



**A SEA OF HATS:** This scene was repeated several times last week as over 3,800 students graduated. With the weather generally cooperative, the ceremonies were held at the top of the Ross Building ramp. A lone bagpiper commenced each ceremony.

## York group protests award ceremony

by JOE FABITZ

The link of York's Board of Governors (BOG) to the apartheid system in South Africa is still an issue. Despite the recent resignation of Sonja Bata from the BOG, members of the York Student Movement Against Apartheid (YSMAA) claim there are other members sitting on York's Board who represent companies with extensive investments in South Africa.

YSMAA members were present at a June 19 convocation ceremony to protest the contradiction of awarding an honorary degree to an anti-apartheid leader while BOG members are associated with South African investment.

York awarded an honorary Doctor of Law degree to Walter Sisulu, a founding member of the African National Congress (ANC), the movement committed to ending apartheid. Sisulu has been imprisoned since 1963.

The YSMAA demonstration was peaceful. Protesters carried signs and distributed pamphlets outlining their position. The YSMAA were granted permission to demonstrate at the convocation ceremony.

The distributed pamphlet stated that "while the York community applauds the significant gesture by York University in its acknowledgement of the efforts of people like Walter Sisulu, we note in passing that the University has on its Board of Governors representatives of 2 Canadian multinational corporations (Noranda Mines and Dominion Securities Ames Ltd.), both of which strengthen the apartheid system, through massive investment.

YSMAA spokesman David Himbara told *Excalibur* that "every dollar invested in South Africa is another brick in the wall of apartheid. We are saying that York can't do it both ways."

The YSMAA objective is to make York a "university against apartheid," says Himbara. He would like all pubs to refrain from selling Carling O'Keefe products (which are partly controlled by South African interests), and to have all unions at York recognize the efforts of the YSMAA.

"The main issue is to get York students to do what other university students are doing," says Himbara, "finding out what the university does with its money, if its investing in corporations that invest in South Africa."

The YSMAA plan to study the York situation to see what information is available concerning the university's investments in corporations with South African connections.

Himbara notes that the University of Toronto, McGill and many universities in the United States have well developed "divestment" organizations. Himbara says to date the YSMAA have "no idea" about the extent to which York is involved in South African investment.

## Theft to result in the expulsion of student senator and council members

by DAVID BYRNES

Two Norman Bethune College council members and a student senator are among five York students facing severe disciplinary action following a theft from a Complex II servery on May 9.

The theft was reported by Bethune's *Lexicon* editor Michael Barwick, who himself faces the loss of his editorship and of a residence donship because of his alleged involvement.

Barwick said that he reported the theft after he discovered a group of people "partying" in the *Lexicon* office in the evening of May 9, who had brought with them stolen liquor and "\$200.00—\$300.00 worth" of stolen food. Charged by a disciplinary committee with having prior knowledge of the theft and with having joined the party, Barwick said he tried unsuccessfully to notify Bethune

Master David Lumsden the next day, and then notified Bethune's Senior Tutor, Ed Hooven, the day after that.

"I feel that the decision (of the committee regarding himself) is incredibly unjust, because I'm the one that reported this in the first place" Barwick said. "This has disrupted my whole life."

The Bethune disciplinary committee formed to investigate the theft has recommended to the administration that the four other students be expelled from the university. These are Sol Lerner, Bethune's Vice-Chairperson; George Leung, Bethune's External Affairs Rep.; David Armstrong, a student Senator; and John Sinclair-Whitely, a Bethune residence student. All involved have confessed to participating in the theft.

Lerner, who had a high profile politically last year as a leader of the successful "No" campaign against a proposed student centre building, is also a member of the Food and Bever-

ages Committee and was an employee of Rill Food Services at the time of the May 9 theft from the Rill servery.

Some of the students facing expulsion have been connected with a series of thefts from the servery, which Barwick said added up to "massive amounts of food" cached in a residence room as well as more liquor stored in Bethune's weight room.

Members of the disciplinary committee, chaired by Bethune residence tutor John McFarlane and including Bethune Council Chairperson Jill Rabjohn, would not discuss the work of the committee, or details of the theft. Bethune Master David Lumsden also would not discuss the matter until the committee finishes dealing with appeals, at which time Bethune will issue a written statement, he said.

Provost Tom Meinenger is also reluctant to talk about the matter saying only that he is "aware that allegations have been made and heard" concerning the theft.

## Body discovered in York residence building

by IAN BAILEY

The body of a man was found in the garbage compactor of the York graduate residence at 2 Assiniboine Road on June 24.

In a statement made to the press during the day, investigating officer Sergeant Vaughan O'Toole reported that the body was that of a male in his '20s, who was found by the building superintendent, Jack Collins, at 10:20 a.m. A post-mortem was scheduled to follow the removal of the body. O'Toole said the death was being treated as a homicide.

Adrienne McLennan, Director of Information at the Public Affairs Department of the Metro Police, said the body has not been identified.

"It was not known by someone who was believed to have known everyone in the building," McLennan said.

During the day the building was sealed off by police as officers conducted a floor-by-floor search for evidence.



COURTESY ATKINSONIAN

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# Calumet College to join CYSF as affiliate member

by ELLIOTT SHIFF

Calumet College will be joining the Council of the York Student Federation (CYSF) as an affiliate member when student council reconvenes in the fall.

Calumet chairperson Lesley Garant said the college's decision to rejoin CYSF was largely due to the good relationship between representatives to the college and past CYSF president Chris Summerhayes and current president Reya Ali.

Garant said "a strong representative student government is essential at this time," adding "Calumet is trying to take an interest in the university as a whole." The decision to rejoin CYSF was arrived at during a general meeting held in March. As an affiliate member, Calumet will have one voting member as opposed to the three votes assigned to full college members in CYSF.

Garant termed Calumet's affiliate membership "a trial period" whereby representatives from the college will monitor the student council to see if it is providing an effective forum for solving problems.

Another reason for Calumet seeking affiliate status is the issue of college trust funds which

become incorporated into CYSF following full membership. At this time Calumet does not want to relinquish its trust fund. Garant said that negotiations are currently taking place between Calumet and CYSF over the trust fund issue.

CYSF president Reya Ali said negotiations over the trust fund issue could result in a limited time control where Calumet would have control over its trust fund for two years before becoming fully incorporated into CYSF.

A plan for revamping CYSF is currently circulating among the colleges. This plan is the result of discussions between Ali and the colleges. Ali said his new plan for CYSF includes a more active council in terms of internal monitoring of the administration as well as an active academic focus with more input into academic policy from student government. Ali cited CYSF's ineffective action during last year's strikes as an example of the improvements he would like to make so that if a similar situation arises this year the students will be sufficiently represented.

