

AGYU Art Gallery of York University

TANUMA TAKEYOSHI CHILDREN OF JAPAN AT PLAY
100 Photographs in Colour
To Friday, Dec. 14
Ross N145
Mon-Fri 10-4:30

The SC/NS163.6
"MAN IN THE ECOLOGICAL CONTEXT"
mid-term exam will be held on Monday, December 10, 1979 from 3:30 until 5:30 pm in CLH-I.

"Check VD. For information concerning venereal disease call 367-7400 anytime."

CAPEZIO SPECIAL SALE

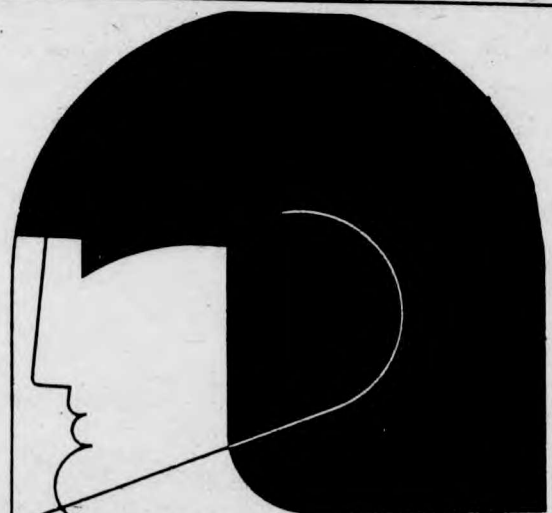


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CARNIVAL WAR A GO HOT

DIRECTOR PAM BRIGHTON DESIGNER MICHAEL EAGAN
PREVIEWS: WED. THUR. FRI. 8:30 PM.
OPENS SAT. DECEMBER 1 8:30 PM.

Student prices-\$5.
Group bookings available at special rates
TWP THEATRE, 12 ALEXANDER ST.
BOX OFFICE: 925-8640

He shoots, we score

Elliott Lefko

The Hockey Sweater and other stories by Roch Carrier, Anansi, 1979, 160 pp., \$3.95.

Riding the subway, on my way downtown to buy a book recently, I fell asleep. The shutting of the doors awoke me. I blinked twice, then slowly turned my head. All around people were engrossed in the same task. I asked myself, "Where am I? And why is everybody reading the same book?" I began to sweat. The red and blue colours of the book jacket began to wash into my eyes. Getting up I rushed to the door of the conductor's room, swung it open and found a red-faced engineer, his eyes not on the rails, but on page 66. That was too much. I had to get this book.



Screaming Mur and the Searie Seals

Running onto the street, I pushed my way through the noonday crowds, and spotted a bookstore. Ducking in, I saw a display of **The Hockey Sweater and other stories**, purchased a copy, walked out, headed down an alley, ripped open the bag—when this big lumberjack stepped in front of me and with a casual swat, sent me flying into a stack of garbage cans. Their cover blown, three rats ran from the scene carrying **Hockey Sweaters**.

"Christ de calice de tabernacle. Maudits anglais!" What is this, I wondered.

He pointed his axe at me and snarled, "Who do you think you are, reading Roch Carrier? After all, the English idea of good humour is Jack Sheldon on the Merv Griffin Show, *ma maudit tete-carre*."

"That's only partly true," I said, wiping the blood from my ruptured nose.

"Yeah, you person who picks nasal. I ought to cut your tail. How would you know what it is to wear a Montreal Canadiens sweater?"

The absurdity of the situation heated my already flowing juices. I responded: "I admit that is true. But I really do understand the humour in Carrier's work. He's spinning childhood stories about universal situations. A child's imagination can melt away any cultural boundaries and it then doesn't matter what hockey sweater you're wearing."

My snappy reply so overcame him that he put aside his anger and began to reminisce about his favourite stories from the book. There we were, instant unity, Rocket Richard and Dave Keon in the twilight.

Pure pulp for now people

Stuart Ross

Doctor Tin by Tom Walmsley, Pulp Press, 1979, 90 pp., \$2.95.

"Let's get down to it, Russell," Davis said. "Some jerk-off chopped off one of your pinkies and I'm going to find the guy and kick his fucking teeth out and break both his arms. Are you reading me, kid?"

