

toronto citizen

MIDTOWN'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

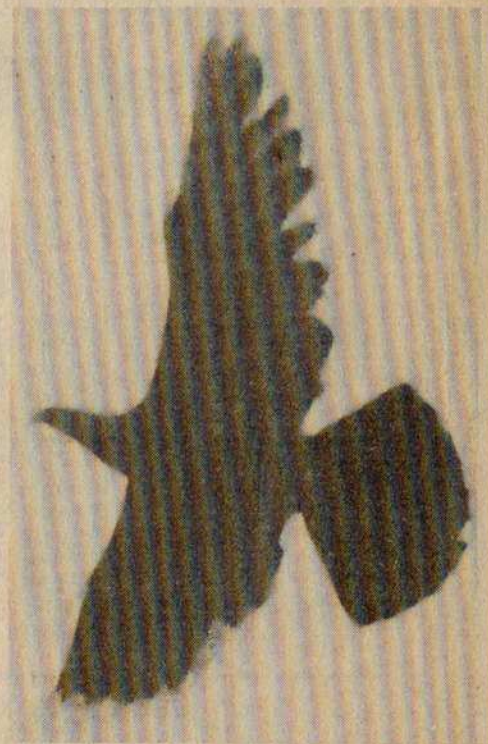
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CITIZEN DIARY

MAYOR DAVID CROMBIE told City Council April 25 that his conference of mayors from big Canadian cities would be open to the public, and so we cleared our calendar for the afternoon of May 7 and visited City Hall for the final session of their honors' pow-wow.

We arrived shortly after the session had been scheduled to begin at 2:00. No mayors in sight. We had a coffee, chatted with some reporters, played with our simultaneous translation transmitter, watched the strollers in Nathan Phillips Square. Still no mayors. Another coffee. No mayors. At 3:25 the mayors arrived, and copies of a resolution about the need for a broader tax base for cities were distributed. The mayors had debated and framed the resolution in private session in Crombie's office. At 3:35 the mayors took a break while they waited for French copies of the resolution to arrive. More coffee.

At 4:00 the mayors convened again and with little discussion accepted a few amendments to the resolution proposed by Montreal's Drapeau. At 4:20 they passed the resolution, and then for 25 minutes they sidestepped debate about whether they ought to plan for another meeting. This seemed to be a contentious issue which might generate an exchange of views, and with the exception of Calgary's Sykes the mayors bent over backward to avoid any public exchange of views. There were frequent references to decisions in private session in Crombie's office.

The mayors adjourned for the afternoon at 4:50 after a total of 55 minutes of public session.

ALSO ON MAY 7 we attended a meeting of the Annex Property Owners Association. APOA isn't to be confused with ARA, the reforming Annex Ratepayers Association which has represented Annex residents since 1923 and, according to a recent York University survey, has the endorsement of about half the people who live in the area. APOA presumably represents the 2.5% of the neighborhood which the survey said don't agree with ARA thinking — 47% of those surveyed had no opinion and didn't especially care.

To become a member of APOA you must own property in the Annex. Some members own one property. Some own a couple. Some, like David Denton, a member of the group's executive, own several. (Denton is half of Denton-Saltmarsh which directly owns eight rooming houses in the Annex and is rumored to own several more under other names.)

The group's members are people whose interests are not being tended by the current Ward Five aldermen or at City Hall. The group opposed the 38-foot height limit which has been legislated for the Annex, has fought against a ward-wide residents' association and believes, or at least some members do, that community controlled co-op housing blocks in the Annex will create new Rochdales. APOA opposed the City's purchase last week of nine houses in the Huron-Madison area from Amex Developments — the City and a local working committee are trying to find an alternative besides demolition for the houses — and believes such situations are better handled by private enterprise.

The meeting was attended by about a dozen APOA members who were very courteous to the *Citizen*. They will quite clearly have some bitter struggles ahead in their efforts to achieve their goals. We hope to remain in touch with them.

JULIE MATHIEN AT the Toronto Daycare Organizing Committee tells us that there are presently no vacancies in City daycare centres. She advises parents seeking daycare for children to keep phoning centres at least biweekly if they hope to find an opening. Most centres have waiting lists, but they're often not very systematically tended.

THE STAR AND THE LITTLE PAPERS

Fighting a corporate octopus

by Jon Caulfield

"Freedom of the press belongs to those who own one."

—caption beneath a photograph of the Toronto Star building in the University of Toronto's Varsity, April, 1973.

The most recent issue of Toronto's

gay liberation newspaper, *Body Politic*, remains unpublished as the *Citizen* goes to press. Its publication was not blocked by a threat of legal action against the newspaper, or because a printing plant boss thought a particular article or picture in the paper might result in trouble

with the law, or because the editors can't pay their bills; their credit is good.

Body Politic remains unpublished because the owner of the press on which the paper has been printed since it began seven issues and 18 months ago has asked that this issue and future issues

be submitted for censorship before they are printed. The owner of the press is the Toronto Star.

Because of its cheap rates, North York's Newsweb Enterprises has been printer to the bulk of Metro-area community newspapers, including the *Citizen*, for several years. Never more than a small fraction of Newsweb's business, there has always seemed to be a place for the little papers wedged between big jobs like supermarket flyers and *Confidential Flash* on Newsweb's night press run.

Most editors understood that part of the reason for Newsweb's cheap prices is that the company isn't unionized. But even the most radical of them bit this bullet because Newsweb understood their money problems and did the least expensive possible jobs. Without News-

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toronto citizen

MIDTOWN'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

Poisoning kids on Niagara St.

by Peter Morris

For years, residents of Niagara Street in Toronto's lower west end have had to tolerate potentially dangerous levels of lead released from a nearby industry, Toronto Refiners and Smelters Limited. In all these years the residents have received absolutely no action from the municipal Department of Health, and only a small amount of co-operation from the provincial Ministry of the Environment after threatening the government with a law suit if nothing was done.

Toronto Refiners and Smelters has been in operation for nearly 30 years. Although their name has changed several times, their type of work has remained the same — guillotining the tops off old batteries, dumping out the acid, crushing the piles of broken batteries and smelting the crushed remains. This is a very messy operation, and the company has taken only minimal steps to curb the pollutants it emits, the most abundant and most dangerous of these pollutants is the lead dust that is picked up by the wind when the batteries are crushed and moved from place to place.

Residents in the area complain of a thickness of lead dust on their houses, cars and inside their homes. There is always the smell of acid fumes from the acids dumped out of the batteries, and tests taken of soil in the area show one of the highest concentrations of lead found in the province.

Lead-poisoning

The first positive evidence that this lead dust is a health hazard came in 1965 when the Hospital for Sick Children notified the Department of Health that there had been five recent cases of lead-poisoning from children living on Niagara Street. (There have only been 15 such cases at the hospital in the last 12 years.) In what was to become the policy of the Department of Health over the next few years, they expressed great concern but took no action. On the contrary, Dr. G. W. O. Moss, the City Medical Officer of Health, recently claimed that of the 15 cases of lead-poisoning handled by the hospital, five

had been mis-diagnosed — the five from Niagara Street.

In 1970 a petition with the signatures of 70 area residents was presented to the City asking for immediate action to curb the dust problem caused by Kaufman Metal Company, the name for Tor-

onto Refiners and Smelters at that time. The Building and Development Committee requested the Commissioner of Buildings in consultation with the Medical Officer of Health and the Air Management Branch to "investigate... and report back". Once again, nothing was

done to solve the problem.

In 1972 the residents turned to the Canadian Environmental Law Association for help. The Association discovered that the company didn't have a permit from the Ministry of the Environment to operate their battery-crushing machine.

This breach of the Environmental Protection Act was too glaring for even the provincial government to ignore, and under threat of a law suit by the residents if action wasn't taken immediately, the Ministry issued a Stop Order which forced the battery-crushing operation to come to an end. This order has since been withdrawn by the government on the condition that the company meet certain basic standards of cleaner operation. Accordingly, the company recently submitted a proposal to build a 175-foot high chimney which would do nothing to reduce their pollution but instead would distribute the lead over a much greater area, as far north as Bloor Street.

Obstructionism

This Stop Order is the only action taken against Toronto Refiners and Smelters by any level of government in the years since the residents first spoke out. At times, the refusal of the government to help the residents has verged on obstructionism. Cheryl Taylor-Munro, a community worker who has been active in the area for over a year, describes the relationship between the company, the Department of Health and the Ministry of the Environment as "cozy".

The presence of lead is a very serious threat to anyone's health. It immediately settles in the blood and it soon begins to accumulate in bone marrow, forming what are known as "lead lines", actual streaks of lead which easily show up on X-rays. Sufficient quantities of lead can lead to severe abdominal pains, arthritis, cerebral edema, brain damage or death. One of the most sinister features of lead poisoning is that its symptoms are often mistaken for those of other diseases allowing the victim's condition to gradually deteriorate before the

(continued, page 4)



photo: Phil Lapides

Toronto Refiners and Smelters provide masks for their employees to guard them against lead poisoning. No masks are provided for the people who live on the street a few yards away.

Weekly newspaper collection underway

The City will start a weekly collection of old newspapers May 16, according to a motion passed last week by the Public Works Committee.

Papers will be collected every Wednesday by a separate truck and delivered by the Metro Works Department to Canadian Paper Fibres Limited for recycling. The papers must be tied in bundles and placed by the curb, or they won't be picked up.

During the past 11 months, the City has been collecting papers on a once-a-month basis. However, there were many complaints about the scheme. The program was badly advertised, the collection date varied from month to month, and many people could not store papers for that length of time.

About 1,925 tons of paper were col-

lected under this scheme, and sold for \$6 a ton. The total cost of collection including advertising was estimated at about \$52.40 a ton. Under the new scheme, presumably advertising of the date will not be necessary, and the Streets Department puts collection costs at about \$39.60 a ton.

However, there is an additional savings of disposal costs of about \$6 or \$7 a ton, if papers are recycled instead of incinerated. At the Public Works Committee meeting, Alderman Colin Vaughan pointed out that this saving is not shown as a rebate or credit to the City from Metro whose job it is to dispose of garbage.

City Streets Commissioner Harold Atyeo indicated at the Committee that

no additional appropriation of funds was necessary for the Streets Department to undertake this new collection. Gregory Bryce, a member of Toronto Recycling Action Committee and Pollution Probe, pointed out that the price of \$39.60 a ton for collection less the savings of disposal cost, implies erroneously that the scheme is impractical or unrealistic. No new men or trucks will be required; in fact the cost figure of \$39.60 a ton for collection is merely a bookkeeping figure.

There was a general impatience at the Public Works meeting to get the recycling program started. Although TRAC advocates the installation of racks on compressor trucks for the pickup of papers along with garbage, they have

been pressing for more regular collections for some time. Atyeo was anxious to "get the action started right away," and suggested three weeks. Alderman David Smith, however, proposed that collection be started this week — just in time for his birthday — and the motion was passed.

Now that regular collection has been approved, Bryce emphasizes the importance of promoting the program well, not just by advertisements in the newspapers or announcements on the radio, but by flyers delivered door-to-door. TRAC has received a \$10,000 budget from the City for an educational program for garbage reduction, and Bryce would like to see this co-ordinated with the paper collection promotion.

Tip-toeing not through the tulips...

Dear Sir:
I have long since become resigned to tip-toeing, not through tulips, however apt the season, but through dog shit. Others have energetically complained in letters to the editor that sidewalks, lawns and parks are fouled. But why is nobody complaining about the noise that invades livingrooms and bedrooms, disturbs peace of mind and sabotages sleep? You can bypass canine excreta, but canine vocalization penetrates the most private recesses of house and mind.

In our civically enlightened neighbourhood, the Annex, dogs are not only free to roam unattended, to rip open garbage bags, to jump on harmless pedestrians — they are also permitted to howl for light entertainment. Choruses of shrill barks, rough barks, silly yappings and mournful wails echo across our back yard, with most vigor after midnight.

For two years my family and I have had to endure a neighbouring dog who is released into his back yard, almost every night at 1:00 a.m., and again between five and six in the morning. A night of uninterrupted sleep is a rare privilege, one which we treasure, we remark upon — and are even grateful for.

If dog owners do not voluntarily monitor their dogs' behaviour, there is little their neighbours can do. One cannot phone the police every morning to complain of unreasonable noise. One cannot do more than ask neighbours to control their pets. When the response is more or less "Go to hell," you realize how vulnerable the city dweller is to the irresponsibility of others.

There is room for dogs and people in a city. As dog owners, we never let our dog on the street unaccompanied, we never let him excrete on lawn or sidewalk; it really is quite easy to direct a squatting rear to a gutter. When left outside in our back yard, our dog has only to bark twice, and we bring him back into the house. Are we so bizarre in not wanting to disturb our neighbours?

If dog owners are not prepared to respect the rights of others, then surely the city government should design legislation to enforce civilized canine behaviour. A very simple beginning would be to prohibit at any time of the day prolonged barking by an unattended dog. Anyone who lets a dog bark after 11:00 p.m. or before 7:00 a.m. should be fined. Anyone who walks a dog and observes it excreting on private property should also be liable to a fine. The police

could work wonders if they imposed these fines with the same enthusiasm they show when imposing fines for parking violations.

It is with great reluctance that I beg anonymity, for the same neighbour who blithely ignores the discomfort his dog bequeaths in this vicinity has shown a tendency for surreptitious vandalism.