Ali said that Calumet's decision to participate in CYSF is "a very positive step," adding he is "optimistic" that other non-member colleges might be incorporated into CYSF by the fall.

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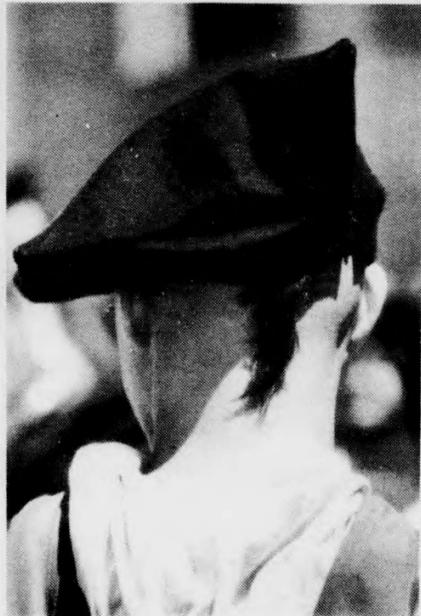
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**CLASS OF '85:** Rain didn't deter this procession of graduands and the press to convocation ceremonies. At right, a squirrel secretly aspires to higher education beneath the hat of an unsuspecting graduand. Similar attempts by elephants and hippos were not quite so successful.



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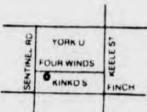
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# Criticism journal challenges norms of mainstream film

By ALEX PATTERSON

Somewhere between the gushings of the publicists' best friend George Anthony and the idiosyncratic intellectualizing of Pauline Kael lies a gap in film criticism. *cineAction!*, new on the York campus, fills that gap, and puts particular emphasis on "Marxism/socialism, feminism and gay liberation."

Subtitled "A magazine of radical film criticism", *cineAction!* comes to us from a collective of York professors, local filmmakers and friends. Two names stand out on the list of editors: Atkinson College's *enfant terrible* Robin Wood, and *Movie* contributor Andrew Britton, whose writing does not appear in this first issue, but who is quoted by two other essayists. All members of the collective, including the ghost of Andrew Britton, are committed to speaking of film within its socioeconomic context; putting the politics back into the discussion. On this, the editors are as one, though their politics may vary somewhat in prime areas of concern, as do their styles of criticism. While occasionally slipping into a reliance upon ill-defined catch-phrases (e.g. patriarchal capitalism, Oedipal trajectory), they generally manage to avoid the more convoluted excesses to which this kind of writing is prey.

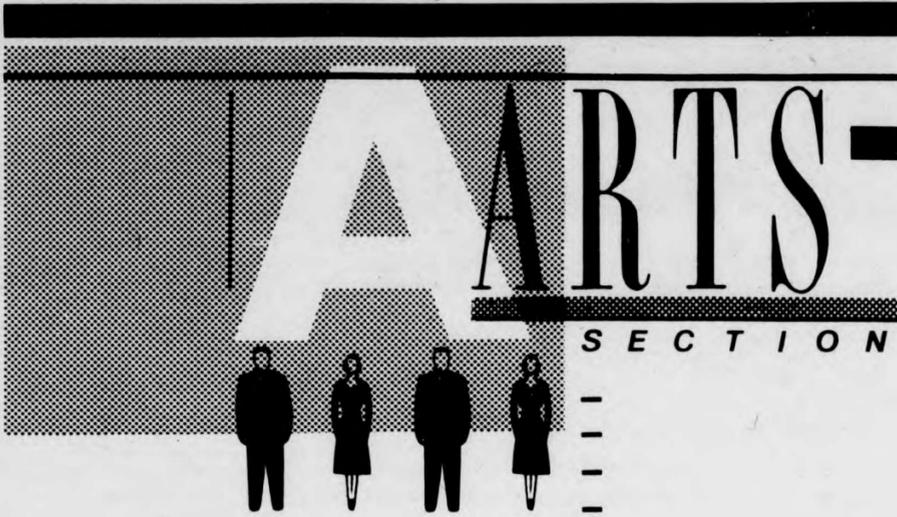
This new kill-them-gooks attitude towards the war is . . . the movie industry's jump on the neo-conservative bandwagon.

As well as steering clear of the worst of semiotic jargon-mongering, *cineAction!* stays out of the potholes of boredom occupied by *Cinema Canada*. Essentially a trade paper for the Hollywood North crowd, *Cinema Canada* is strictly white bread compared to *cineAction!* The new magazine is not afraid to offend, and doesn't mince words when it comes to what it feels is a massive swing to the Right in popular entertainment. Robin Wood's article "80s Hollywood: Dominant Tendencies" (nice pun) acts as a kind of lead-in to the others, which discuss one specific film apiece. Wood's essay is from his forthcoming book *Hollywood from Vietnam to Reagan*, which will be published by Columbia University Press this September. It sets the tone for the rest of the magazine by investigating what value-systems are at work in the most popular films of the last few years, especially those from the Spielberg/

Lucas factory. These movies are examples of what Andrew Britton has called 'Reaganite entertainment.'

(It is ironic that the Gipper, never more than a footnote to movie history as an actor, has become infinitely more influential on Hollywood since he has stopped acting.) Wood is absolutely right when he points out that we have gone from movies that questioned America's involvement in East Asia (*The Deer Hunter*, *Coming Home*) to movies that celebrate it (*Uncommon Valor*, *Missing in Action*, *Rambo: Second Blood*) since the 1980 election of the Republicans. It is also true that the former group are thoughtful examinations and the latter are B-grade action flicks which treat a tragic war as an excuse for bloodbaths in exotic locales. This rewriting of recent American history, this new kill-them-gooks attitude towards the war is, according to the author, the movie industry's jump on the neo-conservative bandwagon.

Other points aren't argued quite so convincingly: there is also a Freudian element at work in Wood's criticism which weakens some otherwise strong cases. Here it is asked to do more than it can cope with, and consequently old Oedipus and company are given quite a workout. Aspects of psychoanalysis are compatible with the feminist concerns of some of the contributors—Freud's notions of the importance of the father can be applied to feminist notions of patriarchy—



but one can only lay so much blame on "the law of the father" before the reader cries "uncle!" Wood also assumes that the 'Force' in the *Star Wars* series and the mysterious powers in *Ghost Busters* are "obvious stand-ins for nuclear energy." They could be standing in for many things, nuclear power among them, but is this really so obvious?

