

JULY 4, 1990
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excalibur

AMANDLA

Nelson Mandela. The man-martyr-myth arose from the ashes of his oppression like a phoenix reborn of his youth and regenerated of his struggle.

For millions around the world, Mandela's release from South African prisons after 27 years of confinement seemed remarkable. And his recent world tour in support of the African National Congress (ANC) and a negotiated peace in South Africa still seems an astonishing dream.

The media has certainly helped build both the man and the recent events into legendary proportions. Mandela's power has come more from his ability to symbolize rather than realize the end of apartheid, although with the current pace of change, he may yet live to be the next democratically elected leader of a unitary South Africa.

Mandela has the world stage. Everyone is listening to him. He commands the front page and top story in every city he visits.



YFS flexes its provincial muscle

by Peter Stathis

The Ontario Federation of Students (OFS) held its annual general meeting in Windsor from June 10 to June 17. York Federation of Students (YFS) sent four representatives to the conference (the most delegates of any OFS member), and achieved what YFS President Jean Ghomeshi called "a strong show of solidarity from everyone" at the meeting.

1990 was the first year that YFS decentralized its four votes, which normally come exclusively from the YFS executive. Ghomeshi was enthusiastic to more democratically represent York's diverse interests and concerns.

Two votes were kept for Ghomeshi and Mitchell Blass, VP (External Affairs); one vote was given to Pierre Racine of Glendon College; the fourth vote was given to Rob Centa who represented the

constituency of York Main colleges.

Returning from the Windsor meeting, Ghomeshi felt more strongly committed to OFS than ever before, calling it "the only legitimate medium for a province-wide student movement." The current YFS believes that York students can directly benefit from OFS because as members they can openly influence its agenda to address York concerns at the provincial level.

Everything OFS does is contingent on the membership's demands, said Ghomeshi. He illustrated this point by citing his election to the Chair of the Union of Ontario Undergrads (UOU), as well as Chair of the Race and Ethnic Relations Ad-Hoc Committee (one of his long-standing concerns.)

One of the most concrete motions reached at the OFS conference was a "provincial day of

action against racism on campus" scheduled for Wednesday, November 21. Ghomeshi said that student power comes only after student awareness.

While Ghomeshi admitted that continued OFS membership is crucial for maintaining this kind of local momentum, he did not want the YFS executive to force issues or make elitist decisions. Instead, YFS plans to issue frequent press releases, hold open forums and ask grass-roots student groups and campus coalitions to help them educate York about the pros and cons of OFS.

Ultimately, Ghomeshi is hoping this kind of approach will reduce York's notorious apathy because individual students will "know they can make a difference."

Another substantial achievement for YFS was its new bilingualism programme, which was recognized and applauded universally at the conference. A

motion was passed to treat York's programme as a case study for other OFS members interested in becoming bilingual. YFS will prepare a report on how to establish, integrate, and finance a bilingual programme on Ontario campuses.

One of the more significant motions that was only narrowly defeated was "congruent competency," which seeks to combine the provincial OFS and the national CFS (Canadian Federation of Students) into one united movement. Several universities, such as Ottawa, Brock and Waterloo, belong to both organizations and wanted to consolidate their common agendas into one federation: the CFSO (Canadian Federation of Students of Ontario), which would cost students a total of seven dollars per year. The four York delegates withdrew their votes on this motion because they wanted a clear OFS mandate from

York students before venturing to discuss CFSO membership.

YFS voted to join OFS in early June, ending three years of disagreement and animosity regarding membership and accumulated fees totalling close to \$100,000. In return, YFS has agreed to conduct a referendum this October to let students decide whether York's OFS membership should continue.

Membership in OFS would cost each student and additional three dollars on their tuition statement. Ghomeshi stressed that "other universities are very excited about York becoming permanent OFS members and will be watching the referendum very closely."

For Ghomeshi, OFS membership must be decided based on each individual's commitment to bettering student life. He asserted, "the question is not how effective OFS is, but whether you believe in a consolidated student movement."

Metro cyclists need separate lanes

by Jason Nolan

Will 1990 be remembered as the year that we finally adopted an environmental perspective on the growth and development of Toronto? If the cyclists have their way, it will be.

About 120 two-wheeled devotees participated in *Cycle City: Bicycle Lanes for Toronto*, a panel discussion with moderator Christopher Thomas of CBC's Radio Noon, hosted by the Toronto City Cycling Committee (TCCC) and the Canadian Stage Company.

The event was part of "Bike To Work Week" sponsored by the TCCC; the 1990s expansion of last year's "Bike To Work Day." Riding from June 5-17, bike-a-thons, breakfasts, theater presentations and an awards ceremony were all part of this year's focus on the cyclist as commuter. At the center of these events were 17 proposals published by the TCCC under the title "Bike To The Future," which outlined the committee's goals for promoting cycling as a commuting alternative in the "central arena" of downtown Toronto.

Possible cycling models were introduced by Daniel Egan, the cycling planner for the City of Toronto. His slide show of cycling experiments in Europe, focusing on the advances made in our twin city of Amsterdam, presented strategies on separate cycling lanes.

Panelist Walter Oster, organizer of a waterfront rally against cycling lanes on Queen's Quay, upset many cyclists with his deferral to the a priori entitlement of merchants and condo residents to personalized motorized transpor-

consideration" asked for by Oster had never been extended to cyclists in the past. There was common agreement that cycling commuters have been ignored by city planners, politicians, and motorists alike, and are left to fend for

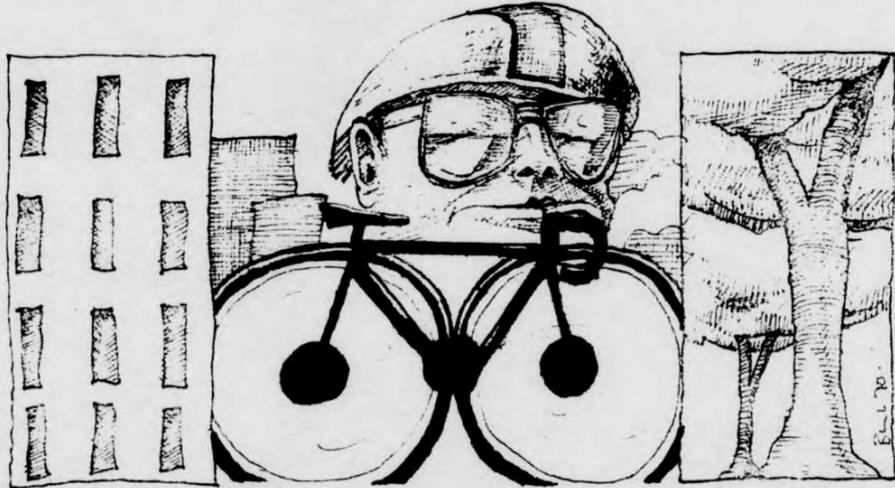
argued, in which the city planners must work to develop alternative modes of commuting into the downtown core. Churley lamented the fact that our unhealthy obsession with the car causes neighbours to fight over

space. This is done while ignoring the detrimental environmental impact of the automobile.

Environmental psychologist and York PhD candidate John Dunbar placed himself in the middle of the conflict by noting that social and civic change, which up to now has only crept forward via conflict and political compromise, must now incorporate a strategy of consultation. All parties must be included in the process. Moreover, he suggested that this change cannot be accomplished at the provincial or civic levels of government, but rather at the primary community level. Although he did not state clearly how community decision-making could solve problems such as installing and maintaining city-wide cycling lanes, everyone seemed to agree with his "grass roots" approach.

When asked if City Council could be motivated by a visible show of support for the TCCC's proposals, Churley admitted that a petition of some 70,000 signatures would probably help the committee achieve its aims. The estimated number of commuting cyclists in Toronto is 70,000.

Jerry Lee Miller, host of 2X4 on CIUT-FM took up the challenge. Interested parties who wish to "get active" in the name of cycling lanes should contact him, writing to the Mayor and contact Marilyn Churley at 392-7914 or the TCCC at 392-7592.



tation. Oster also commented that "cyclists are not as observant of pedestrians, as are motorists," and the "remaining public must also be given fair consideration" in the construction of any cycling lanes which might impinge on their rights as motorists.

His tendency to interrupt others and his constant referral to the single issue of Harbourfront angered some participants to the activist, noted that the "fair con-

themselves in heavy traffic. Churley's committee, along with most of the attendees, favour separate cycling lanes in one form or another. The exception may be bicycle couriers who find that cycling lanes restrict their freedom of movement.

As Churley said, in pressing for improved conditions, cyclists are "just trying to get a little edge" on the polluting motorists. The environment is the "context," she

parking spaces, oppose affordable housing (which is felt to increase population density and point that many of his positive comments in support of cycling could not be heard above the cat calls.

TCCC chair and councillor for Ward Eight Marilyn Churley, a self-proclaimed environmental demand for street parking), and even oppose cycling lanes because of concern over parking

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Arthurs unlikely bearer of degree

by Peter Stathis

When Nelson Mandela came to Toronto's Queen's Park, he was honoured by many dignitaries including External Affairs Minister Joe Clark, Ontario Premier David Peterson, Toronto Mayor Art Eggleton, and even York President Harry Arthurs. Some people argue that these four individuals were unlikely candidates to be addressing Mandela on behalf of Canadians. But, perhaps the most conspicuous of the speakers on that stage June 18 was our own president, who presented Mandela with an honorary law degree.

Before this spring, when York University still had investments active in South Africa, Harry Arthurs and the Board of Trustees could not be considered exemplary models of ANC support. The

campus group York Against Apartheid (YAA) had been lobbying the university to divest its interests in South Africa since 1986. Derek Lett, a YAA representative, said that YAA scored a major success this year when York divested its funds entirely by late March.

