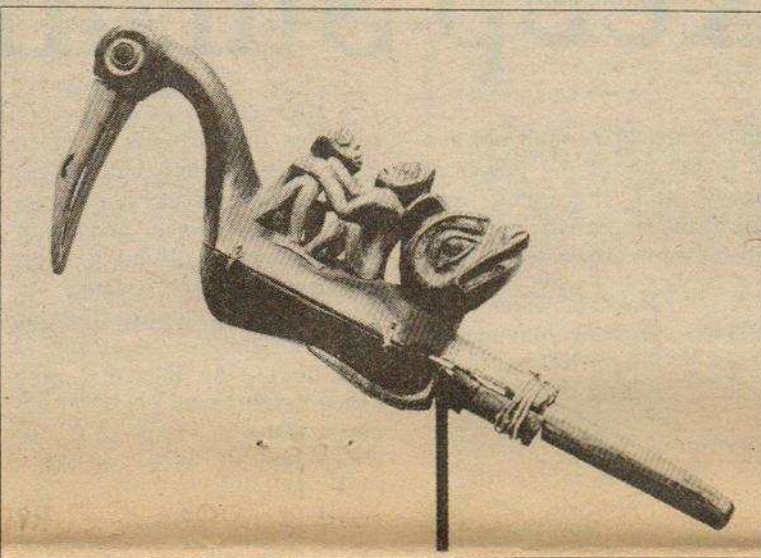
the head, and the elliptical eye shape are characteristic. Much of the symbolism concerns the relationship of man to animal life; hunting, fishing and gathering were the sources of sustenance.

Whole forms are represented by their most notable part, usually the head. It was believed that a spirit in a hunted animal, when ceremonially appealed to and thanked, willingly gave up that animal's physical life to aid man's survival. This is the aspect of the man-animal relationship most commonly represented.

A notable example is a shaman's rattle carved in the shape of a raven, recognizable

by its large curved beak. On its back lies a shaman whose outstretched tongue extracts the magical inner substance from another animal form.

Most of the pieces in the show are displayed so that they can be viewed from more than one angle. What is best about it is the selection of artifacts; they give a fascinating insight into the drama of a highly structured and ritualized way of life. The title of the show "Form and Freedom" reflects precisely the preoccupation with form as a way to the freedom of the unconscious mind that is the basis not only of the rites of the northwest coast peoples, but of ritual in general.



This Tlingit doctor's rattle has been carved to represent a crane. Clarion reviewer Sara Swartz provides background information to the AGO's current exhibition of northwest coast artifacts in which it appears. Save money: take the Clarion with you to the museum instead of buying the \$10 catalog to the exhibition.

BRASS BACK

By Joe Walinsky

It was business as usual at the Metro Labour Council's election as the incumbent slate of president Sam Fox swept back in to power.

An expected challenge by a coalition of opposition candidates against the establishment failed to develop.

Only vice-president Clive Ballantine was opposed, by Art Jenkins of the United Electrical Workers (UE), but he managed to hold on to his seat in the January 20th election by the comfortable margin of 171 to 80. This lopsided vote might have been considerably closer had it not been for the Steelworkers delegates voting in great number to support the establishment candidate.

With nearly 130 locals eligible to vote, Steel can dominate the Council. Many representatives commented bitterly that the Steel delegates would not be seen again until next year's elections.

Rank and file hostility toward traditional union leadership has cooled significantly as a result of the fight against wage controls. So no big upsets were really expected this year.

The new token woman is Fiona Sims of the Public Service Alliance, who is a widely respected delegate. Many observers expect her to be pushed off the slate next year.

Next year's elections may prove more interesting, as current president Sam Fox is expected to take a high-level position in a textile union and not run again.

Texas Art Sharks Ravage Relics

By Clancy Thompson

The Art Gallery of Ontario's current exhibit of Northwest Coast Indian Art was assembled by one of the most notorious families of art scavengers in the world.

The DeMenil family of Houston, Texas founded, funds and controls the Institute for the Arts which is sponsoring the exhibit and which is raking in the profits from the expensive catalog describing it.

The DeMenils are voracious collectors of primitive art. They own major collections of African, Oceanic, and New World

artifacts, including many of the pieces in the exhibit.

They have acquired their collections through stealth, destruction and extensive smuggling. They are cultural scavengers, despoiling the very cultures whose art they celebrate.

In Mexico, which has stringent laws protecting its native art, they are known to have smashed culturally valuable art objects in order to smuggle the pieces out and then reassemble them.

When their daughter, whose mysterious and sometimes moving photographs of the Bri-

tish Columbia coast adorn the exhibition's catalog, toured native villages, she stole away with totem poles and other religious objects.

The savagery of their collectors' instincts is well known throughout the art world. A museum source told me that when ROM officials travelled to China to arrange for the exhibition of Chinese archeological finds, the Chinese said "By the way, we want our art back from the ROM."

"Yes," said the Canadians, "and we want our totem poles back from Texas."

Brand new, never used, AM radio for Honda. Replaced with stereo system. Also FM converter which works off AM radio. Best offers. Helen 635-1203 week-ends or (705) 726-6473 (Barrie).