The rest of the issue is devoted to films from the last few years which have been unjustly neglected by the public and sometimes by the critics as well. This is not just the championing of the underdog for which intellectuals are famous; these films were ignored not simply because they weren't promoted adequately, but because of "their problematic nature in relation to . . . current cinema." In

short, *Out of the Blue*, *Tell Me a Riddle* and Bertrand Tavernier's *Death Watch*, (each of which is given intensive scrutiny) didn't conform to the spirit of the age. Florence Jacobowitz and Lori Spring's article on *Tell Me a Riddle*, a forgotten drama with Melvyn Douglas and Lila Kedrova, conveys the authors' passion for the work, and makes the reader want to seek it out and view it. Each article is guaranteed to provoke a reaction, one way or the other. You might be stimulated, you might be irritated, but you will never be bored.

As well as steering clear of the worst of semiotic jargon-mongering, *cineAction!* stays out of the potholes of boredom occupied by *Cinema Canada*.

The authors state in their foreword that their intention is to provide "alternatives to what is generally available." This they have done. *cineAction!* is a lively and welcome addition to the local arts scene, worth looking for and, at \$2.00 for 24 pages with no advertising, worth picking up.

## cineACTION!

A MAGAZINE OF RADICAL FILM CRITICISM

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Neglected films of the '80s



Above, cover of *cineAction!* shows Linda Manz in *Out of the Blue*. Left, Manz and director/actor Dennis Hopper.

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## THE ZARNETT ZONE



By MARTIN ZARNETT

*This is the first of a regular series of columns by Martin Zarnett, an Osgoode student who has had wide experience in York student politics since he came here four years ago, including two years as a student representative on the Board of Governors. Since nobody else would listen to Martin's outlandish ideas, he came to us. Martin told us "there are dynamics which are not easily visible from the surface" here at York. "Good enough Martin" we said, and off he went, paper and pencil in hand. The following is the first of Martin's "underlying dynamics."*

It has been observed by more than one visitor to the York campus that our University in the winter looks more like an Arctic weather station than an institution of higher learning. Others have commented that the fields at the southeast portion of the campus give the University the distinction of having the most productive pasture land next to the refineries across Keele Street. In fact, a group at York a number of years ago seriously proposed that in order to alleviate student unemployment the empty fields at York could be farmed. The one thing I remember from my old days in Geography is that York University sits on some of the best farmland in Southern Ontario.

Farming aside, what I am writing about is the aesthetic quality of the York campus and how trees and other plants would vastly improve the appearance of some of the monoliths which we call buildings at York. As I will briefly explain below, my travels as a student member of the Board of Governors led me to sit on the Arboretum Committee. This body allowed me to voice my concerns with others who shared my views; that York University would be vastly improved if it undertook to establish and implement a long term program of forestation. This would include the planting of trees, shrubs and other flora on the York University campus.

I became a member of the committee largely because my predecessor on the Board, John Weston, was committed to improving life at York by planting trees. As a graduate of Harvard University, John clearly understood that part of the atmosphere at Cambridge was literally "rooted" in its trees. A walk through Harvard Yard would confirm this point.

York University lacks old and majestic trees where groups of students, faculty and staff can go to sit and relax, study or read. An old weeping willow and a magnificent maple outside the Scott Library would certainly have quite an attraction at this time of the year. At the University of Pennsylvania, the only other University which I have attended, Locust Walk, the focal point of campus, was lined with 100 year old locust trees which inspired among other things study, thought and conversation.

To be fair, this is only York's twenty-fifth year. It's a bit too early for big trees. However the present situation should not deter those who want to plant trees now. It has been said, and I concur, that to plant a tree today is one of the most charitable pursuits that one could undertake, because the person who plants the tree does it for future generations to enjoy.

John Weston had a number of ideas which I believe should be shared with the entire campus. He proposed a long term plan of action, with financial support from the administration and other sources which would give York the type of environment which it deserves. This forestation would be an integral part of the overall plan of physical development on campus.

John proposed to generate interest among alumni, many of whom maintain little or no connections with the campus after graduation. The University would establish a program whereby alumni could donate trees to York. This type of program would serve three purposes. The first purpose would be to link the donor with the University. Secondly, funds not normally forthcoming to York could be obtained. Thirdly, and most importantly, the campus would be the beneficiary of this program of forestation.

John's concerns were with aesthetics. However, in addition to a general beautification, tree planting would assist in breaking the harsh winds which whip through our campus.

Potential donors of trees are not just students and former students. Staff and faculty who spend a great deal of time on campus would also be potential donors. Other ideas include the establishment of "real" corporate parks, where large corporations could donate specific trees to be planted within specific areas. Not only would the corporation be identified but goodwill and the potential for future donations and other activities would be established.

This plan would require funds, resources and leadership. While the Arboretum Committee has a handle on the scientific aspects of tree planting it needs a member of the upper administration or Board of Governors to lead it through the maze of red tape and internal jockeying that goes on for scarce funds.

A candidate for this position clearly would be Philip A. Lapp, the author of "Physical Planning Requirements at York University" better known as the Lapp Report. His expertise and experience would serve this committee well. While a topic as seemingly mundane as trees was not mentioned specifically in the Lapp Report, Mr. Lapp as well as President Arthurs understand that this campus is in need of some type of development, including physical development, in order to fulfill its potential.

# Fuentes book sheds light on Latin American conflict

by GARY SYMONS

*Latin America: At War With The Past*  
by Carlos Fuentes  
Published by CBC Enterprises, 1985

When most politicians, scholars or novelists delve into the complex problems facing Latin America in the 20th Century, the result is often a one-sided affair, written from the perspective of the author's particular discipline. The famed Mexican scholar, diplomat, and award winning novelist Carlos Fuentes is not, however, bound by any such limitations. The latest product of Fuentes' broad and penetrating intellect is *Latin America: At War With The Past*, a concise, insightful synthesis of the political, historical and social factors that transformed 16th Century Spanish America into the Latin America of today.

Published by CBC Enterprises from last year's Massey Lecture series of the same name, *At War With The Past* is far too brief to give a thorough overview of Latin America's problems, past and present, but Fuentes does manage to succinctly outline the historical roots of the present crisis in the region, and to suggest practical solutions for an insane situation. Fuentes deals particularly well with the historical relationship between Latin America and the United States, and the book acquires more importance for the rare breath of sanity it brings to issues that have ignited bloody wars and revolutions throughout the region, and stymied U.S. policy makers since the bungled Bay of Pigs operation. Amid the waves of hypocrit-

ical, irrational rhetoric pouring from Washington since Castro's rise to power, *At War With The Past* is a plea for reason, a defence of Latin America's sovereignty, as much as an analysis of the politicians' lack of reason and the interventionist policies of Imperial Spain and Imperialist America. Indeed, the title *At War With The Past* is almost a misnomer, for it becomes clear fairly early on that Fuentes considers Latin America to be in the midst of a long standing struggle with the 'manifest destiny' of the U.S. as much as with its own autocratic tradition; the tradition of the 'caudillo,' or strongman dictators that have dominated the Latin American political scene since the days of the conquistadors.

