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# THE FIGHT'S ON!



DAN HEAP, NDP



ALLAN LAWRENCE, PC



LIZ CATTY, Lib.



PETER MALONEY, Lib.

## AND THESE ARE THE CANDIDATES



ALLAN GROSSMAN, PC

### St. Andrew-St. Patrick

Unlike many ridings where senior cabinet ministers are running, there is the feeling at campaign headquarters in St. Andrew-St. Patrick that a real battle is shaping up and that the election will be close.

Lawyer Lawrence Grossman, who is managing his father Allan's campaign, makes no bones about his strategy. "Although we are running confidently we are working as hard as if 10 votes might decide it," he said.

This doesn't sound like a situation a man who has been a member of the legislature for 16 years and a cabinet minister for 11 years should find himself in.

At the last election in 1967, Allan Grossman, the Minister of Trade and Development, polled 6,142 votes to 4,970 for the Liberals and 3,707 for the NDP. That gave him a 1,172 plurality on the about 15,000 votes that were cast.

Lawrence Grossman believes recent decisions by the Davis Government on issues in the riding will give his father the added ammunition he needs to retain his seat. He specifically points to the stopping of the Spadina Expressway and the refusal to allow Hydro to build a power plant in the Grange Park area.

Grossman will use canvassing and public meetings as his main campaign activities. Headquarters are at 485 Bloor St. West, tel. 925-5501.

Although the NDP ran third last time, Grossman's main opposition is expected to come from Dan Heap who has been working diligently on canvassing and organization building since nominated by the New Democrats last year.

Heap points to his record of early and bitter opposition to the Spadina and the Hydro projects and charges that Grossman is a late convert to the people's side on both issues.

He expects a big boost from the University of Toronto student vote and plans to continue to concentrate his efforts on canvassing. A strong nationalist he believes some of the blame for the continuing sellout of Canadian industry must fall on Grossman's department.

The Heap headquarters are at 942 Bathurst, tel. 533-8571.

The Liberal candidate, Mrs. Elizabeth Catty, has been in the race only a little over two weeks. She was selected to replace Ken Counsell, who quit partly because he couldn't agree with the Liberal policy to complete the Spadina.

Mrs. Catty wants the Spadina extended all the way to hookup with the Gardiner Expressway and

• Continued on Page 2

### St. George

The Attorney-General is traditionally the number two man in the Ontario Government and in the case of Allan Lawrence there's even more evidence to attest to his powerful position.

Yet his two opposition candidates both say they are confident that he can be beaten because of the rapid demographic changes in the riding since the last election in 1967.

Lawrence, with his slogan "Winning is only the beginning" lost the Conservative's race to replace Premier John Robarts by only 44 votes in February. Since then he has been constantly in the headlines as attorney general. His election record is also quite good.

He was first elected to the legislature in 1958 and in the last election received 9,708 votes to 7,226 for the Liberals and 5,046 for the New Democrats. That gave him a plurality of 2,482 on the about 21,000 votes cast.

Paul Kates, his campaign manager, says the Lawrence camp is "confident but not cocky." The word is out that a well-oiled campaign machinery is ready to roll with Lawrence making good use of the experience he gained in his nearly successful upset in the premiership battle.

Kates says Lawrence will spend as much time in the riding as possible but as one of the Conservatives' big drawing cards he will also have to campaign in other parts of the province.

The main Lawrence campaign headquarters is at 149 Alcorn Ave. The telephone number is 921-3184.

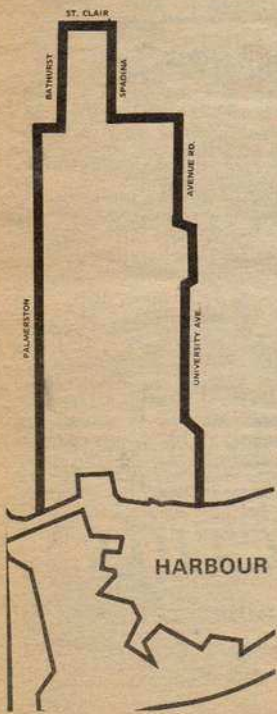
Peter Maloney, the 26-year-old economic analyst running for the Liberals, says that Lawrence's vote total has stayed around the 9,000 figure for the last three elections while the Liberals' has been rising.

He claims he's built up a volunteer staff of about 500 workers and says it's a result of long hours put in since being nominated in February. He explains that the riding no longer consists only of private homes and that since 1967 many young adults with his political outlook have moved into the riding, particularly in the new apartment buildings.

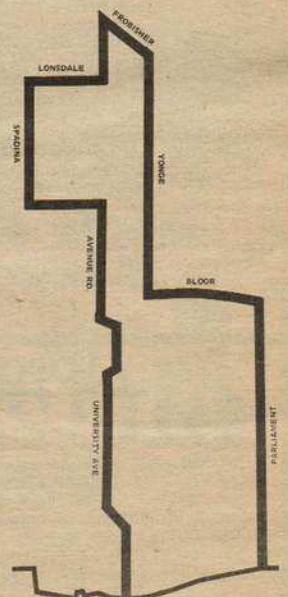
Maloney has rejected his party's plan to complete the Spadina Expressway and believes the anti-government vote will go to him rather than the NDP candidate. The liberal headquarters are at Room 14, 501 Yonge St. Telephone 964-7243.

David Middleton, the retired army officer running for the NDP is basing his campaign on his ability to knock on enough doors before election day. He has by far the least amount of money of the

• Continued on Page 2



ST. ANDREW-ST. PATRICK RIDING



ST. GEORGE RIDING

# North Jarvis' first taste of June

By DANA COOK

Ward 6 alderman June Marks may have snatched defeat from the jaws of victory in the next municipal election by alienating another citizens' group in her constituency.

Mrs. Marks is already in the bad graces of the Grange Park Residents Association because of her alleged chumminess with the Windlass hi-rise developers (among other reasons). Last Monday Mrs. Marks socked it to the North Jarvis Community Association.

This new community group had come down to city hall with a petition of nearly 1,000 names opposing the widening of Wellesley Street between Jarvis and Yonge.

Mrs. Marks, however, isn't one to be manipulated by local residents. And thus she pushed the motion approving the widening through the city's public works committee. The vote was 5-4.

"I've made a lot of decisions unpopular with neighbourhood residents," she admitted, just before making another one. "But I have to take into consideration the interests of the citizens of this city over all...and the movement of traffic."

"I have to weigh all the facts," she added. "You should run for public office some day and you'd realize all the things we have to take into consideration."

Then she issued the challenge: "Vote against me in the next election if you don't like it." Her voice had an almost masochistic inflection.

Indeed, in the lobby outside the committee room after the meeting, more than one member of the NJCA suggested it could be one of the goals of that group to defeat Mrs. Marks.

Mrs. Marks is part of the city hall "old guard", which normally opposes citizens' groups and blindly accepts the recommendations of the commissioners.

Works Commissioner Ray Bremner had recommended that the throats of Wellesley be widened. That was good enough for Mrs. Marks.

With Mrs. Marks opposed to the NJCA, Alderman Bill Kilbourn has taken up their cause. He said there's a slim chance, with a little lobbying, that Council might not accept the committee recommendation.

In fact, he said, there might have been a chance at the works committee if Alderman Bill Boytchuk had swung the right way. Or if Tony O'Donohue hadn't decided to take a walk, John Sewell also missed the vote because he was tied up with his Meridian hassles.

As Kilbourn noted after the meeting, the new community group had done its homework well. It had a petition with 965 names opposing the widening. And the deputation was polite, well-mannered and articulate.

Alderman Hugh Bruce delights in taunting citizens' groups which come to city hall, and he went after this one like a dog snaps at a piece of fresh meat.

"How'd ya get all those names?", he challenged. "By



JUNE MARKS

putting the petition up on telephone poles?"

No, answered the NJCA spokesman, they had canvassed door-to-door. And there were still more names to come in.

Bruce then laid off, but only after claiming that the "petition hadn't been done in an 'objective' manner."

Also speaking against the widening was John Fealey of the Church-Jarvis Businessmen's Association who said congested pedestrian traffic on the north side of Wellesley would be endangered if the sidewalk were narrowed.

Bernard Novack, who operates a drug store at Church and Wellesley, said he'd spoken to over 300 people who had come into his

store. All were opposed to the widening except two truck drivers.

"If you cut that sidewalk down, someone's going to get hurt," he warned.

Allan Sparrow, who headed the NJCA committee which discovered that alternatives to the widening hadn't been studied thoroughly, said ad hoc widenings of streets just didn't make sense.

But Bremner contended that "vehicular data" showed the

widening was necessary to "increase the capacity of the intersection and improve the facilities of the area in the interest of the city at large." And he assured the committee that the safety of the residents had been taken into consideration.

Mrs. Marks swallowed it hook, line and sinker and forced the NJCA to swallow a bitter pill in its first appearance at city hall.

They'll be back again.

Continued from Page 1

## ST. ANDREW - ST. PATRICK

because of this many political insiders discount her chances.

The Liberal organization in the riding will also concentrate on canvassing and has many experienced campaigners in its ranks. They traditionally do well in apartment canvassing. Heap is expected to have the advantage in the working class area in southern part of the riding where he lives, and Grossman in some of the more affluent regions in the north.

Mrs. Catty headquarters are at 292 Dupont St. The telephone number is 924-9726.

## ST. GEORGE

three contenders and is always looking for more volunteers for canvassing work.

He too believes that there have been significant changes in the demography of the riding making it possible for an upset. He says much will depend on the political swing throughout the province and counters Maloney's claim with the view that the anti-government vote is definitely heading for the NDP and not the Liberals.

His headquarters are at 501 Yonge St. Telephone 921-5117.

# Tely column fronts for vet \$

By MIKE SPURGEON

Pets and animals, particularly exotic, are now one of the heaviest fads. It seems that with pets comes a need for "authoritative answers", according to the Toronto Telegram's new pet column.

To cash in on the willingness of people to believe whatever they are told, the Toronto Academy of Veterinary Medicine is right there to explain how it is a benevolent Mount Olympus to the four-leggeds.

How nice it would be if, before embarking on a scheme for popularity, the Tely would try to find someone to speak independently.

I am not denying that your veterinarian is, upon occasion, going to be very necessary to your animal's health and well-being. However, it does have to be kept within reason. Last week in Barbara Pausner's column, a woman wrote to ask that her fears be allayed about the spaying of her cat. Why she didn't phone her vet and ask him is incomprehensible. Maybe the pet set has people equivalent to those who write to "Granny Flanders" and ask her for a solution to a problem coming to a head at noon the next day.