Name withheld

Ald. Archer amplifies

Dear Citizen:

The articles about the library service are extremely helpful in telling the public about this important community facility. I have reviewed them with Mr. Harry C. Campbell, the Chief Librarian of The Toronto Public Library, who has written to me as follows:

"Ellen Moorhouse visited me in order to collect background information, and has done a very creditable job on attempting to interpret the public library system to her readers. Some of her readers might wonder about the budgets of the 6 branches being rather small. This is because she did not realize she was quoting the book budget for each branch — not the total operating budget for the year. There is always a difficulty when someone who is anxious to interpret figures is not able to relate all of the necessary facts and information about the library operation.

"Her conclusion, which states that those people who are not in the habit of using libraries are largely ignored in the City of Toronto, is of course something which the Toronto Public Library Board fully realized when it adopted its extensive program of making library resources better known through community services. As a matter of fact, the inner city branches enjoy larger budgets for books and community services, in proportion to present use made of them, than do the branches in the northern portion of the City of Toronto. I enclose a copy of our 1972 Annual Report, which provides a better review of the use made of branch facilities, particularly the table on page 10, which indicates very high attendance at activities at Parkdale, Bloor & Gladstone, Palmerston, Sanderson, Danforth, and other inner-city libraries.

"With regard to the account provided of the Library Board's efforts to establish the Northern District Library, I was pleased to see that the article stressed that the mixed use of the building should be related to social, educational and recreational services of the entire district. The existing George Locke Branch and St. Clements Branch do not have space for such activities and, as the table on page 12 of the 1972 Annual Report indicates, the book collections have more than doubled in 15 years. They will double again in a similar period; and it is the providing for this growth in a rational way that the Board's policies for 3 District resource collections was adopted in 1966.

"I cannot, of course, agree with A. W. Bowron's assessment that our library buildings are slums.

"The Board has taken on five new neighbourhood libraries in the past few

years — Jones, Swansea, Forest Hill, Sanderson and Palmerston. It has built the City Hall Branch, the Parkdale Branch, Deer Park Branch and Parliament Branch within the past 20 years; and has abandoned several older and obsolete buildings in the process.

"Within the limit of the Library Board's budget, the Board has attempted to maintain the older branches at an economic and justifiable level, while expecting, in the long run, to close some down as they are replaced with other facilities."

I would point out that there are several publications issued by the Library which would be of interest to your readers. In addition to the Annual Reports, there is a book called "Reading in Toronto — 1972" and the selection of "150 Books of the last three years, 1970-1972" which are published annually and are available at the various library branches.

I have taken a very special interest

in the library operations and am, at present, serving on both the City and Metro Library Boards. I can assure you that we are doing everything possible to extend our services. This summer, the library branches at Wychwood, Eastern, and Jones will be open for the whole summer. In the past, they have normally been closed for a month. In addition, the Sanderson, Dufferin & St. Clair, and Parkdale Branches will commence Sunday openings from 1:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. in September. I might add that this innovation of Sunday openings was something that I pressed for and had adopted a couple of years ago.

If any of your readers have suggestions about improving library services, I know that the Chief Librarian and myself would be most interested in hearing from them.

Sincerely,
William L. Archer,
Alderman,
Ward Six

CITIZEN SUBSCRIBERS

Please help us by renewing your subscription on receipt of a notice from the Citizen office. Second and third reminders take time and money.

HURON SCHOOL FUN FAIR

A real community happening! Animal mask parade, Chinese Dragon dance, bike safety clinic, games, prizes, flea-market, music and fun for the whole family.

SATURDAY, MAY 26

12:30—3:30 p.m.
in the school yard and on closed-off street outside

adults 25c children 10c

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Saturday, May 26, from 7 p.m.
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French and Scottish Country Dancing
Folk Singers—Jazz Band
Refreshments
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Phone 924-3212 for further information.

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AVENUE ROAD

BLOOR STREET

Cottingham School
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12 noon—4:30 p.m.

Annual Parents'-Kids' event to raise money for extra-curricular events, trip.
Prizes, Games, Refreshments, Contests
Fun for the Whole Family!
85 Birch Street

Community Affairs

in co-operation with the Metro Toronto Transportation Plan Review and Pollution Probe, Scarborough

BIKEWAYS
A pedal in the right direction
Are bikeways a viable recreational/transportational alternative?

Panelists:
Les Humphreys, Nat'l Recreational Bicycling Director,
Can. Cycling Assoc.
Leonard Steele,
Pollution Probe Scarborough
Howard Abrams,
Metro Bicycle Committee
Moderator: Paul J. Cosgrove,
Mayor of Scarborough
Displays, presentations, discussion
Tues. May 22 8 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE EVERYONE WELCOME
St. Lawrence 366-1656
centre
27 Front St. E.

Community Affairs

in co-operation with the Guyanese Community Assoc. and Students for a Democratic Society

INSTITUTIONAL RACISM — IN CANADA?
Is Racism a subtle part of Can. society?

Panelists:
Charles Roach, lawyer
Immigration Specialist
Prof. Peter Rosenthal,
Workmen's Compensation Board
Bill Schabas, member
Students for a Democratic Society
Mr. Rosie Douglas, Social & Political Activist, Black Community
Moderator: Dr. Wilson Head
Dept. of Social Welfare
Wed. May 23 8 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE EVERYONE WELCOME
St. Lawrence 366-1656
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27 Front St. E.

AN APOLOGY

Readers of Graham Fraser's article about five hockey books in the last Citizen may have noticed a few puzzling non-sequiturs and a couple of surprising assessments of some of the authors reviewed. Because of a major proofreading snafu a couple of paragraphs were lost from Fraser's article, and a couple of others were creatively re-arranged. The Citizen apologizes for any embarrassment caused Fraser or the authors in question, and to our readers. Elsewhere in this issue Fraser clarifies what he'd meant to say and discusses some other sports books.

toronto citizen

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The Windlass site as it's looked for two years.

Whither Windlass? Sorting our Southeast Spadina's disaster area

by Ellen Moorhouse

Ward Six residents and Windlass Holdings Limited have been meeting since April, trying to reach some agreement on plans for the vacant block on McCaul Street south of Dundas. Through these negotiations, the head-on conflicts of West St. Jamestown and Quebec-Gothic will perhaps be avoided, and the development finally built on the site may conform at least somewhat to community needs.

Council met April 13 to deal with the Windlass development and to consider repeal of Official Plan amendments passed by Council in May, 1971, allowing Windlass the highest residential density possible in the City. There was evidence at the April meeting that the developers and community groups could negotiate on a plan more suitable for the area, and consideration of the by-law repeal was deferred.

Mayor David Crombie amended the motion of deferral to include not only consideration of repeal, but consideration of amendments to the 1971 by-laws, in case agreement is reached between the two negotiating parties.

There have been four meetings between Windlass and representatives from the Chinese community, the Grange Park Residents Association and the Southeast Spadina steering committee for the Part II Study. A five-person community group have been negotiating with a coterie of nattily dressed Windlass personnel including president Jack Friedman, lawyer Jack Weir and architect Boris Zerafa. These public meetings are generally chaired and mediated by Mayor Crombie.

There are three important changes that the community negotiating committee insist on:

- 1) the physical form of the development be modified from the original high-rise scheme;
- 2) there be a social mix of different income groups in the buildings;
- 3) the 1971 amendment to the Official Plan allowing the high density designation of the core area be moved westward from University Avenue to McCaul Street be modified.

The community representatives will continue to negotiate and will not press for repeal of the by-laws so long as these demands are discussed.

Alternative design

Shortly after negotiations began in April, the developers produced an alternative design to the original scheme of three 27-storey buildings. The new plans provide for two 10-storey buildings and a series of four and six-storey buildings which reduce the density of the development by about 25%. A greater proportion of three and four bedroom accommodation has been included, and the committee negotiating for the community find the new design relatively acceptable.

However, the problem of social mix is more difficult. The community representatives want some low-cost housing that would allow residents, many of them Chinese, who are now living in the nearby area, to live there. Ontario Housing Corporation could provide subsidized housing in the development in various ways. OHC can buy a completed building as was done in St. James-town; it can buy the land and contract for construction; or it can enter into a

rent supplement agreement with the developer. In this last arrangement, the developer offers to lease a portion of his project at market value to OHC, and OHC then rents to tenants at one quarter their income and absorbs the loss. In return for leasing 25% of the building to OHC, the developer can get low interest second-mortgage financing for up to 95% of his construction costs.

Joel Lexchin, a community negotiator, suggests this rent supplement program might well be the method used to achieve low-cost accommodation. But, according to an OHC representative at the last negotiating meeting, in order to get provincial backing for subsidized housing under the rent supplement scheme, specific data would be required on the project. And it would be difficult to define the rent structure of the Windlass buildings, before the by-law is amended at City Council, or approved by the OMB. Yet the negotiating committee for the community must have assurances that OHC will support the scheme, or they will have to fight for repeal of the Official Plan amendment which allows the high density for Windlass.

A firm footing

Douglas Hum, a member of the community negotiating team said Mayor Crombie demonstrated support for subsidized housing in the development, and that this could help negotiations reach a firm footing. However Crombie cannot guarantee OHC support; this is a provincial jurisdiction.

If in fact OHC agrees to provide subsidized housing in the Windlass development according to any of the possible schemes, no great sacrifice will have been wrung from the developer. It is true, as Lexchin observes, that the development is more saleable if subsidized housing is not included. But at the same time, Windlass will, under the rent supplement plan, continue to own the land and buildings, which rapidly appreciate in value, and in addition, the company is guaranteed rents by the provincial government and low-interest second mortgage money for construction. If OHC buys buildings and land, Windlass will still make a tidy profit. It is ironic that the concessions the community is negotiating for will be amply paid for by provincial hand-outs.

However, the negotiating committee has no other avenues to pursue. The land is held by Windlass, all of the buildings were levelled even before Windlass applied for rezoning; and there have been no whippers of buying the land, as was done on Sherbourne Street or Huron/Madison. If negotiations do come to an impasse, it is uncertain whether there are enough votes on City Council to repeal the 1971 by-laws. In the case of West St. Jamestown, the repeal of by-laws for that site were defeated by one vote.

The area around Dundas Street, west of University is under enormous pressures for redevelopment. The Art Gallery is building its new addition; just east of Windlass another developer, Wagman, is planning a medical office building which will include recovery room accommodation; a commercial-residential complex is being planned for an old Dow brewery site; the church on the corner of Dundas and McCaul is considering redevelopment; the

Toronto School Board owns land in the area and is planning school expansion. The community groups in the district have a lot to worry about in their efforts to preserve what remains of their residential neighbourhoods.

The residents have made some advances. A police headquarters, planned in the vicinity, was a point of contention with the community, but the problem is near solution. Meanwhile a Hydro Block community working committee are developing a scheme similar to Trefann Court. In addition, residents are participating in a detailed area plan study now underway.

Arbitrary OMB date

Much of the last meeting on May 8 between the community and Windlass was spent discussing an OMB hearing date of June 5, which had materialized on the OMB schedule. That morning a group of aldermen went to Mayor Crombie's office to find out how it had happened. The hearing had simply been rescheduled arbitrarily by the OMB from an earlier date. Community negotiators wanted the date removed; Windlass wanted some assurances of another hearing relatively soon. A request was made by the City Solicitor and the Windlass lawyer for another hearing sometime after mid-July.

The problem with the OMB date underlined again the difficulty of having two levels of government to deal with. Both the final approval of the development and the purse strings for subsidized housing are held firmly in the provincial fist. Negotiations on the city level are hamstrung by provincial prerogative.

However, even if the demands of the community negotiators are met, and amendments to the by-laws are agreed upon, the concessions are small. It may take a little longer for Windlass to get their cake, but they will get it, and they will eat it. If negotiations break down, the 1971 rezoning by-laws will have to be repealed if any control of development on the site is to be retained for the community.

LIP workers continue fight

Toronto's association of Local Initiative Projects is continuing its effort to get the federal government to extend funding of successful community service programs and other worthwhile projects past the May 31 LIP deadline. LIP workers and local social service agencies and politicians argue that unless the government extends some projects more than 100,000 people in Metro Toronto will lose essential community and social services.

In addition most of the 2,330 LIP workers in Metro will be thrown out of work when their funding ends. (See the *Citizen* April 20 for a detailed report.) Only a handful of local projects within special categories — for example, those involving native Canadians — will be extended under announced government guidelines.

LIP workers and others interested in information about the association of projects and its activities should call 485-6142, 533-5596 or 789-4541.

ANNEX RATEPAYERS' 50TH FETE MAY 26

The Annex Ratepayers Association will hold a festival of entertainment Saturday night, May 26, to mark its 50th Anniversary. Other celebration activities include a display of photographs and artwork of the old and present day Annex, publication of a book on the history of the area and a house-and-garden tour which will be held in September.

The Annex Ratepayers Association is the oldest continually active community group in Canada. It was founded in 1923 and has always been in the forefront of the fight to preserve neighborhoods against the encroachment of the surrounding metropolitan area. It has a number of notable achievements in protecting its environment against excessive high rise development.

The Annex area itself was founded 75 years ago. It comprised farmland and a few homes at the then northern boundary of the City of Toronto. When the City incorporated the area it popularly became known as the Annex. The present boundaries are Bloor Street on the south, Bathurst Street on the west, the CPR tracks on the North, and Avenue Road on the East.

A mixed bag of family and adult entertainment will be featured at the festival on the 26th. The outdoor party will be held on the school yard at Huron Public School and will start with a

presentation by the Lampion Puppet-theatre at 7 p.m. French and Scottish Square dancing will follow along with a jazz band and folk singers Diane and Tony Chairrelli, and Pat Mundinger. Refreshments will be available and admission is \$1 for adults. Children will be admitted free. In case of bad weather the party will be held in the school.

Gwen Egan, the anniversary celebration co-ordinator stresses that the activities are for everyone in the Annex not just members of the association. "We want everybody in the Annex to come out and take part. It will give them a good opportunity to meet their neighbors and see what the Association has to offer them."