York Against Apartheid had been keeping up pressure at the local level even before Mandela's call for continued sanctions during his speaking tour. Lett admitted that by 1988-89, York was "moving slowly toward total divestment," but there was quiet hope that F.W. de Klerk's changes would be significant enough to allow York to re-invest in South Africa.

YAA tried to bring the issue back into prominence at this time. It gathered a petition of 300 names supporting complete sanctions, invaded the President's office, and held an on-campus protest on



York Against Apartheid worked to end the university's investments in South Africa. Its victory came shortly after Nelson Mandela's release. Above: Harry Arthurs presents Mandela with his honorary law degree at Queen's Park June 18.

February 27. The negative media coverage generated by YAA's lobbying efforts, left York blemished and in need of an appropriate reaction.

According to Lett, Bill Farr, VP (Finance and Administration) quickly came out in support of total divestment, accelerating the whole process. The final success came shortly after Mandela was released from prison, reflecting the profound moral pressure that his re-emergence created on York campus.

Lett, as well as numerous other York students, has said that Arthur's presentation of the honorary degree to Mandela was hypocritical, much like his acceptance and defense of the Sasakawa donation. Some students would have preferred anyone else to have conferred the degree, even a York undergrad, as long as it had not been Arthurs.

Mandela visits Ottawa

Protesters serve eviction notices to embassy

by Marc Brzustowski

On the day Nelson Mandela addressed the House of Commons, 34 people were arrested in Ottawa climbing over police barricades set up around the South African embassy in their attempt to evict the ambassador.

In stark contrast to the greeting Mandela received from such infamous anti-apartheid fighters as Brian Mulroney and Joe Clark, those who risked arrest outside the embassy that day were determined to greet Mandela by closing down the Canadian operations of the racist and criminal system that jailed him for more than a quarter century.

One ANVA member emphasized that complicity by claiming there was no South African embassy in Canada, but rather that the building in front of which they stood was the embassy of apartheid, the embassy of a criminal system, and should be dealt with as such. The same speaker addressed the need and obligation for citizens to risk arrest to shut down apartheid in Canada, noting that changes from the white regime would come not from the kindness of their hearts, but would only come when apartheid became impossible to maintain and enforce.

The implication was that, internationally, it was up to ordinary

helmeted officers, their night sticks drawn, descended on the metal barricades to keep more activists from attempting to serve eviction notices to the ambassador. The climbing of the barricades was preceded by an emotional wreath-laying ceremony to commemorate the victims of apartheid.

The spectacle of the Canadian government's protection of apartheid was heightened by the arrest of a 10 year-old boy who climbed the barricade with his father. While the activists were arrested for causing a disturbance and obstructing police, all were released within six hours without charges.

Clearly, the political climate around Mandela's visit made it impossible for the police to lay charges against people arrested for resisting the racist, criminal system that continues to imprison him and millions of others in South Africa.

York Space University

by Peter Stathis

"York supports Canada's membership to explore, understand and respect space."

- Harry Arthurs, President of York University

York campus is the site of the third session of the International Space University (ISU) running from June 23 to August 31.

ISU is a non-profit, non-governmental institution which gives graduate-level students advanced training in space studies.

Its long-term goal is to foster international cooperation and equip leaders for present and future space exploration.

ISU's multi-national, multi-disciplinary curriculum encompasses eight areas: space architecture, space engineering, space manufacturing, space life sciences, space business management, satellite applications, space physical sciences, and space policy and law. The courses are being taught by internationally-recognized experts in their field, many of them returning ISU faculty.

This year's ISU class will work on two special design projects: an international earth observation system to monitor changes in the global environment, and an asteroid mining project utilizing robotics. These are in addition to their already intensive summer schedule. The 134 students from 30 different nations will have to compress one full year of study (240 hours of lectures and seminars and 280 hours of design work) into 10 weeks.

During the Convocation and introduction ceremony held in Burton Auditorium on June 26, Harry Arthurs said that York has supported space science from the university's inception. One of the most notable space personalities is Mark Garneau, the first Canadian astronaut in space and a York graduate. Arthurs went on to say that the exploration of space required ethical, legal and political understanding as well as science and technology.

Bob Richards, a Canadian and one of the three original founders admitted that ISU is still a very young concept. In 1985, it was only an idea; but by 1988, that idea had attracted 104 students from 24 countries, and the year after, the numbers had risen to 124 students from 28 countries.

There is great optimism among the ISU students that this internationally-based institution

continued on page 5



Over 30,000 supporters gathered at Queen's Park to greet Mandela in Toronto June 18. Similar crowds gathered in Ottawa the day before to rally around the leader and the ANC.

As Mandela sat in a government jet somewhere between Ottawa and Toronto, a group of over 100 people gathered behind the barricade set up by the RCMP and Ottawa police to "protect" the embassy from the non-violent activists. The eviction of the ambassador, based on the anti-war crimes amendment to the Canadian Criminal Code, had been in the planning stages for months, spearheaded by members of the Alliance for Non-Violent Action (ANVA) and members of Toronto's black community, but it was Mandela's visit that highlighted the Canadian government's hypocritical stand on apartheid and its complicity with that system.

people to make it impossible for apartheid to function and maintain itself through its network of embassies and consulates. Last summer, Joe Clark was questioned about the attendance of South Africa at ARMX'89, the largest weapons show in Canadian history. Clark maintained that not only had South Africa been invited, but that it had every "right" to be there, reasoning that they were a legitimate government with diplomatic representation in Canada.

Reflecting similar conditions under apartheid, the Ottawa police sent out the riot squad to meet the non-violent demonstrators. After a number had already been arrested, about 20 of the



Artist's conception of ISU's space campus.

EDITORIAL

Reaping the whirlwind: the politics of fear

Three years ago, eleven men spent all weekend thrashing out a new direction for Canada. Their vision was flawed and exclusionary, and when it appeared that it would be lost, they had to act quickly. Thus, a couple of weeks ago, eleven men spent an entire week thrashing out a new direction for Canada.

Some people never learn.

Even the most insensitive anglophones cannot help but feel a sense of loss at the passage of the deadline for ratification of the Meech Lake Accord. Yet, for most of that three years, the public response was, "What is this deal, and why should I care?"

Very simply, when Pierre Trudeau's Liberal government patriated the Canadian Constitution from Britain, Quebec refused to become a part of it by signing. The Meech Lake Accord spelled out the powers of the federal and provincial governments, including recognition of Quebec as a society distinct from the rest of Canada; this satisfied Robert Bourassa's government, promising to make the country whole again.

Critics of the Accord, particularly Newfoundland's Premier, Clyde Wells, argued that the Accord did not protect minority, native or women's rights, and that the need for unanimous provincial approval would make it impossible for the territories to become provinces.

This is pretty dry stuff, but all involved agreed that it was vital to the future of the country. Why, then, did so few Canadians know what it was about?

Since it was a major part of Conservative social policy, the responsibility for explaining it naturally fell on Brian Mulroney's government; to say they have ignored this responsibility seems a vast understatement. At first, government representatives explained that the Accord would "bring Quebec back into the Canadian family." A noble sentiment, perhaps; a catchy phrase, certainly; unfortunately, what it didn't do is explain how this would be accomplished, or address the critics' objections.

Instead of reason, Mulroney, Joe Clark, John Crosbie and other prominent Conservatives resorted to threats to get Canadians to approve of the Accord. If it was not ratified on time, they said, Quebec would separate and Canada would fall apart.

Well, maybe it will and maybe it won't. Reason and compromise would go a long way to solving the problem. But, the bullying tactic of the Conservatives (accusing opponents of the Accord as anglophone bigots instead of allowing that honest people can hold non-Conservative views) is currently one of the most divisive elements in the country.

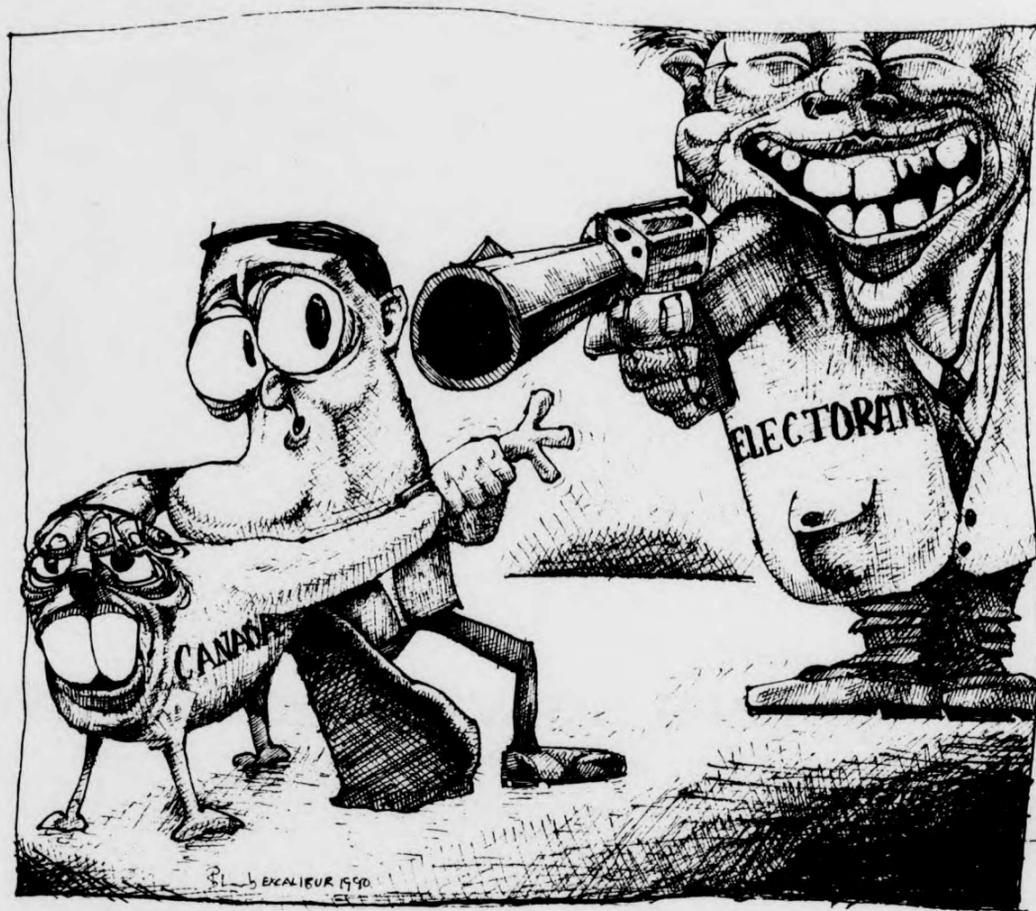
The politics of envy have been replaced by the politics of fear.