I would like to correspond with some CLARION readers. They can write to me at: David W., No. 1956, Box 190, Kingston, Ont.

CLARION CLASSIFIEDS WORK!!

Already our readers report success with several of the classified ads in our first 6 issues. You can do it too. Places to live, things to buy and sell, services — you name it. And Clarion classifieds are all FREE. Send the coupon to Clarion Classifieds, 454 King St. W. Room 209. (Please — no ads to buy or sell sex, and no business firms.)

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Pickup truck '66 GMC 3/4-ton, engine blown, rest OK, best offer. Also Solex Moped, same condition. Tom, 533-7234.

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Juggling comedian available for children's or adults' parties, clubs, political rallies, etc. Unusual entertainment, very reasonable. For more information please phone Jay the Juggler at 691-2262.

Students Premiere Italian Comic Opera

By Pat Kellogg

Again this year the University of Toronto opera department brings two complete operas in English to the stage of the MacMillan Theatre, giving opera students a chance to participate in all aspects of a professional production.

The Toronto opera-goer gets a chance to see seldom-staged works with some of Canada's up-and-coming singers for only \$4.00. The operas this year are Wolf-Ferrari's *The Four Ruffians*, playing January 28-29, and Janacek's *Kat'a Kabanova*, March 25-26 and April 1-2.

The Four Ruffians opened this weekend at the MacMillan Theatre on the U of T campus. The story is based on Goldoni's Venetian comedy about how a quartet of wives outwit four domestic tyrants. The men's "father knows best" attitude leads them to ignore their families' wishes and opinions. They try to keep their women at home completely involved in household tasks.

The story begins when two of these merchants arrange a marriage for their respective son and daughter without consulting their wives or introducing the young people. All that matters to them is the dowry.

The wives, however, conspire to get the apprehensive groom and bride together so they can at least see one another.

When the fathers discover the plot, a violent argument develops. Enraged that they are not masters in their own houses the men call the marriage off and confer on how to punish their wives. Eventually they are ungraciously forced to see reason and the opera ends with wedding bells. It is easy to see why the subtitle of the opera is "The school for fathers."

It's more like an operetta than an opera. There are no big arias as in a Puccini or Verdi score but there are monologues for each of the principal characters which give the audience an idea of who they are.

The cast is very even and the parts are well acted. The U of T orchestra did a good job with the accompaniment, especially the famous intermezzo. Conductor Victor Feldbrill didn't always help the vocal ensembles stay together, and the large finale scenes were hard to follow.

There are two completely different casts for the two weekend performances, with the exception of Caralyn Tomlin in the starring role as Lucietta.

TIGER'S

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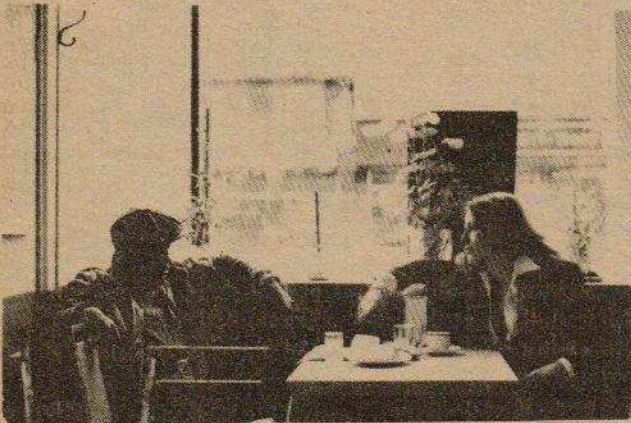
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BIG JANE

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THE NEXT MORNING AT THE GENEVA I RAN INTO MY OLD CAB DRIVER FRIEND - 'DOC'.



DOC GOT ME OUT OF ALOT OF SCRAPES IN THE PAST.



SO I ASKED HIM, "EVER KNOW A GUY CALLED PICKLES?" IT WAS MY LUCKY DAY --- SEEMED EVERYONE KNEW THIS PICKLES CHARACTER BUT ME.



"HE'S BIG TROUBLE. MESSES PEOPLE UP ALL OVER THE PLACE & THEY CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HIM.



HE TOLD ME ALOT MORE, MOST OF WHICH I CAN'T REPEAT HERE. WE AGREED TO MEET LATER AND PAY THE CROOK A SURPRISE VISIT...



MAYBE EVEN UP THE SCORE

Teevee Topics

Toronto Tweaked, Timebomb Ticks

By Kelso Kermodé

When the Yanks tweaked smug Hogtown's nose and pointed an accusing finger at local race relations in "There's A Timebomb Ticking In Toronto" on NBC's *Weekend*, Hogtown blew its cool.

Sticking it to the Yanks is a favorite hobby here, but given a dose of the same juice, we've found it's not always nice to be seen as others see us.

The ink was barely dry on the *Globe* and *Star* front page yipes of "Foul!" and "Lies!" when those same front pages sported news of a trio of race beatings in the subways.

"There's A Timebomb Ticking In Toronto" was solid reportage — perhaps flawed by abrupt treatment of local board of ed concern about racism in city schools and by an uncritical view of Ottawa's multiculturalism puffery, but in the main better than most Toronto coverage of the race issue here. That's nothing new for *Weekend*. Its "Hottest Little Town In Canada" last spring upstaged most local handling of the lethal dirt lying beneath Port Hope's floorboards.