Basically, Fuentes charges that the longstanding U.S. doctrine of Manifest Destiny has transformed the land of the free into a "democratic empire." He also claims that Washington, conveniently forgetting the intervention of the Bourbon Kings in the American Revolution, has hypocritically denounced revolutions in Latin America as being instigated by a foreign (ie. Soviet) power hostile to the U.S., and that it is the "national independence of the countries to the south of the United States that bothers the governments of the United States; more than ideological (ie. Marxist-Leninist) tags it can certainly live with."

In Fuentes' view, the world has been dominated by bi-polarism—"the dual hegemony of the United States and the Soviet Union"—with each super power carving out its own "sphere of influence" which, in pre-Second World War terms, would have been called empires. It is this bi-polar system, he says that has caused every revolution or move-

ment for social reform in either of the superpowers' spheres to be branded as foreign inspired, organized or instigated. But, as Fuentes points out, no revolution that is artificially instigated, that is without popular support, can succeed. "It was not Louis XVI who imposed revolution on the Thirteen Colonies," he writes, "and it is not the Soviet Union who can impose revolution on Latin America...movements without a true indigenous base fail, out of their own artificiality."

Fuentes does more than diagnose the political illness from which Latin America suffers; he also prescribes a system of reform that would benefit not only the nations of South and Central America, but also the United States and the other industrialized nations of the northern hemisphere. Most of the ideas for reform that Fuentes discusses are not, of course, of his own invention—he borrows heavily from the Contadora Peace Initiative and from other experts on Third World development such as Lord Harold Lever of Britain—but Fuentes' ability to communicate these ideas coherently and succinctly makes *At War With The Past* vital reading for anyone who wants to know more of the Latin America that lies smoldering behind the headlines.

*At War With The Past* also comes at a time when an understanding of Latin American politics is essential. With the United States trembling on the brink of another Vietnam, with the debt crisis giving the international banking fraternity their worst nightmares since 1929, with revolutions pending in Chile, Peru, El Salvador, Nicaragua and elsewhere, an ignorance of those lands far to south of our own neutral borders is not only foolish, it could be dangerous.

*While most people on campus were involved in the convocation ceremonies last week, this enterprising young man got the best seat among the branches of one of York University's few trees. From his perch high above the Ross Building, our lookout man observed the movement of unusual cloud formations. Tree branch pruning remains one of the few pastimes not yet affected by the video age.*



TED CHRISTENSEN

# York grads take High Park in new production

by JASON SHERMAN

For recent theatre graduates Eric Trask and Alvaro d'Antonio, taking part in Toronto Free Theatre's third Dream project in High Park represents opportunities won and possibilities unrealized. The two have landed positions in the project's Young Company, a sort of glorified extras group which, aside from taking part in the production, works with theatre professionals in a series of wide-ranging and intensive workshops prior to joining the main cast in rehearsal.

This pattern was established during the first Dream—so named for the production of that year and last, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—under the direction of the Free's artistic director Guy Sprung. Sprung also directs this year's offering, *Romeo and Juliet*. Trask and d'Antonio concur that the production is not, as the latter says, "an actor's show . . . bigness is the big thing." The key here is spectacle and storyline, and Sprung is being as merciless with his textual cuts as he is being inventive with his visual appeal. "If it were a 'literary' production," says d'Antonio, "it wouldn't hold in the park." Well, no, says Trask, but it certainly wouldn't enjoy the large crowds expected: "one

goal of the show," he says, "is to have everyone in this city see it."

d'Antonio speaks of the projected stage, with a marked degree of respect, as "a monstrosity with 70-foot high platforms." The playing area will cover just as much space horizontally as vertically, with the actors spread out over the now extended Dream site. Being dwarfed physically, or being made to appear as one with the landscape, appeals to the two actors in quite different ways. Although d'Antonio calls the project as a whole a "great educational experience" (having never encountered a Shakespeare play in his York training, he calls it all "a foreign language to me"), Trask offers something less of a rhetorical response.

Although he speaks in a positive way about the workshops, he remarks that they are rather "like practising your scales." In addition, *Romeo and Juliet* happens to be a play Trask appeared in at York, last year under the direction of Neil Freeman. The part Trask happened to play was Romeo.

"It's a little frustrating," he says, "for me to have to sit through the readings listening to people who don't know the script. This is not simply a matter of sour grapes, although there

has to be some way of reconciling the fact that one can go from a lead character to a mere prop in the space of a few months. As far as going from Romeo to a page," he continued, explaining why he was given a particular role, "I'm the only one in the cast who can play the flute. I feel as much a part of the company as anyone. I also know I'm doing something nobody else can do."

The competition among the members of the young company for the choicest parts may well have approached d'Antonio's observation that "every actor counts his lines." d'Antonio argues that everyone had a fairly equal shot at taking on the part of, say, Benvolio. Trask, however, says he "never felt that. I felt that there was probably nothing I could do to alter the role I was going to get." Trask's comments, here and elsewhere, should be read in the manner in which they are originally spoken: straightforward, thoughtful observations about the work he is doing. Both he and d'Antonio share an intensity and enthusiasm for their work which clearly manifests itself in the way they express their thoughts. Reduced to the black and white of a newspaper article, it would be easy to mistake lucidity for mere griping.

At any rate, a young actor could do worse than to work with Martha Henry, David Smukler and R.H. Thompson. The workshops these and other actors held for the Young Company covered everything from voice and speech to firebreathing and swordfighting. Trask and d'Antonio feel that, with their background at York, they are coming into this "big" production with what Trask calls "solid, good training." "I was made aware," he says, "of the vast potential in myself in theatre. Whether it's realized is up to me." He suggests that without York, he would not have been able to go out into the world of theatre. d'Antonio, who entered York as a business student, suggests that Trask's timidity in such a case might arise from "a lack of confidence." "No," says Trask, "I just would have been scatter-brained."

