

# No joke = writers reap rewards

By JAMES FLAGAL  
and JENNIFER PARSONS

Four York students will be honoured with a President's Prize in Creative Writing at a reception to be held on April 12.

"The award," said Professor Robert Casto, the Director of the Creative Writing Programme, "is to ensure that York continues its tradi-

tion of excellence in the field of creative writing." Each student will receive \$250 as a recognition of their outstanding literary effort.

In the poetry category, Dave Lomax's *Untravelled World* came in first, and Jo-Anne St. James' *The Dedication Ceremony* was awarded for best prose fiction. The best screenplay went to Marc Venema's

*Thirty-Minute Lifetime*, and best stage play went to Clark Hoskin's *Ghostwriter*.

"It was very hard to pick winners this year," said Casto, "because the caliber of the writing was so high in each category." The reception will be held in Vanier's Senior Common Room this Tuesday at 3:00 pm. All are welcome.



**TAKING AIM:** Larry Fig & Casper Jones (right) are professional assassins. Their job is a thankless one. The new literary magazine *Flay* finally pays tribute to these fine men & women in its latest "Assassination issue."



**BEGGING FOR SCRAPS AT THE DINNER TABLE:** Father and son baritones, Louis and Gino Quilico, as Leporello and Don Giovanni in the Canadian Opera Company's production of *Don Giovanni*.

## Literary magazine, *Flay*, goes down as easy as cherry filling

By MICHAEL REDHILL

Although we have waited almost eight months for the newest issue, *Flay* No. 5 is truly worth it. After the beating-suicide of previous editor Dermott Anguish, the editorial board of this literary magazine waited patiently for his successor to appear. And appear he did. After a short stint with the garage band "The Violent Undertakers," lead singer Buddy Glad decided he wanted something less ephemeral than rock. "Music's OK if you want to get laid," he said. "But it's not fuckin art."

With no experience, Glad undertook the editorship of *Flay* just a month ago. The result is *Flay*'s, Assassination Issue. "We though a theme would be cool. We just told everyone to write us assassination poetry. But if they were too burnt out, they didn't have to," says Glad.

The issue is a bloody masterpiece. Stapled to the front cover is a shred of fabric the editors claim was part of John F. Kennedy's shirt that went missing after his murder. I believe it. Certainly this would be enough, but there is also twelve pages of new poems from Dump McCoy, author of *I Beat My Mother With A Stick Until She Was Dead And Then I Beat Her Some More and Other Poems*. McCoy's poetry is visceral, hard-hitting roller-coaster poetry, sticky with power. Witness JFK Death Malted:

"oh jackie, muh brane is blewn away  
yeh yeh blewn right off.  
Don't worry jimmie (for she allus called him jimmie inna parade)  
i gotcher delicat brane-pan,  
and she did, love him as she did,  
he was still her prezident, and  
she clutched tite his bustid hed."

Buddy Glad has also printed some of his own efforts, and they display the facile kind of power we know *Flay* for:

"Erektile tissue  
EREKTILE TISSUE"

("Erektile tissue," B. Glad)

The visuals are equally rewarding. Martin Recoil's series of line drawings based on tapeworms is a bril-

liant comment on immigration. Annabel Okidoki's Spit Spirograph paintings defy description.

I fear I may say too much about *Flay* if I go on. "We want everyone to read *Flay*," says Editor Glad. "Art doesn't have to be your ninth grade poetry class with Ms. Conifer. We want to make art a jelly donut." After reading this issue of *Flay*, you'll know what Glad means. *Flay* is so good, you'll want to lick the lips of everyone who reads it.

## Opera drawn in one breath

By KEN KEOBKE

Don Juan, as he is popularly known, sneaks into Elvira's bedroom, is overpowered, escapes, kills her father in a duel, escapes, meets a former lover hunting for him, escapes while she listens to a litany of his conquests, goes to a wedding, seduces Zerlina the bride, is caught in the act, escapes, has a party, seduces the bride again, gets caught again, tries to blame it on his oaf assistant, is found out by the jealous husband, is duelled and escapes, is ambushed, fools everyone and escapes to a graveyard where he laughs about it all and invites the statue of the murdered father for dinner, goes home, dines, dines with the statue and doesn't escape the flickering fires of Hell and therefore misses hearing the remaining cast tell everyone that it's the normal fate for such philandering in the Canadian Opera Company's O'Keefely venued, muscularly cast, poorly designed, confusingly choreographed, elegantly costumed, beautifully lighted, well attended, musically sound Mozart's misogynistic-female-hiss-enducing, Shavian critically acclaimed April Repertoiring operatic triumph, *Don Giovanni*.

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