This is not the first time this has happened. During the Free Trade debate before and during the 1988 election, the Conservatives argued that if the Agreement was not ratified, American business would flee the country, causing our economy to fall apart. (As it happens, American business is leaving Canada even with the FTA, but that's the subject of another editorial.)

The Conservative government is exhibiting some alarming tendencies: introducing policies they were not elected on; making sweeping changes in Canadian society without sufficient time to work out all the ramifications (the Meech Lake Accord was originally passed in a marathon bargaining session over a weekend — a great way to settle a labour dispute, perhaps, but a terrible way to determine the fate of a country); explaining these changes to Canadians poorly or not at all; and actively promoting fear as a means of gaining support.

Prime Minister Mulroney boasted that he "rolled the dice," that he decided to leave negotiations to the last minute, a tactic to pressure wavering Premiers to come on board. His belief was that their concern over the future of Canada would override their qualms about the Accord. That he could not have foreseen that the Accord would be stopped by an Alberta MLA with no concern for the future of Canada (native Elijah Harper) is beside the point; the Prime Minister set the conditions for this disaster.

The whirlwind that is to come after the failure of Meech is clearly his responsibility.



LETTERS

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

Students give Quebec perspective on Meech

To the editor,

We are more than 150 students from across Canada studying at L'Ecole de Langue Francaise de Trois-Pistoles, Quebec. We hope that by offering our somewhat unique perspective we may help Canadians to appreciate the importance of the now-defunct Meech Lake Accord.

We have come to Quebec not only to speak the language, but also to try to better understand the culture. In the short time that we have been here, we have been struck with how strongly Quebecers felt about Meech Lake. Recent events in English-speaking Canada have evoked in Quebecers a sense that they are not wanted by the rest of Canada.

Simply stated, the purpose of Meech Lake was to bring Quebec into the Canadian Constitution. The failure of English-speaking Canada to ratify the Accord, even though it had already been unanimously approved three years ago, can only be seen here as a rejection of Quebec.

Recently, there have been many positive political changes in the world. Much of the progress has been due to a more open-minded acceptance of other cultures. As English-speaking Canadians immersed in a Quebecois environment, we students are just beginning to realize how different

the Quebec perspective is. In order for Canada to thrive as a nation, Canadians must recognize and allow for these different perspectives.

Certainly the Accord was not perfect, but it was the product of our democratic process. We believe that Meech Lake provided the mechanisms which allowed these differences to flourish cooperatively. For Canada, it would have been a positive step forward.

Very sincerely,

153 students of L'Ecole de Langue Francaise

OFA President happy with Swim-a-thon coverage

To the editor,

Thank you for taking the time to speak to me recently regarding the article on the Swim-a-thon June 24 at York University through your interview with Rebecca Polak.

On behalf of the Toronto chapter of OFA, please accept my sincere thanks for a well-written article, which I read while on campus, in your June 20 issue.

Hopefully it helped to generate the much needed public awareness we are striving for.

Yours very truly,
Ruth Freedman
President, Ontario Fibrositis Association.

Executives of CYSF do not deserve their bonus

To the editor,

So, the former CYSF executive members feel they deserved a \$1000 bonus. Perhaps they do deserve the money. But, they haven't outlined any reasons and students have no say in the matter. If Caroline Winship incurred personal debt, she should make public her receipts.

Since the executive did not follow the proper rules in reporting the bonuses at the next council meeting, they obviously took the money illegally. If Jean Ghomeshi wants the money back, he should charge last year's executive with theft. He should call the police.

This is not the first time the executive has given itself bonuses. Unless such behaviour changes, the question associated with the new YFS and students will be, "ask not what YFS can do for you — ask what you can do for YFS."

Sincerely,
Michael Sullivan
3rd Year Political Science

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CARAVAN not perfect

by Melanie Aguila

According to Caravan's 1990 Passport, the "festival was incorporated to promote the preservation, development, and advancement of the cultural traditions and lifestyles of Canada's people."

Although Caravan has a positive goal, it isn't a solution to stopping the downfalls that a multicultural society imposes on its people.

As Canadians, we celebrate the many cultures within our country, but at the same time these cultures are separated and often condemned because of the implicitly racist society in which we live. The role of the police in the community is "to serve and protect" all races, but some officers have done otherwise. The unnecessary shootings of Wade Lawson and, more recently, Marlon Neal reflect the racism of some individuals on the police force. Racism is also inherent in our history.

The exhibition, "Into the Heart of Africa," at the Racist Ontario Museum reveals the kind of attitude toward Africans that dominated the European and North American ethos of the past. Today, these sentiments must still exist, as we have failed to end this exhibition even though it is deeply offensive to Africans.

An ideal multicultural society would be one where the different cultures live side by side in harmony. The alienation of Quebec from Canada shows the extent to which our cultures can be separated and set in an environment of disharmony.

A multicultural society has so many cultures that people rarely have the chance to really learn about them. Caravan could be

used to educate people about cultures other than their own, but it seems that the pavilions are merely trying to promote tourism in their country. It is questionable whether the depiction of a country as a tourist centre or its citizens as tourist vendors presents a realistic view of any culture. People also tend to go to these pavilions to be entertained and eat the food, rather than focus on learning values and lifestyles.

Our country consists of many different races and it is crucial to represent them equally. Caravan 1990 had a good mix of 35 pavilions; however, not all cultures in Canada participated.

Caravan cannot reflect the cultural traditions of Canada's people if not everyone is represented. One group which was not included this year was that of aboriginal Canadians. Because of the frequent misrepresentation of Indians in the media, they should have had a pavilion to show their true values, beliefs and lifestyles.

Since Canada's multicultural society has so many diverse cultures, they need to work together. Many cultures may not have participated in Caravan because of the risk of losing money, or lacking funds to start a pavilion. Caravan should be a community effort where profits are channelled back into the festival to help start and fund other pavilions and to reduce financial losses. This year the Lithuanian (Vilnius) pavilion had to pull out of Caravan because it was losing money.

Caravan's purpose has been distorted; the focus has changed to profit. If the amount of money made determines whether a pavilion will remain or not, the spirit of competition will overwhelm that of cooperation.

The Stalkyard

YFS committed to bilingualism

by Salman A. Nensi

The York Federation of Students (YFS) is officially bilingual... but what does that mean?

YFS President, Jean Ghomeshi, spearheaded the move to bilingualism and is understandably proud of the positive reaction received from across Canada.

But, when one boils down all the rhetoric surrounding this new initiative, the basic fact remains that YFS has budgeted \$5000 to help implement a program that will service, according to Ghomeshi, seven per cent of the York population. "Going bilingual means we have twice as much work as before," said Ghomeshi. "There are extra costs in paper, printing, postage and advertisements."

Since the direct student levy will give the 91/92 YFS council an increase in revenue, this year's council feels comfortable with deficit financing. They will add an additional \$4000 to the \$6000 deficit left by last year's council.

Neither the current executive, nor the staff of YFS are bilingual: Ghomeshi is closest — "functional," not fluent. All of them are trying to improve their command of the French language. Said Caroline Winship, VP (Internal), "Everyone is so open [to this new initiative], we've all agreed to do as much as we can." In addition, the council will be placing an emphasis on hiring bilingual people for all future vacancies.

The new Speaker of the council, Andreanne Lavallee, who was appointed last Friday, will also be a member of the Government Affairs Tribunal. Currently, she is the Speaker and Translator for Glendon's student union. Lavallee, who is fluent in both English and French, will act as a translator during YFS meetings in addition to her other procedural duties. The new Deputy Speaker is also from Glendon College. Sebastian Dinolfo, who is currently the president of Glendon's Debating Society, will act as Chair of the Government Affairs Tribunal as well as helping to adjudicate council meetings.

So far the York community has been very positive and supportive of this move, but Ghomeshi is

very candid about possible reactions. come September.

On one side, he sees anglophones becoming annoyed at such a large expenditure of money and human resources when only seven per cent of the population benefits. On the other side, he sees francophones taking the pronouncement that YFS is now bilingual as mere tokenism. (His appointment of Glendon students as Speakers will certainly help to diminish this problem.)

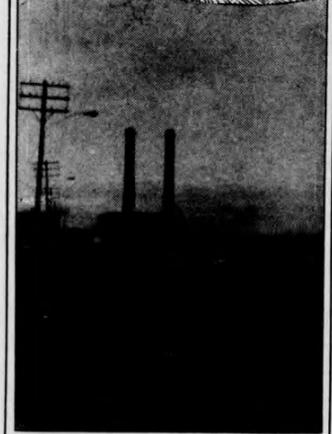
However, the possibility of being attacked from both sides still has Ghomeshi concerned that future councils will try to eliminate the bilingual infrastructure he is building. In an effort to avoid that, Ghomeshi is attempting to institutionalize the bilingual nature of YFS by entrenching bilingualism into the YFS constitution.