*Romeo and Juliet* plays at High Park, just east of the Grenadier Restaurant, from July 13 to August 11, Tuesday through Sunday at 8:15 with Wednesday shows at 2:30. Performance confirmation: 368-2856. Bring a blanket, a picnic, your grandmother, a guitar, incense. And, oh yes, as the performance is free, we suggest a donation: support living artists.

## Huston's black comedy a cunning 'love story'

by RICK KUSH

*Prizzi's Honor* is a love story set in that adverse climate commonly known as big business. Charley Partanna (Jack Nicholson), chief hit-man apprenticing for chairmanship of one of America's oldest and most influential crime families, the Prizzis, makes the mistake of falling for Irene Walker (Kathleen Turner), a girl from the wrong side of the tracks. In the present case, that division is not only socio-economic (bourgeois/upwardly mobile middle class), but also ethnic (Italian/Polish, though more characteristically WASP) and sexist (traditional patriarchal/popular feminist). In the end, Charley's real problem is not the Prizzi family's reluctance to embrace his new bride, but whether or not he can accept her himself, for better and for worse.

Things turn to the worse when his beloved is caught in the act of stealing Prizzi money, and is exposed as a freelance "contractor" for the mob. Charley deals with this by simply stating: "I look at you, I see what I want to see. That's what love is. If you were anybody else, I'd blow you away!"

These are loaded lines contained in an extremely complex film—enhanced by the talents of Nicholson, Turner and director John Huston, applied to a generic mélange of the gangster film, *film noir*, and black comedy from a screenplay by Richard Condon (*Winter Kills*, *The Manchurian Candidate*) and Janet Roach. In light of its sophisticated construction, the most admirable aspect of *Prizzi's Honor* is its refusal to develop a more complicated, palatable representation of modern love.

Here is a film which takes as its subject the irresolvable contradictions between middle-class ideals and actual capitalist practice. Here the sanctity of human life and love, together with yuppie and pop feminist aspiration, are realistically put in their place—brass-knuckled under by the exigencies of free enterprise.

But then nothing is sacred in black humor. In taking this sardonic, satirical approach, Huston's construction appears flawless on first viewing. His acute sensibility for the ambivalence such a viewpoint reserves for its audience—there where we choke on our laughter—allows for a graceful, immaculately precise play between narrative realism and self-conscious, materialist expression. Shrewdly and competently, he never oversteps those boundaries, for this is dangerous ground where just the slightest slip in either direction runs the

risk of viewer alienation.

This same control comes out in the acting. Nicholson as Charley bravely struggles to hide the fact that he is really Jack Nicholson behind an ambitious characterization. It is to Huston's and Nicholson's credit that this endeavor never succeeds entirely, that it is always presented as a conflict between performer and performance. The star persona glares through the mask of the "All-American hood," and this is not only for the convenience of viewer identification; the performance becomes another ring in Huston's arena of stylistic play.

In this respect, Turner is even more outstanding. Her popular image is less entrenched than Nicholson's, hence she is forced to rely less on convention and more on invention when grappling with this material. Turner gives us an Irene whose fascinating beauty owes itself to her unfathomably equivocal presentation. With true cunning, Huston never allows us to place her: we are never sure that she really loves Charley, never certain whether Turner's frequent, intentionally stilted acting is to be taken as cynical parody or revelation of Irene's opportunistic deceptions. As she repeats the words, "Yes, Charley, I love you," Huston's refusal to bring her into close-up is but one example of the many ways he resists full compliance to stylistic transparency.

Turner's puzzling performance coheres flawlessly with this highly suspect, cynical world. It is unfortunate that some of that same suspicion must rub off on the way most audiences will receive this film. In order to make this radical statement accessible, Huston is obliged to clothe it in highly entertaining spectacle overtly addressing itself as fantasy. Through his adept manipulation of the black comedy tradition, he builds a sense of unreality beneath the movie's consummate display of Hollywood illusionism. The result is an impediment of the viewer's suspension of disbelief. Within the present social context, such an effect can only render the project innocuous, no matter how caustic or subversive its message may be. It becomes just another tolerable exception to the rule of contemporary mass entertainment.

Still, in a cultural marketplace overstocked with *Goonies* and *Golden Ponds*, this is a somewhat refreshing item. If *Prizzi's Honor* is a fable "not to be taken literally" as *Time's* Richard Schickel argues, it at least should be taken a lot more seriously than its "adult comedy" market label recommends.

## ETP falls short in double play presentation

by ALEX PATERSON

*Lonestar* and *Laundry and Bourbon* are two one-act plays that are sometimes performed separately, but when put together, add up to one full-length play. Unfortunately, what they *don't* add up to is good theatre.

Eclectic Theatre Products (ETP), who made such an impressive debut recently with *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, are back at Tarragon's Extra Space with their second outing, a dreary pair of plays about dreary denizens of Maynard Texas, circa 1970. The first, and the better half of this James McClure double bill, is *Laundry and Bourbon*, in which we meet Elizabeth (Deborah McLean), an unhappy housewife who makes the mistake of marrying the town stud. She is hanging her husband Roy's boxer shorts on the clothesline, despite his having disappeared several days before. Her friend Hattie (Joni Wieggers) comes a-calling to escape her three bratty children with some Jack Daniels and conversation. Their woman-to-woman talk about Elizabeth's suspicions of pregnancy is soon interrupted by the unwelcome arrival of Amy Lee (Wanda Buchanan), the parsimonious and obnoxious local social climber and Baptist fundraiser. Amy Lee and Hattie have been feuding over the latter's attempt to join the weekly bridge game at Amy Lee's exclusive country club. What is worse, they are both wearing the same pink and white K-Mart dress, which was an old gag even before *The Honey-mooners* did it many moons ago. It is also painfully predictable that when the abstemious Amy Lee agrees to join the other two in bourbon ("Well, maybe just a teeny one") she's going to have a teeny one too many.

Not only is McClure's device of using liquor as a truth serum tiresome (O'Neill, Albee and Williams all did it earlier and better), it does not even cause the characters to make any very interesting revelations about themselves. The women in *Come Back To The Five and Dime*, *Jimmy Dean*, *Jimmy Dean* (which this play superficially resembles) found much more to confess while quaffing Orange Crush. This "in vino veritas" business has been in cliché country for some time now, and playwrights need to seek fresher methods to provoke their creations into soul-baring. They also need to come up with more shocking skeletons from the closet

than—Hattie was pregnant before she was married! Amy Lee married for money! Elizabeth's husband has been seen with other women! McClure needs the crutch of alcohol more than many drunkards: the "Lonestar" of the second half is a Texas beer, which does to the husbands what Tennessee sour mash does to the wives in the first.

