

Shirley Whittington



This column is about print addicts and the lovely surprises they bump up against as they read their days away.

Consider the printaholic, whose eyes cannot cruise past a single line of type without ingesting it. For printaholics, anything linear is fishheads to a cat. Printaholics without morning papers make do with cereal boxes. No cereal box? The Zellers Dollar Daze flyer will do. Don't ask a printaholic to wrap up anything in old newspapers. She'll just start reading the classifieds and the wrapping can go hang.

I heard the other day about a man who frequently wore a classy-looking necktie with an intricately embroidered design across the bottom. It was a printaholic who finally cracked the code and revealed that the tie made direct reference to the bowel habits of male bovines.

Printaholics read other peoples' bathroom wall paper, the backs of match folders and those sticky Jack and Jill magazines one finds in doctor's waiting rooms. I have stooped this

low: I have picked up discarded shopping lists in the supermarket and found myself utterly absorbed in stuff like, "1 doz eggs lg. Miss Mew. mush sp."

Even the telephone directory is ocular fodder for the pathological reader. Don't tell me the phone book isn't a barrel of laughs. Did you ever hear of the Mona Lisa Take-Out Lunch? It's there, in the city directory. You get service with a smile there, I bet.

Restaurant names are wonderful idle reading. How about the Cactus Restaurant? Would you get stuck with the bill there?

There's a Delicious Snack Bar on Queen Street and down the road a piece you'll find the Friendly Deli. And if that doesn't bring a smile to your face, try the Ho Ho restaurant, which has an alternate number listed if the first one doesn't answer. ("Maybe they all died laughing, Charlie. Try the other number.")

More flipping through the phone book brought me to the Tip-Top Typewriter Service. That must be a mistake. Surely they

My type of entertainment

mean the Tap-Tap Typewriter Service.

One of my favourite young relatives is a mortician, and he works for the Wing-On Funeral Home. Wow. Talk about heavenly transports.

And speaking of transports, what do you suppose travels on Chi-Can Freight Forwarding? Poultry?

Global Fruit and Produce is a stopper. I suppose some wise guy is always phoning up the folks at Global and asking for bananas and zucchini. ("Sorry Sir. You want the Lengthwise Fruit and Produce company.")

Take a large shopping bag if you're going to Moby Dick Seafood Store. The Moby Dick Car Wash is sheer poetry. Imagine a bulbous Citroen emerging, dripping and glistening from the spray machines. Almost like a Highliner commercial, eh Billy?

Sometimes I have trouble remembering exactly who my hairdresser is. Our little town has almost used up every possible juxtaposition of the words "hair" and "style"

and "beauty". But if I ever go to the Chameleon Hair Stylists down in the city, I'd maybe get my hair cut but never coloured. I wouldn't want to emerge the same colour as the walls of the salon.

You can only sit around reading the telephone directory and laughing softly to yourself for so long before people start looking at you and tapping their brows significantly. Then somebody calls the white van with the flashing lights and the jig's up.

But you can't keep a dedicated printaholic down. Because after you read about a place like the Mona Lisa Take-Out Lunch, you start to daydream about other similar finds.

Is there somewhere a Venus de Milo Player Piano Company? A Night Watch Burglar Alarm System? A Last Supper Poison Control Centre?

There is a famous painting by Picasso called *Nude Descending a Staircase*. I don't even want to guess at what sort of business might adopt that name.

Bill Smiley



There's a great hoo-haw these days about conformity, which has become a dirty word.

Educationists and editors, social workers and sob sisters warn us that one of the great threats to freedom in the modern world is conformity.

These Cassandras claim that we're turning into a nation, a world, of conformists. They threaten that the golden age of the real individual, the rebel, the non-conformist, is nearing an end, and that very soon we shall all be slaves, eating what everybody else is eating, wearing what everybody else is wearing, doing what everybody else is doing, and thinking what everybody else is thinking.

I find myself remarkably calm in the face of these prophecies. In fact, I think they are pure poppycock.

In the first place, I see nothing wrong with conformity. It merely means, "compliance with established forms." In short the individual accepts the responsibilities and the restraints which society imposes on him.

The vast majority of people have always been conformists. If you happened to be a cannibal, and the piece de resistance was roast missionary, you sat down with the rest of the boys and enjoyed the preacher. You didn't say, "Gee, I don't know, fellas. Maybe we're making a mistake. Maybe we shoulda boiled him." No, sir. You conformed. You went along with the crowd.

If you happened to be a Roman legionary, happily backing up Gauls and ancient Britons, you didn't stop in the middle of the orgy and ask yourself, "Is this the real me, or am I just doing this because everybody else is?" If you did, you were a dead non-conformist.

Equally, if you happen to be a modern man, and your kids and wife are putting you over the jumps, you conform. You don't take a two-by-four and pound your kids into submission. You threaten to cut off their allowance.

In the second place, the deliberate, or

To thine own self be true

conscious, non-conformist is a simple pain in the arm. He is the type who thinks he can't be a painter unless he has a beard, who thinks he can't be a poet unless he needs a hair-cut badly.

Perhaps the greatest conformists in the world today are teenagers.

In their desperate attempt to avoid conformity, they become the most rigid conformists in our society.

They dress alike, do their hair alike, eat the same food, listen to the same music. All this, in an effort to revolt against society, to be non-conformists!