At present the group has 425 paid members but a campaign is underway to get hundreds of more residents — both homeowners and tenants — into the association.

The photograph and artwork display will be held between May 28 and June 18 at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education on Bloor Street. It provides a graphic view of the changes in the Annex during the past 75 years. The display is being co-sponsored by the Canadian Studies division at O.I.S.E.

The history book on the Annex and the Ratepayers Association will be published by Peter Martin in the autumn.

West Toronto toy library may survive when LIP ends

A West Toronto toy library set up with a Local Initiatives grant will probably not fold the end of May like other LIP projects, but alternate funding sources are difficult to come by.

The library is located at 1087 Bloor Street beside the Bloor Gladstone Public Library. The idea is not a novel one. There are similar libraries in Europe, the United States and Australia; in Canada, there is a toy library in Winnipeg, and some are scheduled to be set up in British Columbia.

An impressive toy-lending centre is located in a lower income area of Brighton, England. The library has 2500 toys, and retired craftsmen produce more toys and repair broken ones. The children are also encouraged to help repair toys.

Toronto's toy-lending library is on a more modest scale. Set up in January, it's located on the bottom floor of an older house — two rooms for toys and a lounge for parents. There are 250 toys,

which are shared by about 200 children.

The kids come in with their parents, play for a while and then select two toys they like for a two week period. Remarkably few toys are broken.

The provincial government's Sport and Recreation Department has conditionally offered to fund one full-time co-ordinator for the Toy Library providing the Library Board gives its support to the project. At the last Board meeting, the Library agreed on a budget of \$2,500 for the purchase of toys, but recommended that the City Parks and Recreation Department pick up the tab for rent and operating costs. The Toy Library would rather spend part of the toy purchase budget for rent and seek donations of toys, but the Board was specific about the use of that money. It looks like the Toy Library will continue after LIP support ceases. However the funding arrangement is complicated, limited and uncertain. (Phone, 531-8151)

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Downtown is no place for birds

by Owen Moorhouse

City skyscrapers are usually condemned on esthetic grounds. We generally do not connect them with ecological destruction in urban areas like Toronto which were desecrated generations ago. But the modern towers which dominate Toronto's skyline are a significant cause of bird mortality, particularly during periods of migration.

The unhappy fact is that the skyscrapers of the Toronto Dominion Centre and the Commerce Court have been erected squarely in the flyway of many night migrants. These birds, when migrating southward, do not cross Lake Ontario, but rather, having reached the lake, turn westward and follow its northern shoreline. For those birds which meet the lake east of Toronto, the city's tall buildings lie directly in their path.

Toronto's skyscrapers are a peril only for birds which migrate at night. Few day migrants pass near Toronto, and those that do take a route which lies over the Scarborough bluffs, the islands and the island airport. They avoid the city core.

Precisely why skyscrapers should be such a hazard to nocturnal migrants is not yet completely understood according to J. E. Mason, who has for a number of years been studying the problem of bird kills at the Toronto Dominion Centre and, more recently, at the Commerce Court. He does say, however, that lighting plays a very important role in the destruction of these birds.

Night migrants rely on the stars for orientation, but during fog, rain or over-

cast, they fly beneath the cloud cover, descending as it gets lower. This fact by itself increases the risk of collision with tall structures. But below the clouds, the birds have also lost their means to orient themselves, and they tend to fly towards any visible source of light. Enormous illuminated structures like modern skyscrapers strongly attract them and, because of their brightness, also blind the birds, making fatal encounters likely.

Turn off lights

The number of collisions could be substantially reduced if all the lights in skyscrapers were extinguished, but because these buildings are occupied 24 hours a day, such a course is not entirely feasible. Mason does note, however, that both the Toronto Dominion Centre and the Commerce Court have been cooperative on this point. As many lights as possible are turned out in the T-D building during migration periods, and the exterior lights of Commerce Court are darkened.

Wind is another lethal factor. On a windy day, treacherous air currents can develop around tall buildings, and birds, which may already be flying low because of inclement weather, can be forced even lower and flung against walls or windows by the turbulence.

Some solutions for reducing bird mortality caused by buildings are rather bizarre. It has been suggested, for example, that the silhouettes of diving eagles be placed in windows or that stuffed owls be deployed around dangerous structures. But these approaches to the problem are not particularly effective.

Mason says that these measures are only useful for preventing birds which have already collided once with the building, and have fallen, stunned, to the ground, from flying again at the building when they recover. Frequently, birds, if not killed by the initial collision, will repeatedly fly at and crash into a source of light until they permanently disable or kill themselves.

Only skyscrapers recently constructed in Toronto are hazards for birds. The old Bank of Commerce building, which until a few years ago was the tallest building in Toronto, presents no danger to migrants.

Other man-made structures, however, can be the cause of significant kills. Birds are attracted to the red warning light on the CFTO-TV tower in Agincourt, and therefore run the risk of colliding either with the tower itself or the guy wires which support it. It is also possible that the proposed CN communications tower in the Metro Centre Development will prove lethal for birds. Alderman John Sewell has requested a

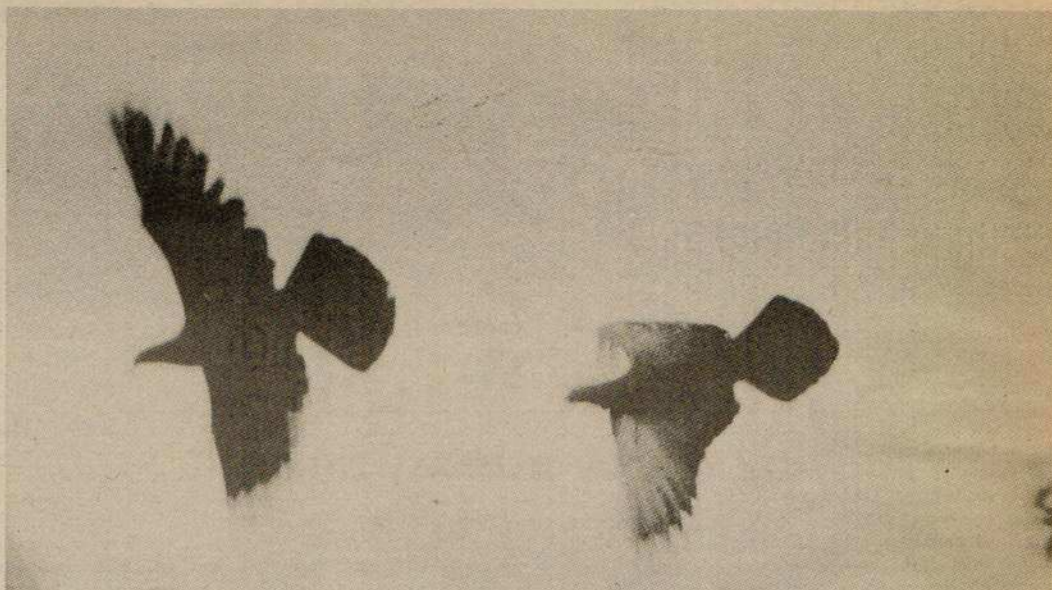


photo: Brian Cranley

report on this problem from the Federation of Ontario Naturalists to be presented at the Buildings and Development Committee toward the end of this month.

Deadly lights

The powerful lights which are found atop lighthouses or which are sometimes used for sales promotion can also prove deadly to nocturnal migrants. Having been drawn to the light beam, large numbers of birds circle around it, some colliding with others and falling to earth.

An estimate of the number of birds killed by Toronto skyscrapers has been made. Mason recorded in a published article that trips to the Toronto Dominion Centre on 54 different days during the fall migration period of 1969 resulted in the discovery of 199 dead birds. This figure is undoubtedly lower than the actual number of kills during this period. Some of the birds killed are blown onto roof tops or other inaccessible places, and the remains of others may be devoured by rats. Dead birds are also stolen by individuals for a variety of reasons — some have their own private skin collections.

The unauthorized removal of dead birds from around structures like the Toronto Dominion Centre not only interferes with the research of ornithologists, but is also illegal. Only those persons licensed by the Canadian Wildlife Service are permitted to collect them.

Other people steal live birds which have only been stunned by a collision. There is a substantial black market demand for caged live birds, especially such colourful species as cardinals and warblers, and some individuals exploit

this market by capturing and selling these birds. Since these individuals and their customers know nothing about the care of these wild species, the practice is a particularly cruel one.

The size of the kills during the spring migration, now at its peak, is at least at the Toronto Dominion Centre, of the same order as the autumn kills. Commerce Court, which was constructed after the data already quoted had been collected, is not, for some unexplained reason, as hazardous to birds as its neighbour.

Some bird mortality statistics for other structures in Ontario are also available — as many as 2,000 kills have been recorded in a single night of bad weather at the Long Point lighthouse. Nature herself can also exact a severe toll on migrating birds. Thousands of them can be drowned while attempting to cross such large bodies of water as the Great Lakes under adverse conditions.

Compared with such massive kills, the number of deaths caused by tall buildings, television towers and other structures seem relatively meagre. But in flying over Southern Canada and the United States, the migrants must encounter a large number of such obstacles, and the overall destruction of birds by man-made objects in North America is far from negligible.

In Toronto itself, one can assume that skyscrapers will continue to be built in the flyway over downtown Toronto and that bird mortality will continue to increase. Nor is there much that can be done to protect those birds now migrating northward except hope for clear still nights.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES DEPT.

Observed last week in a midtown bookstore which is one of the most dependable local sources of hard-core political literature in Toronto were a couple of piles of freshly minted paperback copies of the book which brings order from chaos, which makes a diverse crowd of strangers a smoothly functioning machine, which makes dullards of the most exciting individuals — *Robert's Rules of Order*.

BAIN, MEET SEWELL; SEWELL, MEET BAIN

A Meridian Property Manager named Bain made lots of promises to St. Jamestown tenants at what he affably termed a "marvellous" meeting May 6 — more security guards; 100 watt bulb in the garages; places for bicycle storage; cable T.V. soon; grass on the visitors' parking lots if tenants succeed in getting by-laws changed so that Meridian can charge visitors for underground parking. For the rest of Toronto he made even greater promises — "There will be a West St. Jamestown, and a North St. Jamestown, and, we hope, a South St. Jamestown."

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"Children under two years are extremely susceptible"

(continued from page 1)

proper diagnosis is made.

There is a great amount of controversy concerning what constitutes a "dangerous" level of lead. In adults, a level of 100 micrograms per 100 millilitres of blood is definitely not considered safe, while in children many doctors consider a reading of 20 micrograms as dangerous since the body is still being formed.

Dr. David Parkinson, an endocrinologist at the Hospital for Sick Children who has taken a personal interest in the plight of the Niagara Street residents, agrees that a level of 20 micrograms is dangerous and points out that children under the age of two are extremely susceptible to lead poisoning. Not only is such a child more likely to come in contact with lead in the first place, since children that age crawl on the ground and put their fingers in their mouths, but at this age the brain is still being formed, and any injury to it will be both serious and permanent.

Blood test results

Blood tests taken on children living in the area in both July and November, 1972, showed an average reading of approximately 40 micrograms, and one child, Robert Regina, had a reading of 66 micrograms. All the children tested were between the ages of six and 12. Both blood tests required a lot of blood

(nine and ten c.c. for July and November respectively), and so the tests were not carried out on very young children. Their lead levels are unknown.

The residents complain that there is no need to take so much blood for this test. Their protests are backed by the fact that authorities in the United States conduct similar tests with only a pin-prick sample. When asked why the Toronto Department of Health didn't follow the American lead, Dr. J. W. Mitchell, the Assistant Officer of Health, claimed that the test is very complex and that there is concern about the great risk of contamination when dealing with such a small sample of blood. According to Mitchell, tests are presently underway to determine the accuracy of the American method; possibly some time in the future such a test will be made available to the Niagara Street residents.

Unless forced to do so by the government, it seems very unlikely that Toronto Refiners and Smelters will take any action to solve the problem of their pollution. The company is presently taking a the-less-said-about-this-the-better attitude. When contacted by the *Citizen* earlier this month, an official for the company said he had been instructed by his lawyers not to discuss the matter with the press.

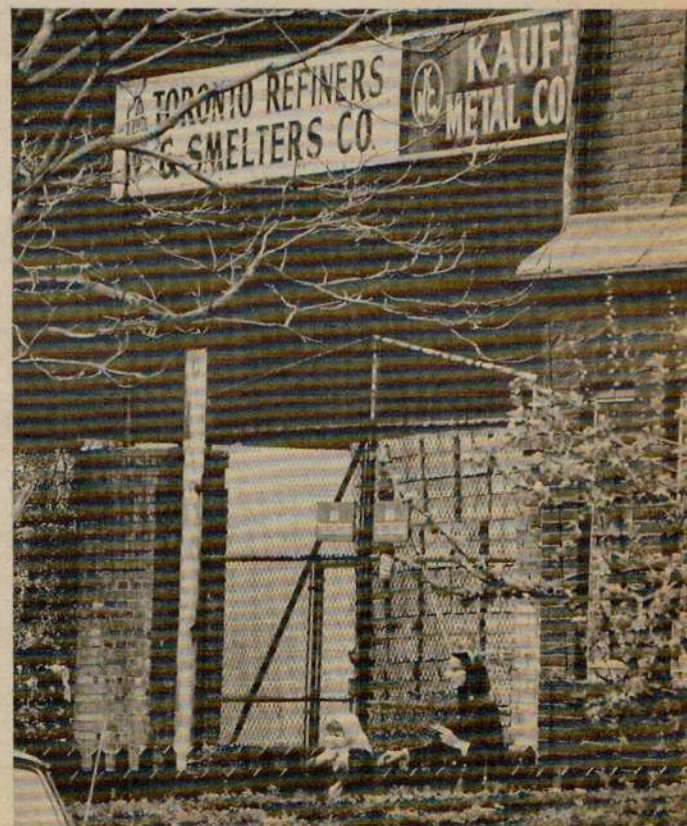


photo: Phil Lapides

Niagara Street has learned to live with its neighborhood menace.