Deborah McLean's portrait of Elizabeth has a convincing air of lower-middle class resignation to it, and her laugh is refreshingly unforced. Joni Wieggers makes some amusing facial contortions as harried Hattie, but she flails her arms and yells in a performance rather too big for this walk-in closet of an auditorium. Wanda Buchanan's Amy Lee is bigger still, and would be outsized for any venue smaller than Maple Leaf Gardens. McClure's clumsy swipes at such sitting ducks as the hypocrisy and bigotry of fundamentalist zealots make for a character so hackneyed that it borders on camp, so Buchanan can be forgiven for resorting to wild exaggeration out of desperation. It may have seemed the only way to make the best of a bad situation, and no actor would be saddled with lines like these.

The men of *Lonestar* fare even less well—I doubt if *anyone* could salvage this script. It should be tossed aside like a used beer can. In it Roy (Chris Owens) lurches drunkenly around the back alley behind a redneck saloon, reminiscing to his submoronic younger brother Ray (Kevin Prentice) about his experiences in "Vit Nam" and with his car, which we are told repeatedly is a pink 1959 Thunderbird convertible. The car, which Roy associates with his youth, has been wrecked by Cletis (Stuart Dowling), Amy Lee's husband and manager of the Maynard appliance store, who borrowed it for a joyride. Owens has a certain presence, though it would be best not to invite comparisons with Paul Newman in *Hud*, as Elizabeth does. Prentice's Ray makes Gomer Pyle seem like a member of Mensa, and Dowling's caricature of Cletis appears to have studied at the Don Knotts School of Dramatic Arts.

Mary Spriakis has provided ETP with another fine set. The junk-strewn alley is nicely detailed, complete with a threadbare couch from the back seat of a car. Paula DeJesus' costumes, especially for the men (a John Deere baseball cap for Ray, plaid golf slacks and a plastic shirt-pocket pen holder for Cletis) have been carefully assembled with an eye for small but significant touches. Jordan Merkur's direction again encourages the cast to physically abuse each other, and both the men and the women brawl, overturn props and throw cocktails in each other's faces. The violence here, however, doesn't ring as it did in *Fortune*, and seems like the proverbial drunk leaning against the lamp-post: more for support than illumination.



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New Order  
*Low-Life*  
(Factory)  
••••

New Order's third full-length LP is better than even the most optimistic of the band's fans could have expected. After the breakthrough popularity of 1983's *Power, Corruption, and Lies* the band came up with two thinly disguised pitches for a larger audience; the tuneless "Confusion" and the winsome but over-produced "Thieves Like Us," both co-written and produced by American funkster Arthur Baker. Under normal circumstances, the dance-floor success of both these efforts would be considered resoundingly positive for the band; but then, nothing about New Order's circumstances, past or present, has ever

been what one would call 'normal.' Emerging (miraculously, some would say) from the ashes of Cold Wave kings Joy Division, New Order's prehistory has always been something of a mixed blessing. Laboring under the lingering shadow of dead Division singer Ian Curtis (the brilliant lyricist who committed suicide in 1980 on the eve of Joy Division's first American tour; he has been called 'the Jim Morrison of the '80s'), the band has worked through accusations of fascism (a ludicrous label derived, it seems, from old Joy Division album covers and the new band's choice of names), the long bouts of post-mortem Curtis hysteria, and, hardest of all, the grudging re-acceptance by the cultish fans of their former band. While their brilliant, murky 1980 debut *Movement* established New

Order, and proved that Joy Division and very much been a 'group' phenomenon; the album found itself buried by the ongoing success of "Closer" and "Still," Division albums released shortly after Curtis's death.



It wasn't until the group had scored some modest success with songs like "Ceremony" and "Everything's Gone Green" that New Order emerged as a major British band, while North American acclaim on any large scale eluded them until the more upbeat, dance-oriented offerings on *Power, Corruption, and Lies*. Here again the group ran into the two-edged sword of a cult following. The disco-style "Confusion" released later in the same year was thought of as too "commercial," and met with hostility from New Order/Joy Division purists.

But any fears that New Order were in the process of 'selling out' are likely to be laid to rest by *Low-Life*, released earlier this month. The commercial promise touched on by *Power, Corruption, and Lies* is still there, but on the whole the album is more of a return to basics for the band, the music here being more akin to 1981's "Everything's Gone Green" EP than it is the band's more recent efforts. With the exception of "Face-Up" and "The Perfect Kiss," both upbeat singles with hit potential, all of the tracks hold that plaintive tinge of melancholy that forms the backbone of New Order's best music. "This Time of Night," and the second side instrumental "Elegia" are both excruciatingly sad, while the overall effect of "Face-Up"—with lyrics like "As we grow old we lose our face/reflecting back the world's disgrace" and a chorus of "Oh, how I cannot bear the thought of You" superimposed on a frantic, brassy dance tune—is strange indeed, holding an ambiguous line between elation and pain. But then, the new New Order spend a good deal of their time anticipating their audience. Lyrics often allude to earlier New Order and Joy Division songs, while Bernard Sumner's naive renderings are all the more effective when seen in the context of their highly poetic predecessors. On "Low-Life" Sumner's classically weak but highly stylized vocals are up front as never before, while the rest of the production on the album marks a tasteful retreat from the sometimes muddled excess of earlier efforts. The only dud here is 'sub-culture,' a song which has all the ingredients but fails on the vocals, which demand more of Sumner than he is capable of producing.

—Kevin Connolly

Graham Parker and The Shot  
*Steady Nerves*  
(Electra/Asylum)  
(Twin Tone)  
•••

So far, Graham Parker has had only middling success in the 80's, due largely to his failure to find musicians to replace The Rumour, the backing band that made him one of the most intense sounds of pre-punk England.

But with his new backing band, The Shot, and *Steady Nerves*, Parker has released an album that is the musical successor to *Squeezing Out Sparks*, his great 1979 LP. The Shot at least shares a knowledge of Parker's roots, which go far beyond the session flunkies he has used in the last few years.