There is no "official opposition" in YFS' council, so I asked President Ghomeshi point blank, "What will you do if, come September, the sentiment at York is overwhelmingly against your new bilingual policy? After all, you have been elected to represent the students."

Avoiding a direct answer as smoothly as any politician on Parliament Hill, he replied, "You know Sal, it will be a sad day at York if that happens. We made this decision upon coming into office in May and now the mood of the country is uncertain. I know it [the bilingual initiative] is not a large beacon of hope for the country, but in our small way, it is an important step."

The YFS executive is genuinely behind this move and they become quite intense when trying to convince others of its benefits. YFS will be spending considerable cash and resources on promoting and developing itself to a point where it can truly be called a bilingual council. They have begun releasing bilingual press statements and other documents. Ghomeshi opened the last council meeting by addressing the members in French, and the Speaker and Deputy Speaker are both bilingual. The only question now is, what next? Will YFS continue to deliver on this issue if significant problems arise in September?

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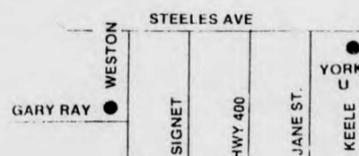
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GST: 'regressive and unreasonable'

by Tina Pannunzio

On Monday, June 25, North Yorkers turned out at York Woods Public Library for an open forum concerning the unwelcome Goods and Services Tax (GST).

The Honourable Robert Kaplan, MP for York Centre, spoke against the new tax and answered questions on how the GST will affect the average consumer and small and large business owners. Specifically, he explained who would benefit and suffer most with the new tax reform.

Kaplan, a member of the Liberal Party, firmly labelled the tax, "a mistake, regressive and extremely unreasonable." The federal government, however, has spent an estimated \$22 million producing and distributing promotional literature on the tax, clearly supporting its position. The Tories claim the tax was designed with the primary intention of replacing the existing "outdated" federal sales tax, which they describe as "unfair and economically destructive." Kaplan and the opposition argue that a "fair" tax would have been five per cent.

The new seven per cent GST, effective January 1, 1991, will replace the existing Federal Sales Tax (FST) of 13.5 per cent calculated at the manufacturing or wholesale level. According to Kaplan, the GST will be calculated on goods and services at the retail level; at a point where the merchant can double the cost of the

product and, in effect, cause the overall tax to "double" back to the equivalent of the previous tax. Further, consumers would be unprotected against price hikes as the tax reform does not carry with it any legal obligations for the vendor to lower prices once the FST has been removed from the overall cost.

Regulation of tax violation, such as failure to charge the tax, will be provided by a monitoring agency staffed with six inspectors for the entire country.

The reform is structured to protect families and businesses which earn under \$30,000 in total revenue per year. However, as most Canadians earn more than the specified revenue, the majority will feel the weight of a tax extended to more goods and services than affected by the present FST.

Many residents also expressed their anger at the rise in the Consumer Price Index of 1.25 per cent, which will result as the GST is put

into effect. The opposition suggests that the two major benefactors of the GST would be Ford and GM as the new tax would allow them to raise their prices and claim a greater profit.

Despite the fact that approximately 78 per cent of the population is opposed to the GST, it is now before the Senate and will be passed unless stopped by a majority vote. A long-standing tradition of Senate support for government policies, however, promises the

definite implementation of the tax reform for next January.

With the recent failure of the Meech Lake Accord and the topic at hand, the general climate of the discussion was clearly hostile; most residents expressed their frustration with the present government. Many supported the possibility of a new election.

Course evaluations and VRES

by Jonathon Chabot
and Peter Stathis

YFS has made course evaluation results available to returning students as they register for courses using the Voice Response Enrolment System (VRES).

Course evaluations were distributed to eight out of over 30 departments in the faculty of Arts at the end of the 1988/89 school year. The evaluations have been compiled into a booklet so students can find out more about the courses they are taking. Before this booklet was produced, course evaluations were distributed only if departments deemed it necessary. They were not required by the university and students did not see the results.

Caroline Winship, YFS Vice-President (Internal Affairs), said that the course evaluations were as much for professors as for students. Departments used the evaluations in deciding tenure and promotion for professors, but this did not serve any student interests, according to Winship.

"students can pick up questionnaire results at their departments for use in course selection"

Winship cited York's powerful bureaucracy as one of the main obstacles to overcoming this problem. She pointed to other universities, such as Queen's and Manitoba, as good examples of student governments that have

effectively mitigated the administration's power. Manitoba has compulsory evaluations "based on mutual respect between the professors and the students," said Winship.

Presently, York does not have any type of legislation to make course evaluations mandatory

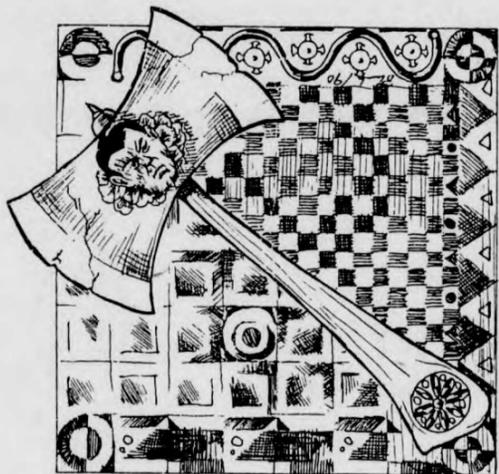
and available to students; however, YFS is planning to push for a written policy in the future.

This year's YFS project is a first step in making York classroom/ professor evaluations universally accessible. Students can pick up

the questionnaire results at their departments for use in course selection with VRES.

YFS' course evaluations project will cost \$3000 for 1000 copies, all coming from YFS funds. Winship admitted this was a staggering amount of money, considering York's undergrad population was approximately 30,000 students, but she was optimistic that if evaluations became mandatory, departments could help pay for the costs. "It's not fair that they [departments] ask to use our information for their tenure purposes without paying anything," said Winship.

Up to this year, York students had to rely on course descriptions in calendars and on word of mouth when selecting courses.



I WRITE WITH AN AXE

Mini-golfers

by Brett Gellert

A friend and I went to play mini-golf a few days ago. For those of you, if it's possible, who haven't heard of mini-golf, it can be described as a game more exciting than real golf with less tiresome clubs to lug around. It also has that small amount of danger we all look for: like being hit in the head by the blades of a miniature windmill or being struck in the ankle by your opponent's over-eager swings.

I'm trying for the life of me to figure out golf in general, never mind mini-golf. Who would think about hitting small balls around a large field, trying to get them into one particularly undersized hole, you ask? Well, the answer is simple. The fine people of Scotland.

There's a very simple reason why, too. It's called Haggis. Your average Scot eats this with as much enthusiasm as someone who meets a politician canvassing for re-election. Why do Scots eat haggis? Aren't you happy I came along to answer all of these questions? Scots eat haggis because they have a reputation to maintain: people think you're tough if you can hold down gross food. You want people to think you're tough if you wear a skirt. But a guy named Angus Fairway couldn't stand haggis, so he went out and invented an extremely long, time-consuming game that enabled him to avoid dinner.

But, not even the people in Scotland had the ability to create and perfect pointless activities like the Americans; thus, mini-golf was created. It

takes the creative genius of a country that invented monster-truck racing and the even more grueling super tractor-pull to turn a nice, relatively simple game like golf into something to which parents can take screaming children.

To kids, mini-golf is just one of those stupid things that parents make you do, like eating brussel sprouts without any sugar to hide the taste. Screaming children add a new facet to hitting balls through small obstacles. The only thing that could add more difficulty to the game is perhaps someone firing live ammunition at you while you try to sink a putt, or maybe land mines placed randomly around the hole.

Yet, the enjoyment never ceases. You have security in knowing that no real injury can befall you. Yunno, like at the beginning of Wide World of Sports when that skier goes flying off the job on his rear end and his body travels in five different directions.

Mini-golf is easier than normal-sized golf because club selection is kept to a minimum. Professional golfers spend hours during play trying to figure out which club to use just because they have so damn many of them. Mini-golf also does away with golf-fashions. There's nothing worse than what pros or amateurs wear when they golf. Even an average group of golfers can look like a kaleidoscope seen through the eyes of Keith Richards. At least mini-golf is easy on the eyes.

Mini-golf's unofficial motto: the least amount of exercise for the most money. Fore!

Space University continued from page 3

will help to replace the chauvinistic and competitive nature of space exploration that has dominated the last generation.

Not surprisingly, ISU students use the 10-week programme to build a network of contacts which they try to maintain around the world. And although they are sponsored by academic, industrial and political interests, their loyalties are shared between the "world-space community" as well as their companies or countries. ISU students all speak more than one language (usually English), show an interest in space, and are selected based on their marks and leadership ability.

Two York students are among the 13 Canadian students attending the Space University this year. Bob Cheung, a PhD in vestibular physiology, is enrolled in ISU's life

sciences department; and Marianna Shepherd, currently studying earth and space sciences, is enrolled in the physical sciences section.

ISU intends to have a permanent campus built by 1992 and change its focus from summer sessions to a full-time university. Plans include a two-year Masters programme in space studies. The first year of such a degree would be done at the international branch campuses.

The first ISU session was held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1988. The second session in 1989 was held at l'Université Louis Pasteur in Strasbourg, France. The 1991 session will be held in Moscow and the 1992 session is scheduled for Japan.

Excalibur will carry a larger news feature on the human elements of ISU, its faculty and students, in our August 29 Orientation issue. Look for it, mates!