There has never been love lost between the Star and the gays

(continued from page 1)

web, Toronto's alternate press would have been far less prolific than it has been during the past decade. Today there is at least one other competitively priced printer — also non-union — but for a while there was only Newsweb.

Enter the Star

In 1971, with capital help from the Toronto Star, which had acquired 50% of the company, Newsweb moved from old headquarters into a new industrial park. The Star, which had been a silent partner while the company remained in its old plant and during construction of the new one, began asserting itself on the business end of the operation. Accounts formerly filed in carton boxes were modernized. The office side of the company was rationalized. The Star seemed uninterested or was unaware that, amid all the commercial and big-time jobs Newsweb was doing, were the small alternate publications. As they had ignored the plant's non-union status, the alternate editors ignored Newsweb's new partner; they figured it was more important to get printed than stop publishing on a point of principle.

Last October the Star acquired another 30% of Newsweb, upping its share to 80%, and for the past eight months much of Toronto's alternate press has been in the incongruous position of patronizing printing facilities owned and controlled by the obese fat-cat of Canadian journalism. The Star continued, by design or ignorance, to ignore them. Now the Star has made its first move against its tiny customers.

A little bit much

A second reason — besides its cheap prices — why Newsweb has gotten along well with Toronto's alternate press is that censorship at the plant has been virtually unknown. It's never seemed to matter to Newsweb that it prints newspapers whose politics range from discreetly subversive to wildly radical and whose moral postures are generally non-conforming and occasionally revolutionary.

Newsweb's president, Doug Dempsey, who ran the plant prior to the Star takeover, and now runs it for the Star, describes his past attitude toward "questionable" material as "let's try to keep this in line". He thought two pictures in the last issue of *Body Politic* in February were "a little bit much", and before he printed the paper, he spoke with the editors about the pictures and suggested they cool it a bit in the future. But he did print the paper.

About six years ago a similar situation arose with the *Varsity*, and Dempsey resolved it in the same informal way. During the War Measures Act, when English Canada seemed to lose its collective senses for a short while, he held up publication of a few leftist papers. But that's pretty well been the history of censorship at Newsweb. Dempsey has toyed with setting up some "guidelines," but he says he just "never got around to drawing them up".

Now the Star has taken charge. Dempsey has been told to draw up "guidelines" for "acceptable" material, and on orders from the Star Dempsey has told *Body Politic* that future issues of the paper will be inspected against the yardstick of the "guidelines". As well, all of Newsweb's other customers will be expected to conform, accept the printing plant's censorship or find another printer.

ii: the Star and the gays

There has never been much love lost between the Star and the gay community. Local homosexuals single out a particular recent incident which they believe typifies the Star's attitude toward them.

During the past one or two years gay liberation has begun to feel real flushes of success in the struggle to sort out fact from fantasy about homosexuality in the public mind. The movement has come so far as to persuade the American Psychiatric Institute to alter its classification of homosexuality from "sickness" to "life style". In this milieu, on January 10 this year, the Star published an "opinion" article on its editorial page which termed homosexuals

On January 10 the Star published an "opinion" article which termed homosexuals "deviant predators" and "psychopaths".

"deviant predators" and "psychopaths" and which said that homosexual behavior is "absolutely involuntary" and that "every other mental function is skewed" by it.

The article went beyond simply flying in the face of extensive research by social scientists and writings by homosexuals about gay life. With some fervor, the author linked homosexuality to "the Fall" with a capital F. Local homosexuals and social scientists are aware that some people hold this view of the gay community, but they were stunned that the Star would publish an article expressing it. They describe it as a vicious piece of hate literature which never would have found its way into print had it been about a more fashionable minority group.

Toronto homosexuals were not, then, entirely surprised in April when the newspaper which published that article refused to accept a classified ad soliciting subscriptions for *Body Politic*. The ad, which would have run as a business classified, read, *Body Politic*, *Gay liberation journal*, \$2.00 for six issues, 4 Kensington Street, Toronto.

A family newspaper

The *Citizen* asked Star marketing director Lionel Mohr why the ad was refused. Mohr explained simply that the Star is a "family newspaper". The *Citizen* attempted to engage Mohr in conversation on the point of what is and isn't suitable advertising in a "family newspaper" and pointed out that Star entertainment advertising has included material which displays women in various postures of masturbatory ecstasy, implies that women cannot control sexual urges and suggests that women tend to ache for a variety of "forbidden pleasures". Mohr said he was unfamiliar with this advertising and had no comment.

In the wake of an Ontario Press Council decision that the Star's refusal to print *Body Politic*'s ad was discriminatory, Mohr told *Body Politic*'s editors that the Star is reviewing its policy. They asked how long this might take, and he replied anywhere from one day to five years.

The *Globe and Mail* ran a small story on the Star-*Body Politic* controversy, and with barely concealed glee the *Globe* noted that the publication which the Star felt too offensive to advertise was printed on the Star-owned press at Newsweb. The Star had been unaware of this until the *Globe* reported it, according to a *Citizen* informant, and when it found out, Canada's biggest newspaper swung into action — corporate action. Dempsey got his orders; sight unseen, future issues of *Body Politic* were not to be printed without "guidelines".

Exactly what "guidelines" means isn't clear. Lawyers generally acknowledge that there simply aren't legal tools to draft a brief on what can and can't be printed in Canada beyond the realm of libel. Concerning "obscenity", the law seems to operate by whim; police charges and court convictions are most easily described as capricious. The Star itself discussed this utter confusion in a May 5 article by Rae Corelli.

iii: simply an arrangement

In the absence of any objective guidelines about what is and isn't legally printable, lawyers with whom the *Citizen* spoke, including *Body Politic*'s solicitor Fred Zemans, suggest that any Newsweb "guidelines" will be simply an arrangement between the Star and its customers. Freedom of Newsweb's press will belong to the man who owns it.

What will be forbidden? The two pictures which Dempsey queried in the last *Body Politic* caught Newsweb's eye because of what a family newspaper might describe as male frontal nudity. One was a witty, if unconventional, artist's work which has been exhibited in galleries; the other was an innocent candid photo devoid of sexual connotation. They are rather staid in comparison with material freely available in bookshops throughout Toronto. Newsweb itself, according to one *Body Politic* spokesman, has printed far less innocently intended illustrations in various non-alternate publications like *Confidential Flash*.

Another area for censorship is *Body Politic*'s editorial content. Last year the paper ran a frank, somewhat theoretical and open-ended article about adult-adolescent homosexual encounters. A gay writer said openly that he finds teen-aged males attractive and discussed the fact. The Star's Mohr is reported by *Body Politic*'s editors to have had a clipping of the article on his desk when he explained why the classified ad was refused.

When it appeared last year, the article brought purple rage to the faces of Star and *Globe* journalists who have never glanced twice — at least professionally — at mass magazines which bill teen-aged females as "playmates" or at movies with titles like *Teenie Tulip*; the Star, in fact, found *Teenie Tulip* ads quite acceptable fare for a family newspaper. A *Globe* columnist nearly choked on his exclamation points in a condemnation of *Body Politic*'s outrageous promotion of the seduction of young boys. No-one seemed especially interested that *Body Politic* had been promoting nothing of the kind. It remained unreported at the time that court cases involving men and young girls far outnumber those involving men and boys; these are, in fact, rare.

No-one is sure just yet what the Star and Newsweb will attempt to censor — probably "obscenity", in whatever way they choose to define that, but what else? Already there is talk among a few Newsweb customers of moving their business elsewhere if any serious threat of censorship arises, if Newsweb's "guidelines" aren't just a paper tiger. It isn't clear yet whether other alternate papers will find prices at Newsweb competitors hiked beyond their means as *Body Politic* already has in its efforts to get its unprinted issue published.

iv: a corporate entity

The Star as a newspaper is beside the point here. The point is that the Star as a corporate entity threatens a free press in Toronto. While nothing has actually been censored yet at Newsweb — *Body Politic*'s editors have refused to submit their unpublished issue for scrutiny — the spectre of censorship has been raised. It's interesting that it has been raised not by the law and not by a cautious small-time printer but by the same people who run the largest newspaper in the country. Fortunately the Star does not control every printing press in Toronto.

It controls quite a lot of them though. The Star doesn't just happen to own Newsweb; acquiring Newsweb Enterprises has been part of a Star corporate expansion and diversification program which has already been going on for a decade and shows no signs of flagging.

With the exception of the *Globe and Mail*, any newspaper you buy in Metro is likely to be owned by the Star or printed in a Star-owned plant. In addition,

(continued, page 6)

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Citizen

Just what business is the Star in?

(continued from page 5)

tion to its daily, the *Star* owns 80% to 100% of every suburban Metro newspaper with a paid circulation of 5,000 or more. These include the Etobicoke *Guardian* (100%), the Etobicoke *Advertiser* (100%), the Don Mills *Mirror* (80%), the Downsview Weston *Mirror* (80%), the Willowdale *Mirror Enterprise* (80%), the Weston York *Times* (100%) and the Scarborough *Mirror* (80%).

Beyond this, Newsweb prints the *Toronto Citizen*, the *Ward Seven News*, *Guerilla*, the *Other Woman*, the *Parkdale Tenant*, *Community Schools*, the *Young Socialist*, *Amex* and several other small publications. And Newsweb is one of three printers which share the daily press run of the *Toronto Sun*.

In addition, the *Star* owns newspapers in Aurora, Burlington, Mississauga, Oakville, Richmond Hill and Woodbridge. In partnership with Southam, in a company called Southstar, the *Star* publishes *Star Weekly* and *Canadian Magazine*, a supplement in 13 Canadian newspapers.

Areas of planned expansion at the *Star* include a move into television — *Star* publisher Beland Honderich is rumored to sob softly at the mere mention of John Bassett's Channel Nine — and the morning daily field. The *Star* will probably challenge the *Globe* and *Sun* for Metro's morning paper market within a year.

The Star's business

At first glance it might appear the *Star's* business is establishing a publishing empire. This is partly true. The *Star*

The *Star* owns 80% to 100% of every suburban Metro newspaper with a paid circulation of 5,000 or more.

is interested in establishing a publishing empire insofar as that facilitates the business which it is in — making money. The nature of the *Star's* business is made clear in a 1970 prospectus of the company by a local investment firm, Harris and Partners.

The Harris report observes that until the mid-Sixties *Star* revenues and earnings followed a generally "lacklustre performance" and that "the *Star* (as of 1970) does not have as high a profit margin as many other newspapers". The "major factors inhibiting the *Star's* level of profitability" were, according to Harris:

- 1) the existence of three daily newspapers competing for advertising and circulation in Toronto;
- 2) a poor production plant;

3) "a management philosophy more committed to journalistic excellence than profits".

But the Harris report sounded a note of cautious optimism about the *Star* in 1970. "The company has made significant moves to correct the trend of less than adequate profitability Management's philosophy toward the importance of profit is becoming more positive (There is) a more aggressive management attitude towards increasing the newspaper's level of profitability."

Three things have happened since 1970:

- 1) the *Star's* prime daily competitor has gone out of business;
- 2) the *Star* has moved into new production facilities;
- 3) the *Star's* journalism has gone from mediocre to bad to worse in spite of the contributions of a few talented reporters who function mostly as showpieces; the *Star's* own writers often act like the children of particularly odious parents with whom they are not very pleased to be associated.

This has all been wonderful news for *Star* investors. The changes affecting the daily *Star* and the company's burgeoning chain of Metro area enterprises have increased the *Star's* net profit from \$1.5 million in 1968 to \$3.3 million last year. During the last quarter of 1972 dividends were 91c a share, up from 41c a share in the last quarter of 1971. The *Star* is making money hand over fist.

Octopi and corpses

The *Star* isn't unusual. Growth of corporate octopi amid the corpses of dead

papers, subservience of journalistic to corporate achievement, increasing concentration of ownership of printing presses — these have been the recent history of newspaper journalism.

The *Toronto Telegram*, our local corpse, was a major metropolitan daily mourned by hundreds of thousands when it expired. *Body Politic* is a tiny paper, a passable but not remarkable paper. If it never published again, few would notice its absence. If it died a natural death, no-one would be surprised; life expectancy amid the brutal economics of the alternate press is very brief.

If *Body Politic* doesn't just die though, if it becomes a notch on the *Star's* corporate holster, the event may in its own small way be as important as the *Telegram's* demise.

THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME—AND GENERAL MOTORS

From sea to sea. From throughout Canada the news rushes in. Nova Scotia presses ahead with plans for a highway through the Annapolis Valley. The Trans-Canada highway is widened in yet another hinterland. The Province of Ontario prepares to begin a superhighway through Georgian Bay country from Toronto to Sudbury, and massive new interchanges are proposed for the Queen Elizabeth Way. Not even the northland seems safe from the automobile. Nary a week goes by without news of another victory for the road builders over the Canadian countryside. Accompanying reports invariably include traffic count projections from the responsible governments which indicate that by 1980 or 1990 we may expect hundreds of thousands more cars tooling hither and yon. From St. John's harbor to Vancouver Island

citizen classified

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Volunteers for Campus Community co-op Day Care Centre. We need people desperately. Please call 924-7075 or 962-5933 (Maggie).