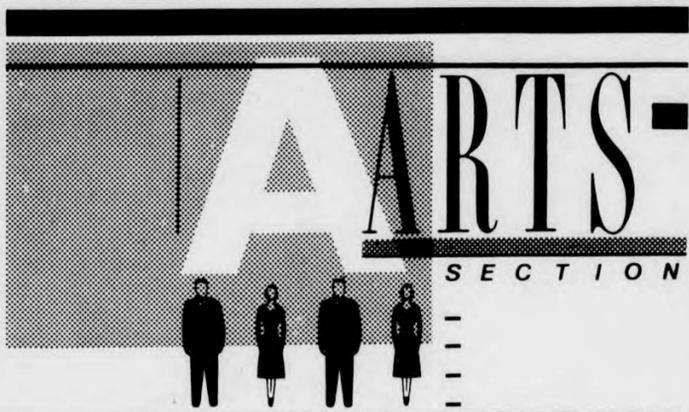
The driving support the band gives him is immediately established on "Break Them Down", a song about the aggressions of Christian missionaries towards the natives of the third world. The tone of defiance that is established on "Break Them Down" is shared by most of the songs on the album. Even the "romantic" songs are bluntly assertive. "Mighty Rivers", despite its 'I'll love you until the rivers run dry' chorus works because of this assertion and its honest, unselfconscious, lyrics which carry the metaphor off. "When You Do That to Me", another simply structured love song, holds back an undulating wave of passion due in part to the crescendo of the band over Parker's vocals and acoustic guitar.

While *Steady Nerves* succeeds

because it sees Parker returning to his R&B/Rock roots, he does deviate from his old sound with a few musical styles he has not used before. "Wake Up (Next to You)" captures a sweet soul groove, reminiscent of Motown, but avoids the sterile Motown mimicry of so many of Parkers' fellow Brits these days. "Take Everything", a fast pop jumper about capitalist values reminds one of the 80's pop of a band like the GO-GOs. Befitting its title, "Black Lincoln Continental" is another speedy rocker, with a quasi-rockabilly riff and Brinsley Schwartz's slide guitar. This song could almost be compared to Bruce Springsteen's latest work if Parker's lyrics did not satirize the part of America played out in the dream vehicle rather than romanticize its image as Springsteen tends to.

The only song that seems a throw-away of the eleven songs on the album is "The Weekend's Too Short". The 'living for the weekend' posturing on this track is a bit superficial for a man who once told us (*Squeezing Out Sparks*) that "Saturday night is dead."

Though *Steady Nerves* is a creation of the studio more than the pub scene, the co-production of Parker and William Wittman brings Parker up to date while avoiding the cold sound of his last two outings. Parker's defiant snarl on one of the cuts, "I can get by without the Rumour," at last seems justified. Graham Parker has dispelled any thoughts that he is another 70s artist ready for the trash heap.



China Crisis  
*Flaunt the Imperfection*  
(Polygram)  
••½

Aptly named, this third LP from what we've come to think of as a progressive pop band is quite a disappointment. While there are some fine songs on this record (the dreamy "Black Man Ray," "The Highest High," and "Strength of Character" to name three), the album as a whole suffers from an annoying "sameness"; something of a surprise given the band's two previous efforts. Last year's *Working With Fire and Steel*, and the startling debut *Difficult Shapes and Passive Rhythms*, were both distinguished by an uncommon musical versatility, a diversity of rhythm and style noticeably lacking on *Flaunt the Imperfection*. Most of the songs here fall into the same category as a few of 'pleasant' pop songs that have formed a steady stream from the British Isles in the wake of the expired new wave; faint praise for a band with proven talent.



Though "King in a Catholic Style" adds some much-needed pep to the B-side, the following track lapses into formula funk; with the one exception there is none of the patented China Crisis blend of new wave and funk rhythm that spawned such hits as "Hanna Hanna" and "Working With Fire and Steel."

Walter Becker's glossy production, though it adds a certain charm to individual tracks, on the whole tends to flatten the group's sound, taking needed edge from Garry Daly and Eddie Lundon's vocals and diluting already thin synthesizer backdrops. Becker also seems responsible for the addition of a brass section on most of the tracks. Though the jazzy "Strength of Character" profits from the decision, the balance of the record seems to provide only a rash of pat saxophone breaks. After what we've already heard from China Crisis, 'bland' just doesn't seem good enough.

—Kevin Connolly

The Replacements  
*Let It Be*

While essentially rooted in American punk, as typified by the Ramones, *The Replacements* sport musical influences as diverse as heavy metal, blues and new wave pop. *Let It Be*, their third album with the seminal garage band label Twin Tone Records, is a grab bag of songs along these lines. Though recommended for anyone seeking an interesting shake-up to their summer record collection, *Let It Be* suffers ultimately from a lack of consistency.

The force behind *The Replacements* is singer/songwriter/rhythm guitarist Paul Westerberg. Westerberg's rough voice is spirited and dominant; his songwriting at best is both personal and true to whatever musical style he attempts. "I Will Dare," a darkly tuneful pop ditty, and "Sixteen Blue," a country/blues wail, work because they stay controlled within the boundaries of their respective genres while expressing a bitter, heartfelt sense of loss—primarily that of the singer's lost youth and adolescence.

Westerberg's seriousness is admirable in these songs as he manages to avoid hints of pretentiousness or self-parody. His honesty however does not excuse the self-indulgence in "Unsatisfied," an attempt at a ballad in which he assumes that a 12-string acoustic and a lap steel guitar will raise his concerns above the level of self-pity.

The songs that the other members of *The Replacements* share in writing with Westerberg are all at the hardcore heavy metal end of *The Replacements'* sound. There is spitfire delivery in "Favorite Thing" and "We're Coming Out" and humor in the ripping "Tommy Gets His Tonisils Out," but by "Gary's Got A Boner" on side two *The Replacements* are reduced to regurgitating tired heavy metal licks. Excepting maybe "Favorite Thing" and a headbanging instrumental, "Seen Your Video," none of *The Replacements'* "loud fast" songs really match the originality of the "pop" in "I Will Dare."

If *The Replacements* want to live up their aspirations—touching the ground opened up by both the Ramones and REM at the same time—there has to be a definite gelling of the band on all their material. As it stands now, *Let It Be* is an album which is just as erratic as it is ambitious.

—Steve Baker



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## York symposium nets hockey coaches from across North America

by NICK LAPICIRELLA

Recently, on a balmy weekend in June, York University once again was host to some of the most successful hockey coaches around, who came to participate in the Elite Hockey Symposium.

About 150 coaches attended the three day seminar, including such dignitaries as Dave King from the Canadian Olympic Team, Bob Johnson of the Calgary Flames, and Roger Nielson, assistant coach of the Chicago Black Hawks. Also attending were a range of people from the rest of the hockey world, from the national and professional ranks to those involved in minor hockey programmes.

The Symposium host Dave Chambers, who led the York Yeomen to the national championship last year, considers this year's symposium a success, although its timing conflicted with the National Hockey League draft.