A question-and-answer column does serve a purpose when it relays valid information, but it seems the Tely's answer to every pet owner's dilemma is a bit biased. Every

loophole has been added for the veterinarian's benefit, probably under the guise of giving the animal owner "the full picture". Recently the new anesthetics were described as very safe, BUT "an anesthetic can present a danger to any patient." Already you have a picture of a man who is another Dr. Kildare. Surely, putting animals under for an operation has some risk, especially for cats. One vet I knew, to clip the claws of a leopard, used an anesthetic, and the cat died. No one would dare to think that the dosage might have been a bit strong. Maybe this cat just couldn't take drugs, but veterinarians are not gods, and maybe a little less sugar-coating on their stories might make the odd one a little more conscientious.

Another vet I knew once got very mad when his kennel helper told two little kids, waiting in his office, whether their kitten was male or female. This seemed a bit too silly, even if he was guarding his territory. I find it hard, when in the offices of one of this type, to stop from asking if he really does keep a burning bush, or taps a dog's side with a cane to make water appear.

When answering the question of spaying Miss Pausner explained that the pet would have to be hospitalized for two or three days after the operation. Most vets don't get this carried away, but it seems that if some doctors need kennel fees, it is written in.

To help everyone, in case their cat starts to get fat after being neutered, she suggests cutting the calorie intake by about 15 percent. I wouldn't like to think that this is a strictly useless textbook answer, but, do you know how many calories your cat consumes in a day? You don't? Well, I suppose this means that you had better call your veterinarian right away.

People could also use counselling on when it is unnecessary to take their pet to the clinic. "Pet Line" has, I assume, heard of unnecessary medical fees. With the present scale of vets' fees, it is impossible to save a little. You can only save a lot. This is one of the reasons why it is really desirable to have a dependable doctor. Your veterinarian has to be honest, reasonable and skillful. I know of vets in Toronto who are very good with animals, but charge considerably more than is fair. When you have found one of the less common breed practitioners, he will advise you when you can save yourself expense, and treat your pet at home.

In a future column I will offer a list of books on animals which are reliable and which will save you a good deal of money over a period of time. If you know how to do it, going to the vets for a flea bath, or a worming, is money spent unnecessarily.

A few honest answers from the likes of the Telegram would be

appreciated to tell people how to deal with animal problems from the viewpoint of an animal expert. So far, the column seems like a front for the vet!

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# FALL AUCTION

Saturday, September 25th

First Unitarian Church  
175 St. Clair Ave. West

Viewing 12  
Auction Starts 1:30 p.m.  
Lunch will be served. Bar.

# Getting together at 20 Prince Arthur

By Anthony Thorn

Looking for a new home, my wife and I knew where we wanted to live... here in the Annex. Day after day we walked or drove the streets of this part of the city, looking at houses and apartments. But the houses were too costly to rent; people kept asking us rents of \$800 or \$1000 a month so finally we decided on 20 Prince Arthur.

Why does someone want to live in this neighborhood? Usually because he has some business or interests here. In our case, it was both. We need the galleries, bookstores, record shops as much, almost, as we need air; we like the quiet night time streets for walking, the lawns of the campus for lying down with a book. And I need the art supply stores for the materials of my trade.

Twenty Prince Arthur is much like other buildings of its kind; the suites are arranged much the same as in other buildings, the rent is about the same. It is rather character-less; nobody's personality has marked it with an individual stamp.

So we try, each of us, to give our little cubicles our own image, for a time. We hang our posters, or paintings, or drapes. We put up wallpaper, bookshelves, spice racks, lamps. Bit by bit, we feel almost at home.

Then we go out. In the halls, in the elevators, in the foyer, we meet the other occupants.

But why is it, that we seldom speak to one another? Why don't we smile, or ask for help, or offer it to one another? It is against the custom here, and I am told that it is the same elsewhere, in London, in Paris, in New York. We are afraid to breach the glass wall of restraint that divides us from one another. We face the door, in the elevator, with stone masks. We learn not to see one another. Cramped together, we cohabit in solitude. I have been told that it is because there are too many of us, all in one place, that our rooms are too small, that it is because of the Anglo Saxon temperament.

Week by week we become worse. As the months go by, perhaps we meet one or two tenants of the same building. Perhaps we pay token social calls on one another. Generally, it is once only: a visit to repay a visit. Then we have a hello, goodbye relationship when we meet, but nothing has been accomplished. There is no new friendship. We are disposable, interchangeable modules.

Then suddenly, something happens. Something catalyzes the whole place into life. We were like chessmen, frozen into rigid patterns; suddenly we discover that the patterns are nothing but our own invention, that we are free to act in different ways. We have to associate with one another, to form a grievance committee, to deal with the landlord with collective bargaining.

So we begin a new relationship. First general meetings, in the lobby, then volunteers for a committee, then meetings of the committee, questionnaires, manifestos, rushing around getting things duplicated, stuffing the things into mail slots. At first we feel like clandestine characters, sneaking down the foreign territories of other people's hallways; our hearts beat in fear. What if someone comes out into the hall, says: What are you doing here? Who are you?

Then we notice that all is changed. We speak in the elevator, we smile in the laundry room. People are inviting one another in for coffee or a drink all over the building. We are conspirators, we are tough cookies, we are the ones going to do battle with dragons, with windmills, with anything. Tenants of other buildings owned by our landlord start phoning, in agreement with us. Former tenants of our building phone us, write us letters, offering help. We are now more than the total of our parts, because we realize that we have parts going back in time, and extending over the city. One phones to tell us that there had been, four years ago, an earlier tenants' committee, for our building, which achieved such and such results.

Still, we notice, that hidden in the building are little one man fortresses against all change. Two maiden ladies, for example, who want nothing to do with anything; their world is complete. They have no complaints.

One of the members, a doctor, collecting questionnaires was called rabble-rouser, and a door slammed in his face. One wishes to deal privately with the landlord, make his own terms, effect a compromise; he does not believe in collective bargaining, I think, because it smacks of trade union activity; perhaps it is socialist, or even downright RED.

The landlord, at a meeting of large property owners, complains of us, calling us troublemakers. There is talk of creeping socialism. And yet, we know we are not the first to take collective action against a landlord in Toronto. Precedents have been set already, and the only hard part is the initial, primal action that sets off the whole thing.

Few people, alone, can solve all their problems, all their frustrations. And most of us are alone, in some sense or another. We live apart from our kin, and from our associates in the work world. Midtown or downtown, we are an incredibly mixed porridge of different grains. All of us are afraid, or worried, or lonely; all have money troubles, or husband troubles, or boss troubles, and we try to work them out as best we can.

But then, when something like this happens, landlord trouble... then we MAY act together. For once, we have a trouble in common, an object in common, a target, if you like, in common.

And now, we can look at one another, for the first time, perhaps, and see the humanity of our neighbors. We see that they are not fearsome, not enemies. And we can begin again, the slow, patient construction of human, and social existence, the thing that makes society worth preserving.

Months of private griping by tenants about their landlord's alleged maintenance neglect at 20 Prince Arthur came out into the open last week with the formation of a tenants association. Some tenants are now withholding their rent.

The tenant group was to formally present their grievances to landlord Harry Hiller in a showdown meeting Wednesday night.

Anthony Thorn (left) describes how this collective action has fostered a feeling of community in the building. At right, Zosia Niewolski comments on the socio-political makeup of the building as an unlikely breeding ground for tenant activism.

By Zosia Niewolski

Although possibly the actions resulting from our grievances may not appear as newsworthy as those of the poor, the O.H.C. or married student tenants, I feel that this mild anarchy of the customarily diffident middle-class merits some attention.

First of all, despite the outward appearance of this building and its occupants, we do not differ financially or socially from others in high-rise structures in Toronto. Admittedly, there are tenants here who are reasonably affluent. Nonetheless, there is occupying a bachelor apartment, a man and wife, living on their savings and her wages as a clerk while he completes his schooling; in a one-bedroom are two young doctors working on their theses and both holding two jobs to maintain their existence; a painter and his wife temporarily rent a bachelor apartment because they cannot afford two rents for both studio and living accommodations; the young professional and his wife who both work to pay for an apartment close to their jobs because they don't believe in owning a car. Here, also,

live the pensioner whose children pool their funds for an apartment so that they need not have her in their own homes, the office girls who can't afford their own separate flats, the man with a family, new in town, who must quickly find a building that permits children, and the list continues.

As can be seen, we are a fine, healthy mixture despite a deceptive impression of wealth. However, our collective image is that of the fortunate bourgeoisie, whatever our individual politics.

Then, surely, it is most heartening to see this somewhat unloved social and economic group using confrontational tactics, being socially aware, and at last sloughing off indifference to its own power to effect social change as a citizen group and as individuals working in concert to control their separate destinies.

This is not meant as propaganda for the middle-class. It is rather a celebration of the realization of a few previously weak and frustrated people of their separate and united importance as members of the community and of their communal rights.

Not all responded with enthusiasm to the proposals put to them by the Tenants' Committee. Fear, self-interest and apathy are still factors to be overcome.

For the most part, those participating in our small dissent are well-aware that our landlord is not working many hours solely for our benefit or that of the society of which he, too, is a member. Many do feel, however, that since we are learning lessons in mutual accord and responsibility, and not without some pain, it is just as vital that our landlord learn these same lessons, both in his role of landlord and that of concerned citizen.

While it is currently unpopular among some segments of contemporary society to make moral and value judgements at the risk of being thought a nostalgic reactionary, I feel that frequent examination of our values and the values of those who have seeming power over us is not a step backward to intolerance and tight-lipped self-righteousness. There can be nothing reprehensible in a computerized, conforming 20th century man's attempt to perform a just and even noble action.

It is our hope that the slight ripples we have caused this past week will not result in benefits for only the inhabitants of 20 Prince Arthur Ave., but for all tenants who have yet to discover how to deal with injustices done them.



Anthony Thorn in front of 20 Prince Arthur.

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# Kiddy Keepers

The following is a list of nursery schools and day care centres in Ward 6.

