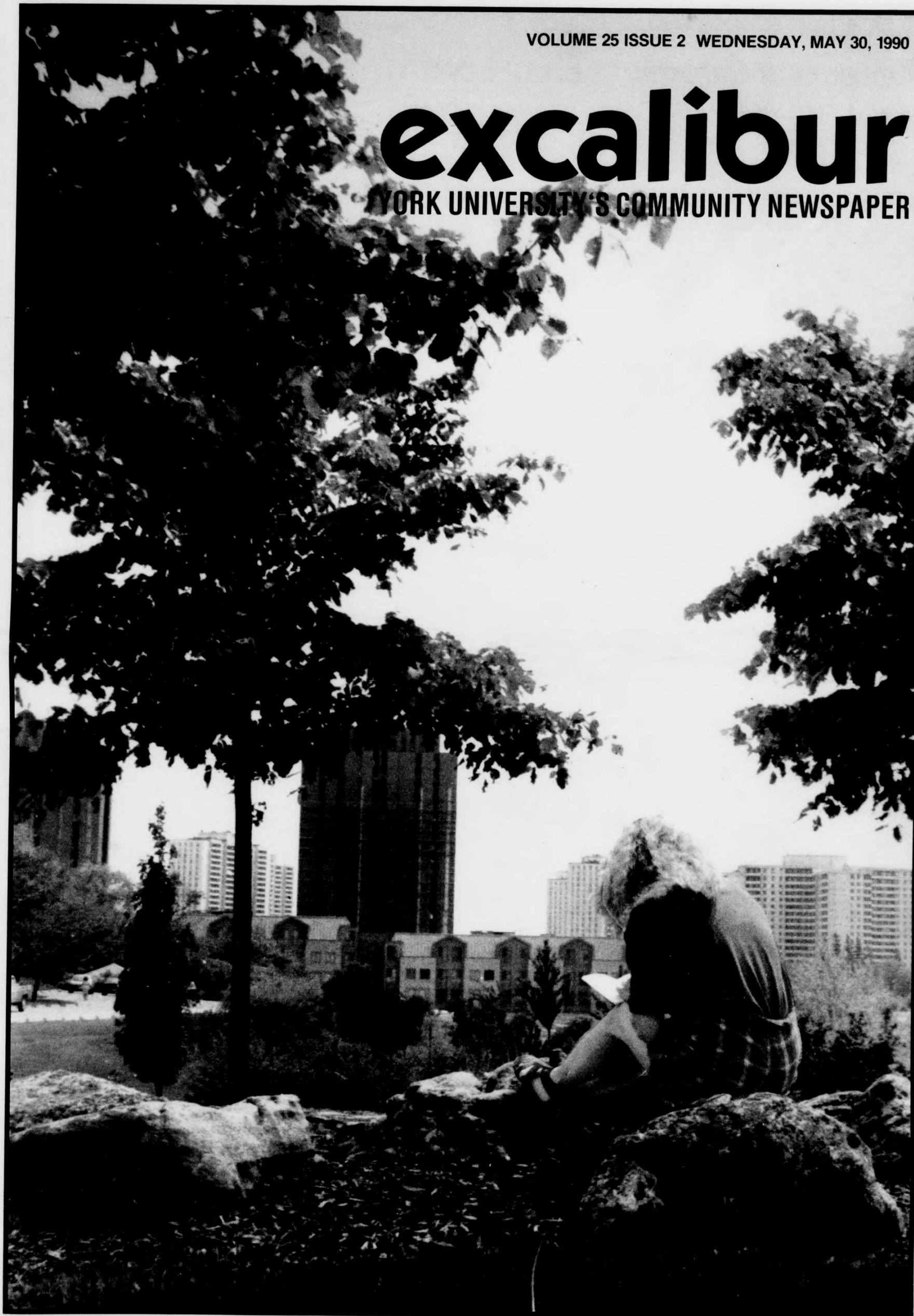


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VOLUME 25 ISSUE 2 WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1990

excalibur

YORK UNIVERSITY'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER



Quebec and Canada: unwilling bedmates

I consider myself a Canadian before an Ontarian. But most residents in Quebec would admit they're Quebeckers before Canadians. This diametric opposition is at the crux of Canada's current political crisis.

How to reconcile this difference without denouncing the importance of each view? It's simple, at least in theory: reverse each group's priorities. English Canada must understand Quebec's pride as a "distinct society" within and without Canada. And Quebec must realize the anger and intolerance of English Canadians toward their status as a specially-privileged province.

Quebec's insistence on remaining a "distinct society", however, is not an artificial construct, it does reflect reality. And Quebeckers cling to this all-important clause out of a desperation that their very culture may ultimately rest on its inclusion in the Canadian Constitution. This single clause has held up ratification of the Meech Lake accord as the premiers of Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Manitoba worry about Quebec's power as a "distinct society" to supersede constitutional rights guaranteed in the Charter of Rights. Quebec politicians have informally assured Canadians that they would not tread on the Charter, but it's hard to forget Bill 101, the French-only sign law which restricted English freedom of expression.

Many English Canadians believe Quebec has extorted them with bilingualism and French culture as the price for its continued participation in Canada. Conversely, Quebec feels the pressure of a flourishing English culture engulfing it from all sides and tramping into its own streets and businesses. Quebec wants to assure its continued existence as a French province in Canada.

Quebeckers are not rallying around economics and politics, but rather their emotions and gut feelings. Having suffered years of what they see as political isolation and humiliation from the rest of Canada, they harbour a battered self-esteem. And although many Canadians are upset with Quebec for threatening the entire nation's stability, French nationalism is thriving. The reason is simple. Quebec is finally able to return the favour by giving Canadians what they have endured for so many years: the fear of being left out in the cold.

Meanwhile, the threat of a divided country looms on the horizon as the Meech Lake accord struggles in its death throes before the final ratification deadline of June 23.

Much of the panic that has seized Canadians is due in large part to the media's presentation of events, specifically its manufacture of powerful symbols. Consider thousands of Quebeckers bombarded daily by the sight of anti-francophone demonstrators stomping on their symbol, the fleur de lis. Quebeckers were angered and humiliated. Likewise, the media blitz that the resignation of Lucien Bouchard received in the news made him a symbol of the spirit of separation. Quebeckers were justified and encouraged.