The Muslim Student Federation of York University is currently accepting donations on behalf of the victims of the Iranian Earthquake. Cash donations and cheques (payable to the Iranian Earthquake Relief Fund) may be left at the YFS and Student Affairs offices. Thank you for your support and God bless you.

GUNS 'N' ROSENKAVALIER

by Herschel Marshall

Not being an officianado of the opera, I thought, "what the hell," and went anyway.

I wanted to know firsthand if the opera could stand up on its own to a younger, "less-cultured" individual like myself. It was risky — I lacked the years of proper voice, ear, and hand training that you usually need to enjoy such things. Well, I was patient and I waited, hoping for a god-like revelation. But instead, the score after the final whistle: Visitors 1, House 0.

Der Rosenkavalier which played at the O'Keefe Centre June 20-30 was an experience split right down the middle: the music shined but the acting paled. Richard Strauss' score, as performed by the Canadian Opera Company Orchestra was exceptional, and even inspirational at times, but the COC actors on stage were not as delightful. Whether this was due to the actors' inability or because the characters were poorly written

from the start, je ne suis pas certain.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal's libretto (the lines that singers sing to tell the tale) was considered risqué at the turn of this century, but now at the century's tail-end, the plot just seems cute and sentimental. The engaging suggestions of the lewd, lusty Baron von Ochs and the love interest between the 17 year-old Count Octavian and the older Feldmarschallin princess have become the stuff of Harlequin not hellfire.

The expression "boring as nails" crossed my mind a few times. Closing my eyes and blocking out the actors' voices gave me the rest I so desperately needed by the middle of the first act as I tried to hang on to Strauss music for consolation.

Now, I realize you're supposed to experience life as a whole. But breaking things up — music, singing, acting — was a good idea, sort of like shutting out Bono's stupid lyrics while staying tuned to the

Edge's guitar. (Finally, an allusion to youth.)

Except for me, everyone else at the opera looked rich and successful, well-aged, well-dressed, well-mannered and well... exceedingly solemn. Not the same kind of crowd you'd expect at a Guns'n'Roses show — but, hey! — different strokes for all us folks. Perhaps, when I'm older and lose some things and gain some other things, I will cherish opera too.

In summing up, je suis certain that it was my lack of opera-appreciation-training that resulted in this negative review. And the whole opera company and its gracious patrons will hate me (if they ever read this rag) — but, hey! — this would have made a decent album or low-priced CD. I just wouldn't bother with the videotape. Keep your eyes shut tight for that one.

Richard Strauss, being the great anti-establishment-kinda-guy that he was, would certainly have written an anti-opera if he were

still alive today — probably something like Scarborough Surf Punks Do Parliament. The opera taught me

one thing: enjoy youth while it lasts, because the future looks dull.

New Delhi pavilion was a highlight of Caravan

by Melanie Aguila

Caravan is the only time we can be international tourists for nine days and still stay within the premises of our own country. Throughout Toronto, pavilions had been set up in community centres and church halls representing 35 cities from various countries across the world.

The New Delhi pavilion at 58 Cecil St. was unique because we experienced two cultures simultaneously. (En route to the pavilion we passed through restaurants, stores, and the residential area which make up Chinatown.)

When entering through the doorway of the New Delhi pavilion, we automatically detected the sweet-smelling smoke of incense. Translucent fabrics streamed from the ceiling so that a flow of soft colours waved above our heads. The stage was decorated by a ceramic peacock with authentic feathers (the National bird of India), and the statues of two Hindu deities: Lord Ganesh; and Lord Shiva.

The show included several classical dance forms from differ-

ent parts of India: Odissi (East Coast of India); Kathak (North India); and Bharatnatyam (South India). It was easy just to sit back and observe the fancy footwork, the elaborate costumes, and the visually impressive facial expressions, rather than trying to understand the stories being told through the dances.

Other shows which needed audience participation included a Sari demonstration and a staged wedding. The demonstration unveiled the mystery of how to put on a Sari. A step by step "How to Wear a Sari" pamphlet was provided for those of us with short memory.

Roma Mishra-Jalali, organizer of the entertainment for the New Delhi pavilion and President of the India-Canada Association which sponsors the pavilion, feels that Caravan gives Indians an opportunity to expose others to their traditions and values. "This [Caravan] is probably the only time we can reach out to people who are non-Indian and give them a glimpse of our rich culture and heritage," said Mishra-Jalali.



Soprano Josephine Barstow (right) and mezzo-soprano Delores Ziegler (left) emote in Richard Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*. It ain't Scarborough Surf Punks Do Parliament.

Good things come in Three

by Kim Yu

The Three True Loves of Jasmine Hoover

written by James Nichol
Theatre Plus Toronto

Toronto playwright James W. Nichol's latest work, *The Three True Loves of Jasmine Hoover*, opened June 15 at the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts. Presented by Theatre Plus Toronto, it gives assurance that Duncan McIntosh, in his inaugural season as artistic director, knows what he is doing.

Directed by Frances Hyland, the play stars Brenda Robins as Jasmine, a woman who decides to change her dreary existence in Don Mills. Living with her chronically depressed father, played by Craig Davidson, only increases her boredom.

One day, Jasmine quits her job at a sleeping pill factory and decides to get her own apartment downtown. Her younger sister,

Beth-Anne, played by Chick Reid, is enlisted to make Jasmine come to her senses.

With all the free time Jasmine has now acquired, she continues to read her engrossing poetry and wander about in search of enlightenment. It comes in the form of a baker, a cowboy and an inventor. She pretends to be three different people in order to impress her respective suitors. Al Kozlik (Joe), Tom McCamus (Willis) and Richard Binsley (Harold) are hilarious.

The Three True Loves of Jasmine Hoover is not as dialogue-intensive as its neighbour at the Bluma Appel Theatre, *Love and Anger*. It is brilliantly written, though, and thoroughly entertaining.

Robins gives a strong and convincing performance as a confused, neurotic young woman searching for fulfillment, and her three loves are equally appealing as they court her. Switching from

poet to cowgirl to accountant with equal ease, Robins manages to convey Jasmine's subtle charm with each character change. She maintains the sense of insecurity, but is able to present the burgeoning confidence and enthusiasm Jasmine has throughout the charades.

Also notable is the diverse background of the suitors. They do not come across as stereotypical baker, cowboy or inventor. Chick Reid is superb as the resentful sister, and Craig Davidson is wonderful as the dependent father.

The Three True Loves of Jasmine Hoover should not be missed. Its quick wit and comically familiar situations will definitely keep an audience interested and wanting more.

The Three True Loves of Jasmine Hoover continues at the St. Lawrence Centre until September 1.



15 year-old Scotia Bhattacharya performs the "pallivi" dance in Odissi style.

INSIDE:
Canada goes to Sleep
Nitzer Ebb goes nuts
and Arnie goes to Mars

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CHRY-FM 105.5 FM TOP TEN
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| ARTIST | TITLE | LABEL |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1 <i>Change Of Heart</i> | Soapbox | Cargo |
| 2 <i>Bootsauce</i> | the Brown Album | Polygram |
| 3 <i>the Pursuit of Happiness</i> | One Sided Story | MCA |
| 4 <i>the Fluid (C)</i> | Glue | Sub Pop |
| 5 <i>Suffern' Carpets</i> | Food For Thought | Warped |
| 6 <i>Inspiral Carpets</i> | Cool As Fuck | Cow/Mute |
| 7 <i>Urge Overkill</i> | Americruiser | Touch & Go |
| 8 <i>Lords of Acid</i> | I Sit On Acid | Polygram 12 |
| 9 <i>Consolidated</i> | the Myth of Rock | Nettwerk/Capitol |
| 10 <i>the Cowboy Junkies</i> | Cause Cheap Is How I Feel | Tommy Boy |

Compiled by CHRY's Music Department from programmers' playlists over a 2-week period ending July 11, 1990. Programmers choose their own material. (C) denotes Canadian material.

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Goodbye Cruel World

by Hughy Hardy

World Party
Goodbye Jumbo
Chrysalis Records

I was giving this one the once over on the way home, admirin' its psyche-Pepperesque-I am the elephant-goo goo g'gas mask cover, when I came across the fine print that froze my ticker: "Written, produced and recorded by Karl Wallinger."

The last time I came across that "opus-izer" was on *Let Love Rule* (ick!) a few months back. After reading that, I proceeded to hold a little "drum warz" of my own which lasted for nearly two weeks, wracking my booze-addled mind in an attempt to discover once and for all: who is the world's worst drummer? Lenny or Paul McCartney? (Incidentally, Paul



wins for his downright laughable clunking on "Maybe, I'm Amazed" and "Band on the Run.")

Anyway, for those on the outs (which, in this case, is a safe perch), Wallinger is a former member of Mike Scott's oh so mysterious Waterboys, with whom he split unceremoniously a few years back to form World Party. I mean, is this a band? Or is it Karl Wallinger? Personally, I think it's James Taylor wearing a Bob Geldof mask.

World Party joins a growing number of artistically complacent Irish acts (Hothouse Flowers, Waterboys and m'olde pals U2) who, I'm convinced, are all members of a musical cult/conspiracy who, through their pure Irish musical

pastorality, will resurrect the long dead King Brian Boru who, legend has it, will rise and take up his weapon (a Gretsch hollowbody, absolutely sauteed in Delay effects) and teach Bono how to sing.

This album is pure product, to be avoided at all costs. From the meticulously calculated rattlin' 'n' hummin' "diversity" of arrangement, to Wallinger's godawful pseudo-soulful crooning, *Goodbye Jumbo* is the worst fluff since *Full Moon Fever*. When Wallinger does manage to catch a half-decent groove ("Way Down Now"), he butchers it all with self-indulgent lyrics reeking of dumbass sensitivity. Ah, if only Karl had played traps on this gem! The possibilities would have been endless...