Weekend's format is "news-magazine," and its slant of populist politics and hip nihilism makes for some of the most watchable and provocative TV in the US commercial network lineup.

The program is aired only once monthly, and so its staff has breathing space to do its job right. (It's full title is *First Weekend Of The Month*.) It alternates with NBC's *Saturday Night*, a case in point of a program whose material sometimes wears thin because of too-frequent airings.

Weekend and its middle-of-the-road counterparts, CBC's *Fifth Estate* and CBS's *60 Minutes*, offer some of the consistently strongest TV on the air.

FIRST WEEKEND OF THE MONTH, NBC, the first Saturday of every month, 11:30 p.m.

BEST BETS

Ten Who Dared, dramatized documentaries about soldiers of fortune broadcast last fall on OECA as *The Explorers*, has a silly new title, hammy new intros and overdubs by Tony Quinn, and messages from Mobil Oil, but its portraits of nine men and a woman who climbed the next hill because it was there are largely untainted by showbiz hokum. The first shows, about Columbus and Pizarro, didn't gloss over the brutality and greed of mercantile Europe's first contact with the Americas. More typically, the series is a nice escape into the romance and hardships of the lives of compulsive adventurers. Included in the future lineup are Captain Cook, Henry

Stanley, Mark Kingsley and Roald Amundsen.

TEN WHO DARED, CBC, Fridays, 8:00 p.m.

US networks won't carry hockey because they say the game's too fast, the puck's too small and Yanks can't figure out what the hell's going on. The NHL has strung together its own network of small independents and is end-running the big boys with a bid for the habit of the huge audience that can't get its Monday night sports fix now that football's done and baseball's not begun. The first three games (Montreal vs the Flyers, the Flyers vs the Islanders, and Montreal vs Boston) were action packed, high-scoring doozies, the best hockey to hit the tube since the Czechs went home last fall.

THE NHL GAME OF THE WEEK, WUTV, Mondays at 8. TURKEY TALK

Deputy Police Chief Jack Ackroyd doesn't like the coverage that the media are giving to racial problems in Toronto. "I've had calls from three Asian groups wanting to meet with me," complains Ackroyd in the wake of TV and press reports of the beatings in the subways. The TTC and Human Rights Commission have been ringing Deputy Jack's phone wanting to discuss how to deal with the

issue. "That's never happened before," says Ackroyd.

TURKEY OF THE WEEK: JACK ACKROYD, Metro Police Dept., 967-2222, Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

There was a fuss recently when the *Fifth Estate* lambasted New Brunswick's McCain's, the frozen food people. Reporter Adrienne Clarkson was an immigrant, alleged two senators from down east. Imagine, an immigrant criticizing a real Canadian! Later the senators learned Clarkson is a real Canadian too and retracted their comments. Query: what difference would it make if Clarkson were an immigrant?

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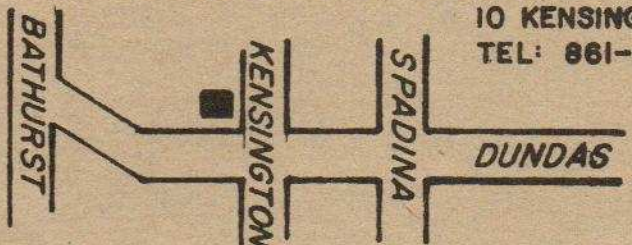
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Rocky: Triumph of the Cliché

By Wayne Sumner

We continue our tour of the current Hollywood narcissism, the tendency for recent movies to feed upon old ideas, old material, and the history of the medium itself.

Of the remakes we have suffered and those yet to come, surely *A Star Is Born* (University) will be remembered as the most farcical. It is the second update of the 1937 original and incomparably the worst version yet. The Streisand-Kristofferson package offers us a soap opera script punctuated by mediocre music and tied together by disastrous performances, especially Streisand's ludicrous attempt to impersonate a rock star. At \$4.00 this is the most overpriced garbage in town.