Quebec separatists favour becoming a "sovereign association" which would maintain economic and parliamentary ties with the rest of Canada, but would have a unilateral political agenda. Would Canada really be willing to support Quebec during its entrance into nationhood after being abandoned? For example, what would happen to the federal capital that was largely responsible for transforming Montreal and Quebec City into world-class cities? Certainly, the remainder of Canada would be loathe to let such investments walk away without any return.

There is no doubt that Quebec nationalism is bristling. But the patriots are long on idealism and short on pragmatism. Can Quebec truly survive as a sovereign nation without the benefit of Canada's national finances and international expertise? It's hard to say for certain, but both parties would be worse off apart than they have been together. There is strength in unity.

Bouchard has suggested returning to 1867 and working from our origins to consolidate Canada in the light of modern events. This presupposes the failure of Meech Lake and assumes the best way to negotiate is as independent nations.

Regardless of the June 23 deadline, Quebec and English Canada must meet at the bargaining table as equals, proud and dignified, sharing one common interest: to form a strong nation. They can no longer pretend to be willing bedmates. To avoid a national divorce, both parties must be honest with each other and deal based on their people's aspirations and gut feelings and overlook the snares of legal jargon and bureaucracy.

EDITORIAL



The Meech Lake Accordion

LETTERS

The opinions expressed are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect those of *Excalibur* staff or directors. However, letters judged to be racist, sexist or libellous by the editor will be refused. All material is subject to editing. All submissions must be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, Room 111, Central Square.

New Excalibur fights racism

To the editor,

Congratulations on an excellent two-page article on race relations and racism on campus in your first edition of the 1990-1991 *Excalibur*. Ira Nayman's piece explicitly addressed the important contemporary problem of overt and institutional racism at York, and at universities across Canada.

In the case of York, there is particularly an interesting paradox that emerges around the issue of race relations. While we boast the most multi-racial campus in the country — and with it an image of tolerance and accessibility to different cultural groups — a great number of incidents of overt racism are reported each year (such as racist graffiti or physical confrontations). Moreover, institutional racism is also deeply entrenched on our campus: the students of York, not unlike other universities across Canada, are the consumers of a predominantly Eurocentric curriculum.

Excalibur welcomes letters to the editor on all topics. We will publish, space permitting, letters up to 500 words in length. They must be typed, double spaced, and accompanied by the writer's name, signature and telephone number.

I believe that it is the responsibility of the 1990-1991 York Student Federation to create awareness around the issue of race relations on our campus, and to champion ways of overcoming racial barriers in the future. I hope that we may share this task with various campus and community groups — including those who have already done extensive work in this area — to ensure utmost efficacy.

It is certainly pleasing to see the "new" *Excalibur* devoting generous space to fighting racism. Hopefully, this will continue throughout the year. Cheers!

Jean Ghomeshi
President
York Student Federation

Marriott leave the kitchen

To the editor,

I hope Harry Arthurs can help me understand. Why do residence students subsidize the Marriott Corporation?

First his administration wanted to force students to purchase a \$2,100 meal plan and now we have to pay a \$200 cafeteria user's fee. As I understand it, we are paying this because Marriott cannot make money at this university.

Presently, there is a student centre and a mall under construction on this campus; both will have food courts. Why would such ambitious plans be made if there is no money to be made at York?

Marriott is not losing money because of students. Poor facilities, staff problems, food quality, etc., are the responsibilities of the caterer not the student. If Marriott cannot compete, they should get out of the kitchen.

It appears that a large corporation is taking advantage of the students who live on this campus. Is this a correct assumption?

Brett Lamb
former editor
Vandoo

Thank God for softball

To the editor,

As an avid participant in many of the extra curricular events that are organized at York, and as a contributor of time and money towards York University, I noted with interest the new softball field which was provided for the York University softball league, after a new parking lot replaced Vanier Field.

Among other things, I organized a softball team at York. When

continued on p. 3

EXCALIBUR

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LETTERS

continued from p. 2

I first went out to see where the new field was. I began to realize that given the conditions of the field, I would have to persuade some of York's taller basketball players to play with us.

The fields came equipped with a six to eight foot hill, ten to fifteen feet in width, stretching from mid centre field to the foul line at left field, just beyond the infield. York softball players always were accustomed to playing on fields that were, to say the least, adventurous in nature. After a rainy day, water wings and a snorkel are often more important than cleats. However, after having talked to various 'officials,' I was informed that the York physical plant people are coming to the rescue. They will be levelling the hill, and seeding it.

Thank God sanity has prevailed. I realize that York is more attuned to academic activity and the provision of utilities and other necessities for those who use it as such. However, there are other facets of life, one of which is recreational sports. In this area, co-ed softball is a giant at York.

The softball league at York generates more participation and more extra curricular financial activity on campus than any other sports league at York. This paper itself said so, in a 1986 article by Mel Broitman. It is about time that some of York's better activities are

promoted and encouraged financially. I offer my congratulations to Y.U.D.C. (York University Development Corporation) for recognizing this, through its proposed lit ball field complex on York University property, hopefully soon to be built.

Let's just hope they also realize that softball is the preferred participant sport in comparison to baseball by quite a margin, and that softball fields are far more important than baseball fields because of this. Once such a complex is finished and put to use for York, no longer will our most important supporters, the alumni and students, have to put up with makeshift or mediocre facilities, at least in this sport.

Yours truly,
Mark Stelmacovitch

Solomon's group heals abuse

To the editor,

I was extremely pleased to see the article in the May 16, 1990 *Excalibur* about the CDC's childhood

sexual abuse therapy group. I was a member of the pioneer group, and I cannot stress enough how important an outlet such as this one can be to survivors of childhood sexual abuse. With the warmth and support provided by Karen Solomon and Joyce Weinberg, the nine women came back to the group week after week never knowing what to expect, but always that trust and love was waiting for us behind the door of the group room. We shared the bond of our experiences, and we developed a bond of genuine affection and respect. I am also happy to note that there will be two groups next year, as the only "problem" with last year's groups was that we were all at very different stages in the healing process; while some of us had disclosed the abuse completely, others had never told another soul, until they met with Karen the first time.