## WARD 6 NURSERY SCHOOLS

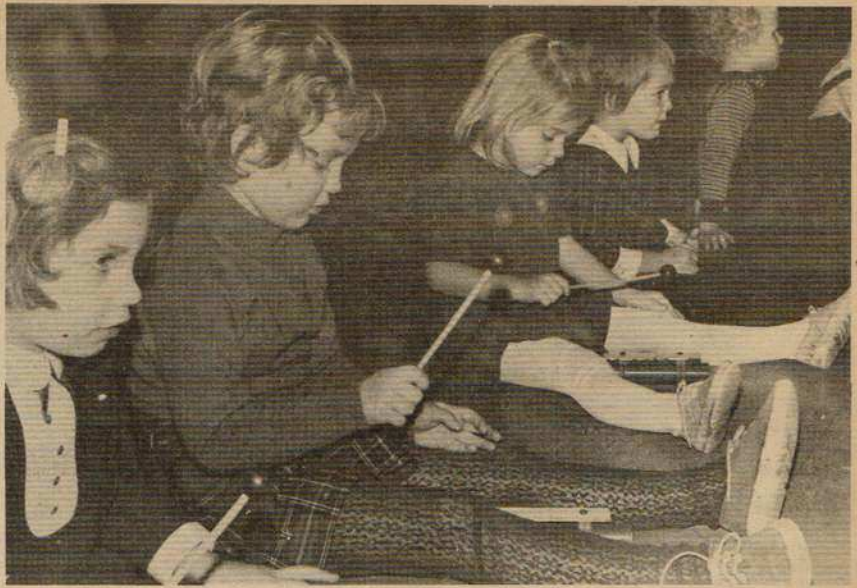
NAME ADDRESS	AGE	HOURS	COST
Central Neighbourhood House, 349 Ontario St., Toronto 2, Mrs. Silman 925-4363	2 - 5 yrs.	8:45 - 12:00	Sliding
Ryerson Nursery School, 50 Gould St., Toronto 2, Mrs. Esson 595-5075	3 - 5 yrs.	9:00 - 11:45 1:15 - 3:30	\$200.00 yr. \$150.00 yr.
Tower Co-Op Nursery, 35 Charles St. West, Toronto 5, Mrs. D. Schwartz 929-0365	2 - 5 yrs.	9:00 - 12:00 1:00 - 3:00	\$20.00 month
Armitage Nursery School, 18 St. Joseph St., Toronto 5, Miss H. Armitage 922-4740	2½ - 4½	2:00 - 4:30	\$25.00 month
Huron Play School, 383 Huron St., Toronto 5, 923-0858, 921-8401	2 - 5 yrs.	8:30 - 11:45	\$25.00 month
Y.M.H.A. Nursery, 750 Spadina Ave., Toronto 4, Mrs. Comay 924-6211	3 - 5 yrs.	8:45 - 11:45 1:00 - 3:30	\$285.00 year Sliding & scholarships.
Chinese Presbyterian Church Nursery School, 177 Beverley St., Toronto 2B, Miss Near 368-9621	2½ - 5 yrs.	9:00 - 11:30	\$5.00 month No fee for needy.
University Settlement, 23 Grange Road, Toronto 2B, Mrs. Watson 364-9133	2 - 5 yrs. 3½ - 5 yrs.	9:00 - 11:45 1:15 - 3:45	Sliding 10c day, \$28.00 month

(Also have day care facilities for infants up to 2 years.)

St. Christopher House, 67 Wales Ave., Toronto 2B, Miss A. Brown 364-8456	2 - 5 yrs.	9:00 - 11:30 1:00 - 3:15	Sliding
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## NON-PROFIT AND PRIVATE DAY CARE CENTRES

NAME ADDRESS	AGE	HOURS	COST
St. Andrew's University Day Nursery, 117 Bloor St. East, Toronto 5, Mrs. Summerhayes 921-7078	3 - 4 yrs.	8:30 - 5:30	\$80.00 month Participating \$80.00
Victoria Day Care Services, 539 Jarvis St., Toronto 5, Social Worker 925-3419	2 - 6 yrs.		
Scott Mission Day Nursery, 502 Spadina, Toronto 179, Mrs. P. Borchers 924-4430	3 - 5 yrs.	8:00 - 5:30 For children out of school hours.	\$1.00 - 10c per week
Catholic Settlement House Day Nursery, 131 McCaul St., Toronto 2B, Sister Mary Georgiana 368-3835	2 - 4 yrs.	7:15 - 5:30	Sliding
St. Stanislaus Day Nursery, 25 Augusta Ave., Toronto 2B, Sister Damascene 368-5217	2 - 5 yrs.	7:00 - 5:30	\$12.50 week
Homeservice Association, 941 Bathurst St., Toronto 179, Mrs. Chevalier 533-6291	2 - 5 yrs.	7:45 - 5:30	\$15.00 week



Musical training is one of the specialties provided at the Oriole Nursery

## Old school for young kids

By KRISTA TOMORY  
and RODNEY OLSEN

Tomorrow morning a little girl in Toronto will be hurried through her breakfast a little quicker than usual. Her mother will take extra care in dressing her "just right" and then the little girl will be off on one of life's more intriguing adventures — the start of her school career.

The day will also be something extra special for the girl's father. For like his daughter, he too, started his schooling at the same institution, the Oriole Nursery School, some 20 years ago.

Oriole is 25 years old now, a "grandmother" of the many co-op nurseries and day care centres that are now popping up all over North America. It's a somewhat unique and important school worth knowing about for more cogent reasons than its ability to keep operating where other similar institutions come and go.

Tucked away in the basement of the Unitarian Church on St. Clair Ave. West, Oriole incorporates some of the best features of the co-operative school movement. And where other schools — some for lack of money, others for lack of direction — compromise on standards, Oriole strives for excellence and generally manages to achieve it.

Its modus operandi is a careful blend of professional attention for the children and co-operative involvement for the parents. The learning process is aimed at both, explains Mrs. Maria Taylor, the school's supervisor. While the children are receiving their initial taste of formal education, the parents get a first hand view of their children in a school setting and the opportunity to discuss any problems with Mrs. Taylor or other members of the staff.

The parents are invited to spend at least one half-day a month in the classroom. Many spend more time and it is rare that parents do not meet the monthly minimum. Special "Fathers Days" are held on Saturdays to allow otherwise unavailable fathers the chance to participate. Mothers are scheduled so that at least two are present each day.

The overall management of the school is also on a co-operative basis. Non-profit and non-denominational, the school has a board of directors of between 10 and 12 members. Most are parents of current students although some retain their positions even after their children grow older.

At the operational level the school is handled by Mrs. Taylor and five fully qualified nursery teachers. All of them are graduates of University of Toronto course in teaching younger children.

Because of its reputation in the field, Oriole also has two trainees from educational courses at Ryerson or Humber Community College assigned to it. Between the regular staff, the trainees, and the two parents rotating through the co-operative program each day, pupil-teacher ratio is very low at six to one.

Oriole takes children from between two years and nine months to kindergarten age. It can accommodate 52 students and is now at capacity level.

The continual striving for the best possible development of children led 12 years ago to the inception of the Oriole musical program which is now so famous that educators and visitors often come to see how it works.

At that time Mrs. Anngreth Stadius, who developed Oriole during her 24 years as supervisor, decided to make music an integral part of the day's activities. Mrs. Donna Wood, a qualified musician and music teacher whose child was at Oriole at the time, was hired to handle the program.

It involves three main features: movement to music; development of singing voice; and use of percussion instruments. Mrs. Wood emphasizes that it's all done in a "combination playing and learning atmosphere, to bring out the happy feeling in the children."

Each feature has a definite purpose. The movement is to allow the students to express and develop their relationship with music; the singing to develop the children's musical ear so they can appreciate music; and the percussion activity for sound and melody.

The school maintains very little in the way of cash reserves, setting its tuition to cover the cost of staff and rental of the church facilities. Although it does not get much use, there is a penalty fee for parents who cannot participate in the co-operative program by helping at the school.

They pay tuition of \$192.50 for a half-term session while participating parents pay \$172.50. The half-terms run September to January and February to June.

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# When will aldermen listen to the people?

By DOROTHY MIKOS

Citizens' meetings are usually a lot of fun, more than the participants will admit. There is often an air of excitement, of responding to a challenge, of being mad at someone, of laying plans, of doing something, of trying to ram a foot in the door of the decision-making process.

Frustration and boredom are accepted as a penalty worth paying if a few tangible results are achieved, if a Spadina expressway is stopped.

But citizens' hopes for a bigger say in the future development of Toronto were dealt a near-fatal blow at the Building and Development Committee meeting of August 30 when three major and contentious developments were recommended to city council — West of St. James Town, Quebec-Gothic, and Lion Star at Bloor and Dufferin.

Citizens in these three areas have fought these developments in public meeting after public meeting, with deputations, petitions, committees. They have indicated in every possible legal way to their elected representatives at city council that they do not want these developments, that their communities cannot withstand such massive disruption, that if council continues to allow what Metro Planning Commissioner Wronski calls "unplanned cancerous growth" that Toronto will turn into a high-rise ghetto.

CORRA and Citizens' Forum called an emergency meeting last Sunday night to discuss possible action. Three hundred people turned up. Most of those there were people who had been active in their own areas for months trying to convince their local aldermen to support them. All of them, and the communities that they represented, had been ignored. There was an air of real desperation that was summed up when Mrs. Pat Adams said: "Why we're here tonight is to ask: How do we get our aldermen to listen to us?" The 300 people clapped very loudly, because everyone felt the same way: How do we get our aldermen to listen to us?

One man drew a great deal of enthusiastic applause when he made a fiery speech in which he said he was against "developers walking over people who are not rich, who are not represented by sharp lawyers and who are not represented fairly by their aldermen."

He called for aldermen who would work for the people of their wards and not the developers.

Morton Shulman got up and said that the meeting should pass a motion that no alderman who voted "yes" to the developments at the city council meeting on Wednesday should be supported in the next election (a remark which seemed to some to be stating the obvious); Alderman Art Eggleton likened new developments to buying a new car, a tortuous analogy which only

caused one elderly lady sitting near the back to remark that "Art Eggleton has no backbone!"; Alderman June Marks listed her accomplishments on behalf of the people of Toronto yet again; and Alderman John Sewell came up with a concrete idea.

At Alderman Sewell's

## CONTEST WINNER

Cheryl Holdip went to buy an ice cream while shopping at The Market the other day and ended up winning a trip for two to the Bahamas for a week.

At the ice cream stand she completed an entry form for the Toronto Citizen's Birthday Celebration Contest. It turned out to be the first one picked out of the contest drum.