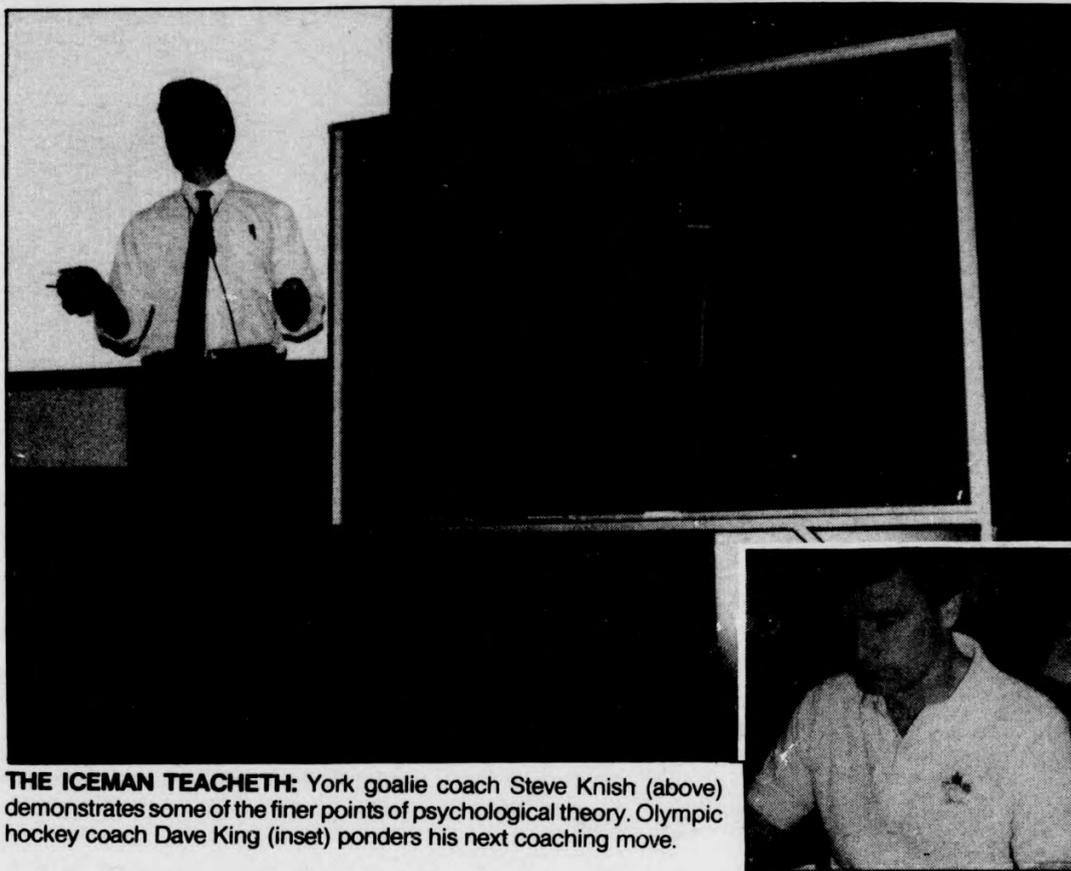
As well as facing off in seminar groups to wrangle with some of the finer points of the business, the guests came to hear speakers like King and Johnson, who Chambers says help to give the symposium credibility. "It's always been our philosophy to get the best possible people to speak," Chambers said.

Chambers said there will be another symposium again next year, and that the organizers will try to feature some international hockey dignitaries.

"This is the only year we haven't had European coaches," Chambers said. "We did try to get Tikhonov, the Soviet coach, and they had

agreed in principle for him to come but he had prior commitments. We might try again." □

Seminar notes: York Yeomen goalie coach Steve Knish spoke on Sunday morning on the psychological theory behind the coaching of goaltenders. Knish drew from his experience with York netminder Mark Applewhite to illustrate his coaching technique...Seminar Coordinator Dave Chambers was not present on the final day of the seminar, he was in Calgary coaching the national under 18 hockey team, preparing the squad for their upcoming international matches... There were a number of on ice lectures on practice drills conducted at Chesswood Arena. York's own Ice Palace was unavailable for the seminar because of a lack of ice. The arena is reserved over the summer months for a local ball hockey league.



**THE ICEMAN TEACHETH:** York goalie coach Steve Knish (above) demonstrates some of the finer points of psychological theory. Olympic hockey coach Dave King (inset) ponders his next coaching move.

ROBERTA DI MAIO  
NICK LAPICIRELLA

## Coach King on Canucks and colleges

Any good Canadian college team can go down to the United States and compete well enough to win.

*Excal*—I want to first ask you about the Vancouver Canucks offer and why you eventually decided against what has been said to be a substantial offer in your direction from the Canucks.

*DK*—Initially I did accept. It

looked pretty good and so I thought about it. I decided I wanted to be released from my contract with Hockey Canada, but then after much thought I felt that I had an obligation to fulfill not only to Hockey Canada but to the athletes as well.

*Excal*—Did it matter to what team you were going to? Did Vancouver's position in the standings make you shy away from them?

*DK*—It was actually a pretty good situation in Vancouver because the team had the potential to move up in the standings. They have good ownership and they will spend the money to make the team competitive and I'm from Western Canada too which would have given me a job right in my backyard. It was really attractive to consider.

*Excal*—I want to ask you about the University program in general. You were formally involved with the University of Saskatchewan. Do you feel that compared to the United States where they offer Hockey scholarships, we could make improvements to our program?

*DK*—Well the calibre of our hockey is very good. Any good Canadian College team can go down to the United States and compete well enough to win, but there is no question that the United States colleges invest their

money in sports scholarships. It's a little tough for our players to play here. It's not as much of a profile thing and you invest a lot of time with little financial incentive. Many players have to give up study time to play, but in the long run it's a good investment and I think college hockey is excellent. I think it's very good hockey. The coaching is outstanding right across the country.

*Excal*—Do the athletes get the best teachers?

*DK*—You look back at the national University hockey championships and you saw Michel Bouchut of Ottawa, Tom Watt from University of Toronto, Dave Chambers from here and Claire Drake from the University of Alberta. Those are pretty outstanding coaches. There's just no question that the quality of people really do an excellent job with the players and Canadian college hockey, I think, has always had excellent coaching.

*Excal*—Do you feel we should fade out our junior system and concentrate on a strong University program?

*DK*—I wish the financing was there that would offer scholarships and would interest each player to stay in Canada and play, but junior hockey has been around a long time. It seems the levels available to young players at all levels, from Canadian Colleges, American College to Major Junior A are so good that there are better options available for a player today.

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