Women to volunteer time and energy
in a house designed to give help and support to sole women with children. Call Interval House 924-1491.

MONEY AVAILABLE
A church in the Bathurst-Bloor community has received money which it would like to invest in socially useful projects. If you are involved in a project with a positive social purpose, please send an outline of your project to Betsy Anderson, c/o Toronto Citizen, 171 Harbord Street, Toronto M5S 1H3.

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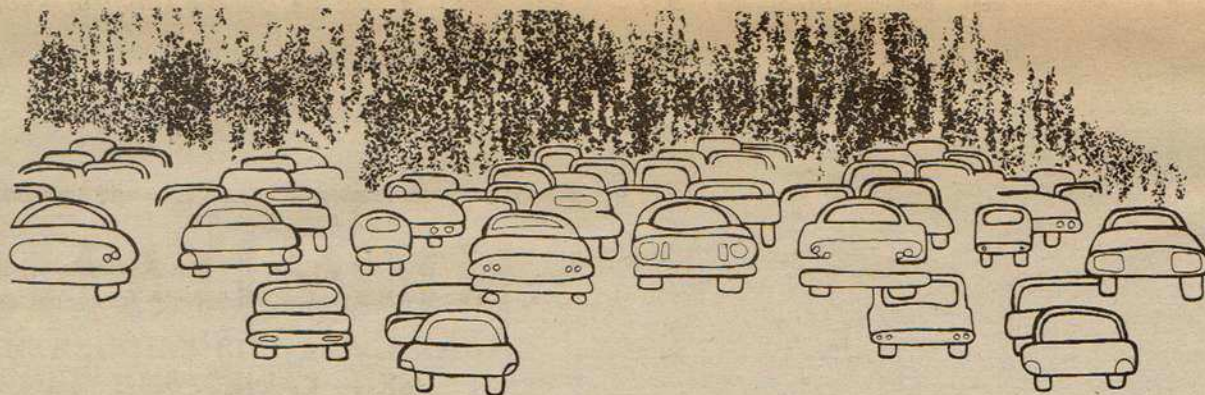
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- . Should one be built?
- . If so, what route should it follow?
- . If not, what, if anything, should replace it?

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

Panelists will include: NADINE NOWLAN, City Planning Board member; RICHARD SOBERMAN, Plan Review Director; Alderman DOROTHY THOMAS, Ward 9; a representative of the Urban Review Corporation; and others.

All the meetings will be moderated by Alderman Reid Scott, Ward 9, and chaired by a representative of the Metro Planning Board.

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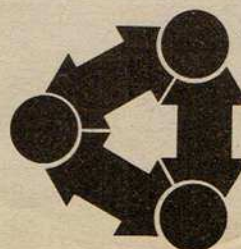
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The reform Council is a disappointment

by Jack Granatstein

Jack Granatstein, a Ward Five resident, was an active supporter of reform candidates in last December's civic election. In this article he outlines his views on what has happened at City Hall since the election.

Almost six months have gone by since the last City elections. Enough has happened — or not happened — to give us all a fair idea of the kind of City Council we elected last December. The record is a mixed one; it is fair to say that results have not lived up to expectations.

Before the election, the position was very clear to the heterogeneous groups that made up the reform movement in the City. The enemy was very visible; the developers were in charge. The reformers on and off the Council had no difficulty in cooperating to try to restore some balance to Council and some sensible planning to the growth



photo: Bill Lindsay

Granatstein: "Some bright lights, but no-one has taken the lead."

of the City.

Very few expected the extent of the

electoral victory. The results exceeded the most optimistic predictions. The ras-cals were driven out, and the work, time and money that had been expended in what sometimes seemed a hopeless cause suddenly appeared well spent. The victory, in large part, was won because the issues had hit home to a very large number of people. Development, unbridled, unchecked, unplanned, was a threat that each of us could see. Voter turnout went up, especially in the middle class wards, and David Crombie won with an astonishing plurality. In the east end of Ward Five, he received upwards of three-quarters of the vote, and in the same ward two reform aldermen were elected with over 10,000 votes each, roughly double the vote gained by the winners three years earlier. It was a victory for the citizens' movement, for associations like North Jarvis, ABC, Lytton Park; it was a victory for CORRA and CO 72.

This is a Council of individuals, all riding their own particular and peculiar hobbyhorse. No-one is providing a clear lead.

Euphoria wore off

The euphoria wore off very quickly. One of the first blows to the reformist expectations came when the Executive Committee was chosen. That callow youth, Art Eggleton, was included and so was Reid Scott, the quintessential corporate NDPer. Quasi-reform was in control.

Another shock was the Council's rapid cave-in on the police tower location, probably the most abject surrender to blue power in Toronto's history. Even worse was the refusal of this reform Council to repeal the West St. James Town by-law, a thoroughly bad piece of legislation passed by the last Council. Mayor Crombie was primarily responsible for letting down the reform side on this matter. He believed, wrongly, that the Ontario Municipal Board would never accept such bad planning. He believed in observing the process, and the process did not include repealing the acts of a previous council. That view was founded on a poor understanding of history and government, but it nonetheless prevailed.

The mayor demonstrated a similar lack of judgment when he called in the police to eject from Council chamber a small group of tenants from the Bleeker Street area. He confirmed his obtuseness when he excoriated the demonstrators at Sherbourne-Dundas and CORRA as people who were protesting simply for the sake of protesting. Mayor Dennison, meet Mayor Crombie.

This was stupid, of course, because the protestors had given the mayor the clout he needed to negotiate with the province on Sherbourne-Dundas. That something other than demolition emerged was a tribute to the protestors as much as it was to David Crombie. Most important, perhaps, in the long run was that Sherbourne-Dundas demonstrated that the mayor is an expert at the Barrett ploy. The British Columbia premier, elected with the support of organized labour, lost no time in attacking his erstwhile supporters. Mayor Crombie, elected by the reform movement, has chosen the same route. He has seen his task as accommodation with the developers and the right-wing. He is trying to demonstrate that he is his own man, that he is independent and the captive of no one. As tactics, the Barrett/Crombie ploy is a good short-term move; as strategy, however, it is inevitably going to force Crombie to look elsewhere for support in the next election — an election for which he has already announced his candidacy.

Jaffary and Kilbourn

The mayor is not the only reformer to let down his supporters. Karl Jaffary has submerged himself in his work and clearly resents impositions that citizens might make upon his valuable time. He told CORRA executive at a recent meeting that if he didn't have to listen to delegations and citizens he would have more time to work. All hail, the super bureaucrat, the hercules cleansing the stables. Jaffary's Executive Committee colleague, Bill Kilbourn, has likewise been a bit of a disappointment. As a good Liberal, Kilbourn seems to aspire to bigger and better things, probably the Ontario Liberal leadership. More critically, he has shown a remarkable hesitancy to express any criticism of the mayor in public. At a recent meeting, he was abjectly fulsome in his praise of Crombie, and he exceeded this panegyric only in his support for Works Commissioner Ray Bremner.

There have been some bright lights

among the other reform alderman — Anne Johnston, for one — but no one has stepped forward and taken the lead. Perhaps all the aldermen are afraid of the mayor and his big stick. Increasingly this seems to be a Council like the others.

Of course, that statement needs qualification. There is no longer a Rotenberg on Council to act as the skillful front for the developers. The mayor, unlike his predecessor, is at least alive, and he is a compromiser of skill and flexibility. Citizen groups can usually get what they want, so long as their requests fit within fairly narrow parameters. And no big developments have passed through City Council thus far. These changes are important and are definitely progress. But this is still a City Council of individuals, all riding their own particular and peculiar hobbyhorse. No one is providing a clear lead for reform of a fundamental kind, no one that is except John Sewell who seems to be playing the same role of conscience and spur that he played in the last Council. Now he is assisted by Dorothy Thomas and Dan Heap and the three aldermen from the reform group on Council.

Where from here?

Where do we go from here? It seems clear that this Council will not deliver any fundamental reform of the City's government, bureaucracy or relationship with citizens. The task of the reform movement, in my view, should be to press unrelentingly for such change. But how?

The sole way is for the reform movement to support the reform trio on Council. This means that citizens' groups have to return to the opposition posture they had adopted before December. This means a return to being reactive. This does not mean a declaration of war against the remaining reformist aldermen. Most of them have taken good care of constituents and their pot-holes. But it does mean that the reform movement should begin to press them harder and harder to deliver real change, not band-aid change.

Will such a tactic be self-defeating? Probably not. The mayor is in charge, as much as anyone can be said to be in charge of a Council like this. He is a self-professed compromiser, a man who tries to find the middle way, a Mackenzie King. He is not a man of fixed principle — certainly he has yet to do anything to preserve neighbourhoods, his one major campaign theme, beyond attempting to sacrifice Quebec-Gothic and sacrificing West St. James Town before the great god, process. As a flexible pragmatist, Crombie will react only to pressure, and such pressure has to come from the organized, articulate reform movement. The right-wing/development thrust is articulate and well-organized, and those who want change have to make themselves heard.

If this is to occur, the reform movement has to rally its troops once more. This means getting the neighbours out to City Hall once again; this means calling the aldermen and pressing them to do the right thing; this means the organization of CQ 74 now. Perhaps the Mayor could be pressed to honour his campaign promise of regular town hall meetings, and these could be turned into a forum. A large hall could be filled with disillusioned and ignored Crombie supporters. And the aldermen, squeezed out of the decision-making process by the Mayor, might be able to ask a question or two at such meetings. We still have a city to save.

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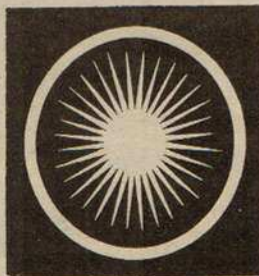
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Toronto's hidden 18,000 native Canadians

We may hear more from our "good Indians" soon.

by Larry Krotz

Lillie arrived in Toronto when she was 18, dropped off at the corner of Yonge and Lawrence by some obliging people who had given her a ride from Penetang up on Georgian Bay. That was in 1940. She found work, eventually, at housekeeping jobs and in a hat factory where she made ten dollars a week. She moved into a little room by herself and learned to make a loaf of bread last between pay cheques. Lillie still lives in Toronto and believes that while the adjustments in a city may be difficult, there is more of a future for Indian girls here than back on the reserves.

Doug is 24. He wears his black hair long and holds it in with a leather head band. He came to Toronto ten years ago from the Garden River Reserve near Sault Ste Marie. He spent some time in school here and has worked with both the Union of Ontario Indians and the Metis & Non-Status Association. Currently, he is on staff on a LIP project providing evening cultural and educational programs for Indian children. He says he is lucky because he has a job he likes. He feels that if he had to take a job he didn't like or could get no job at all, he would be better off back home on the reserve.

Sadie, a 17-year old Eskimo girl, is no longer in Toronto. She is back home in Inuvik, far up on the Mackenzie delta. A year ago she made her way to Edmonton; there she met a man who took her with him to London, Ontario, where he abandoned her. She was sent to Toronto to a hostel for young native girls, and the people there found a way to get her back to Inuvik. Sadie could speak no English.

Twenty years ago there were about 300 native people in Toronto. There is no census to tell exactly how many live here now. The lower estimates place the number at 18,000, and some people feel there could be twice that. Unlike Winnipeg or Edmonton, Toronto's native minority is not a highly visible one. Toronto is a cosmopolitan place where minorities can easily remain undetected. The Indian population is scattered throughout the whole of the city. There are virtually no neighborhoods that are distinctly Indian. Even the agencies that attempt to deal specifically with Indian people in Toronto can only guess at their numbers and their whereabouts.

Cabbagetown and Parkdale

The best estimates of where the Indian people of Toronto live divide half of them between Cabbagetown and Parkdale. These are the most concentrated areas of Indian population. The other half lives throughout the city from suburban Willowdale to public housing developments in Scarborough. Cathy Beamish who is white, but who worked for a year on a Union of Ontario Indians study *Indians in the City*, says that the native population breaks down into four categories.

There is a small group of established working-class families who have lived, worked and raised their children in Toronto for ten or more years. There is a small group of professionals — teachers, nurses, administrators — who have done well by white standards and are affluent and settled in the city. There is a significant one-third of the Indian population that is made up of single-parent, mother-led families living often on the poverty line, often on welfare, often in Cabbagetown or Parkdale. "These," says Beamish, "are families that have broken up under the pressures of life in Toronto or else suffered a break-up on the reserve prompting the mother to bring the children to the city." Another third are single people — old men and young men and women. This segment is likely to be highly transient, a lot of people seeking work or schooling; most of them are likely unemployed.

Beamish says that there are no figures for the rate of unemployment among Indian people in Toronto, but it is likely to compare with the national rate for

native people which is between 30 and 40%. Jim Law, a co-ordinator at the Metis & Non-Status Association's office on College Street says that even if an Indian has skills for bush work or a lumber mill up north, he is not likely to find a job easily in the city when he hasn't got the education even to fill out a job application form. Mildred Redmond, director of the Native Canadian Friendship Centre on Beverly Street, says that it is probably easier for girls to get jobs than men, but it is not terribly easy for either.

Even without the support of concise statistics, the people who work most among the Indian population are able to come to some generalizations about the patterns of life of native people in Toronto. The high rate of unemployment is one. A high ratio of single-parent families and a high rate of alcoholism are two others. A high rate of transience is a fourth. Bob Holota, a community worker at the Beverly Street Friendship Centre, says that the number of Indian people in Toronto varies with the weather. When the weather gets nice in the spring, it is a good time to go back up north. Beatrice Monaque, who works at Anduhyau, a hostel for transient girls on Spadina Road, says that almost everyone on Manitoulin Island or any other reserve within travelling distance of Toronto has been to the city at least once seeking work or a different way of life. Since July, 1972, over one hundred girls have passed through Anduhyau House.