Miss Holdip and a relative or friend will spend one week in the Bahamas on a vacation tour arranged by Miller Tours.

The lucky winner lives on Bartlett Ave. and is studying modelling. She formerly attended Bickford Park High School on Bloor St. West.

suggestion, everyone, or as many as possible, agreed to meet Monday morning at City Hall to conduct a last-minute, face-to-face campaign with aldermen to persuade them to vote against the proposed developments, or at least to refer them back to Buildings and Development so that community objections could be heard.

Despite these last-minute efforts, however, it seemed likely that these developments would be approved. This still leaves the same basic question. How do we get our aldermen to listen to us?

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## What's a nice boid like you doing in a place like this?

Not for nothing was it that a lost budgerigar, bright and conspicuous in its green and yellow markings, took refuge in the Tel Aviv restaurant on Spadina Ave. a few weeks ago.

It was around supper time when it darted through the open doorway, and, after flying back again over the heads of several startled patrons and a waitress, it negotiated a landing on some free space next to a coffee percolator. Its feathers were flattened on its body from fear.

What to do? The waitress looked up from serving a customer and gazed at it with an air of some perplexity. The budgie now seemed calmer, and after their initial surprise the customers regarded this distressed creature with concern.

"What is it?" asked a heavy, mid-forties man, who couldn't see clearly from his table in the back.

"A budgie," the waitress answered over her shoulder on her way to the cash register.

"It's not very nervous, considering," said one of the customers at the counter. He regarded it thoughtfully, ignoring his plate of pickled herring.

Just then the heavy man from the back table slid out of his seat and came up to the counter. Cautiously, he extended a finger. The budgie hopped on it quite readily, and stayed on all the way back to the man's table. Nor did he object to a beak-to-lip conversation, nor to being held aloft as if a trophy. When someone came over to the table for a closer look, the bird became nervous and flew back to the counter. The two men shrugged and laughed. The waitress went back to her customers. The man at the counter resumed eating his herring, and there was every likelihood that the budgie would fly for the open door or the window.

However, the budgie had made a friend. The same man again made his way to the bird, who again hopped on his finger and they returned to his table. This time he called for the waitress, who shortly returned with a small paper bag. The budgie was placed inside. The mouth of the bag was carefully sealed, and then with a pencil the man made two air holes, one on each side.

Then he arose and made his way to the cash register. "A nice bird for breakfast," he said to a friend with a grin, as he walked out, very gingerly carrying his parcel.

— Derek Quinn

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Captain David Middleton, a retired army officer with a Military Medal and a Military Cross, seems the most unlikely candidate the New Democratic Party has for the Oct. 21 election. Until he starts talking about "those bloody criminals Joey Smallwood, Wacky Bennett and Pierre Elliott Trudeau" and the wickedness of big business and the "rather insidious or invidious role Canada has played in the Vietnam war."

But he doesn't start talking like that until he's fought World War II and the Korean War all over again and shown you his albums ("there I am with the general" ... "this is a letter from my colonel") to disprove his own statement that he was "no great standout as a soldier."

And even when he does talk strong, radical stuff, you have to listen hard if you're not to come away with the impression he's a hippie-hating old bachelor who believes in the value of an unromantic, disciplined life. In fact, his view is that much of our current way of life, particularly in Toronto and most especially in his downtown St. George riding, is by no means as romantic as we've been led to believe.

He thinks the accumulation of problems in Toronto has reached the point where "if we don't solve them we're going to have war in the streets."

The trouble started, he says, with Phil Givens, mayor from 1962 to 1966, then Liberal MP for York West and now provincial Liberal candidate in York-Forest Hill.

"I remember him babbling away, saying this is go-go Toronto and c'mon you kids, make sure you're there when we open Nathan Phillips Square and let's really live it up."

"This seemed to set the pattern for this city — a society of barefoot kids, dropouts and alienated youth. We went through the whole gamut of the flowers west of Yonge to Yorkville to Rochdale to the point where Toronto is now a slum from Broadview to Roncesvalles with a few islands of high-rise."

"The vast majority of people in Toronto don't live in nice bungalows or apartments. They live in little rooms. They don't have a kitchen or a bathroom of their own. They're lucky if they have one in the house and if they can get in the line-up for it."

"Walk north through this riding and you'll see that the same problems that were here 30 years ago are still here. The same people are here, still being cast aside for one reason or another — sickness, broken homes, no education, liquor — or else they're harbored in those dreadful institutions like the Salvation Army hostel."

"And everyone's trying to pass off this misery as being cute. It's now cute to be barefoot, to look poor, to see children walking the streets begging. Kids selling papers on the streets — people who think this is cute should follow those kids home and see the desperate situation they live in. Or the go-go dancers — follow them and you'll see they end up in some pimp's place."

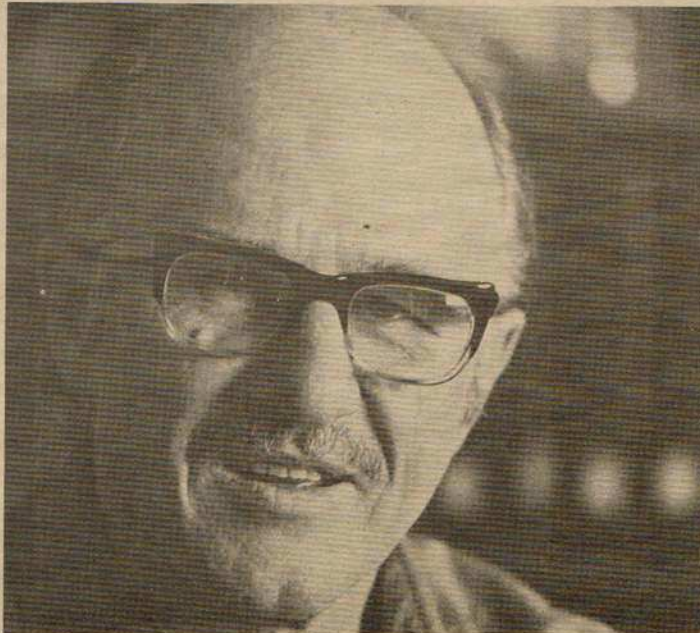
"The majority of people in this riding are caught up in as sordid an existence as I've seen anywhere in the world. For example, I know an 80-year-old man, blind and living in a room with nine others in Seaton Hall. That's all society's got for him: a bed in what is essentially a flop house."

"This is why I'm political. I don't see how anyone can be anything other than political."

## A SOLDIER ....

SEEKING THE BUBBLE REPUTATION  
EVEN IN THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

— As You Like It, II, vii, 139-41.



Middleton's up against Attorney General Allan Lawrence and Liberal Peter Maloney. He dismisses Maloney as a "rather obscure person in the bloody Liberal ranks" and Lawrence doesn't scare him: "He stole St. George because no one ever opposed him — I don't want to be unkind here — who was prepared to organize a campaign on a poll-by-poll basis. I've been doing this since the nomination Aug. 7. And, remember, Lawrence only polled 9,000 votes in the last election. I lost in York West with 14,000 votes against a much more formidable opponent." (That was in the 1963 federal election, in which Middleton ran third to Red Kelly, who polled about 30,000 votes, and Tory John Hamilton.)

Middleton says he's in the NDP because it's a "catch-all for everyone who's realized that the other two parties are the political arm of a defunct system. Whatever virtues the capitalist system might have had, it certainly has none today. No system is really worthwhile unless it works for everyone."

He believes soldiers above all others should become politicians "because we've seen the ultimate price people have to pay for political errors."

The first of his moments of political truth was his realization that all Germans were "not monsters." He'd been brought up by an English father who was very badly wounded in World War I and died after spending 30 years in a military

hospital and a French mother who fed him and his brothers and sisters "a steady diet of fine French cooking coupled with horror stories about the Huns."

Middleton was 15 when war broke out, and a year later he joined up. He fought on the front line for nine months and was wounded twice.

Much as he felt the Allies' cause was right, "some of the things they did were very brutal. The bombing of Dresden and the fire-bombing of Hamburg were criminal. It's a tragedy that the Nuremberg trials were so one-sided."

The Korean War horrified him. One reason was that "the people who did the fighting were the least equipped to stand up to it and had the least to gain. The only Canadians who went were those who were forced to out of poverty. It was an army of unfortunates. I often wonder just what part of the Canadian prosperity these people have enjoyed."

Middleton was wounded again in Korea and invalidated home. He served for five years in Oakville, two years in Petawawa, and then he was sent to Newfoundland.

"I discovered it was possible to have in Canada a government as brutal and indifferent as exists anywhere in the world. That was the government of Joey Smallwood."

"I can't conceive how a democracy can produce a man like this, but it does. He is essentially just a dirty little man who admired the wealthy and hung on their

coat tails and marshalled all the forces he could to defeat the ordinary man's attempt to improve his life."

After two years in Newfoundland, Middleton had a brief spell at army headquarters in Ottawa and then retired in 1961.

"I've met no better men than I met in the Canadian army — and I include men and officers. But this fine army has been serving politicians who left an awful lot to be desired."

Middleton never married. "How could I? — I was on the move all the time." The life of a single soldier, he said, was lonely and "rather tragic" and "it forces you to lead a kind of absurd existence because from the point of view of female companionship you're making all sorts of liaisons and none of them are going to last and you realize this."

"Since I've been out of the army my relationships with the opposite sex have been much more satisfactory. But I don't plan to get married: it's ridiculous for a man of 50 to get married."

After leaving the army, Middleton worked for a while for the new NDP but then decided "to take time off to examine things a little more closely." He went to Quebec, spent a year at Laval learning French, and then went to France to meet his mother's family. Then a year in Montreal and back to Toronto where he's taught French in elementary schools, made a few fine pieces of pine furniture, filed his memorabilia, and set himself up in a bachelor flat on the 15th floor of a Cadillac Corp. building on Wellesley St. E.

Middleton's a tall, bald man with an ineffectual little moustache and dimpled chin. Despite his 21 years in the army he often gets delightfully carried away.

The trouble with Canada, he says, is that "we've got the lunatic fringe on both coasts and a goddamned idiot ruling in Ottawa. They're criminals. They've turned what could have been a dream country into a nightmare because of their ties with corporate interests."

"And they haven't done it blindly. They know what they've been doing but they don't mind because they know it assures them a personal fortune."