We all agreed that an article like the one in *Excalibur* would be a good idea, as it would bring attention to both the problem of childhood sexual abuse, and the CDC's wonderful service. Some of us expressed concern about how the article would be handled, but our concern was unfounded — Michele Greene handled it beautifully. It is my sincere hope the University continues funding for the groups, as it is an invaluable service to the York community.

Name Withheld

Males also sexually abused

To the editor,

I write this letter in response to the article "Overcoming Childhood Trauma" (*Excalibur*, May 16), specifically regarding the article's caption, "Female victims of sexual abuse have difficulty trusting others."

While I understand that the intent of the article was to focus on a particular study being done by the Counselling and Development Centre at York, I found this caption to be offensive. No doubt, I speak for many others.

I have no wish to belittle the reality of female sexual abuse. Nor do I wish to question the validity of the study being done. However, sexual abuse of males is unfortunately much more common than people realize. Male victims of sexual abuse have no less difficulty in rebuilding their lives after such a trauma.

Sincerely,
Tina Roesch
Vice-President (Cultural)
Winters College Council

Glendon paper speaks its piece

To the editor,

This letter is written in regards to an anonymous letter submitted to *Pro Tem* (Glendon College)

In response to your letter to the Office of the Dean of April 4 (concerning the letter titled *Customer always right*, which appeared in Vol. 29 Issue 19), I would like, on behalf of the *Pro Tem* staff, to express sincere regret for the inconvenience this letter may have caused you.

It is unfortunate that you assume the publication of the letter you found offensive was a malicious attack from *Pro Tem* staff. I assure you it was not. It is simply our policy to print all letters we receive except those containing sexist, racist or homophobic sentiments.

Sincerely
Bruno Larose
Editor-in-Chief

EXISTANCE

A PARABLE

High on a mountaintop lived a pretty amazing wizard. Well, everybody thought the wizard must be pretty amazing, even though nobody had actually seen him for many years, and each fall the tourists (who kept the economy of the village going ever since the smithy had closed down in 1737) who left were replaced by a bunch of toads.

He had to be pretty amazing. He was a wizard, after all. He lived on a mountaintop. The older people in the village remembered that he had a pointed hat, and poked people with his long stick (on which, when he wasn't performing mystical deeds, he used to roast marshmallows).

Definitely amazing wizard material.

One day, Faisal the Unrestrained (who got his nickname because he invested heavily in the market just before the crash of '89) said to himself, "I am going to see if this wizard is as pretty amazing as everybody says." Getting no response, he adjusted his black homburg and went to the town square and said it again.

The villagers wished Faisal well, throwing legs of mutton after him as he disappeared into the mid-morning mist, as was the local custom. Faisal never returned. But that fall, a toad wearing a black homburg appeared at his door.

THE MORAL OF THE STORY: write for *Excalibur* or a wizard might turn you into a toad.



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I hope they start soon!

109 Atkinson College

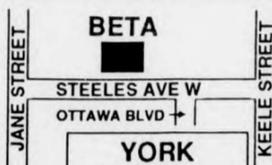
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NEWS

Union versus union

by Peter Stathis

It's a question of fair-play according to YUSA's (York University Staff Association) two employees, Peter McVey and Susan Sperling. They want to be treated equally as if they were YUSA members and not just YUSA employees. That's why they've gone on strike.

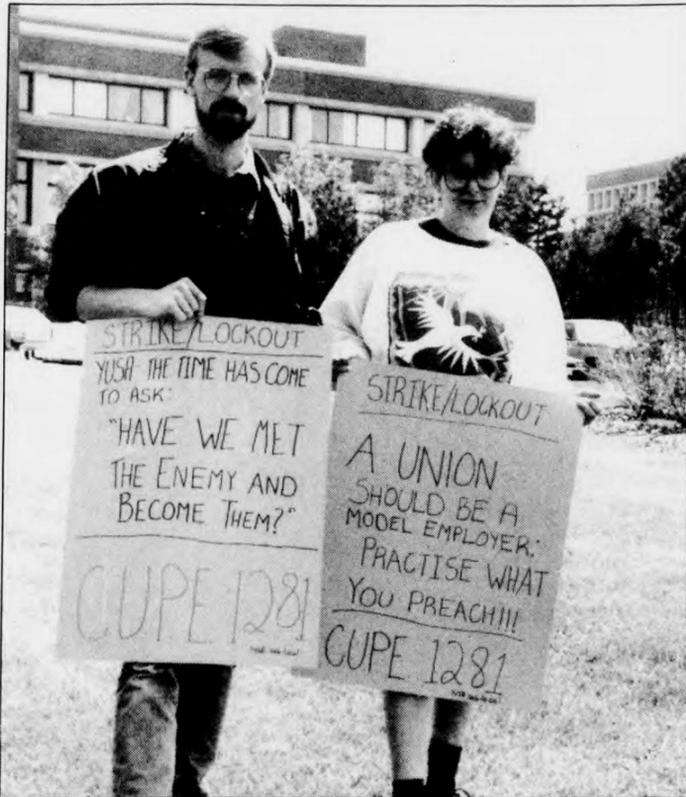
Although YUSA represents approximately 1200 unionized clerical and technical support staff (such as secretaries), the union office itself only maintains one full-time employee, McVey, and one part-time employee, Sperling. The third person in the office is the YUSA president, Celia Harte.

McVey and Sperling took strike action last week on Tuesday, May 22 after negotiations with Harte, who was negotiating for YUSA, had stalled the previous Friday. They were demanding parity in benefits and terms of contract with other York staff. Most of their demands at that time had been met, and there were only three minor issues outstanding: discipline letters, probation period, and retroactive vacation and sick-leave credits.

In an interview, Harte claimed that McVey and Sperling wanted their employee files cleared of everything prior to ratification of their new contracts. This would nullify any record of their negotiations, strike or any previous disciplinary letters, essentially making them new employees with "clean slates." McVey insisted that by going into contract negotiations, he has lost more than he had in his informal employment agreement. He felt he was being punished for exercising his right to bargain and strike.