Nitzer Ebb's Bonn:
"Well, it's like . . ."

by "Switch"

I recently talked with Bonn, of the band "Nitzer Ebb" (Night-zer-ebb), which played with "Depeche Mode" and "The Jesus and Mary Chain" on June 22, 1990 at the CNE Grandstand. Bonn is the drummer for "Nitzer Ebb," which has just released an album called *Showtime* on Geffen Records.

S: There's a couple of things I'd like to know about "Nitzer Ebb" which are not in your press kit. You are from Chelmsford, Essex, is that correct?

B: That is correct, yeah.

S: Now, where is that in relationship to London?

B: It's about . . . it's northeast of London about 20 or 30 miles.

S: Where did the name "Nitzer Ebb" come from?

B: It didn't come from anywhere, we just sort of made it up. It's a completely sort of fictional name. Just at the time we started we wanted a generally ambiguous European sounding name.

S: I haven't heard your new album as of yet, but I'm really excited about it. I was wondering if you would talk a bit about your influences. I know that on *Showtime* there are certain things you are doing that you haven't done on previous albums in relationship to blues . . .

B: Well, what we've done on the past two albums was quite minimal and wasn't very structured at all. We've had a kind of grand fascination with the idea of "our sound" mixed together with more conventional song structures. A verse, a chorus, and so on — reflecting other sorts of shades of music within our own music, but keeping a style all of our own, to try and combine all of these elements but still sound like "Nitzer Ebb." That was the challenge we had in front of us for *Showtime*. So, basically, we chose certain sorts of eras of music and reflected certain shades of those eras or certain styles of music. There were loads of things we listened to: straightforward rock music; blues music; 50s rock and roll; loads of stuff and we just tried to absorb the influences and sort of put out shades of that in what we were doing.

S: You worked with Phil Harding in '87 on *That Total Age*, your first release. Then you worked with Paul Kendall and Flood in '88 on *Belief*; on *Showtime* you worked just with Flood, is that right?

B: Yeah, we did one track with Paul Kendall again, but most of it was done by Flood.

S: Why did you change producers? And, could you give me some insight into what it was like to work with such a famous producer, and why you decided to go with him exclusively on this album?

B: Well, we set up a label with Phil Harding, so we used to work with him very closely; but, since then, our work and relationship came to a halt. So, Flood did a remix for us, just by chance, of "Joining the Chong." When we did the *Belief* album we had to look around for someone we

wanted to work with. Flood was suggested. We had worked with him once and had no particular objection to him so we decided to work with him on *Belief*. We got on so well, and had such a good working relationship, there was no question about it. We wanted to work with him on *Showtime* and on the next one as well. You know, we get on really well, he's really easy to work with and he buys us lots of meals with his credit card — always important.

S: You're right, that's always important. He has quite a strong personality, at least the rest of the bands that I know he's worked with have been very distinctive and unique in what they do. Do you feel that he's influenced the way your new album has turned out?

B: Yeah, I mean no doubt about it, Flood is an influence on the way we think about things and the way we work. In fact, when we started working with him on *Belief*, we were still recovering from working with Phil Harding because that was a real simple process. We were a little bit confused in exactly how we wanted to work and Flood has been quite a big influence in that way. A lot of things we like are very similar, it's a two-way process; he gets things off us, we get things off him. But he has been a big influence. We really trust him to make decisions.

S: One of the new songs on *Showtime*, has something to do with you meeting pop stars and seeing the way they live; comparing your way of life and seeing the similarities; and seeing how you deal with living the life of a pop star. Could you expand on that a little bit?

B: Well, it's like — that's the track "Getting Closer" — certain things are expected of you when you are in a band. People expect you to be a certain way. When you come into their town they expect you to come in and smash it up and behave like the typical irresponsible rock star. Everyone has these general preconceptions of how you should be.

S: But "Nitzer Ebb" isn't like that right?

B: Can be. No we are not like that all the time, but, you know, sometimes we can be like that, but it's just more that some people expect a certain thing of you and you have to live up to certain things in their eyes.

S: It's like a stereotype then?

B: Yeah, exactly.

S: Do you have a special message that you want to send out on this tour? Is there something that you want to say?

B: Not really any special message, I mean our basic message is the same as it always has been — about being positive, having a belief in yourself, doing things because you want to do things not because you've been told to do things, or because you are being told not to do them. Just a basic belief in yourself and your power to achieve things.



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FILM

Homosexual "wonderland" fails as a film

by Jim Russell

Longtime Companion directed by Norman Rene produced by The Samuel Goldwyn Company

Hollywood . . . the folks who brought us *Gone With the Wind*, *Sands of Iwo Jima*, *Beverly Hills Cop* and other flights of fantasy, now presents . . . *Longtime Companion*, a squeaky clean excursion into a sort of homosexual "wonderland" populated by really nice, caring, funny, intelligent, handsome, muscular, sensitive, clean living, clean cut, generous, loving, WASP males who, unfortunately, are dying, one by one, of AIDS.

Shot on Fire Island, a homosexual community in the New York area, and Manhattan's Upper West Side, *Longtime Companion* is

supposed to be an "uplifting tale of courage and personal heroics," but is, instead, a depressing hour and a half of on-screen hand-wringing and navel gazing.

"What do you think happens when we die?" asks one man. "We get to have sex again...I hope," answers his friend in a downtime between visiting their friends in intensive care and standing in front of the bathroom mirror looking for "moles."

Longtime Companion, the euphemism used by obituary writers to describe surviving homosexual mates, traces the lives of a group of homosexual lovers and acquaintances from 1981, when the *New York Times* first reported the outbreak of what was then called "Gay Cancer," to 1989, when the story ends.

The lovers and friends, all men except for Mary-Louise Parker, try at first to ignore the growing onslaught of AIDS ("Let's not even talk about it"). But, as the years pass and the disease gains momentum, their attitude gradually changes from denial to the delusion of attributing AIDS to too much "sun" or "drugs" or "negative thoughts."

Nearly four years pass in the lives of these men before they are able to reach even a grudging acceptance of the realities of AIDS and its implications on their former lifestyle. These "longtime companions," worn by the pain and suffering of their lovers and friends, and frustrated with the medical profession's inability to find a cure, cling desperately to the hope that very soon the nightmare of AIDS will be vanquished from their lives.

The next-to-last scene of the movie, a dream sequence in which a great crowd of people, including their now dead homosexual

friends, run through sandy dunes, singing and dancing to the news of the defeat of AIDS, is so hokey it's embarrassing. Which brings us to the script.

Craig Lucas, an award winning playwright (*Three Postcards*, *Reckless* and *Prelude to a Kiss*) has filled *Longtime Companion* with soap opera dialogue ("I reallilly like hairy men"), cutesie homosexual jokes (for example, a classical music performance of the disco song "YMCA") and heavy-handed bursts of liberal morality ("It's nobody's business whether we return to our former lifestyle once a cure for AIDS is found and we no longer have to be careful," my paraphrase).

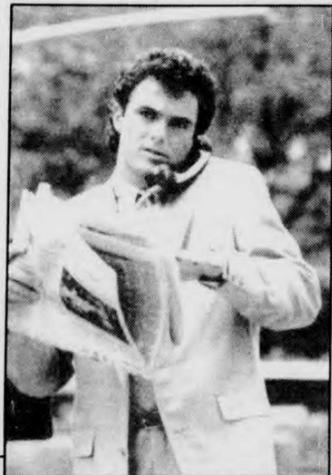
To the credit of all those who worked on this low (\$1.5 million) budget film, it looks remarkably big budget. Tony Janelli's cinematography is good to excellent, as is the lighting, which only stumbles occasionally in a few under-lit indoor scenes. Much of this "big buck" quality can be attributed to

generous corporate donations by the likes of Adidas. The Futon Shop and Panavision, which made it possible for American Playhouse Theatrical Films to shoot *Longtime Companion* on 35mm stock, a superior format to 16mm or video.

The producers also cut corners by enlisting lesser known actors. Newcomers to film, but veterans of stage, like Mark Lamos and Brian Cousins, were willing to work for small salaries "because they felt the movie was important and needed to be made." None of the ten main characters, however, with the possible exception of Bruce Davison, managed to put in more than a creditable performance.

When *Longtime Companion* opened May 11 in New York City, one year and a few days after principal photography began in 1989, *Rolling Stone* called it "The best American movie this year." I disagree.

Give it a three out of 10.



Longtime Companion is too cute, with a too heavy-handed liberal message, to be a satisfying film.



Canadian movie will put you to Sleep

by Kim Yu

Deep Sleep written and directed by Patricia Gruben Festival Films

It is unfortunate that, as anticipated, *Deep Sleep*, another Canadian film, is a real snore.

Starring Megan Follows and Stuart Margolin, the story revolves around Shelly McBride (Follows), a 17 year-old girl who has been traumatized by her father's death. Shelly searches for the truth behind the mysterious circumstances surrounding his untimely demise. This is done, of course, while she is "on vacation" from the school/institution in which her staunchly religious family has kept her since the tragedy.

In a matter of days, Shelly manages to deduce that her father was involved in the Asian underworld. Enlisting the help of Angel, a Filipino musician (played by Damon D'Oliveira), she finds out the sordid details about her father's past,



How can you tell a film is Canadian? It stars Megan Follows, has the word "Deep" or "Sleep" in title and makes no sense.

and the effect it will still have on her future.