"Perhaps Trudeau's an exception because he was born with a bag of gold in each bloody fist. He claims he's a bloody revolutionary because he once started out for Cuba in a pedal-boat from Florida. Pshaw! — he's about as revolutionary as the Archbishop of Canterbury."

A pause for breath, and then: "The Bassetts and Hindmarshes, who are the bloody apologists for this bloody system. They'll suffer, too, you know. In time. Because when society starts to go down the sewer, it takes it all with it. If they don't know this it's a bloody tragedy. If they do know and won't do something about it, it's tragedy heaped on insensibility."

"But I'm optimistic. It's no good the kids marching on City Hall. These kids are trying to show us a better way. But it's like the people of Andora declaring war on the continent of Europe. They just aren't equipped. What we need, of course, is a government of men like the Lewises, Walter Pitman and, yes, and even Shulman."

"I don't mind what he said about me (that the NDP had thrown away the chance of winning St. George by nominating Middleton rather than horseman Norm Elder). He was only exhibiting very human qualities of disappointment and frustration."

### LETTERS

## The Beaches faces its Hiroshima

Every once in a while, more especially over the past nine years, there has been a rumble that evil-hearted, steely-eyed developers were preparing the rape of the Beaches district south of Queen St. E. between Woodbine and the water treatment plant at the eastern terminus of the streetcar line.

The majority of people in the area are late middle-age and elderly families, almost all of whom have had fixed incomes. The prospect of having their homes sold from under them was gut-wrenching.

Forward 9, the local citizens' group, has accepted the truism that whoever, or whatever, owns the property controls the community. For this reason Forward 9 sponsored a meeting in the area a few weeks ago and placed before more than 150 residents present

a proposal to form a co-operative to buy and maintain property.

Unlike the expansionist developer who can proceed on his doubtful way by using subterfuge and blatantly sub-rosa means, a community co-operative seeking financial backing must proceed in the most open of ways. This factor alone is sufficient to alert the developer and urge him to redouble his efforts.

Sound blocking techniques have to be readied to counter the blocking methods bound to be used by the developers. Because, while the co-operative is being planned, the developer could be using scare tactics to buy the very properties which the community needs to establish a control in the area.

There is a special circumstance peculiar to the Beaches. Countrywide concern with natural resource preservation and an

awareness of the importance of certain eco-features' contribution to human life, make the preservation of the Beaches as it is almost mandatory.

The Balmy Beach-Kew Beach portions of Metro are not only residential but recreational areas. Additionally, those who have sailed off the Toronto shoreline invariably remark upon the fact that from East to West, the only wooded portion of the city mainland is that found in the Beaches area ... the remainder is a not easily admired concrete waste-land.

Citizens in any metropolitan complex will attest to the newfound importance of arboreal growth to the well-being of human life. Citizens of Metro should be appalled at the implication of just what high-rise development in the Beaches area would mean ... if only because of the destruction of

the trees and surrounding parkland.

Plant and tree concentrations are essential for natural rejuvenation of the very air we breathe.

Beaches residents have their own reasons for wishing to preserve their area from high-rise development. Torontonians as a whole have a vital stake in seeing to it that the Beaches is not developed as a high-rise concrete jungle.

To those whose interest is aroused at the thought of being able to live at the Beaches once high-rise apartments are built, the least that can be said is that they are self-deluded.

Once high-rise dwellings are permitted at the Beaches, south of Queen Street, the area known and enjoyed by many will have been obliterated.

No matter what the promises of preservation may be, the factual nuts and bolts of high-rise development in this area would demand the destruction of virtually everything which now recommends the Beaches as a desirable place in which to live.

Were it to be suggested that an Hiroshima atom-bomb experiment be perpetrated on the Beaches and the area re-built from scratch, there would be horrified opposition.

It is time that people realize that in certain areas, high-rise development is tantamount to blasting with an atom bomb preparatory to erecting and constructing the monumental effigies founded on the hard rock of currency.

Peter Murdoch,  
19 Wineva Ave.



# Progress claims a proud victim

By SUSAN HELWIG

If you travel by train nowadays, it's probably because you're poor, nostalgic or a student with a government travel grant.

Whatever their inspiration, rail riders will be disappointed to discover that one Toronto landmark they take for granted is marked for demolition.

Union Station is a proud and extravagant building. It is just 60 years old and was built at a time when the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railroads thought in monumental terms. Now they want to tear it down.

The threat to the station comes from Metro Centre Developments, a company formed by the railroads to develop as commercial property 180 acres of land at the foot of the city. Without public protest, Union Station will be destroyed in 1975.

During the sixties, the railroads moved their freight yards to the edge of the city. This left unused acres of high-priced land between Yonge, Front and Bathurst Sts. and the Gardiner Expressway. In 1968, Metro Centre Developments revealed its master plan.

Union Station is strategically located right next to the subway, near to the financial powerhouses on Bay and King Sts. It is an immensely valuable site, a veritable diamond in the rough for a developer.

Top priority for Metro Centre is the destruction of the station and the building of a new terminal, farther south on the west side of York St. Railway developers are adamant about this.

"The relocation of the terminal building has been implicit in the planning of this program from the beginning and this is clearly stated in the master plan and program announced in 1968," Metro Centre's president, Stewart Andrews, told the Citizen.

Equally determined are members of the Union Station Committee, a group of citizens who want to preserve the station and who believe it would be vandalism to destroy it. So far, the railways have had their way.

Union Station was built on land leased by the railways from the city of Toronto "in perpetuity".

Metro Centre wants more than a lease. It wants full control of the land and in the last two months, city politicians have come to agree. By signing away the station land, the city stands to gain the belt line railway and other parcels of railway property. Only legal documentation now stands in the way of this ownership transfer.

## A PLEA FROM B.C.

*"Constructive architecture does not pre-suppose demolition. If Toronto is to escape, finally, the accusation of meanness, continuity must be established, the new must incorporate and embrace the old, and the city must be seen as providing an environment for living, not merely for making a living."*

John M. Robson, principal,  
Victoria University.

The land exchange proposal was protested by the Union Station Committee in a brief presented to the city planning board in August.

No other work of the early twentieth century in Canada, the brief said, can compare with the station, which "was built at enormous scale, with colossal expenditure, in the most advanced Beaux-Arts style of the day."

Union Station was not imitative, but advanced international standards of design the brief continued. "It remains one of the very best examples of the type anywhere in the world."

The committee urged the board not to ratify the exchange agreement, but city politicians have not yet shown any inclination to take up this suggestion.

One spokesman for the station committee is Prof. Douglas Richardson, of the department of fine art at the University of Toronto.

Union Station is comparable to Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations in New York City, he said. Pennsylvania Station was the most magnificent of the three. It was demolished in the early sixties. Now both of the others are threatened.

Prof. Richardson sees the station as a symbol of the civic pride of its time. It was well designed to create a sense of public grandeur. "The designers aimed at civic splendor, at the idea of the city as a metropolis. Toronto was coming of age when it had a monument of this scale."

There's no doubt that Union Station was built to stand for a long time down there on Front St. From the outside its darkened walls and stone pillars speak of sound investment and solid thinking. This is the facade, as classically correct as a pin-stripe suit on a parliamentarian.

Inside, the building leaves behind its formal

grandeur and dares to think for itself. Step beyond the columns, through swinging doors, across a low passageway and stand still for a moment.

A lofty vaulted ceiling arches high overhead. Light filters through giant eyelid windows at either end of an immense echoing hall. A carved fresco around the walls lists the names of cities linked by rail across Canada. There is a feeling of wide-open spaces. There is pride and strength and power in this room.

The station was built between 1914 and 1921, years which saw English Canada ruled by the jingoists of World War I. It cost \$6,000,000, an enormous sum for the time, and was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1927.

The number of buildings of importance now remaining in Toronto that date before the last few decades can be numbered on one hand, Prof. Richardson says. In this list he would include the old City Hall (only reprieved from demolition), Osgoode Hall, the St. Lawrence Hall and the Bank of Montreal at the corner of Yonge and Front Sts.

"This is shocking in a city of this size, especially in comparison with cities like Montreal and New York City where the development pressures are just as great."

Prof. Richardson agrees that only public pressure can save the station. The committee is beginning its campaign and he is confident many share its views. "A lot of people don't really appreciate yet that the station is doomed by the Metro Centre plan."

In place of the station, Metro Centre will build a cluster of office towers, above a shopping concourse. The new station, an estimated 800 feet or more beyond the nearest subway exit, will integrate the present GO Transit, with train and bus services.

Prof. Richardson is not opposed to the whole Metro Centre plan and fully agrees the railway lands should be developed. His interest is limited to the station itself, which he feels is not obsolete. It could be remodelled, without destroying its historical value, to provide the new services promised for the relocated station, he suggests.

His attitude and the attitude of the committee is best summarized by the comment: "When you have a masterpiece, you don't give it up... even on the promise of another."

SCREEN GEMS



**WALKABOUT**

by Gary Topp

The cinema is definitely one of the greatest inspirers of the coming generation, and therefore, it has the gravest responsibility as to the way it 'inspirers'. And there is no end to what films could do — or be.

Films could help people listen in a way to all the new things happening; to all the old things still not dead. Films could help us open our eyes a little more, so that we could see better and hear better our neighbors in the next house or our neighbors in the country nearby or far away. Films could help us more in the search for knowledge about ourselves. Films could be more concerned about how to explore the world than how to explode it.

Nicholas Roeg, the director of Walkabout, says about his film — "I want to show the very first principles of life which somehow get obscured by civilization under the guise of sophistication." Roeg, for those who care, is a brilliant British cinematographer who photographed and co-directed Performance, the highly underrated Mick Jagger, James Fox movie that aroused the disgust of most critics last year. (It's playing at Cinecity's midnight show, September 25.) And now he has directed and photographed Walkabout, which, as far as I am concerned, is much like Per-

formance — highly intelligent with that rare subtlety which is difficult to find in movies nowadays.

His film (based on a popular Australian novel) begins with a sudden, terrifying tragedy that leaves a schoolgirl and her younger brother alone in the vast Australian desert. They are eventually discovered by an Aborigine youth who undertakes to guide them back to 'civilization'.

Walkabout is a story of the sudden making of a little family, which through circumstances, has to return to that original way of life in which the common struggle is to stay alive and the only other responsibility is the maintenance of future life.

Walkabout is the story of the brave and generous Noble Savage roaming free in his natural wilds, uncontaminated by the vices and follies of civilization. It's a story that has inspired man to great achievements in art and literature — and perhaps in living. Without this story, the spiritual history of man would be a history of poverty.

