

ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO
 317 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO TEL. 363-3485
TONIGHT, 8:30 P.M.

THE LIFE STYLE OF THE AESTHETE

a lecture by Mario Amaya, Chief Curator, Art Gallery of Ontario in connection with the current exhibition, Hector Guimard.

The lecture will be followed by a panel discussion and question period dealing with Art Nouveau and Hector Guimard with Mr. Amaya, Dr. Thomas Howarth, Dean, Faculty of Architecture, University of Toronto and Prof. James H. Grady, School of Architecture, Georgia Institute of Technology, Atlanta, Georgia.

Ontario College of Art 100 McCaul Street Adults: \$2.50 Students (with cards): \$1.25

Jungle under glass

By BRIAN PEARL

Are you a latent horticulturalist? Do you long to get your hands sticky with the sweet sap of real sugar cane and gaze at the startling para-phalli and pudendae of faintly obscene semi-tropical flora? Well, there's a tropical rain rest on Carleton Street near Parliament. Before you begin to worry about the polar ice-cap melting and drowning us all in a climatic, climactic catastrophe, I should tell you that this jungle is under a glass dome and heated by furnaces, not sunlight.

Allen Gardens can be true serendipity on a cool Saturday afternoon. Warmth and the dim dampness of lush vegetation looming, but labelled by the curators, haul you, body and soul, from the mid-continent, temperate climate ecology into the fabulously rich world of the tropics and semi-tropics. Simple plants and vines grow large and fast, almost menacing, in their ideal environment of wet heat.

Flowers are fantastic exotic, biotic creations of some ecological jeweller, with deep, enticing colours, soft, thick, felty petals and disturbingly anthropomorphic formations of genitalia; long, thick stamens, and soft deep cups to hold nectar (of the gods, no doubt).

Of course, our own summer climate is re-created in one of the hot-houses (there are six) and a familiar dark green patch of maple saplings, ferns and the simple blossoms of our own climate can recall the summer months in a moment. Allen Gardens has a startling variety of fine floral and ecological experiences awaiting those eager to escape to its open, lush hot-houses. But that's not all.

Outside the greenhouses, the ecology of the city is in full bloom. Carleton and Parliament is a low-income, working class area of the

city with no definite ethnic bias, but a large number of Maritimers do live down there. The gardens in fall are no longer flowering outside, and the grounds look as polite as any front lawn in suburbia.

But, in some ways, the organisms outside the greenhouses are just as lush as those inside. The park is a common meeting place for the unemployed and the unoccupied, a population which ranges expansively from winos to

hippies. And the activities range equally widely from chess playing to making drug connections. This is the undergrowth of the human jungle, and it is, perhaps, more interesting than the jungle inside.

Any way you look at it, Allen Gardens is far more than one of your ordinary, garden-variety city parks. The cost of admission to the Gardens is your attention and your time; nothing more.



Allen Gardens jungle flourishes.

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Cabbagetown Diary: required contemporary reading

By DAN MERKUR

Peter Martin Associates has just released Cabbagetown Diary: A Documentary, a novel by Juan Butler. If it wells 4,000 copies this year, it will be a runaway best seller. Does that give you an idea of the state of Canadian publishing?

What can I say about the book? That it is awfully good? You want more? Cabbagetown Diary is a penetrating illumination of an area of Toronto, a life style (sic) most people prefer to overlook. It is clever, witty, engrossing, touching, gutsy, candid, tragic, comic, frustrating, frivolous, serious, insightful — real. According to the "All characters, names, incidents..." it isn't actually true, but it is terribly real just the same.

It is also very capably written, no Scott Fitzgerald, but a good step beyond journalese. Clearly there is sufficient knowledge of style, consistency, pacing and rhythm. Written like a diary, the author/protagonist is supposed to be just an average guy. For seven dollar words and revolutionary rhetoric, a socialist politico named George appears.

Here only is there a major fault. The diarist is just too perceptive, too introspective and too articulate to be as dumb as he makes out. A very small major fault, I think.

Ostensibly the chronology of the summer of 1967 and an affair with a redhead, Cabbagetown Diary is more than that; it is a moving story of the factors that touch and shape Cabbagetowners' lives, full of pathos, hilarity and glimpses of horror.

On one level the book fully explores everything about Toronto slum life that a typically bourgeois reader (you and I, dear friend) is likely to want to know. Yet it does have real guts. It is an indictment of our blase facet of society. It does expose the crap so that the smell of maggots is painfully present. It is a hard-hitting document. If you want to read it that way.

It costs you two ninety-five; it'll probably cost the publishers a bundle.

Cabbagetown Diary: A Documentary ought to be required reading for mom and pop, except that they'd only go "Tsk! Tsk!" and forget about it. Of course, you and I are different. We don't forget about it.

What was it that Alinsky said about idealistic student radicals?

Contradictions:

Consider the following:

General Motors (for instance) nets over \$1.7 billion in clear profit every year from its many products. But the same corporation spends only \$40 million a year (two per cent of their profits) on cleaner engine research.

GM spends \$600 million a year for style changes and \$300 million for advertising.

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