## **CYSF promotes Blue Jays** rather than football Yeomen

During my first year at York I had no idea who the Yeomen were, where they played, or what league they played in. It wasn't until I had all my courses organized, and became familiar with the University that I became acquainted with the Yeomen. By then the football season was over, the hockey season was well underway, and the basketball season was just gearing up. Only in my second year did I discover the Yeomen had female counterparts called the Yeowomen.

I'll admit there was a certain amount of apathy on my part, and there's no excuse for it. Unfortunately, many of the first year students go through a similar process, simply because the Yeomen don't receive enough publicity. There are few posters and advertisements scattered around the University, but no big promotional campaign. Nothing like the Council of York Student Federation \$40,000+ extravaganza which took the freshmen of York and Glendon to a Blue Jay game for \$10 each.

Instead of orienting the newcomers to York and Glendon to their University's varsity teams, they preferred to let them discover the highly publicized Blue Jays. The Jays were playing the Yankees while the Yeomen football team was kicking off the season against the Guelph Gryphons, in what could be their most promising year.

The Blue Jays could be enjoying the same type of season, but there isn't a sporting fan who wouldn't go see them without CYSF. Just about everybody in the country knows who, the Blue Jays are, and they can be seen on television at least once a week. The Yeomen, on the other



hand, could certainly use the publicity to develop their programme. Instead, they remain in a state of anonymity for many freshmen.

South of the border such a move by the student government would be treason. The president would be stoned, tarred and feathered, and buried alive for such an action.

CYSF may argue that the promotional aspect of York athletics is the responsibility of the person in charge of promotions. But this kind of rationalization is a cop out. CYSF as the body representing the students has a responsibility to the university and to the students. Not to the **Toronto Blue Jays!** 

It's shocking to see CYSF not bothering to support one of York's finer varsity teams. How could such an organization not take advantage of an excellent opportunity to orient the students of York and Glendon to the University's football team?

For the price of \$10 you could have enjoyed a football game, the barbecue, the concert, and a whole lot more.

CYSF was well aware of the home opener, yet they decided to ignore it. I would question whether or not Drew McReadie (CYSF president) has ever attended a Yeomen event. If he had he would be aware of the kind of excitement varsity sports events are able to generate, and would have made the trip to North York Civic

stadium-where the seats are closer to the action-instead of travelling all the way downtown to Exhibition Stadium, where you need a pair of binoculars to see home plate. In the end the Yeomen played a close and exciting football game. The Blue Jays pounded the Yankees 13-1, in what turned out to be a laugher in the rain.

This year the athletic department has decided not to hire a full-time Sports Information Director (SID). In the long run this could prove costly. The Yeomen seldom received any publicity from the major media when there was a SID. The situation is certainly not going to improve without one.

Recently, the athletic department hired a new Promotions Director, Rob Marlucci. This week Marlucci begins his campaign against student apathy, and his quest to generate more awareness of York's athletic programme. He's already one game behind, and should realize CYSF is not going to aid in his worthy cause.

The next home game for York is on September 26, with the defending **OUAA** champion Western Mustangs in town. That same weekend the Detroit Tigers are in town for a three-game series. Mr. Marlucci you have your hands full. Mr. McReadie-if we don't meet at the game, give my regards to Lou Whitaker.

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Some of these Blues men and women have emerged from the "farm teams" of established bands, for example, John Watkins from Jimmy Johnson's and Willy Dixon's groups; Dion Payton from Lonnie Brooks'; and Michael Coleman from James Cotton's. Others have followed the traditional path from the Baptist church to the Blues bar, like Professor Eddie Lusk and Gloria Hardiman. And Valerie Washington gained her first public acclaim from one of the many successful Bluesoriented stage plays that have run in the Chicago area and elsewhere in the last few years.

These new Blues musicians, while steeped in the tradition, aren't standing still musically. They prove once and for all that Blues is not about doing anthropology on some dead slaves, but it is constantly changing, living music. The influence of both rock and black radio can be heard in new rhythms, new instruments (synthesizers are common on the scene now and many guitarists have an array of effective pedals), and an increased emphasis on instrumental technique and flash.

Consequently, on the whole this Chicago based anthology bridges the gap between raw city Blues and the sweeter, under-world sophistication of uptempo soul sounds. The result is a crisp updated approach which doesn't lose a sense of its original Blues idioms and motifs.

Of particular note, for those who want to know where Blues is going, check out Gloria Hardiman's mouthwatering seductiveness singing "Meet Me With Your Black Draws On," and the revitalized handicraft of Lil' Ed Williams' slide guitar on "Young Thing." Both songs and their players forecast the future of Blues: sweetly blended harmonies and cross-fertilized musical nuances laid over a raucous, rompin' rhythm.

As long as the Blues is the Blues, it will be about "Bad Luck and Troubles." This is the indelible mark that the raw aching soul of South Chicago has painted on life and art. Let's make no mistake about it.

Blues is not and will never be for the faint of heart or weak-spirited. In this new stage of revitalization, however, rather than the players making a pilgrimmage to the home of the Blues, Blues is taking its message to the rest of the world.

Dead Kennedys GIVE ME CONVENIENCE OR GIVE ME DEATH (Alternative Tentacles)

The latest release from this most politically significant band is a compilation of some past standards and substandards: a greatest hits package from these guys is sort of like living near a 'mix-six' beer store.

The only new song is a remake of Bobby Fuller's "I fought the law" with the following line changed to "I won," an obvious reference to singer Jello Biafra's recently completed obscenity trial.

He was the defendant in this 'test' case stemming from the right wing fundamentalists who seeking to censor and ban 'offensive' material down in the good ol' U.S. of A. The offending material was a poster included in the Dead Kennedy's 1985 release Frankenchrist. Biafra was acquitted just last week.

The rest of the album is comprised of past releases like: "Life Sentence," a song that chronologizes the pathway from school to the nine-tofive routine; "Holiday in Cambodia," a song about the notorious Pol Pot with a scathing guitar riff; and the dance hall fave "Too Drunk to Fuck."

Jello almost seems to take the burdens of our entire society on his back, and returns solutions-if he has any at all-at 90 m.p.h. through blazing guitar and thunderous backbeat drums.

There is a booklet included in the package which explains, in newspaper headlines and lyrics, each of the songs. This is a good thing, because it pinpoints the exact inhumanities which cause Biafra's disdain. The booklet is reason enough to buy the album, and if it doesn't demand your attention, the music surely will.