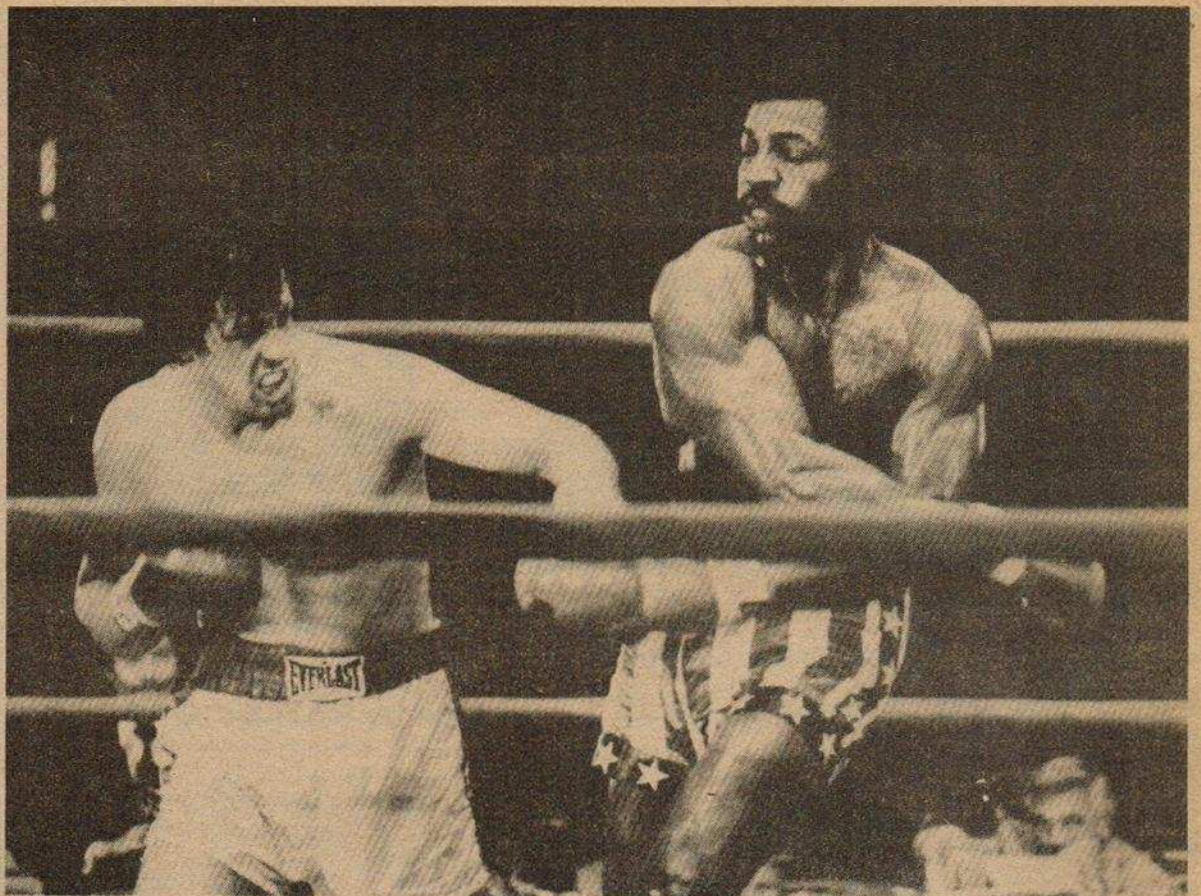
Happily, *Rocky* (Uptown) is another matter entirely. Like all the other recent openings it breaks no new ground. The story is an anthology of clichés: the nowhere fighter who suddenly gets the break of his life, uses it to advantage, and gets the girl; the tough guy with the marshmallow heart; the plain, shy creature who blossoms into

beauty and self-assertion from the attention of her man.

We filmgoers have become such cynics that it takes a while to realize that *Rocky* is going to deliver nothing but the clichés, and furthermore is going to play them straight. The instinctive reaction is — they can't be going to do *that*. But they do, and it works.

One reason it works is that it deals in a fairy tale. Not just any sort of mythology (most myths are badly treated on the screen) but a uniquely Hollywood mythology. The immediate connection, of course, is with innumerable past films about the fight game from *Body and Soul* to Huston's *Fat City*. (Let's not overlook Brando's definitive washed up fighter in *On The Waterfront*.) *Rocky* plays the familiar but irresistible clichés of those films as lovingly as the notes of a sonata.

But the film also has a much broader ancestry. The basically good character overcoming adversity by sheer effort, the unlikely love affair of simple folks, the happy ending — these are some of the pillars on which the Hollywood classics were built. That's why, of all the current



flicks that feed upon the classical period, *Rocky* does it best. It does not imitate, it alters nothing to fit newer conventions and it refuses to sneer at its material. It simply reminds us what good movies once were like. If films are determined to do nothing new, they might as well do the old routines well. *Rocky* does.

The final cliché is the origin of

the film itself. Sylvester Stallone, ex-boxer and weightlifter, sometime actor, writes the script in a few days and then refuses to sell it unless the producer permits him to play Rocky. It's Hollywood all over again, now in real life. Anyone can grow up to make movies, if only he tries hard enough.

It is difficult now to imagine Rocky as anyone but Stallone.

(Indeed it is also difficult to imagine Stallone as anyone but Rocky.) He is aided by an excellent supporting cast, special mention deserved by Talia Shire (Adrian), Burt Young (Paulie) and Carl Weathers (Apollo Creed, played in the Ali manner). The fight scenes are also the best I have ever seen in a film. Skip all the others and save your money, but see *Rocky*.

Feeling Good with Punk Rock



Crazed Ramones Fans

By John Williams

I like the Ramones. The Ramones are a New York City rock and roll band who play loud and fast, write lyrics about teenagers and look like the guys you see outside the Eglinton-Kennedy shopping centre

When they came to town a few months ago to kick off the New Yorker Theatre's live entertainment policy, they sent several of Toronto's rock critics into panic. The critics love greenhaired transvestites playing heavy metal Mahler. Give them a teen-age r'n'r band that comes on stage in blue jeans, leather jackets and 1965

Rolling Stones haircuts and they freak.