He said the YUSA president took a hardline approach with Sperling and himself when it gave them a "take it or leave it" offer of settlement late Friday afternoon. When they rejected it, Harte took away their office keys and effectively locked them out, according to McVey, three days before their strike action was to begin. In a bitter letter, McVey and Sperling state that Harte's action will disrupt YUSA's service to its members, permanently sour relations with YUSA's employees, and seriously tarnish YUSA's reputation in the labour movement.

Harte insisted that her offer of settlement was fair, but that McVey and Sperling wouldn't budge on the three remaining issues. "The tone of negotiations was hostile. No matter what we tried to do, they wanted to strike,"



ROCKING THE YUSA BOAT: Peter McVey and Susan Sperling have gone on strike to demand equal benefits as YUSA members

said Harte. Unlike most bargaining procedures, Harte told *Excalibur* that she was not going to

play "high-low games" during the negotiations. She knew what YUSA was prepared to offer its

employees (what she believed was very generous) and gave them the bottom line directly.

The YUSA strikers argue that they were treated informally, rather than as "equals and an independent bargaining unit." According to McVey, "the whole matter could've been decided with some more perseverance during Friday's mediation." He said he was surprised that YUSA would not grant them the same terms and agreements as any secretary enjoys working for the administration.

Harte said that the issue of parity was a moot point as no part-time employee (less than 24 hours per week) at York could get full-time union benefits (such as free tuition). She contended that Sperling was asking for something nobody else in her position received. However, going into negotiations, Harte was prepared to give Sperling a part-time benefits package anyway, as Sperling had only been receiving extra money in lieu of these benefits. The problem arose when YUSA couldn't find a benefits plan in time. According to Harte, McVey and Sperling were unreasonable in not revising their strike deadline when "everyone else was trying their best."

McVey and Sperling have publicly accused Harte of being an

incompetent negotiator and bringing in "scab labour" to replace them. Harte pointed to her many years of bargaining experience in defence, but is adamant, however, that the people currently in the YUSA office are merely union executives, volunteering their time until the strike is resolved.

The strikers want to gain the same terms for themselves and future YUSA employees, regardless of whether they are full or part-time. However, seen from a larger scope, this is hard to justify as it goes against the grain of accepted labour agreements at York. (If you work less than 24 hours per week, you're out of luck when it comes to benefits — that's one of the reasons that organizations hire part-timers and temporary employees.)

If there was, indeed, a problem with the negotiations, it may have stemmed from the fact that Celia Harte, the YUSA president had to wear two hats: one as the negotiator and another as McVey and Sperling's boss.

The whole affair has left bad feelings in the YUSA office and one wonders whether YUSA employees and YUSA membership have lost a symbolic trust in trying to achieve a physical equality.

Perestroika and anti-semitism

by Patrick Follens

With the Soviet Union undergoing sweeping change, the position of ethnic groups such as Soviet Jewry is becoming a cause of growing concern. Moscow correspondent Fred Weir addressed this and other issues in his presentation entitled "Yiddish Culture Under Perestroika" at the Winchevsky Centre on May 15.

Weir, born and educated in Toronto, has spent the past four years in Moscow as correspondent for Canadian Tribune and Canadian Dimensions magazine. Weir, one of the few Western journalists to present the effects of perestroika from a socialist viewpoint has recently published a collection of his articles, entitled *The Soviet Revolution: Shaking the World Again*.

Weir began by delineating the nature of the crisis that exists in the Soviet Union today, both socially and economically. Soviet nations are now rising up and stating their grievances, demanding their guaranteed, but as of yet unmaterialized, right to self government. Likewise, Soviets are

demanding a better way of life, but the economy has not been able to meet their expectations. This has resulted in an explosive state of nationalism in the U.S.S.R.

According to Weir, the Soviet Union has two options: the nationalist viewpoint which strives for self-determination through ethnic separation, and the internationalist viewpoint which is based on retaining a unified band of nations. The internationalists are often dismissed as a reactionist, Stalinist movement by nationalists as well as Western journalists. Conversely, the nationalists are gaining popularity, leaving ethnic groups such as the Soviet Jews in a difficult position, not able to secure roots in any geographical area of the Soviet Union.

"Now with resurgent nationalism, anti-semitism is stepping out of the closet," said Weir, pointing to Mikhail Gorbachev's appointment of Siberian author, environmentalist, and known anti-semitic, Valentin Rasputin to the presidential council. Rasputin is representative of that level of nationalism which has adopted the pastoral

"Mother Russia" approach to the country's reform.

Weir also pointed out, however, that while the nationalist movement in Russia is somewhat alarming in its anti-semitic overtones, it is multi-layered, ranging from no prejudice to extremes such as the "pamyat society," a small radical group of anti-semites that have gone so far as to threaten pogroms on May 5 of this year.

When asked what measures Gorbachev has taken against such threats, Weir replied that while Gorbachev "has been very slow to condemn anti-semitism," there have been charges laid against the pamyat society with regard to certain literature published by them. Likewise, Gorbachev has also appointed the more liberal and internationalist author Chenquiev Aitmatov to the presidential council, clearly as an opposing force to the views of Rasputin. While Weir stated "Gorbachev is practising compromise politics," he also noted that anything other than compromise would surely result in turning an already unstable situation into

chaos.

Weir explained that while the trend toward nationalism should concern Soviet Jews, were it to take a wrong turn, he does not believe "anti-semitism would run rampant in the streets of Moscow." As well, while the reinterpretation of socialism lags behind the times, it has not been entirely abandoned in its ideals, a point that Western journalists for the most part ignore.

As a permanent resident of Moscow, Fred Weir's unbiased and original views of the situation in the Eastern Bloc were refreshing. What was far from refreshing, however, were the manners of his audience. The acoustics of the small auditorium did not allow for the several loud, private conversations that took place during Weir's talk. Likewise, as the night wore on, and the majority of questions began to appear as thinly-disguised open-ended monologues, it became obvious that not only was Weir an intelligent and thoughtful man, but also an exceedingly charitable and patient one.



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ARTS

These two cuties are for the birds

by J.A. Stephan

Bird On A Wire
directed by John Badham
released by Universal Pictures

It is easy to make *Bird On A Wire* a target for criticism. Two of Hollywood's cutest try in vain to instill life into a pathetically ordinary script.

