

# OPINION

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## Government-fed magazines a flippant waste

Anyone in the print media would be the first to speak up for free speech.

But when the government steps in and begins subsidizing magazines with limited or almost no circulation, something must be said. Certainly, the magazine industry is vital to Ontario's economy, bringing in \$494.8 million in revenues, and maintaining 2,529 full time jobs in this province.

The NDP government this week doled out \$800,004 to 37 companies in this industry, and the list of grant recipients is a compendium of obscure, often one-person-run publications, and large, very viable publications, now propped up by taxpayer financing. This is not the correct way to support Ontario's magazine industry.

As an example, the government gave out \$17,972 to the United Church Observer to upgrade com-



### Viewpoint

Andrew Mair

puter systems and "to improve customer service." Since when do we fund the operations of the religious press? And if their customer service is so bad, maybe they shouldn't be in business at all.

Another: The Jazz Report got \$12,000 for new computers.

Another: Pathways Magazine was given \$30,000 to run "a special blitz promotion in which the magazine's distribution will be expanded for one issue, with added media and circulation

advertising." Still another: Canadian Gardening managed to secure \$50,000 to run a direct-mail new subscription campaign, a readership survey and a new media kit.

A magazine called Edges: New Planetary Patterns emerged with \$15,000 to buy a computer system, while Arctic Circle was handed \$20,000 for computer upgrades. Crafts Plus got \$5,060 to send three editorial staff to a seminar. And the list goes on and on.

The simple fact is; if revenues were split equally, each person in the magazine industry in Ontario would make \$291 a year. And the government wants to support this? If a fringe publication can't make it on its own merit, its own ability to raise operational money, then it likely should re-examine its viability.

There is no place in our economy for government-fed magazines. Publications like Toronto Life and Outdoor Canada are filled with advertising, and can compete with the best on the store shelves. The government gave \$80,000 to these two, to boost subscriptions.

What the magazine industry needs are tougher import laws, greater tax incentives and greater cooperation within the industry itself. To hand the publishers money in the name of promoting culture and recreation is a flippant waste of precious funding.

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## We have met the enemy and he is us

Dear Editor,

Congratulations to Jo Ann Stevenson for her Viewpoint. Garbage is in crisis so let's bash Bob (Nov. 13).

Bob made the styrofoam cups we're holding as we read this paper - right? And when we finish our coffee, he should darn well come and get the cups, and take them to the moon or Mars or somewhere. But don't dump them in our backyards, Bob.

Oh, and Bob! Would you mind taking these chocolate bar wrappers and these cigarette pack-

### Editor's Mail

ages. Thanks: Just garbage, Bob. No, don't put that stuff in Vaughan. Peel doesn't want it, Durham doesn't want it. Stouffville's, got enough, remember? Decades ago, Pogo said, "We

have met the enemy and he is us."

The government is us, society is us, garbage is us. When are we going to understand?

Ann Goldring  
Stouffville

## Pay equity a slap in face

Dear Editor,

Regine Baker (WTA staff officer) is misleading the public with her statement that pre-degree teachers have as many as or more courses as degree teachers. This is not necessarily so. A university B.A. degree requires a minimum of 15 courses, and many courses offered to teachers, both university and Ministry of Education, do not lead to a university degree.

I am acquainted with teachers whose qualifications are Grade 13 plus one year teacher's college training, and after 20 or more years of teaching, have not upgraded their qualifications.

Pay equity is a slap in the face for those of us who have furthered our educational and professional qualifications, while many pre-degree teachers have not taken a course in years. They may do exactly the same job, but they don't exactly have equal qualifications.

N. Wright  
Markham

*Giving a party is like having a baby. Its conception is more fun than its completion, and once you've begun, it's impossible to stop.*

Jan Struthers

Want to go to a party? You're invited.

I'm serious. The party is this coming Sunday and it's strictly "come as you are." I guarantee you that there'll be lots to eat and drink. I can't say for sure who'll be there, but you can expect at least 50 other folks to show up — and they'll be from every walk of life you can imagine.

At the last party there was an anaesthetist from Martinique, an Algerian-born cancer researcher, a French filmmaker, a Scottish golfer, a photographer from Cincinnati, two students from Montreal, a surfer from South Africa, and two hairdressers from New Westminster, B.C.

And that's just the people who were standing around the chip dip.

You'll encounter folks who speak Canadian, American, Australian, Irish, Scottish and English English. You will also hear conversations in Spanish, French, Italian, Rumanian and even Swahili is not out of the question.

There are, ahhh, one or two catches however.

First it's going to cost you about \$25 for the evening — but hey! That's a bargain for all the food, wine and conversation you can handle, right?

The second catch is more daunting.

If you want to go to this party, you have to make your way to Paris, France.

Well, that's where the party is. In a somewhat cramped studio apartment just off the Rue de la Tombe Issoire, to be exact, in the 14th arrondissement of the French capital.

It's Jim Haynes' pad. Jim's an American expatriate, a part-time lecturer, a travel writer and perhaps the last professional hippie in existence. Working hippie, that is. He's lived and

worked in Paris since the late 70's. And every Sunday he's thrown a party for the first 50 or so people who come through his door.

Well, it's not quite that simple, but almost. Jim Haynes prefers his guests to telephone ahead and let him know they're coming. That way he knows how much to cook.

