

# A real review — High Park Is

By JOHN OUGHTON

A straight hitch, or two half-hitches, down Keele St. to Bloor will put you at the edge of High Park. As one of Toronto's biggest and best parks, it has many qualities to offer as a green and human alternative to the basically colourblind late-Mondrian composition of York U.

There is a permanent collection of large-scale sculptures grouped near the north-east corner of the park. Included are a large Eskimo bear and cub, a maze of stainless steel poles, and a number of big constructions of steel which bong and hum in the wind of your appreciation. All very good for photographing, climbing and hiding behind during snowball fights.

Further south, approximately at the navel of the park, is a woolly mammal zoo, featuring yaks, gnus, bison, lama-lama, deer and other species vaguely similar. They have large hillside areas to roam in and are thus not as destroyed as typical zoos who are. Also in the non-human wildlife dept. are sundry ducks and geese who hang around in the several ponds. They are reasonably picturesque (the ducks, that is) but not the brightest birds since the Fire Dept. has to chop a few out of the ice every time the water freezes.

Grenadier pond is the largest body of water in the park and occupies the southwest corner. It has more ducks, skating in the winter, and a legend. During the early 1800's it seems that a group of British Grenadiers (redcoats to you, early America) went skating or marching or something on the pond when the ice was thin, and fell in with much loss of life.

Perhaps the people are the most interesting part of the park, at least in the summer. There are old men playing cards, kids on the swings and in the swimming pool, kite-fliers, high-fliers, bicycle racers, long-distance frisbee frowers, and individuals. The park is a great place to picnic, frolic and just relax; it's not like the real Toronto at all and therefore more real. High Park is a good place to be, High Park is absolutely free High. Autumn fall is there right now.

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# Naked came Polonsky Carson and communism

It is late Thursday night, September 24. Johnny Carson is in a heavy rap with Robert Goulet. Carson stares into the camera and gasps, "You know, Bob, some leftist students may not be that evil."

It is early Friday morning. The NBC vice presidents are biting their nails.

"So Carson's a Communist," says one.

"I told you we should have given him five million a year instead of only two," mutters another.

It is late Friday evening. Merv Griffin's ratings triple.

It is Saturday afternoon. There is a note on Mr. Carson's penthouse door.

*My Dearest Mr. Carson:*

*I have been asked to write to you this memo on behalf of the other tenants in this building. We are not pleased with your brand of revolutionary propaganda. Dear Johnny, I for one am prone to throwing big parties which make me very famous. If all the beautiful people ever find out that they could end up taking the same elevator as you, my stars, they might stop coming. So please for the good of all, go move to the Village or something. Because if you don't, I will rape your wife. And sweetheart, you probably wouldn't wish that on your worst enemy.*

*Loving you always,  
Truman Capote*

*P.S. Dearest Johnny, before all this, I must admit I sort of liked taking the elevator with you.*

The scene changes. It is late Thursday afternoon. A body of distinguished elders are meeting in a distinguished university. A student stands up. "Distinguished elders, do you think, that perhaps it would be wise to release the full statistics on the number of Americans in each department of this university? Perhaps this would give us some sort of basis on which to start a real study of the content of the courses taught at York, with respect to their emphasis on American material."

A distinguished elder rises. "So you're a fascist, eh kid?"

Another rises. "I bet you're the kind who wants to run around campus seeking out our American brothers and then fly them out to Sweden, probably by El Al airlines." He then proceeds in a very subtle manner to invoke images of a Pseudo Adolph Hitler gathering up all the American professors and in the ultimate in modern day torture, locking them up in the Humanities building for three weeks.

The distinguished elders glare. They mock the student. The student, clutching his Melville Watkins, cries out in vain. "I only wanted to make the point that perhaps there is too much American content in our studies."

"Double fascist!" shrieks an elder.

"Witch hunter!" screams another of the distinguished.

"Not a nice person!"

"Hippie!"

"Jew-Hater!"

Ah yes! Once again unfolds the tale of the Canadian version of the dual Joe McCarthy and Adolph Eichman dashing about tarring and feathering all those with Brooklyn accents.

Ah yes! In a typically paranoid American reaction, the mere suggestion of Canadianization is misconstrued to terrify the masses, as the mere suggestion of Communism performs a similar function in the United States.

In a reaction to an honest attempt by the students to raise the issue of our domination by the U.S., the elders of this university used their lambasting of the students as wild-eyed Canadian terrorists burning Yanks at the stake, as an excuse to avoid any serious intellectual discussion on the real issue.

There is no Canadian methodology. There is no Canadian approach to the study of mathematics. There is no Albanian approach to the study of physics. And that is what we must preserve at this university — the "no approach" approach, or better yet the "all approach" approach.

"We already hear President Nixon's television speeches. Why shouldn't we be able to listen, with a simultaneous translation to Chou En-lai, who represents four times as many people? Why leave it at the barbarities and vast boredom of roller skating and wrestling, when we could have good football from Latin America every week of the year?"

— Canadian Dimension Brief To The Senate Hearing On The Mass Media

We have here the opportunity to open our eyes to the entire spectrum of methodologies and ideologies. And that is why an over emphasis on the American content of our courses is dangerous.

So my elderly distinguished friends, next time a student comes up to you and says close the 49th Parallel, cut the "communist paranoia" reaction. Rather, take a Canadian chauvinist out to lunch.

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