Mel Gibson, touted as the handsomest man alive by some, plays Rick. Goldie Hawn, both perky and endearing, plays Marianne. Once lovers in their youth, Rick and Marianne rediscover each other after a fifteen year separation. Rick is presently in the midst of fighting off two bad guys, Sorenson and Diggs, who are after his hide for the testimony he gave that put one of them in jail for drug smuggling. Marianne is still mad because Rick disappeared into the witness relocation program when wedding bells were sounding.

When Sorenson and Diggs catch up to Rick in a Detroit gas station, Marianne is coincidentally on hand to spirit Rick off to safety. Although the ex-lovers escape the first onslaught, Rick is framed for the murder of a mechanic shot during the attack. Now a marked man by both the police and the underworld, Rick convinces Marianne to transport him to an old friend in Wisconsin.

So begins an all too predictable cat and mouse game. During their journey, the couple visit some of

Rick's old employers; before long, gun-wielding antagonists track them down. From a ferry, to a motorcycle, to a biplane: Rick and Marianne move on doggedly towards a climatic confrontation.

While being pursued, the pair hash over old grievances and engage in new arguments; still, they end up in bed together. A lacklustre effort, but one which brings them closer together for the finale.

The good guys and the bad eventually meet head-on within a zoo. His back against the wall, Rick chooses to stand and fight. Lacking firepower, the lone wolf engages the lions, tigers, and monkeys. Mayhem breaks out and the animals become more of a threat than anticipated. Does the clever pair prevail? It's only a matter of time before that well-worn schmaltzy ending precedes the credits.

Director John Badham calls *Bird On A Wire* an action-romantic comedy. The action is evident in car chases, explosions, and aerial sequences; the romance never manages to pluck one's heart strings. Bickering constantly, Rick and Marianne's renewed relationship tends to rely on memories of better times together. Not that the screenplay doesn't allow for a case of the mutual hots. Gratuitous flesh peddling abounds with bared chests and bums. Rumour has it Gibson's fanny really belongs to a stand-in.



MEL AND GOLDIE: *Bird on a Wire* is a chase movie that goes nowhere.

The situational comedy is a bad joke and the good one-liners are scarce. Imagine using a gaggle of effusive sissies at a hairdresser's shop for a laugh. Even more tired is expecting Gibson to pull off the

same gay gag Eddie Murphy perfected in *Beverly Hills Cop*. Hawn fares no better as she is made to combat a cockroach while showering. Whereas Gibson is destined to continue with better roles,

Hawn is suffering a string of box office losers.

Better to leave *Bird On A Wire* alone and go hunting among the barrage of summer movies soon to be released.

Rain: unjust war, uneasy peace

by Ira Nayman

Black Rain
directed by Shohei Imamura
released by Festival Films for the
Angelika Films Studio

"Unjust peace is better than just war."

A badly burned woman forlornly holds the charcoal black, barely discernible body of a child to her breast. A young boy whose flesh seems to

have melted off his body begs to be recognized by his brother. Forms barely recognizable as human writhe in agony. Body parts flow down a stream.

The first five minutes of Shohei Imamura's new film, *Black Rain*, are horrific, as close as film can get to portraying Hell on Earth. Fortunately, the rest of the film is far less intense; otherwise, *Black Rain* would be totally unwatchable.

The Japanese film starts with the American bombing of Hiroshima, although most of it actually takes place five years later. The survivors of the bombing have tried to go back to their normal lives, but find themselves psychologically, socially and physically devastated by the event.

The story centres around Yasuko (Yoshiko Tanaka), who is having trouble finding suitors because she was caught in the immediate fallout of the blast (the black rain of the title), and everybody doubts her health. Much of the film is taken up with the efforts of her aunt and uncle (Kazuo Kitamura and Etsuko Ichihara) to find her a husband before they succumb to radiation sickness.

Black Rain is a sombre film. The pace is extremely slow, extremely deliberate; while this makes the slow deterioration of the

villagers more poignant, it makes the film all the more difficult to watch.

(Why is it possible for mainstream directors in a country like Japan to turn out thoughtful, humane dramas when North Americans can't? It can't be the influence of television, with its accelerated editing and frequent "jolts;" Japan produces some of the most frenetic TV shows in the world. Part of the reason may be that Japan is old enough to have developed alternative styles of storytelling, whereas North American film doesn't have other traditions on which to fall back.)

The black and white cinematography was breathtaking; Imamura's long shots of homes set in the Japanese countryside were reminiscent of ancient oriental paintings.

The performances were, for the most part, restrained. While this suited the style of the film, it seemed unlikely given the tragedy of what was happening. (The one exception, Keisuke Ishida playing a war veteran who had a compulsion for throwing himself in front of vehicles, made a wonderful contrast.)

Black Rain is a long (121 minutes), understated cry against the horrors of nuclear war. It is currently playing in only three cities in North America (the others are Los Angeles and New York). See it.

New Australian film dominated by dark forces

by Jim Russell

Celia
written and directed by Ann Turner
produced by Seon Films

Celia is a movie dominated by supernatural creatures, abusive men and cruel children. Together, these dark forces encircle nine year-old Celia and plunge her story of innocence into a nightmarish world of intolerance, adultery and death.

Set in Melbourne, Australia in 1957, the charming star of this Aussie movie is a twelve year-old veteran actress named Rebecca Smart (Celia). She gives the movie its substance and energy; the storybook creatures, called Hobyahs, give it a unifying tension.

The Hobyahs, according to English fable, are forest creatures fond of abducting little old ladies and carrying them off, presumably to their death. Celia is both drawn and repulsed by these imaginary monsters, whose grotesque forms begin to menace Celia soon after she finds her beloved Granny dead in her bed.

Granny's death, however, comes to mean much more to Celia than just the death of a loved one; it marks the beginning of her loss of innocence. Soon after Granny's funeral, Celia is besieged by a particularly cruel and hostile world, of which the Hobyahs are a part.

Filmed in the summer of 1988, *Celia* was shot over the brief period of nine weeks, which must have been a grueling experience for the twelve year old Smart, who appears in almost every scene. Called upon to handle a wide range of emotional responses, she does an excellent job.