Not that there haven't been great non-conformists. Beethoven, Tolstoy, Gauguin come to mind. But they were great, not because they were non-conformists, but in spite of it. They had talent, Mac. On the other hand Bach was a church organist, music teacher and had children. Shakespeare worked atrocious hours, lived an exemplary life, and never missed getting his hair cut regularly.

Alexander the Great, Napoleon, the Marquis de Sade, Hitler and Lee Oswald were non conformists. You know what they contributed to the world.

Does this mean every non-conformist is a nut? Not necessarily, though probably. He is usually an unhappy chap who, for some deep-buried reason, must attract attention.

Trouble is, the people who constantly warn us of the dangers of conformity have confused the non-conformist and the individual. The former is to be pitied. He is seeking firm ground in a quagmire. The latter is to be envied. He has found a prune (himself), in the porridge of society, and he chews happily ever after.

Perhaps old Polonius put it best in Hamlet. His son is going away to college. The dad gives him a lot of advice about conforming. Then, in an unexpected and untypical flash, he adds, "This above all.

To thine own self be true; thou canst not then be false to any man."

Travel news, views



by CAROL MERKLEY
Marlin Travel

The trend is one of informality at all but the most opulent hotels, and dinner jackets and evening dresses have become more than the exception than the rule.

Plan your wardrobe sensibly, keeping in mind what you expect to do and where you expect to do it.

For example, a scuba diving holiday in the Cayman Islands is not the sort of thing for which top hat and tails are a must.

Conversely, an open necked shirt or pair of short shorts would raise more than a few eyebrows at some Bermuda restaurants.

So wear your attire to your destination but, as a rule, keep it neat and casual.

Men should take one suit (wear it down) a few dress and sports shirts, and a couple of pairs of swimming trunks.

Women: Around the hotel, lightweight sportswear will be fine, but keep covered if you're going into town: local residents consider scanty dresses worn in public to be in bad taste.

Trade winds are delightfully refreshing during the day, but might cause a goose pimple or two in the evening, so a light pullover or shawl might be useful items—particularly if you are visiting one of the more northerly islands or if your hotel is on fairly

high ground.

What To Bring:

The cardinal rule to follow is simple: don't overpack.

Yes, we know you've probably heard it before, but people keep on doing it anyway.

So before you pack something, stop and consider: is it really necessary? Chances are that it may not be as vital as you had originally thought. Suntan lotion, shampoo and a number of brand name cosmetics are sold on all but the most undeveloped islands; however, prices are usually somewhat higher than at home—sometimes downright ridiculous.

Also pack a small sewing kit, copies of your

prescriptions, an extra pair of glasses (or contact lenses) plastic bags for damp clothing, sunglasses, some antiseptic, analgesic tablets ointment, and something in the way of stomach settler.

If the make and model of your luggage is not particularly unique, distinguish it with a stick or strip of brightly coloured tape.

Identification will be much easier. Make sure that your bags are tagged properly—each bearing your name, home address and destination.

In the event of their being lost or misdirected, it may also be helpful to have the same information displayed on the inside of your suitcases.

Weekly report from Queen's Pk. provincial electoral boundaries are in the news

by GEORGE W. TAYLOR
Q.C., M.P.P.

Simcoe Centre, Solicitor General

On Feb. 9, the Ontario Electoral Boundaries Commission announced proposed changes, as is the usual practice about every 10 years, to the provincial electoral boundaries.

Public hearings will be held across the province during the spring to ensure that the views of Ontario citizens are heard before the boundaries are finalized.

The Commission is an independent body consisting of the Honourable Justice S.H. Huges, Chairman, Ontario Chief Election Officer, Warren Bailie, Vice-Chairman, and Professor J. Neville Thompson, from the University of Western Ontario. The Commission, in creating the new boundaries, took into account population trends, communication, community or diversity of in-

terests, topographical features, existing boundaries of municipalities, existing and traditional boundaries of electoral districts, while trying to give each riding an average population quota.

Following public representations or objections, the draft boundary proposals will receive final approval from the legislature. The final map of electoral districts will then be ready.

The new boundaries may be in place for the next provincial election.

The Commission's present proposal divides Ontario into 130 electoral districts, an additional five from the present 125 ridings. The proposed new ridings are necessary to accommodate the population increase in the areas to the north, west and east of metro Toronto, as well as in Ottawa.

At the same time, downtown Toronto and most rural areas of Ontario have not kept pace with the population increase. In these areas, ridings would be amalgamated according to the commission's proposals.

The proposed changes to the electoral map affect all areas of the province except Northern Ontario. In the north, the ridings have smaller population but are, quite simply, too large geographically to make change possible. Further, although these ridings have a reduction in population, under the resolution establishing the Ontario Electoral Boundaries Commission, Northern Ontario must have 15 ridings.

I strongly encourage any resident of Simcoe Centre to attend the public hearing in our area if they have a representation to make to the Commission. This is the public's opportunity to voice their opinions concerning

the Commission's proposed changes to Ontario's electoral districts.

Personally, I would prefer to continue to represent all of Simcoe Centre, but under the independent Commission proposals, certain areas of the three ridings in Simcoe County have been suggested for a new riding of Georgian Bay.

Some changes will take place recognizing population trends but the suggestion that Vespra not be part of the Simcoe Centre riding will definitely have to be reconsidered.

The public sitting is being held at the Council Chambers, City Hall, 84 Collier Street, Barrie at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, May 1, 1984. Prior to this date, notices of the public sitting will be appearing in the local papers with maps showing the proposed electoral districts.