But as far as place settings go, it's first come, first served. Jim doesn't give a rap if you're a millionaire or on the dole, a Lord Mayor or a lumberjack. Nobody gets invited because they're rich and famous, and nobody — save drunks and gate-crashers — gets turned down.

"The first 50 people to call me each week are in," says Jim, "but I leave a few extra places for the ones that arrive in town the day before and don't call until Saturday or Sunday."

Jim Haynes isn't in it for the money. The 75 francs he charges each guest barely covers the food and wine — and any profit he makes is donated to his favourite east European charities.

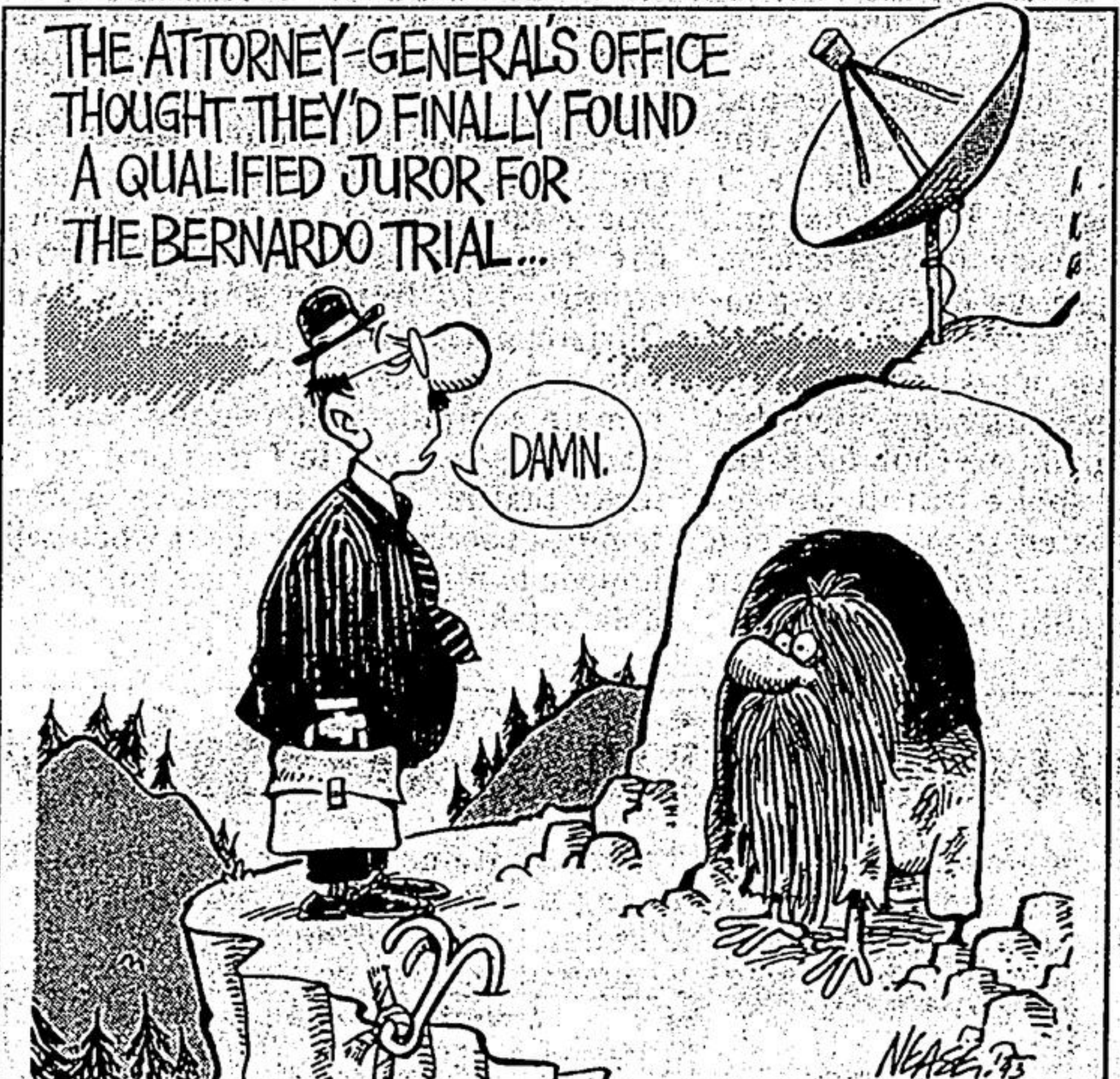
Haynes is one of those rarest of birds — a born host who just loves to help strangers meet one another. "If there's been one theme running through my life," he says, "it's been introducing people to other people."

"A few come to my Sunday dinners just to eat and drink, but I think most of them come to meet people they would never have met otherwise."

Indeed. I am not personally what you'd call a party animal. I generally find them to be fetes worse than death. But then I've never been to Jim Haynes' place. If my bateau comes in and I get to spend some holiday time in Paris, I know how I'm going to pass at least one Sunday evening.

Chances are you're richer and/or luckier than I am and a holiday in Paris figures in your travel plans. If so, scribble this address on the inside cover of your passport and drop Jim Haynes a line at: Atelier A-2, 83 Rue de la Tombe Issoire, 75014, Paris 43.27.17.67 or 43.27.19.09

And bon appetit.  
by Arthur Black



Adam

by Brian Basset