**THE GO-BETWEEN**

by Adelyn Bowland

Perhaps it was the point of the film — to be boring, suffocating, long and tedious. Because that was the way the lives of the people in The Go-Between were. Life at Norfolk in the early 1900's, amidst the superficiality of the

Hall and its occupants, is a drag. There are as many servants as there are members of the uppity family and their guests. Each meal is announced with a gong (even breakfast!) and the formality seems, from the vantage point of 1971, incredibly stilted. Even in the person of Ted Burgess, the common farmer lover of the Hall's Marian, there is little vitality, little contrast with the proscribed thoughts and feelings emanating from the Hall. So if this is the way it was, people caught up in mannerisms fashionable to their class, being insufferably cool and erect, the film did an amazing job of evoking the time.

The most interesting aspect was that Leo, "ordinary" friend of Marcus but a schoolmate nonetheless, had powers to cast magic spells. The fact that he took messages between Marian and the farmer didn't seem important to the inevitable fate of the relationship between the lovers. The magic stuff isn't either, really.

The people in The Go-Between are chattels of their class, chattels of their time. But an hour and a half wasn't necessary to say it.

**BLESS THE BEASTS.....**

by Adelyn Bowland

According to Glendon Swarthout, there were two themes in his book which stimulated the film, Bless the Beasts and the Children (opening next week at the Hyland): "that all living things are kin, and that by freeing others, we free ourselves". Although Stanley Kramer allowed the film to get a bit corny at times, these two themes are translated to the screen with admirable sensitivity.

The scene is a boys' camp with the motto "Send us a boy, and we'll send you a cowboy". And they mean it. Every method of coercion is used to make these boys into rough, tough "little men". They compete ruthlessly with each other, deviousness is encouraged as a way of winning, and they laugh at each other's weaknesses. Preparing them for life, you might say! So there is this image to live up to, and there are six boys who don't have a chance. They end up in the same cabin together and earn themselves the lowest rank in the camp, with a pisspot as trophy. They are, as their counsellor calls them, human "dings",

useless presences on an earth geared to utility.

All, for one reason or another, have failed to live up to their parents' expectations: they cry, or they can't remember their lines at their \$6,000 bar mitzvah, or they would like to kill their brothers, or they still wet their beds. They don't conform, and in the most obvious ways. Not your "normal boy" at all.

So it isn't hard for them to identify with the buffalo. For, according to their counsellor, the buffalo are dings too. How amazed the boys are to see these animals penned up to await death, not even moving as men with guns enter the corral in groups of three, to lie at the edge of the animals' captivity and empty gun chambers into their bodies. Just to see how many a guy can kill. Little boys can apply for the \$40 license, too. (Makes them into men, you know.)

But the misfit boys challenge that ideal. They set the buffalo free. Geared to failure, hated and caajoled by everyone but each other, they join to put themselves on the line — because they believe the buffalo deserve at least the dignity of running when they are hunted. Sometimes that is the most even human beings can hope for.

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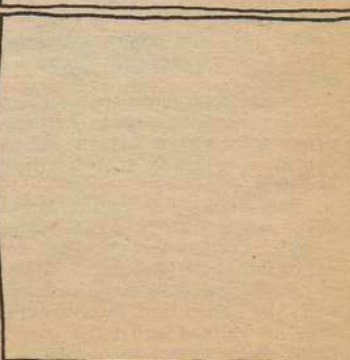
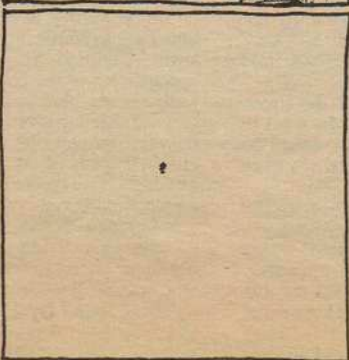
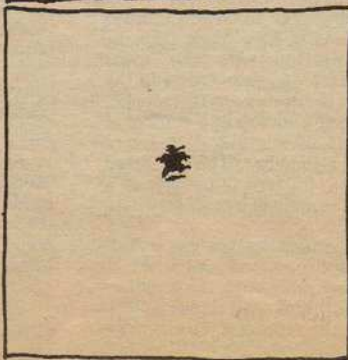
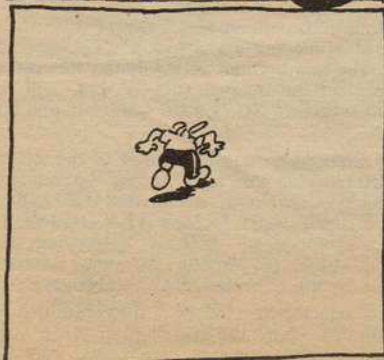
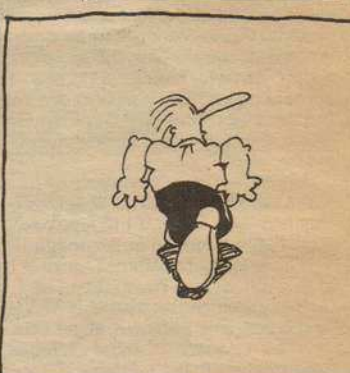
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Imagine, if you can, when everybody will be coming here for a holiday so they can go back and tell their friends where it's at.

"Hey, Anne Murray really is a swinger. And did you know that Indian clothes are back in."

Think of the potential youth market. Well come to think of it, I don't think I will. Toronto has got to come across with a better image than that.

Back to our guided tour! Let's start at Yonge and Bloor and meet Bumburger deceased. How come you died at such a young age, Mr. Bumburger?

"Funny you should ask me that. As a young boy I started selling peanuts on the trains. Things were going really good so I expanded to selling cashews. Then I got an offer to sell air-sickness bags on airplanes. Well, I had all this money and a corporate image so I thought I would do something different — be a swinger a bit avant-garb. So I became a Bumburger and had thousands come to visit me. No buying, just visiting. Just like that hippy village up the street. Well, after a long talk with myself, I decided that I had better go straight again. And I found that I didn't have any class so I'm going back to the peanuts and the trains. I'm going to stick to the business I know."

The cars are going past in the parade, all looking at the other cars and doing a little flirting, a bit of burping and trying hard to look cool. A freak asked me for a dime. Another guy asked me for the time. A poor 'sole' carrying advertising for a fish-and-chip shop that wants to serve you the best of British. . . ah, wait a minute, he just met another billboard advertising super chic hairstyles. They look at each other as if in competition

## Walking the dog

By Peter Hitchcock

for the superior board. Wait a minute! They're making out. And right on the sidewalk.

The people gather to watch the two billboards. Then the audience, that has become quite big, starts throwing dimes and quarters. Then all of a sudden a third billboard arrives on the scene, advertising a theatre company. The three boards unite, and the audience applauds with large bills. And it's all happy on Yonge Street, our street, the fun street.

A man walks up to me.

"Hello, can you help us?"

I've heard that line before. "Sorry, I can't help myself." And without listening, he shows me a book which would help me. I wanted to put it in my mouth, but seeing that he was from a different street, I declined. I politely told him that I just didn't have time to work out my expense account, and he said good-day. Just as I'd finished my spiel, the man disappeared, somebody asked me for a dime, and I said, "Nothing, you know — he had approached me earlier. These cats really have bad memories. They have no sense for choosing the right victim."

How much he had made during the week.

"Two hundred bucks for a 35 hour week."

Just as we were in the middle of our little conversation on privacy and the rights of the individual, discussing whether or not I should have his name on my common begging, this other cat sneaked up.

"Hey groovy man. How would you like to be on a zappy little newspaper called Ape — for a few bucks either."

"Sorry!"

"What kind of capitalist rip-off pig are you?" he replied. "You're just the type who buy into the system and Time."

"Sorry! Sorry, but maybe my friend can help."

I left quickly, only to find I was walking past the Hara, (leave you crazy with nothing but the stars. I thought they might be auditioning for a festival so I tried to walk past them without being uncool. But there were the cars on one side and the people on the other . . . I was trapped.

I began to dance.

I began to cry.

If the Jesus freaks don't get you, the Haries will. Or the Ape man; or the Hippies; or the Flower girls; or the leather boys. How I wished I were back in the old days, regular 'beat'. We didn't hassle people the way they do.

Maybe I'm just becoming middle-class.

I saw an opening in the crowd and dashed into Hercules to get myself a pair of denim-jeans, jacket and shirt. I wanted to look acceptable, and maybe, if I played my cards right, I would be invited to some commune.

Just as I stepped outside, a kid asked me for a quarter. I told him about his competition. I told him that a dime was the day's going rate.

## CRITICIZING THE CRITICS

by BARRY TEPPERMAN

To be necessarily brief: The Toronto Citizen arts section for August 19, 1971 carried an incompetent and excruciatingly ill-informed review of Coda magazine by one Norman Snider; this review contains an absurd number of blatant factual errors, and a number of implied slanders which cannot be allowed to go uncorrected.

Coda is, by its own definition, "Canada's Jazz Magazine"; one might therefore reasonably expect that a person attempting to pass judgment on this magazine would be at least competent and sufficiently well-informed to comment on jazz and on its associated literature. In fact, as Snider himself admits in the review, your reviewer has been neither active, aware, nor interested in the jazz scene for several years, and his awareness of the music even before then was in any case modishly shallow, concerned only with the most popularly-oriented musicians. Snider is, in fact, simply not competent to make any valid criticisms. For this reason, the review necessarily faltered from the start.

The facts, as presented in the review, are gratuitously prejudiced, and lead the reader on to a number of quite unjustified conclusions. It is stated, for instance, that apart from Miles Davis, jazzmen since 1965 "either did insipid versions of Beatles' tunes, or lapsed into artistic or professional obscurity." With reference to only the most recent issue of Coda — apparently the only one your reviewer consulted before he perpetrated his hatchwork —

one finds penetrating and well-written reviews of recordings by such musicians as Don Cherry, Lee Konitz, Ornette Coleman, and Gil Evans, among others (and with no regard for the moment of the articles he neglected to note) — all active, creative musicians, well-known to those familiar to the music, who, far from obscurity or vapid imitation, are creators of individuality and of the highest degree of inspiration. (I am not prepared here to discuss Hendrix's possible achievements, or their merits.)