Nicholas Eadie, in the role of Celia's mercurial father, plays a narrow minded, manipulative adulterer who only occasionally exhibits any love for his daughter. It is a tough role to play, and to his credit, Eadie manages to evoke some degree of sympathy for his character.

Pat, Celia's mother (Maryanne Fahey), though weak and unsupportive at the beginning of the film, undergoes a believable and welcome transition, emerging towards the end as a strong individual capable of initiating rather than simply reacting to events. When Celia unwittingly commits murder, it is Mommy who destroys the evidence and shelters Celia from harm.

Celia is blessed with good acting and a workable premise; why, then, has it been condemned to a lonely existence on the "artsy" circuit? Part of the answer lies in the film's low budget and lack of "name" stars; but, a significant portion of the blame must be laid at the feet of the writer, the cinematographer and the soundtrack.

The main problem lies in Ann Turner's script, which won the 1984 Australian Writers Guild Award for Best Unproduced Screenplay. It touches on too many themes, becoming more a casual excursion than a purposeful journey.

Innocence, censorship, death, adultery, political intolerance, communism, government bureaucracy and childhood cruelty are all crammed into 103 minutes of motion picture. Perhaps Turner, who both wrote the script and directed the film, was too close to the material, or perhaps the material, much of which was drawn from her own childhood was just too close to Turner.

Whatever the reason *Celia* has a meandering story that wanders right off the end of the film, leaving the viewer with the feeling that the last reel was lost in transit somewhere over the Pacific Ocean.

The second culprit is Director of Photography Geoffrey Simpson. His weapon of choice is grain, and lots of it. As a result, much of the movie takes on a harshness that is inappropriate for filming children.

Culprit number three was the soundtrack, which tended to be harsh and muddled. This will be particularly frustrating to any one like myself who is not attuned to Australian accents.

Overall though, I liked *Celia*, which is why I would rate it a five out of 10.



Yasuko (Yoshiko Tanaka, centre) and her aunt (Kazuo Kitamura) and uncle (Etsuko Ichihara) face the horrors of the nuclear blast on Hiroshima in Shohei Imamura's *Black Rain*.

Torontoized Moliere works surprisingly well

by Paul Gazzola

Jack Scapino!

written by Richard Binsley and Duncan McIntosh, from a play by Moliere

Jane Mallet Theatre

Moliere's 17th century comedy, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, has been modernized, Torontoized and Canadianized. It is now Theatre Plus Toronto's latest production, *Jack Scapino!*

And, you know what? It works. "Her eyes," gushes a lovestruck Ottavio (Tom McCamus), "sparkle like Honest Ed's in a summer rain." Moments later, the source of such inspiration, his beloved Gina (Chick Reid), enters, dressed as if she had just walked out of a heavy metal video.

Adapted by company member Richard Binsley and artistic director Duncan McIntosh, the local references blend smoothly into the play, causing no major disruptions in the story. (Binsley also plays the title character, while McIntosh is Carlo, the cafe owner.)

Having married against their fathers' wishes, Ottavio and Leandro (Patrick Galligan) turn to the roguish and persuasive Scapino to help iron things out. As with most farcical comedies, whatever can go wrong with Jack's schemes, does.



Gina (Chick Reid) and Scapino (Richard Bainsley) share a moment in Theatre Plus Toronto's production of *Jack Scapino!*

One of the more ingenious changes to the play has Sylvestro (Jim Mezon), a friend of Scapino's, dressing up as a hockey player in order to scare Argante (Craig Davidson), Ottavio's father and Sylvestro's boss. The whole scene — Sylvestro entering to the theme of *Hockey Night in Canada*. The Hull training camp

jokes ("He can walk to Hull and back!") — is perfect.

It was the little touches, however, that made *Jack Scapino!* fun to watch. Things like Scapino shouting, "Stand up, Row G!" and

then being chased into the audience and through that row by Leandro, or, a link of sausages being used as nun-chuks.

Despite the fact that the play was staged with Binsley in mind

(having co-written it and playing the lead), the majority of the players perform with enthusiasm. The only exception is Kate Davis as Zerbinetta, Leandro's beloved, although her weak performance may be due to the fact that she was the last character introduced.

As for Binsley, the scene where he exacts revenge on Argante proved he deserved the lead. If you recall the Bugs Bunny cartoon where he hides Mugsy and Rocky in the stove, you'll have an idea of what this scene is like.

Jack Scapino! is not totally flawless. The ending was too abrupt, the second half seeming much shorter than the first. A more serious complaint that could be made is that the only females shown in the play, Gina and Zerbinetta, are both more than a bit ditzzy, and mostly concerned with getting married.

Perhaps this part should also be updated.

Jack Scapino! will be playing until August 24 at the St. Lawrence Centre's Jane Mallet Theatre.

bohemia

a column

by Ira Nayman

Television's greatest asset is also one of its most problematic features: the franchise.

The franchise includes the cast of characters, their relationships and the premise which brings them together. The attraction is in its consistency; our favourite shows are as comfortable as our best pair of jeans. To keep audiences coming back, producers know that, no matter what happens, everything has to be the same at the end of the programme as it was in the beginning.

The problem with this way of telling stories is that it does not reflect reality; life is change, certain and constant. Moreover, it limits what can happen in your show. Finally, as if that weren't enough, it is the antithesis of the traditional dramatic form, where the main character learns something about her/himself in the course of the dramatic action.

There is an alternative: a single story told in several instalments over a period of weeks. This allows the characters, relationships and situations can change, and there are no guaranteed happy endings. Because they aren't usually epics shown over the course of a few successive nights, they aren't mini-series; I refer to them as "limited series."

Three excellent limited series have just or are about to come to an end: *Twin Peaks*, *Traffik* and *Pennies From Heaven*. They are all intelligent, adult programmes worth staying with over four to eight weeks; should they be repeated over the summer, as is likely, you should treat yourself to one.

It would take an entire column just to describe *Twin Peaks* (ABC), a soap opera/murder mystery/fantasy/farce. Although David Lynch's personal obsessions, particularly the one about corruption lurking beneath the veneer of innocence, are front and centre, the series is by turns hilarious and macabre, sad and unsettling.