Margolin as Bob Bolden, Shelly's future stepfather and her father's partner, gives a convincing performance as a conventional nefarious type. Follows also manages to emote as the distressed, deluded victim. David Hewlett, playing Follows brother, Terry, comes off as an insensitive clod, considering he knows how much she had been through.

Deep Sleep tries desperately to rise above its inane script with pretentious camera work and bizarre dream sequences. The film's original intent seems to have been a journey into the subconscious

mind of a young girl struck by tragedy; but, director Patricia Gruben merely convoluted an already complex subject by constantly switching from the present to flashbacks to hallucinations.

There was ample opportunity to explore the theme of religion as shield, or issues of racism, pornography and poverty. Instead, the emphasis was on how visually appealing the film could be without much regard for the actual points it could have gotten across to the viewer.

Deep Sleep seems to drag on forever, especially after it hits midpoint. Fortunately, it only lasts an hour and a half.

Ghost Dad: dumb for the whole family

by Paul Gazzola

Ghost Dad directed by Sidney Poitier produced by Universal Studios

Somewhere between Philadelphia and his weekly Thursday night slot on NBC, Bill Cosby developed a sense of noblesse oblige.

So, with this heartfelt responsibility planted squarely on his

shoulders (or around his neck, depending on your point of view), Cosby has so far presented us with that wonderful sitcom, *The Cosby Show*, featuring the Huxtables as a black Brady Bunch, and three best-selling books, *Fatherhood*, *Time Flies* and *Love and Marriage*.

And, now, there's *Ghost Dad*. It's too bad that Cosby has allowed his goal to create wholesome family entertainment to overshadow his talents as a comedian and an actor. *Ghost Dad*, where Cosby's character, Elliot Hopper, suffers an untimely death and then tries to set things in order for his neglected family as a ghost, could have been a disturbing, dark comedy.

The potential is there. The scene where Hopper tells his kids good night with a tape message and his son answers back with his own taped good night, the satanic cab-driver and the game of charades the mute Hopper has with his kids, the answer being "I am a ghost," worked.

But, aggressive comedy is very rarely family entertainment and that is the only kind of entertainment Cosby is interested in these

days. So *Ghost Dad* has a happy ending and Cosby and director Sidney Poitier, create a funny but harmless, cartoonish comedy.

The cartoonish criticism becomes especially ironic when one considers Cosby's recent comments about *The Simpsons*, the newest competition for *The Cosby Show*. It's a cartoon, Bill says, funny, but still a cartoon. Perhaps Bill should start videotaping *The Simpsons* and watch it more closely because that animated show is a helluva lot more real and less cartoonish than *Ghost Dad*.



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Schwarzenegger's *Total Recall* totally forgettable

by J.A. Stephan

Total Recall
directed by Paul Verhoeven
produced by Tri-Star

The year is AD 2084. Earth has survived its third world war. Two opposing government blocs rule the planet. Mars has been colonized and is wracked by political unrest. This is the backdrop against which the film *Total Recall* unfurls its confused story of Doug Quaid (Arnold Schwarzenegger), who is engaged in a mission to discover his true identity while rescuing Mars from an evil tyrant.

Rumoured to have cost a whopping 50 million or more, this fantastic spectacle is destined to be one of this summer's biggest blockbusters. Director Paul Verhoeven, encouraged by the success of his film *Robocop*, takes the audience on a maniacal roller coaster ride of shock, horror, and illusion.

Bullets to the forehead, axes to the stomach, and kicks to the crotch — no body part is safe from the non-stop, graphic battles. The violence often takes on a comic book silliness. One bystander is not only riddled by a machine gun, but also picked up and used as a shield to absorb flying bullets. When a foe's arms are severed at the elbows, Schwarzenegger gleefully returns the torn limbs with a joke. It is gruesome, but humorous.

The protagonist of this tale basically goes unscathed except for the attentions of his knife-wielding, karate-kicking wife (Sharon Stone, who gives a terrifically spirited performance). Schwarzenegger is a peculiar hero. Short on acting ability, he is not able to generate sympathy for the plight of his character; audience interest is sustained only by frequent bloodbaths and special effects wizardry.

There is hardly any sense in the ridiculously far-fetched and horribly muddled screenplay. It opens on Doug Quaid, a bored construction worker plagued by dreams of Mars. In search of an explanation, he ventures to ReCall Inc. This service provides him with



Arnold (centre) takes a look around Mars. After the release of *Total Recall*, he may wish he really was on the Red Planet.

an opportunity to travel to Mars through memory implantation.

Instead of answers, the experience triggers a murderous attack by secret agents from Mars. While fleeing from his pursuers, Quaid discovers his true memory has been manipulated to suppress valuable information in demand by the rebel force on Mars. Information he gained while acting as a

secret agent himself before betraying the government.

Quaid escapes to Mars where he hopes to unearth his past and regain his lost memory. Eventually captured by the power-hungry zealot of the planet (Ronny Cox), Quaid is confronted with his true origin. No longer sure of what is real and what is illusory, the champion of the rebel cause

must race against time to overthrow the dictator's perverted scheme and save the planet.

The absurdity of the story's logic becomes grossly evident at the cataclysmic ending, in which good triumphs over evil. Throughout the film, neither the audience nor Quaid are ever on solid ground. Who really is Quaid and is his adventure real or imagi-

nary? The premise of an altered mind is as clever as it is weird. The big cheat comes when it is used in the final revelation to explain everything that happened previously — an attempt to make sense out of nonsense.

Taken as is, the nonsense is entertaining. Much of the credit belongs to Dream Quest Images, which created the visual effects; and Rob Bottin, who originated the creatures and make-up effects. For example: a black screen which visualizes only moving bone structure, holograms that act as decoys, and faces which contort into a myriad of shapes.

Production designer William Sandell, who worked with Verhoeven on *Robocop*, fashioned a cold and utilitarian Earth. Buried deep within the rock, Sandell's city on Mars is less impressive. It fails to distinguish itself as an alien, futuristic community. The red-light district of Venusville stands out as a soundstage lacking mood or substance. Believability is clearly absent.

Bloody, vacuous, and forgettable: *Total Recall* is a terrific product for those undemanding moviegoers who are content more with spectacle than with substance.

Forget the stars — go to see the colours!

by Ira Nayman

Dick Tracy
directed by Warren Beatty
produced by Touchstone Pictures

Let's get the unimportant stuff out of the way right at the beginning: Madonna is a cartoon trying to be an icon. Either way, she's not much of an actor, and this film is not likely to give her dramatic career much of a boost.

While I'm on the subject: Warren Beatty is a good actor, and invests his role with some depth (not much by real movie standards, but more than I expected). He didn't really look the part — a bit too old to be really pretty, a bit too pretty to be really rugged — but, what the hell? It was, after all, his film.

So, let's talk about the real reason for going to see *Dick Tracy*, the film version of Chester Gould's old comic strip: the colours. Seven of them. Dark, threatening blacks. Heroic yellows. Vivid reds, blues and purples.

The opening shot, where the camera starts in one location, zooms and pans through a brightly lit, yet strangely ominous city, and picks up the action in another place, is masterful, and indicative of what is to follow. As filmed by Vittoria Storaro, *Dick Tracy* is the most sensuous movie to hit the screens in a long time, possibly ever.

The story, such as it is, pits Tracy (Beatty) against Big Boy Caprice (Al Pacino), who has plans to control all the crime in

DICK TRACY



the city (unnamed, time: probably thirties or forties). Along the way, Tracy is seduced by singer Breathless Mahoney (Madonna), forcing him to choose between her and Tess Trueheart (Glenn Headly).

It isn't much, and it has holes the size of Winnebagoes, but the cumulative effect of many small touches make *Dick Tracy* a fun film to see. Pacino's performance, for instance, is delightful, spouting pseudo-wisdom one moment, ranting psychotically the next.

Headly manages to give some dignity to what is essentially a third banana role. Dustin Hoffman (!) is hilarious as Mumbles, a small-time hood. Mandy Patinkin gives an interesting rendition of the piano player 88 Keyes. Charlie Korsmo, as Kid, both pays homage to and satirizes the "tough boy" characters of the period (The Bowery Boys, for example).

Many of Gould's most gruesome creations appear in this

film: Mumbles, Little Face, Flattop, Itchy, Pruneface and a host of others. Gould was not subtle: evil characters not only did ugly things, but looked that way.

Through the magic of prosthetics, the characters look surprisingly faithful to the comic strip, although, when given the opportunity by the script, the actors usually go beyond the make-up to give the characters equally quirky personalities. (My only complaint is that, having killed off the most interesting Gould creations, who will Tracy have left to battle in the inevitable sequel?)

Ultimately, despite the violence, despite the sexual undercurrent, despite the efforts to tell an adult story, what most disarms the viewer is the fact that *Dick Tracy*, at heart, is full of innocence. Compared to *Batman*, its more cynical cousin, *Dick Tracy* is a breath of fresh air.

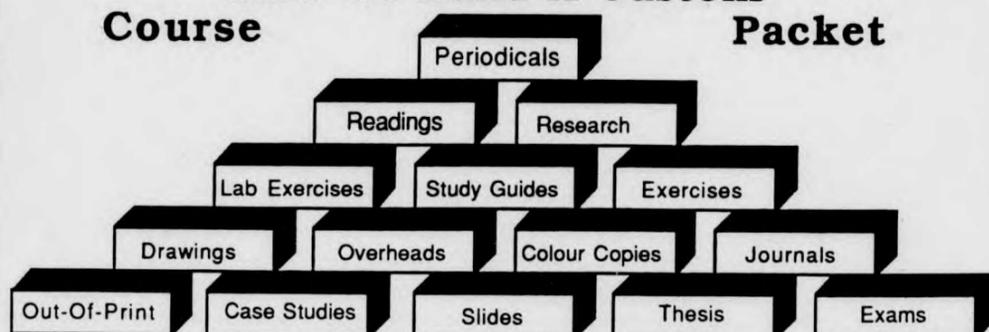
Dick Tracy is a cartoon of a movie. But, it's a highly entertaining cartoon of a movie.