Reluctant to use services

A fifth generalization that can be made, says Cathy Beamish, is that Indian people are notoriously poor users of available social services. "It is true," she says, "that there are things like welfare, children's aid, the schools, the police, that by their circumstances they are forced to make use of. But they are generally reluctant to approach other voluntary services like the Y's, church organizations, Boy Scouts, Neighborhood Settlement Houses." It is the goal of several fairly recently established agencies run by and for native people to either provide unimposing social services for the Indian population in the city, or to refer them to the services they might require.

Beamish works with a group on LIP funding at All Saints Church at Dundas and Sherbourne, the Native Big Brothers and Big Sisters program. Affiliated with the Metro Big Brothers organization, this project has enrolled 50 children and is talking to 20 more in attempts to come to terms with the enormous single-parent family problem among Indian people in the city. A project of cultural and educational programs with children after school is run by the Concerned Citizens Committee with LIP funding and in conjunction with the Native Canadian Friendship Centre. The Toronto Council of the Metis Non-Status Association runs a project they call Ahneen which involves programs in native culture, driver education, education for jobs and education in home-making. They claim, through this project, to have made contact with 400 families.

Beatrice Monaque's Anduhyau House on Spadina Road finds places to live for as many transient girls as it can; Wigwamen, working out of an office on Eglinton Avenue, is attempting to assemble blocks of housing to rent to native people, and the North American Indian Club has been functioning for over a decade as a social club for Indian people. Next to the North American Indian Club, the Beverly Street Friendship Centre, now called Centre for Native Canadians, is the oldest established agency dealing with native people in the city. It has been providing social services, doing court work and providing recreation for ten years now. A newspaper, the *Native Times*, is printed out of the Centre's offices and is distributed within the city and to reserves in the Toronto radius. The agencies share problems in that the



photos: Phil Lapides

The Beverly Street Native Canadian Centre is one of their handful of gathering places in Toronto. Above, Robert Holota (left) and Art Sinclair, two community workers at the centre. Below, children at the centre's after-school program, a LIP sponsored project.



Indian community remains equally difficult for all of them to gain and maintain contact with. Many of the new contacts the Friendship Centre makes are with Indian people already in trouble. They are referred to its social services by the police, the children's aid or some other body. The agencies also share the problem of funding. LIP has funded several programs recently. Although native LIP projects have been extended by the federal government beyond the May 31 deadline for most projects, this is at best a tenuous source of funding. Most agencies find that they are constantly scratching for funding. Co-ordination among agencies and organizations in programs, funding and contacting the community seems a desirable immediate goal and one for which all of them say they are working. Meanwhile life as an Indian in the big city goes on.

When asked why they come to Toronto, Indian people invariably recount their visions of a land flowing with milk and honey. As it turns out, even when the jobs aren't as plentiful or as lucrative as were expected, welfare at least is easier to get in the city than on the reserves, and one can, in receiving it, maintain a certain anonymity that leaves at least a small amount of dignity. For young people brought up in the closeness of the reserve, the city beckons with colour and adventure. But Bea Monaque remembers the loneliness of the single room she and her sister ended up in 28 years ago when they arrived from the Ojibway reserve at Rice Lake, and she says she would never encourage reserve girls to come to the city. "They are just going to end up unemployed, walking the streets — you go into a bar and you don't know what is going to happen to you." At the same time, Mildred Redmond says that there is nothing up north, and in the city she likes the comforts of a refrigerator and a hot bath.

are even discussing the possibilities of Indian classes in Toronto schools.

The development of a cultural identity among young Indian people, is especially evident, particularly after Wounded Knee. Older people tend to shy away from anything that seems to bend toward radicalism; younger people do not. Many are waiting to see what public reaction will be to strong statements of identity among Indian people in the city. Some already realize that taking a position for their native identity and rights has its risks. On March 8, 200 mostly young Indian people demonstrated outside the American consulate on University Avenue to show support for the Wounded Knee hold-out, and several of the demonstrators were visited the next day by the RCMP. They interpret the visit as a less-than-subtle warning to them to be "good Indians".

Many Indian people in Toronto feel that if the economic situation on the reserves were better, most people would prefer a life out there. But there is a general belief that the economic situation on the reserves is not going to change and will get worse. With schemes like Hydro Quebec's James Bay water diversion which threatens to displace even more northern people, most feel the influx to the cities can only increase. What that means for the cities and what that means for Indian people seem still to be pretty open-ended questions.

THAT RHYTHMIC SWISHING YOU HEAR . . .

The opposing points of view in the Metro Centre debate seemed clear. On the one side there were the developer and his allies who maintained that the enormous project for 25,000 residents and 50,000 daily commuters should be allowed to be built in the true spirit of private enterprise with as little interference from elected government as possible. On the other side were the critics and the carpers who wanted better planning. They questioned the amount of open space and parkland near the development and the transportation chaos which a development of Metro Centre's size would surely create without special planning. The federal government solved Metro Centre's park problem last winter with an announcement that it would fund and develop an 80-acre park on the lakefront beside the development. Last week TTC Chairman Franklin Young explained how we will solve the transportation problem. Instead of building a Queen Street subway, the generous taxpayers of Metro will provide Metro Centre with its very own subway. That rhythmic swishing you hear is the tail wagging the dog.



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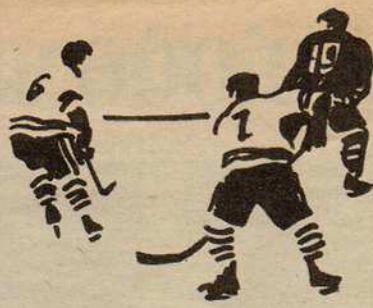
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A fan book, a nostalgic glimpse and a strident polemic



The Brothers Esposito / Their Own Story, by Phil and Tony Esposito, with Tim Moriarty, Lancer Books, New York, \$95.
Rip Off The Big Game. The Exploitation of Sports by the Power Elite by Paul Hoch, Introduction by Jack Scott, Doubleday Anchor Books, Garden City N.Y., \$2.15.
The Boys of Summer, by Roger Kahn, Signet Books, New York, \$1.75.

by Graham Fraser

As the editors explain elsewhere, something funny happened on the way to the presses with my review of five books on hockey in the last *Citizen*. Some points became obscured by the chance transposition of five paragraphs. This caused a slight but not very noticeable disjointed quality, and there was

a serious misconception created. In the original, I had gone from a description of John Gault's book on Paul Henderson, where I had criticized Gault for being very talky, and not very descriptive, to a discussion of Harry Sinden's book; my attempt at a transition from one to the other was to say that it was that very quality (of visual description) which made the Sinden book the most readable of all the books about the Russia-Canada series. Unfortunately, in print that sentence followed my comments on *The Death of Hockey*; an unwary reader might easily think that what I had enjoyed about Sinden's book was his radical analysis of the NHL and his "depth of feeling and precision of anger." The unwary reader might have hurt himself laughing at the very thought. There was some similar confusion in my discussion of Jack Ludwig's book, since some of the description of *The Death of Hockey* ended up in the middle of a description of Ludwig, but the confusion was not nearly as ironic.

Reading the five hockey books, for all their flaws, whetted my appetite for books on sport; I began to hunger for a book that would convey more of the meaning of professional sport, both on the level of a fan's desire to know who those people really are and what they're really like, and on the larger level of what professional sport means in our society.

Surprisingly, one of the most engaging "fan books" which I have read is the refreshingly unpretentious *Brothers Esposito*. Unpretentiousness is a rare virtue in fan books; the collaboration between sports hero and ghost writer is usually a cosmetic operation. But Tim Moriarty simply seems to have spent a lot of time with Phil and Tony Esposito with a tape recorder, and to have written down virtually verbatim what they said. The various transitions that are necessary, rather like the continuity in a filmed documentary or radio program, are written in italics.

Two amiable guys

The picture which emerges is of two amiable, unsophisticated guys from a second generation Italian immigrant family who grew up in the shadow of the steel mill in Sault Ste. Marie. The

boys were pretty tough ("I was either 14 or 15 when Tony and I stole our first car," Phil says) and Esposito, Sr., a welder who worked his way up to foreman of a trucking company, finally becoming general superintendent, was pretty tough himself. ("Oh, he never used a switch or stick on us, you understand, and he never denied us meals for punishment. He'd just give us a good kick in the rear, real hard, too, because he's a big man and strong bugger.")

Moving from street-fighting to hockey, the two began to work their way through the system by which kids in mill, mine and farm towns kill time, build dreams, and try to get out of their hometowns and into the big-time. Both brothers knew they faced driving a truck if they didn't make it beyond junior hockey and the minor pro-leagues.

The unselfconscious style of narrative is refreshing and revealing, though there are no great surprises. After all, it is no great discovery to find that hockey players are neither gentlemen nor scholars. Phil Esposito emerges as the kind of frank, appealing "call-guy" that he was shown to be in the Russia-Canada series—after this book was published. Until then, Esposito had been overshadowed, first by Hull, and then by Orr. He writes:

"... a lot of people thought I was jealous of Bobby Orr. That's a lot of bull."

"There have been times when I've felt I didn't get the publicity breaks Bobby gets. But I've never held that against him. That would be stupid. If he has a greater appeal to the press, and the fans, so be it. He is a handsome bugger, you know, and I'm just an ugly Italian with a big nose."

No serious analysis

One cannot expect a fan book to provide any serious analysis of a sport. There is no point in blaming Moriarty or the Espositos for the fact that they haven't provided us with a statement of what hockey really means in Canada. The book is fun to read, and one can't ask for more from a fan book. However, the questions that the book raises make one realize how little has been done to give a sense of the meaning of hockey and its effect on the Canadian psyche. In the last issue of the *Citizen*, I wrote about *The Death of Hockey* by Bruce Kidd and John MacFarlane; certainly, they have done more to write about this than anyone else, but their book is not a history but a thought-provoking essay and only an indication of how little worth-while writing has been done about hockey. They have at least raised the question of how a Canadian game became a continental sport, owned, played, produced and marketed in the U.S.A. They have hinted at the French-English tensions in Canadian hockey—but only hinted. They have raised the twin questions of nostalgia and exploitation, but not fully explored them.

Two recent American books have dealt separately with these two questions: although each is incomplete, each discusses some of the questions that should continue to be asked of hockey.

Roger Kahn's *The Boys of Summer* is a study in nostalgia, a brilliant look at the bitter-sweet, mythic, momentary glory of professional sport, in this case, the Brooklyn Dodgers of the early 1950s. Kahn spent two years fulfilling his boyhood dream, following the Brooklyn Dodgers as a sports reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*; almost 20 years later, he wrote about what the dream meant, what it was like to be a sports reporter working with and describing heroes, and then, in a section which is both disillusioning and revealing, he seeks out those heroes today—Duke Snider, Carl Erskine, Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson—now like Kahn in their middle or late forties, and finds out who they are now and thus more about who they were really like then. The book is, in many ways, an autobiography—but it is more than that: it is a study of perceptions. Reading it, one learns as much about the frustrations of being a journalist as about being a sports idol.

Journalism and sports

Kahn joined the *Tribune* when it seemed to be a refuge for the supremely literate, the effortlessly erudite: men who could quote Joyce as easily as they could name the Dodgers' starting lineup. His nostalgia is as much for the grace and beauty of journalism as seen through the eyes of a cub reporter as it is for the grace and beauty of, say, Jackie Robinson in his prime.

Like many books written by journalists, this one was written, I am sure, because Kahn wanted a second chance—a chance to write what it was really like, to tell all the stories that a newspaper wouldn't print, to tell what it looked, felt and smelled like. The principle story he tells now—which has been told before, but was never told at the time in the press—is how vicious the racism directed against Jackie Robinson really was, and how the newspapers refused to print anything about it. One story Kahn wrote about was the treatment Robinson was getting. It resulted in a wire from the *Tribune* which said *Write baseball, not race relations. Story Killed.*

Like a Ross Macdonald / Lew Archer novel, *The Boys of Summer* is a story of time: of victories that turn to bitter defeats or deep-felt memories, unfolding over 20 years. One of the bitter victims of organized baseball, and one of the few men whose experience brought him hard up against the ruthless nature of professional sport, was Carl Furillo, the Brooklyn right-fielder. In 1959 he was released by the then Los Angeles Dodgers when he was injured—a breach of contract. He sued and got a small amount of money, but never got a job in baseball again. Now he is a labourer installing Otis Elevators in office buildings in New York.

Sport and society

That kind of blacklisting and ruthless discarding of athletes who do not accept the authority of the sport structure is a central point in Paul Hoch's book on professional sport, *Rip Off The Big Game*. Unfortunately, however, while Hoch focuses on the kind of exploitation which is central to the operation, production and marketing of professional athletics, and which Kahn virtually ignores, he does so in a heavy-handed, humourless way. The result is a useful analysis, which, perhaps for the first time, looks at sport in relation to society as a whole, at the elements of racism and sexism in organized sport, at the economics of sport, at the ideological and social repression in commercialized sport (whether "amateur" or professional) and at the values that are reflected in the mass-marketing of athletics.

Hoch looks at professional athletics as a kind of civilian military force of gladiators operating both to pacify an increasingly spectating and minimally participating population, and to popularize a myth of mobility for the poor and working class of economically depressed areas. The vast promotion of professional sports, Hoch argues, is linked to two fundamental facts:

—Professional sports is an exceedingly profitable business that can be promoted in a way almost no other business can, with the willing co-operation of politicians and the press. (When is the last time the Prime Minister pro-

moted a product on television the way he promotes the Canadian Football League every year at Grey Cup kick-off time?)