(Of course, *Twin Peaks* has now become a series, and the final episode not only didn't resolve anything, but left more unanswered than a typical Question Period. Ah, well — trust David Lynch to completely destroy your expectations!)

Traffik (PBS, part of *Masterpiece Theatre*) interweaves three stories revolving around the heroin trade: a Pakistani poppy farmer whose field is burned ends up working for a major drug smuggler; a woman is forced to take over her husband's drug smuggling operation in Germany when her husband is arrested; and, a Home Office Secretary must deal with stopping the flow of drugs into Britain while dealing with his daughter's heroin addiction.

Boasting crisp writing, fine acting and unexpectedly good direction, *Traffik's* main strength is its non-judgmental portrayal of all aspects of the drug trade. The show offers a bleak picture, but a remarkably realistic one.

Although not up to the standards of his masterpiece, *The Singing Detective*, Dennis Potter's *Pennies From Heaven* (PBS) is an alternately optimistic and depressing look at life. A British sheet music salesman during the Depression bounces between his frigid wife and a mistress, ruining all their lives.

The insertion of period song and dance routines into otherwise highly dramatically charged situations is brilliant, if occasionally overdone. But, the main reason to watch is Bob Hoskins' superlative performance as Arthur.

Limited series have many advantages. Because they are usually written by one person, with a constant technical crew, they are invariably more consistent than ordinary shows. The form also allows for greater character development and more complex relationships and stories.

Limited series require a greater effort on the part of viewers to follow from one week to the next. But, they are usually worth that effort.

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Jill Sobule
Things Are Different Here
MCA Records

by Peter Stathis

Jill Sobule has a new album. It's available in record stores. It's called *Things Here Are Different*, and I gotta tell ya, it's pretty nifty.

Sorta sounds like a Quebecois version of Adult Net. Jill's got a nice voicebox and her lyrics are bearable. Mindya, it doesn't take much effort when you're competing with other CanCon groups like Glass Tiger and Blvd. (But anyway, a compliment is a compliment).

And turning to production, who do we find at the controls but our old friend Todd "Dr. Utopia" Rundgren. So, yes the album does have that spacey, polished velvet finish. Jill and Todd's music reminds me of slouching in a glitzy nightclub, about 1:30 am, sultry saxophone rousing me in time for another cooler. It's the kind of music that goes well with a drink.

There's a good mix of up-tempo single material (drums etc). The rest of the songs are built around Jill's larynx and an organ line. Well anyway, to sum it up: it's a good package — overproduced, but not to the point of nausea.

Sass Jordan without the assault on human decency

Denmark Hardcore



President Fetch
Boston Tea Party Demo
Elixir Tapes

by Stephen Perry

This is some of the best hardcore to come out of the land of danishes. In fact, it may be the best thing to have come out of Denmark ever.

President Fetch crosses hardcore gusto with punk energy and comes out sounding like the Dead Kennedys doing early proletarian music with the singer from the Toy Dolls doing vocals. This is especially evident on songs like "What's the Matter Cowardy." All 20 songs

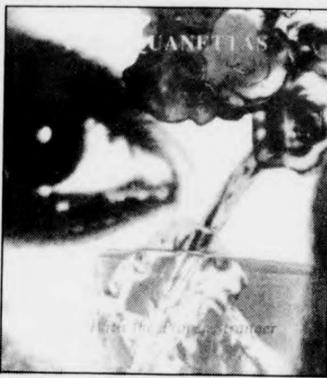
are very manic, often surpassing today's hardcore royalty.

I'm not sure whether this is a collection of basement tapes, or if it's the band's famed first demo, but, whatever it is, I'm glad it's out. The tape is worth it for the thrash version of "Amazing Grace" alone.

This is a necessary look back at yesteryear.

For more information, write Elixir Tapes, c/o Brett Tobias, 672 Precita, San Francisco, CA, USA, 94110.

Alternate pop you will Love



The Aquanettas
Love with the Proper Stranger
Nettwerk-Capitol-EMI

by Gary Verrinder

The Aquanettas are a four piece all female band that hail from New York City. They make a pleasant change from the usually noisy underground scene of NY. *Love with the Proper Stranger* is their first album for Vancouver based Nettwerk Productions.

The album starts off with a rockin' tune titled "Diplomat." This is one of those great pop songs that you just can't get out of your head; it has lyrics that will keep you singing for weeks.

Lead singer Deborah Schwartz' vocals are powerfully emotional. Throughout the album, she carries the band to great heights with a quirkiness that seem to be both soothing and irritating at the same time.

The next song, "Faults," has a slower pace. Jill Richmond's excellent guitar work keeps this song from putting you into sleep mode.

"Beach Party," the third song, brings the band back to life. It reminds me of something that could have been on the Velvet Underground's third album.

"Up" and "Connecting Line" reveal more of The Feelies influence. They are great pop songs, well worth the price of the album, that had me up and dancing around. Side one closes off with a quirky dance song titled "Footsteps." Bass player Claudine Troise shows that she can play magnificently, combining with the guitar, the two pull this song together.

Side two starts off with the title track, "Love with the Proper Stranger" is an excellent song about having undemanding relationships, with lyrics like "You got love with the perfect stranger. All that is required is that you are here."

"15 Men," the next song, makes me wish this album

came with a lyric sheet, because the vocals are hardly audible. "Lose My Mind" is a slow song that made me want to turn this album off.

The following song, "Pictures of Italy," is the best on the album, possibly the best of the year. This should be a hit. It reminds me of another all female band, Scrawl. With lyrics like, "All day I eat pasta," it could have been performed by The Feelies or They Might Be Giants.

Drummer Stephanie Seymour makes her presence felt on this one. Although the drumming is very simple, she makes it work very well, bringing the song together around the other three band members. "Pictures of Italy" is another

song you could end up singing for weeks.

"That Ain't Right" and "Black on Blonde" end the album with some great vocal and guitar work. Side two is the side I find myself coming back to time and time again, the side I can't take off my turntable.

Love with the Proper Stranger is an excellent piece of vinyl, worth adding to any one's collection. The Aquanettas are going to be an important force in rock and roll.