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Forbidden City captures Tiananmen horror

by Sophie Robov

Forbidden City
written by William Bell
published by Doubleday Canada

On the anniversary of the brutal massacre of students and other citizens in Beijing's Tiananmen Square, a novel has been published about the tragedy.

Forbidden City, by William Bell, tells the fictional story of a Canadian teenager who accompanies his news cameraman father to China to cover Gorbachev's visit to the capital. Over the next two months, Alex Jackson befriends several university students and becomes deeply involved in their movement. His goal is to bring the truth about the brutal and senseless slayings by the People's Liberation Army out of the country, to the rest of the world.

Although the novel is geared towards a teenage audience—the language is not very sophisticated, and some aspects of Alex' story are rather unrealistic—the setting of the story alone renders it a worthwhile read for people of all ages. *Forbidden City* offers a

very clear and comprehensive background of what occurred last year in the days leading up to the fourth of June.

Bell lived in China for two years, and is able to fill his novel with local colour, and details of the Chinese culture. The segments dealing with the actual political situation are "based on reports and eye-witness accounts of actual events." Consequently, the reader gets a powerful sense of immediacy, and is drawn right into the action.

Forbidden City also touches upon important themes. At the beginning of the novel, Alex describes himself as a "military nut," who collects and creates model soldiers of historically famous armies. He calls pacifists "simpletons," and is fascinated by the action and glory found in war movies.

After having survived the Beijing massacre, however, Alex comes to realize the brutal and horrific reality of war. As he sees his friends dying around him, Alex begins to understand the destructive potential of an army. His admiration for the brave and dedi-

cated students is boundless and increases his determination to spread their story to the rest of the world.

Forbidden City is a very intense and emotional novel that captures the panic and confusion felt in Beijing, as well as the heroism of

thousands of students and other citizens. For this reason, it is a recommended addition to everyone's summer reading list.

BOHEMIA

a column
by Ira Nayman

There is an unwritten rule in journalism that newspapers do not report on each other, except under the most exceptional circumstances (when a competitor wins an award you didn't want, for example, or their editor shoots a prominent politician). Those of you who don't like to see unwritten rules broken should read no further.

The new *Globe and Mail* has arrived: *Globe Lite*. The type isn't as heavy, there is more space between lines and around headlines (now centred for your reading pleasure) and there are fewer photographs.

The redesign of the staid newspaper is a bold step—backwards. The old-fashioned typeset for the nameplate, moving the editorial page to the back of the first section, stacking the editorials vertically, adding sub-heads to major stories, the way photos are used—these are all ideas cribbed from *The New York Times*.

I didn't much care for the design of the original; I don't much care for the design of the cheap knock-off. The larger photographs, for instance, will mean that the bottom half of most pages will be full of type—grey, dull type. Many pages with advertising will end up without graphics altogether.

The Globe has also moved away from an interlocking format, where stories are wrapped around

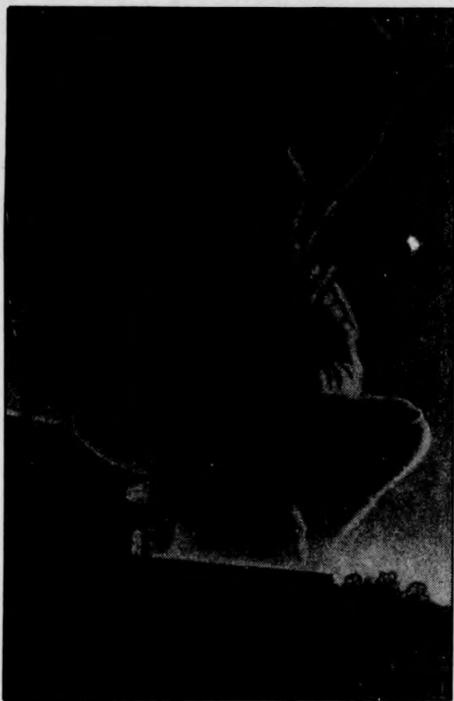
each other, to a modular format, where stories are laid out in rectangular blocks. Not only does this not direct the eye of the reader, often resulting in blocks of copy between which the reader must choose (or decide to ignore), but it increases the quantity of two effects for which I have a visceral distaste: tombstone (side by side) headlines and single column stories.

Why would *The Globe* regress like this? I have a theory. Well, actually, it's less a theory than a hunch.

Publisher A. Roy Megarry is on record as saying that he wants *The Globe's* primary readership to be businesspeople, moving the newspaper away from the general readership aimed for in past years. To this end, he has overseen the expansion of *Report on Business* and the slashing of the news budget.

These changes may be part of an effort to lure readers of *The New York Times* and *The Financial Times* (*The Globe's* main business competitor) back to *The Globe* by offering them a comparable package in one publication. Having taken a lot of criticism for cutting back on news, Megarry may be trying to bring respectability back to the section, using the appearance of serious journalism rather than the substance.

Of course, these are only first impressions. Given time, I could grow to really dislike the new *Globe and Mail*...



Feminist work confused

by Kelly Leonard

Knowing Woman: A Feminine Psychology
written by Irene Clairmont de Castillejo published by Shambhala for Random House

Sixties smut. *Knowing Woman: A Feminine Psychology* by Irene Clairmont de Castillejo reeks of it. Reflecting a time period can be an admirable trait in a book, but a book that is unable to broach the boundaries of that time is, in my estimation, extremely lacking, although not a complete waste of time.

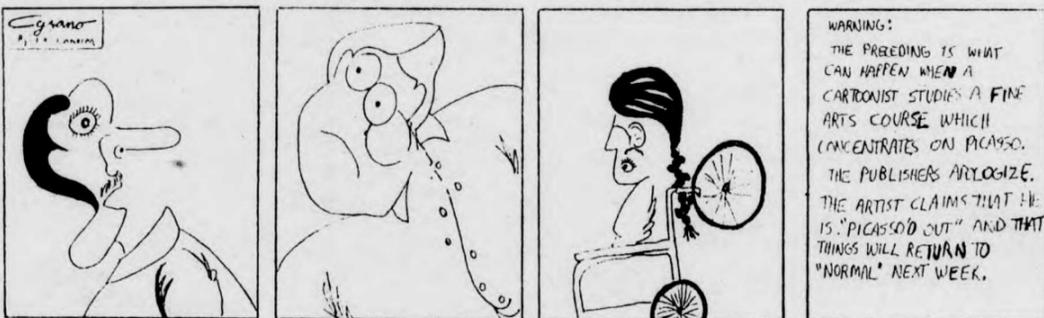
Knowing Woman is both profoundly eye-opening and simply criminal. It is controversial from beginning to end, but it cannot be swept under the table.

Under the guise of feminist literature, Castillejo attacks the heart of feminism. She knocks every feminist achievement by asserting that woman's primary role is to serve men. Creativity is a gift of the masculine psyche and woman's purpose is to provide a channel for transforming the initial chaos into this creativity—wave independence good-bye,

barefoot and pregnant is back! Even when Castillejo discusses problems that may arise in the male-female relationship, the faults and the solutions always lie in the woman's hands. As a woman, I'm tired of carrying that particular burden, thank you very much.

The other side of the coin is that Castillejo values the traditional role of women. By breaking into the male world to gain recognition, women have silently acknowledged the superiority of the male roles. We have abandoned our traditional roles and the lower end of the social strata and left them floundering. Our liberated era may actually be misogyny in its full bloom.

Knowing Woman exudes this type of controversy, if you can peer past the sixties memorabilia that threaten to suffocate it. It is illuminating at some points, frustrating at others. It is both criminal and inspiring. It is definitely worth reading—but be careful to get beneath the niceties; look past the sixties smut, go to the heart of the work and judge it for yourself.



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SPORTS

Aussie rules comes to York

by Riccardo Sala

Riding a surge of interest in the sport, North York now has a team in the Canadian Australian Rules Football league.

The North York Hawks join four other teams in this league, which has been around since 1988.

One member of the Hawks, Phil McManus, is at York taking his Masters of Environmental Studies. McManus comes here via Curtin University in Perth, Australia.

"This is not a university league," McManus said, "but it's suitable for university students because it doesn't compete with school.

There is not much equipment and it allows players to apply skills learned from other sports."

The game is played on an oval field, McManus explained, guiding a neophyte (moi) through the game's intricacies. There are 18 players per team, with two reserves.

"The ball is moved by kicking, and throwing is not allowed. You can only punch the ball," McManus said, adding that "the sport is very different from rugby."

On the Canadian level the sport "is growing but we need to get a base of Canadian players as opposed to expatriating Australians," according to McManus. He

viewed the York community as a pool of potential. Other teams, such as the Toronto Panthers, look to schools such as U of T for players.

The season consists of eight games, not including the finals. The Hawks play a pre-season game this Saturday at 10am in Etobicoke's Centennial Park.

Practices are held Tuesday and Thursday at 6 pm at Esther Shiner Stadium (Bathurst and Finch). "We're always looking for more players," McManus said, so if you're interested, give him a shout at these numbers: Phil McManus 690-0957 or Peter Gordon (coach) 633-2301.



York's "Phantom" rules football team phases out during a practice

Volleyball!



Reaching for the top at Tait McKenzie: The Canadian men's volleyball team swept the Czechoslovakian national team in three games on June 18. The scores were 15-5, 16-14, 15-12. Above: Russ Paddock and Terry Gagnon block a Czech spike while the Czech player seems to lose his head in the melée.

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