—Professional sport is an ideal vehicle for the promotion of the standards and values—competition is the ultimate virtue; win at any cost—of capitalism.

Despite the irritating quality of Hoch's tone of insistent harangue, it is a compelling argument and raises many questions that ought to be posed about Canadian sport. Some have been raised by Kidd and MacFarlane, pointing out the way the NHL used the media to promote the league to national status and to downgrade the attention given to Memorial Cup hockey, then on the same calibre as NHL hockey. But Kidd and MacFarlane are the only ones to have even begun posing these kinds of questions.

After some considerable agonizing, a group of athletes led by Bruce Kidd and Abbie Hoffman have decided to support the Olympics in Canada—and have decided to organize around the question of making the Olympics a symbol of sportsmanship rather than a showcase for Drapeau; a forum for amateur endeavour rather than a Roman circus to dazzle and pacify the throngs. They will be setting out to ask the kind of serious questions of organized athletics that will demystify the heroism of sport and break down the commercial grasp on sport that is so strong in this country.

If they do nothing else, they will be saying, as in different ways some of these books are doing, that sport has become more than just recreation. In becoming both myth and capitalist enterprise, it has become a part of our national life in a way we are only now beginning to recognize.

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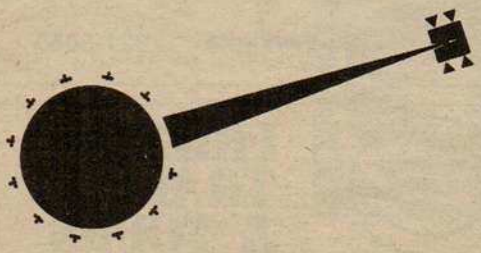
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The Wabeno Feast

by M. Sutton

The Wabeno Feast. Wayland Drew. Anansi, 1973. Cloth, \$7.95.

"(You) ... strive to escape your death even for a little time, and ... you will cause the death of others, and of the birds of the air and the creatures of the earth, and even of the earth itself, which you will lay waste to keep at bay your fear of death. You are all wabenos, you whites, maddened by fires. You flee the enemy within, and fleeing, burn the plains and woodlands."

The Wabeno Feast, Wayland Drew's first novel, is a well-crafted literary tour de force with bitingly critical social implications. Because of its disjointed alternating narrative technique, *The Wabeno Feast* requires its readers' full attention, but this effort is well worth it.

The Wabeno Feast tells the story of the life and times of the people of Sable Creek, a Northern Ontario pulp-mill

town. The town is beginning to fall apart at the seams when the story begins, sometime just before the second World War. New Town is taking shape out of the dream of the paternal founder of the original Old Town, and subdivisions of prefab homes are rending the fabric of the small town's way of life as the mill expands to meet the demands of foreign markets. By the time the story has finished, highschool chums have gone off to the glories of university in Hogtown and with smashed illusions are beginning to creep back to the old homestead. Twenty years later Wayland Drew is chronicling the effects of a second post-war boom in Canada just as Hemingway, Faulkner, Fitzgerald and Sherwood Anderson have done for the first post-war boom south of the line.

A narrative sequence is held, between the opening chapter and epilogue, which tells of the drunkenness, mystic vision, and death of Charlie Redbird, a broken native Indian of the fictional present. Interspersed in the narrative is the eighteenth century journal of MacKay,

apprentice *bourgeois* and factor for the Company. Drew's book accounts a procession of personal tragedies as inexorable mercantile and industrial progress catch up human lives, spin out the illusion of success which gives the hope of a future better than the past, and eventually gives shape to a reality that falls far short of the expectations created by the illusion of success. Drew suggests that though times and the ways of worshipping success change, tragedy will always be man's fate as impersonal forces determine and shape his existence. The tragedy results from the illusion that anyone can escape the godless mills which grind slow and grind exceeding fine.

Gorging on gobbets

The central metaphor of the book is the event spied upon by MacKay and his mocking alter-ego Elborn, the Wabeno feast of the title. The ritualistic shaman's feast begins with a cannibalistic gorging on gobbets of half-cooked bear meat and a self-destructive fire-dance. Through his one dimensional



Wayland Drew

monocular glass MacKay observes that the ashwhite colour of the celebrants of the feast is the result of scars from burns suffered in previous ordeals. As their loincloths are burned away MacKay is shocked to see that "in some cases their very manhoods had been seared away." MacKay remarks that he is touched to his roots by what he has seen and concludes that the intensity of the "playful" competition he has witnessed has led some of the celebrants "to that ultimate test, whereby manhood itself was sacrificed, but to what end, or to what god or goddess" — that he cannot tell. The feast ends with the burning of the island on which the ritual has taken place. MacKay and Elborn scuttle off to safety, but one is left to conclude that the wabenos do not escape the holocaust of their own making.

MacKay is a typical eighteenth century *ingenu* who only half understands what he experiences. Ultimately he is the reader's fool, and his fatuous remarks become an index for the reader. MacKay cannot know about what will be called the Protestant ethic or the spirit of competition, nor can he know of the speculations of Dr. Freud; the reader of *The Wabeno Feast* does.

Later MacKay is impressed by small pox-scarred Miskobenas, an Indian

chieftain who dares to resist the Company and who warns MacKay to steer clear of his people and territories in the Company's rush for spoils. In giving the drunken Charlie Redbird the eighteenth century Indian chief's name Drew succeeds in undercutting even the muted optimism that man can shape their own lives and at least endure the onslaught of the forces around them. All of the characters of *The Wabeno Feast* are at last hopelessly out of place and out of time.

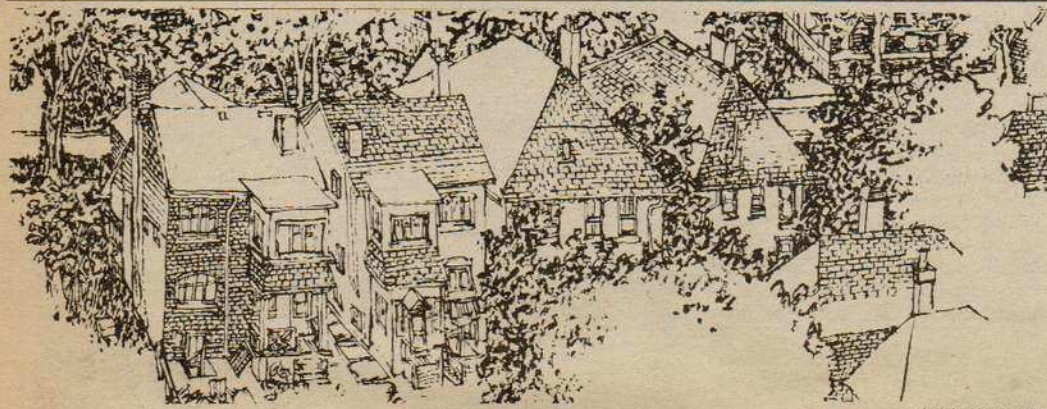
Updated Grove

In writing *The Wabeno Feast* Wayland Drew has updated Frederick Philip Grove's epic portrayals of settlement and industrialisation and added to the chronicles of small literal murder related by Hugh Garner, Morley Callaghan and others. As noted by a recent critic, in Grove's work there is constant tension between the pastoral ideal of men and women living in harmony with nature and the technological incursions which threaten to destroy this ideal. This is literary language for explaining that industry shapes people and land alike.

For the early Canadian novelist, the effect of the natural landscape on human existence was of prime importance. Almost always that early landscape is threatening and overwhelming or deceptively alluring. This landscape devours those who settle in it and frustrates all hope that Utopia can be found. For the later Canadian novelist, the social landscape has assumed a similar role. This landscape of social activity smashes men and the natural landscape alike.

But when Drew suggests that Nature is dying and that human nature is dead — as have so many earlier Canadian authors brought to their knees in despair — one would like to have a little more. Can't we at least hope that art can serve a regenerative function and that we can experience a kind of spiritual regeneration through the imagination even if we cannot hope to survive as a species?

Drew even puts fire to the regenerative value of art and the artistic imagination. Regeneration simply does not inform *The Wabeno Feast*; death does. *The Wabeno Feast* suggests that holocaust surrounds us and perverse self-destructiveness pushes us on to new horrors.



sketch: Keith Miller

An overview of the Annex area

The Annex Study by John Punter et al., York University Urban Studies Department, \$4.00

by Bernard Dalton

The Annex Study is full of interesting information. For example:

— The East Annex — east of Brunswick — was subdivided and laid out by an 1880's developer named Simeon H. Janes who advertised, "We now have the pleasure to place on the market an important addition to the better-class-residence part of the city." In 1891 a writer named Mercer Adam commented on the impact of housing development for the well-to-do in Toronto. "The cost of living is currently increasing in the city," he wrote, "and, if it continues to rise, people with limited incomes will be deterred from coming (to Toronto), or ... they will make haste to be gone." By 1910 most of the Annex, east and west, was developed.

— More than 90% of a random sample of Annex residents interviewed this year, who are familiar with the Annex Ratepayers Association agree strongly or moderately with the ARA's work. On the other hand, only 53% of those interviewed were familiar with the ARA.

— While the Annex is frequently referred to, in this book and elsewhere, as a socially diverse neighborhood, 71% of the residents interviewed have at least post-secondary education, more than 60% are either in high status occupations or are students, and almost 70% are between 20 and 40 years old.

— Extensive study of the Annex indicates that absentee owners do not take any better or worse care of houses than residents owners, contrary to neighborhood belief that absentee owners tend to let houses run down.

— The block bounded by Lowther, Elgin, Bedford and Avenue Road is about 75% owned by a land assembler named Stanley Garden and is likely to be re-developed for something other than its present low density residential use.

The Annex Study also includes a variety of information about roomers who live in the Annex — the "forgotten constituency" — about Annex architecture and houses, about Annex residents over

the years and about some current community issues. And there are some interesting ideas scattered in some chapters — about the neighborhood; about the chances for a reversal of the trend in the Annex toward an increasingly homogeneous upper middle class population — the book suggests the trend won't change. Because of the tidbits and gleanings *The Annex Study* offers, it will be of interest to area residents and others curious about Toronto neighborhoods.

A sorry comment

But it's an awful book.

The Annex Study was written by 12 senior undergraduate students and an instructor in the Urban Studies Department at York University, and it's a sorry comment on what's going on in social science classrooms.

The reader begins and ends this book never understanding why it was written, why the research was done, what the point of it all is. Social science is supposed to be the discipline of developing inferences about society, of piecing together an understanding of society. There's hardly an inference in this book. When we've read it we may know a few more facts than we did, but we haven't been helped to understand society any better.

The students in this course were apparently practicing "field work" — the art of gathering information about society. But why bother gathering information? No-one seems to have told the class that information as such is scientifically meaningless, that "field work" is a masturbatory exercise without a theoretical context.

Without a framework of ideas, the book and its facts appear like a beached

whale. Sometimes the facts are simply left to stand for themselves as if they mystically meant something. Other times there's a helpless thrashing around for meaning. For example, in various places, in an effort to explain something, the authors mention rising market prices as though they dropped from heaven like inevitable manna. (This is not as true of some chapters as of others.) One finds the statement, "In any city experiencing growth, land prices normally rise as an effect of growing demand." The intervening variables — the idiosyncracies of our economic system, the dynamics of the property industry — are ignored as a fish ignores water.

The Annex Study appears to arise from the current view on campuses that it is better to go out into "the real world" than it is to hole up with a lot of musty books. This supposedly makes undergraduate work more relevant, more meaningful. But social science without theory is irrelevant in the classroom or in the "real world".

For all this, *The Annex Study* is fun to read as a catalogue of miscellany about a Toronto neighborhood. It's available for \$4.00 and can be ordered at 667-6272.

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Quiet Day in Belfast

by David McCaughna

The bloody, unresolvable situation in Northern Ireland is ripe territory for drama. In England there have already been many plays written on the subject. *Quiet Day in Belfast* by Andrew Angus Dalrymple, at the Tarragon, is the first play about the Ulster strife done in Toronto. Dalrymple throws us right into the midst of the turmoil by setting his three-act play on a Belfast street that is divided down the middle between Catholics and Protestants.

In a grubby betting shop that practically reeks of stale tobacco, the sad picture of the torn society unfolds. The reality of life in Belfast doesn't stay outside on the streets with the riots and bombs but enters the shop when both a BBC team, in the city to report on a Protestant parade, and an IRA hero take refuge in the shop. Between the two poles are the "little people", the residents who have to survive the day-to-day terrorism. Although blind with prejudice, they are more concerned with boozing and betting than warfare.

Unfortunately the play is too vast to view comfortably any one aspect of the situation well. In condensing the Ulster crisis into the betting shop, Dalrymple has had to rely on stereotypes. The

"stage" Irishman is given full-range in the play. Not only do the play and most of the performances make the most of clichéd mannerisms attributed by legend to the Irish; we also have the opposite in a stiff-necked, officious BBC commentator, who is relentless in his singular quest of a scoop for the evening news, and speaks an uppity English that is never heard these days. Between the Irish and the Briton is a Welshman, Taffy Rees, by name, who apparently represents that Celtic race which has been conquered and subdued. But the worst characterization in the production is the shrewd, money-loving owner of the betting shop who, with his swarthy complexion, thick accent and dark attire, is a modern Shylock, the Jew who doesn't take any moral position but goes along with whichever side will serve him best and keep the shekels rolling in. This last bit of racial characterization is inexcusable.