The concert is easy to describe. Loud and simple. The Ramones walked to the mikes, yelled "one, two, three, four" before every song, screamed what could have been their laundry list for all you could hear, and before you knew it they were gone.

Only one thing, though, we had fun. We were beaming ear to ear. We left the place among a crowd that looked like it had auditioned for the band and walked a few miles in the autumn streets, yukking to ourselves and feeling good.

Reading Peter Goddard in the *Star* the next day and listening to Larry Wilson on CHUM-FM, you got the idea they left the concert in the back of Fleetwoods, surrounded by imported Detroit muscle, lest gangs of crazed Ramones fans jump them and force them to sniff *glue ordinaire*.

The main thing to come out of all the erudite "yechhhs" and hand wringing wasn't simple dislike of the band's music, but fear. And not fear of teenaged muggers either, but fear of adolescence itself.

It's natural that CHUM-FM, Toronto's Vatican of middle-aged rock, fills Christmas day with Beatles' cuts. The station owes everything it has to the Beatles' concept of rock and roll as mature music. The Dowager of Yonge Street can thank the Beatles for enabling her disc jockeys to make an adult living from a formerly adolescent pastime.

Don't get me wrong; it was good that the Beatles didn't spend all their lives doing Chuck Berry covers.

But as you get older, what do you do when you've based your career on ephemera and when there always seems to be someone younger and faster fighting for your place?

One thing you do is dump on kids growing up. There are still a lot of teenagers around, gumming up the works. They insist on learning, drinking, working, living like ordinary people. The corporations have made it clear they are not to have jobs.

The politicians cut back education budgets and talk about identity cards, raising the drinking age and barring kids from pinball parlors. Trying to leave adolescence is one thing. Hating kids for *being* adolescent is another.

Which gets us back to the Ramones. And the Damned, and Tuff Darts, the Runaways and the Sex Pistols. Teenage bands on both sides of the Atlantic and both coasts of the US.

Most of them have started the way the Beatles started, as bar bands playing to clumps of insolent, disaffected teenagers

off on a lark. And they're getting big. They're a popular phenomenon. Big because they answer a need, not because a record company A & R man was looking for "the next thing."

On the contrary, they had to fight for contracts. And of course they're outrageous; they look rotten and mean and they sing about street violence, sex and feeling lousy. Good old teenage themes.

So it's only a matter of a few months or so before those kids thumbing rides in front of Mr. Transmission see themselves reflected on album covers and publicity shots.

Right now they're invisible. Just scruffy kids. They're not hippies and they're not greasers, but they might be Punks. And they won't be liked. Least of all by 30-year-olds who grew up in a different time.

The bands who once expressed our frustration and anger now campaign for corporatist US presidents and become Mormon elders, while their fans speculate in real estate.

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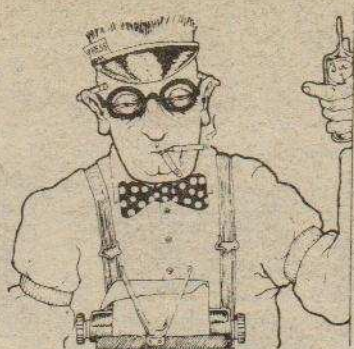


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Tools as an Art

Fred Mooney



I left the tube on after the sports news a few nights ago and watched *90 Minutes Live*.

That is, I was live. The show was deadly. A man who raised midget animals, a woman who read their minds, a country band that sang about them — and a host who was about their intellectual level.

The host was Peter Gzowski. Bland, inoffensive Peter Gzowski, Canada's boy-next-door.

Except that Gzowski is a media big shot, so hot he wears asbestos socks. He was a coast-to-coast celebrity on radio and, before that, head honcho for Maclean's Magazine. He even has an uncle or something (Sir Casimir Gzowski) on a Canadian stamp. Don't tell me that Peter Gzowski isn't a lot slicker and more savvy than he looks on *90 Minutes*.

What we have here is an image, and a very Canadian image it is. Johnny Carson is a sharpie, a funny man with good suits and carefully cut hair; he stands up and tells jokes. Americans envy Johnny Carson; they want to be like him. But Gzowski is a hick, tousled and rumpled. He sits behind a desk and laughs at jokes. And we don't want to be him — we are him.

Or so the image makers would have us think. Canadians, they figure, don't want to be threatened by wit or style. They want to be reassured that their inadequacies are universal.

Recent political trends seem to prove the image-makers right. The Trudeau government has a truly horrendous record — invoking the War Measures Act, support for American imperialism in Viet Nam, wage controls. Yet most Canadians seem to hate Pierre Trudeau — the man and his style — more than his policies. This even though Trudeau is in some ways a rather

remarkable man, a traveller and athlete with a refreshing dislike of conventions of dress and behavior.

But to me, the telling criticism of Trudeau's style is that he has done absolutely nothing to help anybody else gain the leisure and financial security that have made his attractive habits possible.

The emphasis on Trudeau's personality (rather than his politics) has naturally focussed attention on a man very unlike him, Old Joe Clark.