Yes, the "Goofus Five" review is there as well — for jazz, like "classical" music, is a continuum in which valid new development comes by extension and synthesis of the old, and therefore the older aspects of the music certainly merit equally valid consideration. Snider became selectively blind to anything that apparently did not fit in his prejudiced review, or he chose silence as the best course in the face of subjects about which he realized his ignorance.

I would ask Snider how he would pretend to know the thoughts of B.B. King or John Lee Hooker — or for that matter, of anyone but himself. Had he researched his review more deeply (had he read more than one issue of the magazine before letting his ego get the better of him) he would know that the blatant racism he claims to find in the magazine does not exist; and to accuse John Norris of that sin is a gratuitous and slanderous piece of character assassination. Snider would do well to read the article on racism in the jazz society in Coda, January 1969, to understand where jazz is, to learn

ten; although the racist overtones of such a piece is lamentable, such streams have been quite prominent in jazz criticism in the past decade, and cannot be totally excluded from publication if a full and fair view of the music is to be given; this is a rare, isolated instance, and cannot be validly extrapolated to the whole.

The blue impulse developed out of black existence in North America, whether Snider would care to admit this or not; but since his factual knowledge on this and other points is, at very best, questionable, he is not to be credited on any of his more rabid statements. His use of isolated occurrence to represent the whole — a basic feature of his writing — is simply logically invalid; Snider could not have known that Monk has been left behind by the music — he has been away from it for long enough that he simply responds to a name; but jazz, and jazz writing is far from the sorry mess he paints in his own ignorance.

I could continue, but it would be much too tedious for me to refute point-by-point all his fallacious assumptions, all his factual errors. Many of his points are either falsely contrived to further his own effect, or complete fabrication; either anyone familiar with the jazz scene, or anyone with eyes and able to read a magazine, can find for themselves any number of errors and contradictions founded in Snider's ignorance and in his indulgence of his ego; not the least of these is his total misunderstanding of the nature of the music he chose to discuss. It was improper and unfair to inflict Snider's fallacies upon your readers.

THE STAGE

URBANIA

by Gethin James

If you want to see "professional theatre", then *Urbania* is not for you. On the other hand, if you like the idea of a large cast of fresh youngsters energetically doing their thing, then don't miss Des McAnuff's musical commentary on modernity.

*Urbania* has a host of shortcomings, but they are all due to the inexperience of the director-producer. This hardly amounts to a criticism of a man of nineteen!

What Alphaville was to Godard, *Urbania* is to McAnuff. The city of tomorrow, seen from the city of today. A city of pill-taking automatons for the most part, excepting a bunch of groovy kids who neck in the street, and all that, as they plan "liberation". It's dope for the Urbanians and lime juice for the kids: (an interesting reversal!) It's football for the Urbanians and sex for the kids. And so on...

When it comes to the crunch, there is no liberating of the zombie-like "them", in this "us-them" musical. Apart from one charming zombie who secedes, the rest simply cannot hear. There is a total failure in communication. The kids are alienated, and all end up getting shot in the street by the callous rulers of a blind society.

It's all stock stuff, of course, and Des McAnuff's dialogue is

terrible. But his music is marvellous. Apart from the witty lines he gave to Bartholomew (the Gay!) the only real purpose that the dialogue serves is to make the audience long for the music. When it comes, and there's plenty of it, it's wonderful.

CANADIAN MIME THEATRE

by Jane Markowitz

The Canadian Mime Theatre is presently performing at the Central Library Theatre. Its newest production, a full-length mime play entitled *The Lamplighter*, will run until October 2. If you know a little about mime you'll enjoy it. If you don't, you'd best read up on it or you may be surprised.

The production really is a good one considering the extreme youth of the company and the dearth of attention paid in this country to the art of classical mime. The basic training of a mime artist is a rigid and technical one, and as in ballet, creativity within the art is often confined within an established tradition of both form and content. Seemingly, *The Lamplighter* was greeted on its premiere night by some skepticism and impatience.

The reason? It's a simple story of boy-meets-girl, straightforwardly set forth and naively told. The value of the plot lies not in its originality, but in the variety and delicacy of characterization. Thus, although nothing new is said, the same-old-story is shown with many

divertissements and subtleties.

If this is the aim of the author it has succeeded, especially within the specific context of his art form. The four main characters, for instance, are really the oldest mime prototypes of all. The *Lamplighter* is Pierrot, Everyman. The *Lady* is the always-lovely *Colombine*. The dark rival is *Pantalon* minus only the cloak, and the fey musician is that well-known enchanter and mischief-maker, *Harlequin*. The value of every love story lies in details, and this one invests grace and simple charm into well-known situations and cliché plot lines.

So those who come to criticize the play for its childishness and the players for their one-sidedness are simply reacting to mime as a whole. The *Lamplighter* has faults; at times it is highly repetitious, and there are events which even for this play are extraneous. But it really is true mime.



United Press International Photo

The total production is better than the sum of its components. Technically the show ran smoothly. The sets were well executed and colourful, and they worked. The musical accompaniment by Milan Kymlicka consists of simple little episodic passages repeated at various points during the action. Although gracious and effective at first, they aren't nearly varied

enough, and they lose their strength by the end of the play when poignancy is most required.

The cast is interesting. To me Adrian Pecknold, Artistic Director of the company, is the only authentic mime of the lot. Watching him as the *lamplighter* reveals concentration, supreme physical strength and control, plus mastery of the creative intellect over the body, which mime demands and which none of the others quite master. Harro Maskow comes close, but in his portrayal of the swaggering Johnny, he always has the air of playing to the audience, and never achieves the total self-absorption that Pecknold does. Others in the cast, too, fail to escape themselves, but Pecknold takes on the *lamplighter* in every cell of his body.

For anyone who wants a glimpse into the world of mime theatre, this is not to be missed. Again, it presents to a modern audience many of the most basic facets of classical mime. The children can't fail to appreciate it, but hopefully its appeal will range beyond that of pure fantasy. It can also be a fulfilling exercise in wit and intellect, for both viewer and performer.

A DOLL'S HOUSE

by Alan Gordon

The Royal Alex is currently running a production of Ibsen's *The Doll's House*, starring Claire Bloom. She is the doll in the house. She is also the only one on stage that has been given a decent part. This has probably less to do with the fact that she's married to the producer than the problem that Henrik Ibsen, at development, the character

to rewrite his play, or to see that a lot of it has become irrelevant, or watch what a butchering job the cast at the Royal Alex has done to his show.

Edward Zimmerman plays the husband, as the original situation-comedy boob. When Norah walks out on him, I have the feeling that he's going to go to the card game at Oscar's, move in with him and become the first Scandinavian Odd Couple. Helmer is a dolt, but Zimmerman plays him on the simplest of about three levels. As for the Doctor, he seems to be fresh from Barefoot in the Park, on the way to *Come Blow Your Horn* and just stopping over at Helmer's to wine and dine. Krogstaad and Christine are played broadly and a little too melodramatically for my blood.

But all of this is picking at nits. The show doesn't work any more. The first act of exposition, the second of "development" and heavy laying-in of irony, and the third of "serious talk", is hopeless. Claire can't do it all herself, and there's no one in the show to help her. No wonder she walked out!

The urban living experience, as documented at encounter-like public meetings in Halifax, is coming to Toronto in the form of a unique film.

The movie comes to St. Lawrence Centre Town Hall next Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

It is presented by the Community Affairs Department of the centre and is part of a Challenge for Change program.

It is a National Film Board Production, a documentary about Encounter Week in Halifax, when 12 experts in the field of urban social and economic development probed touchy issues in the city.

The public was invited to most of these sessions and to open meetings and exchange viewpoints.

After the film there will be a panel led by Dennis McDermott. It includes Noreen Gaudette, and education critic, Dr. Wilson Head, social planner, and Colin Vaughan, urban environment critic.



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# Gallery Goers' Guide

## GALLERY HOPPING

by Anthony Thorn



The Innuvit Gallery on Avenue Road

The reputation of the Canadian artist, VERA FRENKEL, is too well known for me to have to introduce her to you. Poet, painter, printmaker and teacher, she is now recognized as one of our most important artists. Gallery Pascal handles her work in Toronto, and there, on Sept. 1st, her book, "IMAGE SPACES" was unveiled.

Both in her poems and pictures, her prosody is impeccable; she is modest, wise and compassionate. Dealing with spaces, the shell of her being becomes transparent.

In her latest work, she rids herself of all artifice; starting from emptiness, she has begun again to build the meaning of her work. Working with love and great care, as she says in her poem, "Having Denied My History".

".....I bend to build roots with a special woodknotting technique known only to the stubbornest of trees."

"Image Spaces" is an intimate collaboration between publisher Bob Burdett, printer Robert Marsh and Vera Frenkel.

Space is also the theme of the work of the sculptor FAUTEUX, now showing at Dunkelmann Gallery (to Sept. 25th). In his steel sculpture he delineates, without enclosing, several intangible spaces. With steel and rubber belting, he sketches the peripheries of volumes of air. I didn't like them at all, until I noticed a little girl playing around in one, using it as a sort of imaginary playhouse. As she was having a terrific time, I decided



Robert Marsh, Vera Frenkel, Bob Burdett

that the thing was good for something, anyway.

The show of Ethiopian art at Albert White Gallery is well worth a visit. Charming and naive, the paintings on goatskin are packed to the edge with multitudes of historical personages and writing in Amharic, buildings and beasts. Here again, space is an interesting factor in the work. One may notice that the space around all the figures is void, even of air, as in certain forms of Japanese art, leaving the contours clean and precise. Very inexpensive and very colorful, these works are a delight to the eye.

LUDWIG ZELLER's exhibition of surrealist collages opens Sept. 16th at the Mitchell Gallery.

From what I have seen of it so far, it looks absolutely marvelous.

The Media "PACK SACK" show at the usually staid Pascal Gallery (Yorkville), is a novel departure for them. A group project by eight young Quebec artists, the pop art, rock sounds, sleeping bags and lounging bodies made quite a tableau at the opening Sept. 11th.

Wouldn't it be something if the Pop and Op galleries did a switch once in a while too, and presented shows of the traditionalists. Like, for instance, Isaacs and Roberts switching roles once a year. Well, anything can happen.