Doctor Tin is the new novel by Tom Walmsley. It straps you into

an electric chair and fries you. Causes your thumb-nails to fall off. It will horrify you.

But it's a fun book. A Christmas book.

Doctor Tin was written in three days as an entry to Pulp Press' 3-day novel-writing competition. Pure pulp for now people. And it reads just like the authentic 30's detective stuff. Walmsley captures the genre and masters it. But it's also one of the hardest-

hitting novels around. In a class of its own. It makes **In Cold Blood** look like a blueberry muffin.

Mona cannot stop biting him, clawing him, making him moan and bleed, riding him into the fields, spurring him, across his body, using him as a human toilet. No other slave on the premises, male or female, can reach Mona where A.J. can.

Doctor Tin is brief and painful and hilarious. It's world is one of desperate sex and senseless violence. A.J. is the non-hero of this modern epic (the back cover calls it a "contemporary **Pilgrim's Progress**"). He kills, dies, rises, kills again. He is a psychotic Death Organ. Then a love-struck masochist. And finally A.J. is **Doctor Tin**, a post-punk nihilist musician who demands no less than the destruction of his audience. A walking, talking, one-man holocaust.

Schools in jeopardy

Mark Monfette

Schools in Jeopardy: Collective Bargaining in Education by Peter Hennessey, McClelland and Stewart, 1979, 205 pp., \$8.95.

"The inner reality, the core of the schooling process, is really spiritual in nature; not spiritual in the sense of religious activity but spiritual in the sense that the growth of human character is the fundamental issue of the day...How can the essential purpose of the school be served if the teachers are able to sever these threads by means of a strike?"

Peter Hennessey argues that it can't be and he argues quite persuasively. In his new study on the effects of collective bargaining on education, he meticulously outlines the growth of teaching unionism in Ontario and the parallel decline in the teacher-pupil relationship. The two, he asserts, are interrelated and inevitable. While the issue is much more complex than this, his thesis can certainly not be dismissed.

Hennessey fortunately exceeds the compass of his declared topic, commenting on the compatibility of professionalism and unionism, the adversary relationship between trustees and teachers and a variety of related topics.

He does an excellent and thorough job in recording the rise of unionism from 1944, when the Teaching Profession Act became law, until today. Slowly but surely, the scenario runs, the teachers and the boards were forced into an adversarial

relationship. The consolidation of 1,400 boards of school trustees into 77 in 1968 and the imposition of spending limits in 1970 ensured that a violent struggle would ensue over spending and academic priorities. Increasing inflation and decreasing funds forced teachers to become more militant in their demands and strengthened their union character.

What are the costs of collective bargaining? Hennessey's "guesstimate" for one year in Ontario is \$10-million though, as he states, the damage done through increased animosity and missed school days is much greater.

This has all been said before. That teachers now place their own interests above those of pupils and parents is a commonplace perception and the only reason for repeating it is if the underlying causes and effects can be shown.

The author does this and goes even further by suggesting several avenues out of the dilemma. Collective bargaining (that is, Bill 100) should be put on probation, teachers should adopt a higher standard of group integrity and the provincial ministers need show more leadership. In short, "a commitment in good faith to a wholly different way of ordering the public schools."

Prof. Hennessey has written a well researched and thought provoking work, successfully avoiding the jargon of both academia and unionism. A pleasant surprise from a professor writing about collective bargaining.



Thumbnail tales

The Purvis to his Dillinger is McGraw. Now, McGraw is a bitter, hot-blooded detective with a true hate for injustice, and for getting his boots muddy while fishing corpses out of swamps. He weaves in and out of the story neatly, vying with the good Doctor for our sympathies.

McGraw fumbled up the key that was lying between his wife's nifty legs and unlocked the cuffs, as one would expect, expertly. His hands were shaking. Even with milk, he was drinking too much coffee.

The prose is rapid and real. You can tell it was pounded out in just a few days, and this feeling is its flavour (pass the arsenic, please). Hack pulp hack. And the result is one very savage assault.

The book will be seen as complete garbage or inspired genius. To read it is to love it. Or hate it. But if you're going to read one book this Christmas, read **Doctor Tin**. And bite the bullet, baby.