Clark is the Peter Gzowski of Canadian politics. He has none of Trudeau's liveliness and taste for adventure: he has spent a quiet life inheriting newspapers and raising jowls. But no one should think that Old Joe's retiring ways mean his policies will be any more welcome than Trudeau's — especially since some members of his "Shadow Cabinet" could take lessons in compassion from the shark.

After all, we've already had one Prime Minister who fit our self-image, that shy and unspectacular statesman, Mackenzie King. King helped the Rockefellers butcher the Western Federation of Miners in the US, crushed the Winnipeg General Strike in Canada, and went on to give us 25 years of government in the service of big business the world over.

Sure, he was fond of his dog and devoted to his mother. But he'd cut your throat to save a dime for the Rockefellers. Trudeau and Clark (despite their different images) are enough alike to do the same.

Peter Gzowski looks like he'd cut his own throat — shaving. But don't let the image fool you.

Hockey Stats

By Joe Wright

Maple Leaf Gardens patrons were recently treated to the electronic message that Leaf captain Darryl Sittler had reached fourth place in the NHL point totals, the highest standing by a Leaf since 1961.

And while the fans duly applauded the glad tidings, it was perhaps less to give Sittler the star treatment than to see his status finally recognized in cold — or rather hot — type.

It is too bad that hockey statistics focus so intently on goals and assists. It might be unrealistic to expect to see figures calculating shooting percentages (though this is a straightforward calculation and one that is very meaningful in basketball). But it would be nice to see more emphasis on plus-minus figures.

These compare the number of goals for and against when a player is on the ice to the figures for his team as a whole. A rating of "plus 1" means that a player's team scored one goal more when he was on the ice than it allowed. This in turn can be compared to the rating of the entire team. "Plus 1" is a lot better for a Washington Capital than for a Canadien.

While the rating of defencemen and penalty killers might be hard to evaluate, the statistic does balance offensive and defensive effectiveness, and allows for consideration of a player's overall effort.

Baseball is far ahead of hockey in the keeping of statistics, even considering that the game is a lot more suited to quantifications. While baseball does produce more than its share of useless information (left-handed batter X's average against right-handers with men on base), earned run averages and fielding percentages serve as fairly reliable indicators of a player's performance.

Thus baseball fans know that although American League rookie of the year Mark Fydrich won 19 games, a statistic that is

often misleading, he also had a fielding percentage of 1.000 (no errors on 78 chances accepted). The statistic of slugging percentage seems to loom large in the eyes of baseball magnates, who lined up in attempts to make Reggie Jackson an instant millionaire. Despite an overall batting average of .277, Jackson led the league in slugging percentage (total bases in times at bat) with .502.

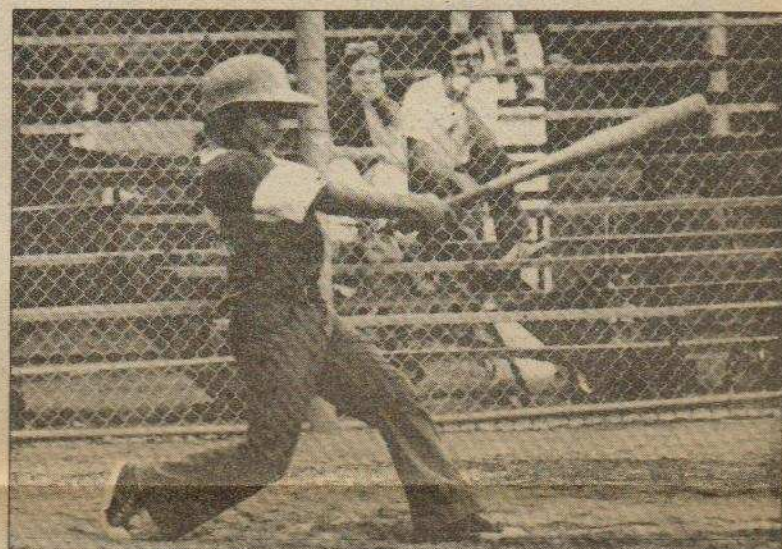
Comparing the man in the crease with the man on the mound may be like comparing apples and oranges, but there are ways to do it. Runs allowed by a pitcher, his ERA are parallel to the goalie's Goals Against average.

However, while any pitcher must retire three batters to get out of an inning, the goalie who allows two goals on 30 shots will show up with the same GA as one who admits a pair and stops

50 shots. Tying in shots stopped with goals against could give a lot more realistic picture of NHL goaltending. Netminders for teams like Cleveland and Washington might prove worthy of a lot more credit than they get.

All things being equal (which they never are) such a statistic is still dependent on the five players in front of the goalkeeper at any given time. Veteran goaltender Gump Worsley once asked by a reporter to name which couple of guys in the league gave him the most trouble, promptly replied "My defencemen."

Perfect statistics will never be available, but hockey fans deserve more than just the goals-assists-shots-on-net accounting. If we can't get better ones, why not more for a start? Short-handed save percentages for left-handed goalies may not be the answer, but following baseball's lead wouldn't hurt. Any sport that can tell you who hit into the first all-Cuban triple play (Whitey Herzog) can't be all wrong.