**1**

**DUNKELMAN TORONTO**  
924-7339  
15 BEDFORD ROAD, TORONTO 5

**ANDRE FAUTEUX**

**2**

**PITSEOLAK DRAWINGS**

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**3**

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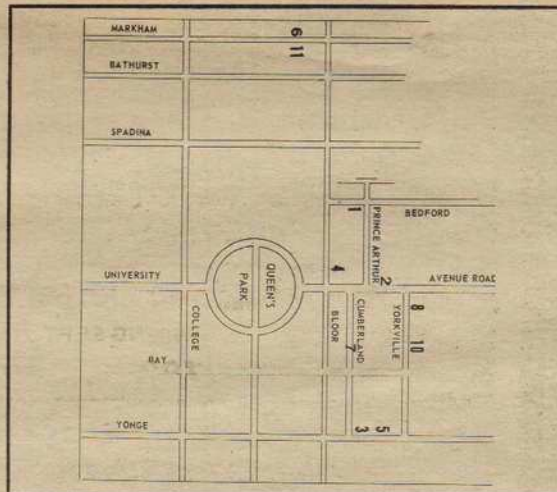
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**TENNESSEE WALKER.** 16.2. Very lively. Chestnut. Must be seen to appreciate. Thornhill Stables, Richmond Hill or call 889-5163. Prospective jumper. Needs proper schooling. Experienced rider welcome.

**WANTED!** A good home for Martin - a grey 7-month-old male cat. He has had all his shots, and is very affectionate. For further information call Judy at 922-2549 (evenings).

**THEATRE-IN-CAMERA AUDITIONS.** 'Luther' by John Osborne. Wednesday through Saturday, September 15th to 18th, and 22nd to 25th. 7 p.m. At Bathurst Street United Church, 736 Bathurst Street. Phone 531-1178.

**INFORMATION EXCHANGE CO-OP.** I am interested in starting a group in which we list our varied interests with the group. All of us watch for information on all interests listed. FREE. Phone Carl 531-3413 or write Box No. 261, Adelaide Street Post Office, Toronto.

# the citizen calendar

## culture/politics/community events

### THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

12:10 - 1 p.m. — **Alderman Joseph Piccinini** is the guest and the proposed Metrodome stadium is the subject of discussion at Thursday Noon On The Square, Church of the Holy Trinity.

7:30 p.m. — **John Schlesinger's Billy Liar.** At the Ontario Institute For Studies In Education. Admission is \$1.50.

9:30 p.m. — **Schesinger's A Kind Of Loving.** At The Ontario Institute For Studies In Education. Admission is \$1.00.

**ALL DAY** — Those of us who wandered off a manic midway at the Canadian National Exhibition into the Better Living Centre had a sudden, rude shock about the appropriateness of the name. From being a "better living" exhibit, it was a wash with crass merchandise and sleazy salesmen. However, tucked away in one corner was a collection of hand-made wall hangings — the contribution of the Canadian Guild of Crafts. Some of the hangings have now been transferred to the headquarters of the Ontario Association of Architects, 50 Park Rd., and are on display daily until Oct. 15.

### FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

8 p.m. — **The India-Canada Association** presents a benefit concert for the **Pakistan Relief Fund** at Eaton Auditorium. Indian popular singer, Suman Kalyanpur, will be featured. Tickets \$10.00, \$5.00 and \$2.50.

8 p.m. — **Be-bop trumpet player Chuck Mangione** will appear at Massey Hall with members of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra.

Midnight — **The Yellow Submarine** continues at Cinecity. Admission if \$1.50.

7 - 10 p.m. — **Open House, Toronto Actors Studio.** The newly-decorated arts complex — the three-sided theatre, art gallery and artist's workshops will be open to the public tonight. Refreshments. 390 Dupont, at Brunswick. Also Saturday, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

### SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

1 p.m. — **The Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre** is hung with authentic decorations for the Star Festival, and a sit-down Japanese meal is laid out during an afternoon of songs and dances. Today from 1 to 9 p.m. and Sunday from 2 to 8 p.m. 123 Wynford Drive, north of Eglinton at Don Mills Road, \$1.00; children under 15, 50 cents. 429-0676.

Midnight — **Bride Of Frankenstein** at The Poor Alex's Horrific, Horrible, Horror Film Festival. Admission is \$1.50.

Midnight — **Elvira Madigan** at Cinecity. Admission is \$1.50.

**All day** — **The Nancy Poole Studio** at 16 Hazelton Avenue is presenting an exhibit of serigraphs and a group of Kensington Market drawings by Toronto artist **Aba Bayefsky.**

### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

3 p.m. — **Cindy Shutter, flute;** **Beverley Cavanaugh, piano;** a free concert in the Sculpture Court, Art Gallery of Ontario.

7 and 9:30 p.m. — **Young Aphrodites** at The Poor Alex. \$1.50.

10:30 a.m. — **Model rockets** may never reach the moon but there's plenty of action as the members of the **Canadian Rocket Society** shoot as high as they can. On Meadowvale Road and if you want to find out how to get there, call 364-2610.

### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

8:30 p.m. — **RAP '66,** a staged reading of an original Canadian play, at Toronto Public Libraries' Learning Resources Centre, 666 Eglinton Ave. W.

**All day** — Formal non-credit courses in art, dance, TV production, drama, film-making, and yoga begin at **Learning Resources Centre** of Toronto Public Libraries, 666 Eglinton Ave. W. Brochures giving details, time and fee may be obtained from the Centre or by calling 787-1816.

8:00 p.m. — A meeting sponsored by the **Metro Foster Parents Association** will discuss foster care and adoption. Guest speaker: **Mr. Ken Watson.** Open to public. Admission free. Coffee served following meeting.

### TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

8 p.m. — **Bruce Cockburn** in concert at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto. \$2.75.

8:30 p.m. — **Canada's finest rock band, Crowbar,** will give a free concert at Ontario Place. But you need a ticket to the grounds.

### WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

1 p.m. — **Twenty antique dealers** from southern Ontario display glass, china and furniture in this fifth annual show and sale. Today and tomorrow until 10 p.m. At St. Luke's United Church, 16 The Kingsway at Kipling. \$1.00.

2 p.m. — **The Court Jester** (1956) with **Danny Kaye** at The Ontario Science Centre's film series for senior citizens. Call 429-4100 (Ext. 119) for reservations. 50 cents.

7:30 p.m. — **Encounter on Urban Environment,** a new film in the National Film Board's Challenge for Change series, will be shown at St. Lawrence Centre Town Hall, 27 Front St. E. A marathon town meeting in Halifax which mirrors the real-life situation of city dwellers in today's society.

8 p.m. — **Tom Kneebone** and **Dinah Christie** call on their knowledge of Noel Coward to interpret the English in the mixed media travel show, **Non-Stop Britain.** At the St. Lawrence Centre until September 25. Tickets are free from most travel agencies.

**Noon** — Until 10 p.m., the University of Toronto celebrates **Free Bread and Puppet Day.** The Bread and Puppet Theatre will be appearing at 2 p.m. in the U.C. quadrangle and at 9 p.m. in the U.C. Playhouse. Entertainers also appearing are Theatre Passe Muraille, Syrinx and the Toronto Dance Theatre. Call 928-6307 for more information. Free for all!

### THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

12:10 - 1 p.m. — **Future Shock: Is This What We Want?** is the subject of discussion with **Frank Ogden** at Church of the Holy Trinity's Thursday Noon on the Square.

8:30 p.m. — **Second** in a series of seven color showings of **Sir Kenneth Clark's Civilization** at Learning Resources Centre, 666 Eglinton Ave. W. Tonight, **Romance and Reality and Man, the Measure of All Things.** On Sept. 30 at same time it's **The Hero as Artist and Protest** and **Communication.**

8:30 p.m. — **Postcards From Icarus** opens at Theatre Passe Muraille and runs until October 10. The reality and mythology of travelling is explored in this play based on the hitch-hiking experiences of director **Paul Thompson** as he travelled across Canada this summer. 366-3376.

8:30 p.m. — **Jazz On The Lake** presents an indoor bash at Palais Royale. Featured groups are the **Metro Stompers, Whiskey Howl** and the **Climax Jazz Band.** Special guests including pianist **Tony Collocott** are expected. \$3.75; \$4.25 at the door. 924-1373.

### FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

6 p.m. — **The Afghan Hound Show** at The Terrace, 70 Mutual Street. About 90 aristocrats of the canine world strut out in the company of some of Toronto's most 'chic' citizens. \$1.00.

### SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

10 a.m. — **Richard Levine** conducts a class on **Kitemaking** for children and adults at Learning Resources Centre, Toronto Public Libraries, 666 Eglinton Ave. W.

1:30 p.m. — **First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair West,** holds a **Precious Elephant Auction.** Donations sought: antiques, fine furniture, rugs, crystal, silver, furs, projectors, cameras, fine linen, brass, pewter, fine china, jewels, art objects. Call 488-7054 to have items picked up.

Midnight — **Performance** at Cinecity. Admission is \$1.50.

Midnight — **Son Of Frankenstein** at The Poor Alex. \$1.50.

8:30 p.m. — **At Massey Hall,** a new season of classical music begins with a concert by **The London Philharmonic Orchestra.** \$3.00 to \$3.00, \$3.50, \$7.00.

### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

8:30 p.m. — **Oedipus Rex** opens at Theatre Passe Muraille. Until September 30. Admission is free, but phone for reservations in advance. 366-3376.

7 and 9:30 p.m. — **Black Orpheus** at The Poor Alex. \$1.50.

### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

8:30 p.m. — **Dr. Melville Cook** gives an organ recital with works by **McCabe, Langlais, Reubke** and **Leighton.** At the Metropolitan United Church, 51 Bond Street. \$2.00; students \$1.00.

### TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

8 p.m. — **Questionable pop superstars, Crosby and Nash,** perform at Massey Hall. 363-7301.

### WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

2 p.m. — **Audrey Hepburn's** great film, **Breakfast At Tiffany's** shows at The Ontario Science Centre's film series for senior citizens. Call 429-4100 (Ext. 119) to reserve tickets. 50 cents.

8 p.m. — **Censorship and Films,** with CBC commentator **Max Allen,** at Toronto Public Libraries' Learning Resources Centre, 666 Eglinton Ave. W.

### THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

8:30 p.m. — **Tyrolerfest** at Massey Hall until October 1. **Yodelling, lederhosen** and lusty dancing from the Tyrol region of the Austrian Alps. \$2.50 to \$5.50.

12:10 - 1 p.m. — **The United Appeal** will be discussed at **Thursday Noon on the Square,** Church of the Holy Trinity. Guest will be **W. Grant Ross,** chairman of the board of trustees, United Community Fund.

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