There are enjoyable aspects of *Quiet Days In Belfast*, some good jokes and suspenseful moments, but the play's weaknesses become apparent in the third act, the least successful, when the whole play is resolved with such speed and in so short a time that it becomes difficult to follow the events. The most full-bodied character in the play, the one which is developed with the least reliance on truisms, is the betting shop manager, John Slattery, well-played by Sean McCann, who is forced by events to take action at last. It is in this performance that we get some sense of the gruesome choices that must face many



Kenneth Wickes, Mel Tuck, Sean McCann, Richard Donat: "Quiet Day in Belfast"

Irish now.

Keith Turnbull's production keeps the play moving at a good clip, but part of the blame for the shoddy characterization must lie with him.

Me?

by David McCaughna

Me? by Martin Kinch, at the Toronto Free Theatre, is a highly autobiographical play. That genre is more than common today, but Kinch's play is well-written and perceptive enough to avoid the pitfalls of self-indulgence.

Terry, the central character in *Me?*, has creative inclinations but has difficulty coping with the personal side of his life. While his wife is away, he has taken up with a brass singer named Chloe, and we encounter him on the crucial day of his wife's return when his passionate affair with Chloe must end. On this same day, Terry is visited by an old friend, a homosexual who wants some warmth, and he also learns that his mother is disturbed. Quite a few blows for one day, but Terry, played with sensitivity by Stephen Markle, wades through it all.

The play's major weakness is with the character of Terry, who is less developed and interesting than those surrounding him. We get more of a sense of their difficulties than we do the thwarted rage of Terry, who has been dissipating himself too long and sud-

denly bursts into anger at his own predicament. He remains too much of an enigma, where everyone else is exposed.

Kinch's sense of humour, an underlying feeling of the absurdity of it all, keeps the play from falling into the sweaty pits. He isn't cynical or laughing at his characters, but rather treats them with good-natured sympathy.

John Palmer's direction is a major asset. It is crisp and moves fast. When the play could dip into the hysterical, he keeps it in check. Brenda Donohue as Chloe is excellent, and Saul Rubinek as Terry's younger brother is humorously wide-eyed and straight amid a menage of frenzied people.

Phil Phelan has also created a remarkable set for *Me?*, and for once the acoustics in the building are on the side of the actors.

Letters from the Earth

by Steven Sokoloff

Why does satire fail so often when dealing with big contemporary issues? Perhaps it is because the lines have been drawn, and disinvolved people are tired of hearing about them, and those involved want action rather than talk. This may explain why the second section of the Toronto Workshop Productions' *Letters from the Earth* didn't work as well as the first.

There are other reasons too. The first

part of this Mark Twain satire was nearly an hour and a half long — long enough for an evening's entertainment. The rest was an endurance test.

But length was not its major short-coming. Because the first part of the show dealt primarily with Biblical and pre-World-War time, it had a patina that softened the satiric picture. The second part glared in contrast. The songs and dances in the first part complemented the straight drama; in the second, they added noise.

The direction and acting, however, were uniformly good. Francis-Regis Klanfer as Satan was brilliant. Milo Ringham, the only woman in the cast, was equally fine. Her opening monologue and other long monologues were delivered with wit and style. Jeff Braunstein's Noah and Alan Royal's Grand Inquisitor were done well, and Grant Roll as Christ and Billy Graham was, in turn, embarrassing and effective.

The first part of this production is a real treat — funny, moving, thought-provoking. Given both parts together, the show is still worth seeing.

DANCE

Fifteen dancers

by Steven Sokoloff

Fifteen Dancers, a new group with a small theatre at 155a St. George Street, will be performing Friday and Saturday evenings at 8:30 until July 29.

All four of the dancers — there were never 15 — seem well trained in traditional dance. Their movements are always under control. They appear to be going directly from classical ballet to experimentation, without the intermediate step of established modern dance. This may seem naive, but it's what makes this company fresh and original.

What you feel about individual dances will probably be less important than what you feel about the experience as a whole. This group is working with a space that you are part of, and the lighting or lack of it affects you directly.

Of course, I can say that I liked certain numbers more than others and certain dancers more than others; that I thought certain things "worked" and others did not; that certain costumes added to the effect and others hindered the dancers' movements.

But, on the whole, the performance was an enjoyable experience, and I hope enough people are interested to keep it going.

FILM EMPORIA

When the mood is right...

by Larry Krotz

Sometimes, when the mood is right, on a night when form is as important as content, I go to my favourite movie-house, the Avenue Cinema on Avenue Road above Bloor, just north of St. Paul's, the church with the lighted blue cross on top.

It used to be called the Silent Cinema and for three and a half years was run by Terry Baker who indulged his own love for old films by running it as a revival showcase with a regular fare of nostalgia and silver screen history. But the number of silent films that will draw crowds is limited, and business never flourished. Last summer the Silent Cinema was purchased by film entrepreneur Richard Rosenberg who changed the motif to film variety. He has since run everything from horror movies to Marx Brothers revivals; currently he is showing Kubrick's *2001*:

A Space Odyssey.

The Avenue Cinema is still a fascinating trip into elegant nostalgia. You enter off Avenue Road and go up seven stairs to a vast, ornate oak counter with a giant old glass wall mirror and the bronze plated cash register. It might be the cashier's desk of some long-gone opulent and lavish bordello. Jake Piotrkovsky works the evening shows, unlocks the place, takes admission, looks after the projection room and sells candy bars. At intermission he checks the rewind machines, leaving a sign on the candy counter to deposit chocolate bar change in a little box. He says he never loses anything.

The movie room, entered through a door to the side of Jake's candy counter, holds 95 people in rows of ten seats each. The impression is of having entered the salon of a wealthy man's mansion for a private showing among close friends. Rosenberg recently outfitted the place with a new custom-built projector and a new screen on which he can show cinemascope movies. These changes don't seem to have made the atmosphere any more commercial or any less private.

A browse upstairs

A trip to the Avenue Cinema should not be undertaken without providing time, preferably before the show, for a browse upstairs. The lounge up there is fitted lavishly in early 1920's opulence. The carpets are deep and red, chairs and loveseats are padded with velvet, and velvet drapes adorn the corners. One entire wall is a massive scene from the 1920's version of *Cleopatra*. Another wall has full blown scenes from

Lon Chaney's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Photographs of silver screen greats — Chaplin, Lillian Gish, Barrymore, Marlene Dietrich — abound.

In a backroom are mementos of Toronto when policemen at Sunnyside Amusement Park wore bobby hats and the Loews at Yonge and Queen had Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy playing in *Girl from the Golden West*. Old newspaper advertisements bring back the days when one could buy a ribbed cotton union suit, winter weight, for one dollar. For ten cents ladies could purchase a foolproof bosom developing creme from Madame Williams of Buffalo, New York; money would be refunded if there was no satisfaction.

Rosenberg says that he would never return to a full list of silent films. He hasn't yet found a clientele that is regular — it changes with the films. He says he wants to keep on working with a variety of films, perhaps some day finding the type that best suits his cinema. In the near future, he plans to show *Gone With The Wind* and *Chloe in the Afternoon* and to revive the spectacular 1929 *Noah's Ark*.

About 30% of the cinema's business are school children who keep it busy most weekday mornings and afternoons for screenings of themes for English courses. Rosenberg says that the Avenue Cinema is the only house in Toronto that operates extensively in this area. The Cinema is also available for films on demand. Otherwise, business is mostly young buffs getting into some screen classics and old timers bringing some memories back, with everyone feeling that the place is a pretty good deal for two bucks.

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Perron's Taureau

by Natalie Edwards

Taureau might seem in English Canada to be the directorial debut of Clement Perron. But he is hardly an inexperienced newcomer. As well as writing the screenplay for *Mon Oncle Antoine*, he has directed, written, or produced scripts for almost 40 films since he joined the National Film Board in 1957. In 1968 he was an executive producer for French Production at the NFB, responsible for works like Jean Pierre Lefebvre's *Jusqu'au Coeur*. Since French Unit productions are not seen frequently in English-speaking Canada, Perron's name is new to many.

But the people of Perron's Quebec are becoming familiar to Canadians from Victoria to Sackville through his films. In *Mon Oncle Antoine*, they are seen through the eyes of a boy as slightly mysterious, mad and lovable. In *Taureau* the viewpoint darkens to that of an alienated adolescent, and the people appear more malicious, hypocritical and foolish.

Taureau, "the bull," is a great, big-chested, heavy, hairy fellow whose formidable sexuality is both held in check by his simpleness and yet made more threatening by the possibility of his loss of control. He is played, however, rather sadly and passively by fellow filmmaker Andre Melancon, and since it is on the pivot of his sexual strength the plot must turn, his lack of thrust and unthreatening portrayal weaken the core of the story.

I felt Taureau should represent mindless, magnetic, permanently adolescent sex, all drive and need, a tortured D.H. Lawrence beast, primitive and urgent. Instead, Melancon's Taureau is as lovable as a castrated St. Bernard, and the beaky, breasty mothers and daughters of the town are clearly the dangerous people.

Although some of Perron's scenes need directorial discipline, and the general shape of the film is scattered and loose, some sequences are jewels. One involves Taureau's mother and sister, a remarkable pair forced by poverty to enjoy prostitution after the death of his father. It starts gaily with the sound of bursting giggles. Through a lovely long-shot of the two luscious females staggering about as they try to attach their flimsy washing to the clothesline, the sequence develops to an exposure inside their house of the underlying tragedy of their lives, of their tenderness for each other, their strong and desperate love. A rich, revealing sequence, beautifully acted by Monique Lepage as the mother, and ably supported by Louise Portal as Gigi, the daughter, in her first feature film role.

Despite some awkward intercutting, protracted tensions that start to slip, and



Clement Perron

unnecessary or under-developed characters, *Taureau* is a good film. It feels like a chapter out of a long, developing tale of life in rural Quebec. It has energy and feeling. And above all it is beautifully sensual in a pleasantly adolescent way — lots of soft flesh, feathers, hair, breasts, taut nipples. The cruel excitement of sex permeates the film just as it does an adolescent's life.

But adolescence is hard to handle; and if a romantic adolescent attitude weakens the film a little, it also proves the truism that it's hard to grow up. It's difficult to accept that growing up may mean becoming like the townspeople, or that the inevitable result of satisfying male sexual needs in a Quebec Catholic community leads to certain roles for women. Perron tries to show the anguish and joy of sex, the thrill of flesh, but he cannot solve its consequences — the problem of what happens to a female in rural Quebec as a result of sex. Thus he destroys his Taureau before love can fade or before Taureau's lovely girl can grow into a village woman and convert him into a normal member of the community — a lusty hypocrite.

Canadian Calvacade

The Canadian Calvacade continues at the Ontario Film Theatre at the Ontario Science Centre; for information phone 429-4100.

May 22: *Waiting for Caroline* (1967) by Ron Kelly, a CBC/NFB co-production with Alexandra Stewart playing a lady with both an English and French Canadian lover.

May 29: *The Ernie Game* (1967) by Don Owen. A compelling and intense portrayal of a lost and losing Canadian male.

All shows are at 8 p.m. Access is easy, parking is free, admission is \$1.50 unless you have a \$15 yearly membership.

worthwhile paintings, particularly Solomon's Lucaya series. These paintings are among the most apparently simple in the show. Their translucent planes — usually cool, sometimes bright — are set on a white field. The effect is true, pure and right. The Lucaya paintings begin to have the feel of mature work.

Abstract expressionism has developed to a point where there are now a number of clearly distinct styles. Painters like Poon and Solomon are still working at perfecting or mastering a particular style. But a number of painters, including James Gordaneer, now showing at the Merton Gallery, have taken on the task of combining painting styles as if making a collage in paint only. A hard-edged, flat surface may be juxtaposed with a bit of free, expressive painting in much the same way that two different found textures — say a bit of aluminum foil and a piece of old lace — might be juxtaposed in a more conventional collage.

Gordaneer tries to combine smooth flat hard-edged surfaces, lyrical spatial washes, geometric shapes, organic shapes, purely abstract shapes and shapes clearly meant to suggest "things". He works carefully, laying the opaque flat surfaces over large segments of what appear to have started out as wholly free, lyrical paintings. Unfortunately, the effect of the overlay is never quite harmonious and is often deadening. The flat surfaces are flat in feeling as well as texture, and the whole relationship of colour between overlay and background is insufficiently thought out. The paintings which strive for simplicity, relating a few large areas, are the least effective. His more intricate paintings are the most interesting, suggesting a lively mind behind it all. Perhaps this is the direction in which Gordaneer should move.

Crafts

Some galleries are worth knowing about even though nothing very exciting is happening in them at the moment. The realm of work in which a traditional craft medium is used for fine art purposes, or is used traditionally but done artistically, is extremely alive in Toronto

right now. One good place to see this sort of work is Me and My Friends Gallery, on Queen Street just west of the University Avenue subway stop. Me and My Friends is a double enterprise. The downstairs is a shop, always bountifully stocked with an amazing variety of crafts. A gallery is upstairs. This upstairs gallery has mounted some outstanding shows of crafts as fine art. Their taste in art as art, however, is not as flawless. The present show of drawings is not unlike some of their other shows of drawings — exquisitely done, and utterly without life.

The recently established Theatre in Camera Gallery occupies a spacious, charming second floor room of the Bathurst Street United Church, at Bathurst and Lennox, south of Bloor. They say there's still a small congregation that uses this church, but most of the church is given over to the community and the arts, and all of its spaces, including that of the art gallery, are beautiful. The gallery people also do picture framing at competitive prices. A group show of professional calibre work is on now.

Larry Poons, David Mirvish Gallery, 596 Markham St.

Daniel Solomon, Isaacs Gallery, 832 Yonge St.

James Gordaneer, Merton Gallery, 68 Merton St.

Me and My Friends Gallery, 237 Queen St. W.

Theatre in Camera Gallery, 736 Bathurst St.

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