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World's Top Game Simplified

THE SIMPLEST GAME:
The Intelligent American's Guide to the World of Soccer
by Paul Gardner
New York, Little, Brown
(Toronto, M&S)
1976, \$10.50

By Dan Burns

Last month, Canada defeated the United States 3-0 in a soccer World Cup qualifying game played in Haiti. The win eliminated the US from further competition and advanced Canada to the second round of qualifying games. In fact, the US has beaten Canada only once in the history of World Cup qualifying matches.

So, when *Sports Illustrated* sponsors a book intended to educate Americans — and, by the way, some of the rest of us up here in the attic — about soccer, they have set themselves a large task. Paul Gardner's work, *The Simplest Game: The Intelligent American's*

Guide to the World of Soccer, tries to fill that information gap.

By far the best chapter outlines the history of soccer strategy. From the old five forwards, three midfielders, two fullbacks and a goalie system, so familiar to those of us who played public school and high school soccer in this country, Gardner takes the reader through to the Kaleidoscope of modern tactics.

Each innovation is illustrated by example. England's national team was devastated at Wembley by Hungary in 1953. England's centre-half could not cope with two centre forwards, when there should have been only one. Nowadays, most teams use two and call them strikers.

Brazil was victorious in the World Cup competition of 1958; they enthroned their infinitely flexible four forwards, two midfielders and four backs system as the predominant organization on the field of play, and easily

swept the rest of the national teams aside.

Unfortunately, the rest of Gardner's book is not as interesting as these analyses. He begins with a pedestrian history of the World Cup competition. Also included are a brief history of US soccer, and a few appendices containing such things as rules of the game and capsule history of various competitions.

Pele, the Brazilian superstar, perhaps the best soccer player ever to lace up a boot, has contributed a brief introduction to this work. Pele has become very rich playing soccer, and has just closed a long and brilliant pro career playing for a team in New York City.

All of you who have sat watching a game, live or on tv, and who are wondering whether there is any real pattern to any of it, should go down to your local library and borrow this book. Soccer will make a bit more sense.

CALENDAR



*Making Changes:
Jan. 26*

WEEK I

JANUARY 24

Form and Freedom: Art of the Northwest Coast Indians, Art Gallery of Ontario, Dundas & McCaul, 361-0410. \$1.00. To March 13.

Alex Janvier: New paintings and gouaches, Gallery Mocs, 134 Yorkville, 922-0627. Free. To Feb. 5

Reg Holmes: new works: showing at the Isaacs Gallery, 832 Yonge, 923-7301 to Feb. 5. Free.

Preview of the New Metro library. Included in the exhibits are photographs, illustrations, artists' renderings and furniture. Metropolitan Central Library, 214 College, 979-2041. Free. Weekdays 9 to 9, Saturdays 9 to 6, Sundays 1:30 to 5.

Immigration Law: An explanation of the proposed legislation for immigration. Includes such topics as: becoming an immigrant; whom you can sponsor; and problems facing immigrants. Led by lawyers Paul Stott and Carter Hoppe. Dufferin/St. Clair library, 1625 Dufferin, 967-5183. Free. 7:30-9:30 pm to Jan. 25.

Horror and Science Fiction. A series every Tuesday. Tonight: **White Zombie**, almost the only zombie film ever made. Essential viewing for horror devotees. Eastern Library, 137 Main, 694-6054. Free. 7 p.m.

Musical Chairs play Baroque Music. Bloor St. United Church, 444-3703. \$2.00-3.00. 8:30 p.m.

JANUARY 26

Two Quebecois films — Claude Jutra's **A Tout Prendre** (7:30 p.m.) and Gilles Carle's **Les Males** (9:15 p.m.) — give you a chance to find out how les quebeois are making the best films in what is now Canada. The Centre, 772 Dundas St. W., 368-9555. \$1.99. Students \$1.49.

Canadian Carl Nielsen Society's first meeting. An English recording of Nielsen's opera **Saul and David** will be heard. Education Centre Auditorium 155 McCaul, 444-5850. Free. 8:00 p.m.

U of T Symphony Orchestra: MacMillan Theatre, 978-3744. \$1.50-3.00. 8:30 p.m.

Toronto Consort playing **Douce Dame Jolie**. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Bldg., U of T, 487-2901. \$3.00-4.00. Also Jan. 27.

Making Changes: A Course for Immigrant Women. Organized by Humber College Centre for Women. Course will offer information about community agencies and services; going back to school, returning to work, or changing jobs; how to get money to go back to school, and more. Day-care will be provided during class hours. Vaughan Road Collegiate Institute, 529 Vaughan Road, 676-1200, extension 541. 6:30-8:30 p.m. every Thursday. Free.

JANUARY 27

Animal Farm. An animated film version of George Orwell's famous anti-Stalinist allegory. Gerrard Library, 1432 Gerrard St. E., 466-2913. Free. 7:00 p.m.

Silents: Tonight there are **4 Chaplin Shorts** with piano accompaniment. Every other Thursday at the Bloor & Gladstone Library, 1101 Bloor St. W., 536-3402. 99 cents. 8:00 p.m.

Films of Frederick Wiseman. One film per month by the American master of hard hitting documentary. Tonight: **Basic Training** (1971). Northern District Library, 40 Orchard View Blvd., 484-8250. Free. 8:00 p.m.