If you like pop music but are sick of the crap that always gets played on commercial stations in Toronto, *Love with the Proper Stranger* is for you. If you don't believe me, check them out live on June 4th at the Rivoli.

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2. Regret the resignation of professor Bob Wakabayashi, our program coordinator.
3. Appeal to the university administration to resolve this issue so that our program does not suffer further repercussions.

Signed:

Andrew Chan, Peter Taylor, Anthony...
Copied to: President Arthurs, Dean Traves, Professor G. Albright

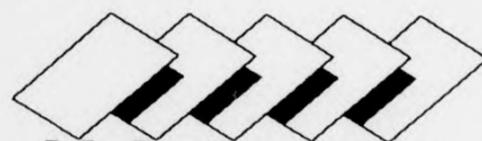
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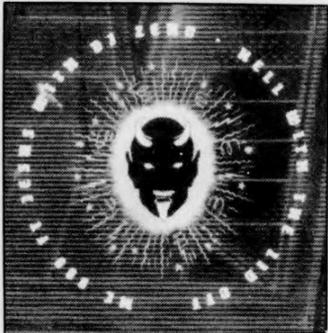


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Jesus puts out a Hell of a record



MC 900 Ft Jesus & DJ Zero
Hell With the Lid Off
Nettwerk Records

by Andrew Sun

If rap music was a baseball team, MC 900 Ft Jesus would be the flaky reliever who is always pulling gags — that is, if he was allowed on the team at all.

Frankly, MC 900 Ft Jesus and DJ Zero don't really fit in with standard hip hop. They are rap iconoclasts with more musical affinity to fellow Nettwerk label mates like Severed Heads and Skinny Puppy than, say, De La Soul. Their latest album, *Hell With the Lid Off*, mixes industrial, electro and turntables to invoke a devilish combination of cerebral dance music.

Call it rap music goes to art school.

Unlike the angry bravado of most rappers, MC 900 distorts his voice, whispers quietly and generally plays devil's advocate with our ears. He doesn't really rap, but recites words like a preacher speaking in tongues, only his tongue is firmly planted in his cheek.

The lyrics themselves draw on the surreal and the trivial, not to mention the nonsensical. With titles like Real Black Angel, I'm Going Straight to Heaven and A Greater God, this group indicates it knows full well the role of the trickster is more fun to play than the saviour.

Their sound is dense and somewhat mechanical at times, but never stiff. Before any song gets monotonous, something unexpected is mixed in to liven the track up.

This impious duo with a truly wacky name delivers parables by way of the *National Enquirer*. Absolutely quirky and absurd, this album is a lot of funky fun.

SPORTS

Laurier coach gets the call

New blood for Yeomen football team

by Riccardo Sala

The athletics scene at York has been healthy, but the football programme stands out like a sore thumb, plagued by one poor season after another and seemingly doomed to failure, or worse, outright extinction.

In a show of support for the programme, York athletics has named Tom Arnott head coach of the Yeomen to replace Nobby Wirkowski, who left at the end of last season.

Arnott takes this job after six years with Wilfrid Laurier University. From the winning Laurier programme — Ontario champion in 1987 — Arnott faces the challenge of turning the Yeomen, if not winners at first, at least into performers.

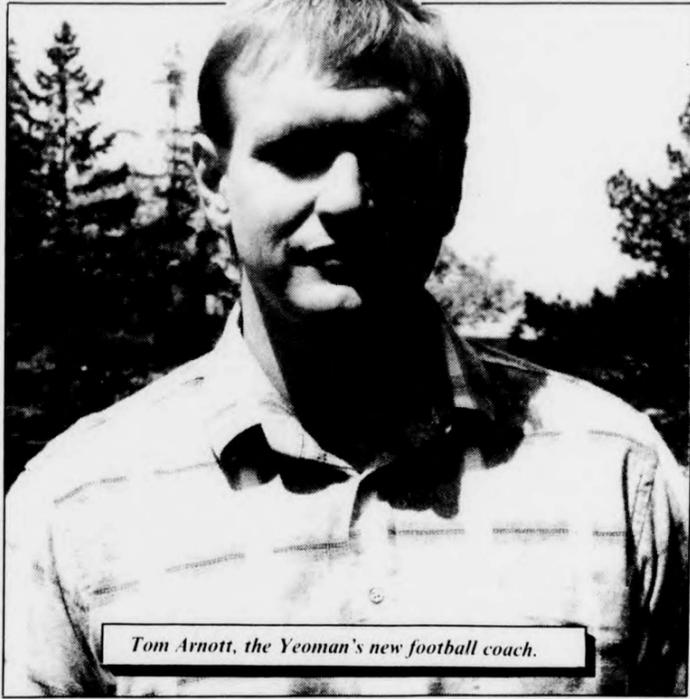
Arnott's coaching career began with Guelph. Having played for the Gryphons through university, he was drafted by the Toronto Argonauts in 1977. Unable to

make the cut, Arnott returned to Guelph, originally as defensive line coach and then as linebacker coach. He remained with the Gryphons for five years before moving to Laurier.

The agreement to take the York post stems from the belief that the Yeoman football programme "enjoys the financial and moral support of York athletics," Arnott said, adding, "I believe that York athletics is committed to making Yeoman football first class."

This support is crucial. York football has been unable to establish the campus-wide support enjoyed by groups such as the hockey Yeomen. Among members of other York teams the football programme is seen as a white elephant devouring money that could be spent on teams that have consistently performed better.

Arnott has no specifics on what it will take to turn the Yeomen around. "We have to create a new atmosphere," he said, "because



Tom Arnott, the Yeoman's new football coach.

York has gone nowhere with the old atmosphere."

Arnott refused to blame former coach Wirkowski. "Too much emphasis is placed on what the coach does. A team does not go winless if it is talented," Arnott believes that "mass frustration set in everywhere and developed into apathy and cancer [within the Yeomen]."

Apathy on the part of York students, administration and athletics also came under fire. "Lethargic," Arnott remarked. In contrast to Guelph and Laurier, "there has never been a push behind football here," he added.

A captain doesn't take charge of a sunken ship. In the same way, Arnott's acceptance of the position is a tacit acknowledgement that something can be done with the football programme.

Arnott believes "people [at York] in general want to see football."

photo by Peter Stathis



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