William Aude gives a piano concert. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Bldg., U of T. Free. 2:10 p.m.

Portraits in Black. An excursion into film noir weekly at the Art Gallery of Ontario. Today: two films by Fritz Lang, **Scarlet Street** (1945) at 2:00 p.m. and **The Big Heat** (1952) at 4:00 p.m. 361-0414. \$2.00 each or \$2.50 for both. Admission includes entrance to the Gallery.

Music of the Americas. A CJRT Festival at the Ryerson Theatre. Call 595-5281 for information and tickets.

JANUARY 28

The Four Ruffians, an opera by Wolf-Ferrari performed in English by the U of T Opera Dept., MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Bldg., U of T, 978-3744. \$2.50-4.00. Also Jan. 29.

JANUARY 29

Dinosaurs and other historic animals is a program for children presented by J. Lindsay and D. Weishampel from ROM. Bloor & Gladstone Library, at 1101 Bloor St. W., 484 8015. Free. 2:30 p.m.

JANUARY 30

Convergence at the Music Gallery, 30 St. Patrick St., 368-5975. \$2.00. 3 pm

Sunday afternoon movies are featured for the family. Today: **Laurel and Hardy Murder Case**, **Chip and Dale and Pigs**. Bloor and Gladstone Library, 1101 Bloor St. W., 484-8015. Free. 2:30 p.m.

Max Fleischer Cartoons. Classics by the creator of **Popeye** showing every Sunday at the Palmerston Library, 560 Palmerston Ave., 536-7382. For superannuated juveniles. \$2.50. 6:30 & 8:30 p.m.

JANUARY 31

Mischa Maisky plays cello at the St. Lawrence Centre Town Hall, 366-7723. \$4.50-5.50. 8:30 pm

WEEK II

FEBRUARY 1

Horror and Science Fiction. See Jan. 25 for series details. Tonight: **Nosferatu**, the silent classic that shows how Dracula was conceived on film before Bela Lugosi patented his cape and oily hair. Free. 7:00 p.m.

Alfons & Aloys Kontarsky play a piano duo at Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Bldg., U of T, 978-3744. \$3.00-5.00. 8:30 p.m.

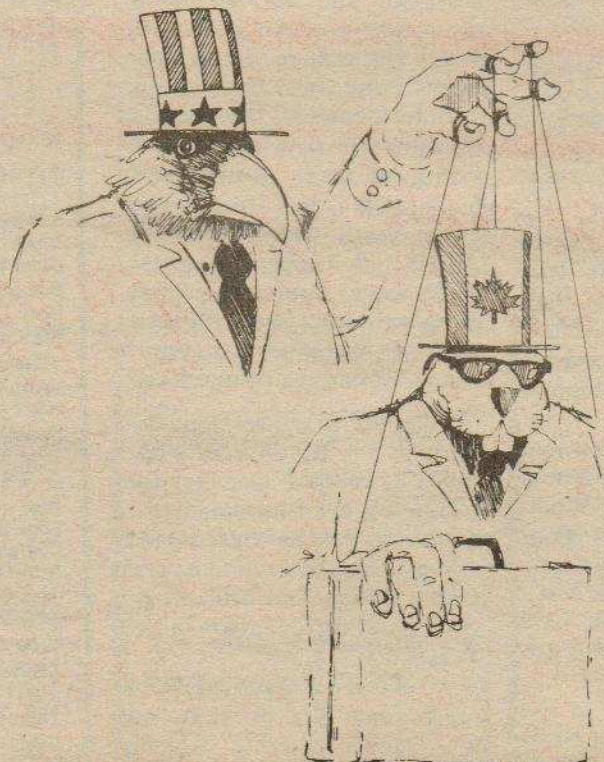
FEBRUARY 3

A Beethoven Quartets lecture at Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Bldg., U of T. \$1.00. 8:00 p.m.

Canada and the International Economic Crisis. The speaker tonight is Wally Secombe, author of **Highrise and Superprofits**. Huron Street Public School, 541 Huron St., 531-7107. Free. 8:00 p.m.

FEBRUARY 4

James Campbell on clarinet and **John York** playing piano at the St. Lawrence Centre Town Hall, 366-7723. \$3.00-4.00.



FEBRUARY 5

Melodija — a women's chorus from Philadelphia at St. Lawrence Centre Town Hall, 366-7723. 8:30 p.m.

FEBRUARY 6

Portraits in Black. See Jan. 30 for series details. Today: **The Big Combo** (1955) at 2:00 p.m. and Don Siegel's version of **The Killers** (1964) at 3:45 p.m. The latter contains one of the most satisfying climaxes of all movies. Lee Marvin gets his revenge by killing both Angie Dickinson and (are you ready?) Ronald Reagan. Come and cheer for the good bad guy.

Max Fleischer Cartoons. See Jan. 30 for series details.

Oxford Quartet performs Beethoven quartets at Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Bldg., U of T, 978-3744. \$4.00-6.00. 3:00 p.m.

The following people contributed to this issue of the Calendar: Marilyn Burnett, Ted Whittaker, Pat Kellogg, Wayne Sumner, Sarah Swartz.