excalibur

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YORK UNIVERSITY'S COMMUNIST NOSEPAPER

Glendon students to fight condominiums

By STACEY BEAUCHAMP

Glendon College Students' Union (GSCU) plans to "mobilize" both the Glendon Community and the local residents in a fight against Chedington Holdings Inc.'s proposal to build condominiums in a lot next to Glendon College, says Eliza Ciccone, Director of Student Affairs.

The proposal, which has already been approved by the North York City Council, will include an 8- and a 10-storey condominium to be built on the three-acre parcel of land. The old sandstone mansion will become the front lobby of the complex.

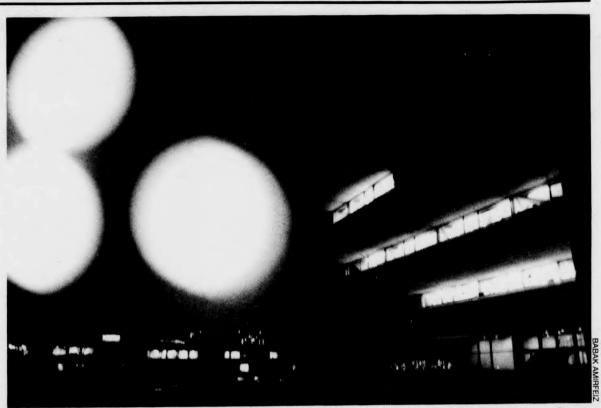
Also, Metro Roads and Traffic Department suggests that the existing driveway, which comes out at the corner of Lawrence and Bayview at a 45-degree angle to the road leading up to Glendon, be rerouted to just outside of the Glendon gates. To provide a better view of traffic, it has also been suggested that the gates be moved back 20 metres, at Chedington Holding Inc.'s expense, says Greg Spearn of the York University Development Corporation (YUDC). The new driveway will not be on University property, says Spearn. But, according to Ciccone, the developer still may use part of the existing Glendon driveway, making traffic in and out of the University very hectic.

In a November 19 student forum, organized by Ciccone, students expressed their disapproval of the plan. They felt that the new condominium complex would create traffic problems, and change university life. Also, they are concerned that the residents of the new complex would prevail over the students in matters such as noise complaints.

As of November 30, GCSU had already started circulating a petition to stop the proposed plan from going through. The College will demonstrate its objection to the plan, providing it has enough support, before the city council takes its final vote, said Ciccone. At this time, the issue will be appealed at the Ontario Municipal Board, where Glendon's views would be represented.

Ciccone is optimistic, believing that "they have a pretty good chance of having some impact on stopping the construction."

In the meantime, GCSU will continue to keep the students informed on the issue. As well, Jacques Aubin-Roy, Executive Officer at Glendon, plans to invite Greg Spearn to meet with the Glendon community.



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND? On Sunday night, November 29 at 11:30 p.m., Excal photographer Babak Amirfeiz was fortunate enough to have his camera handy for this amazing shot. According to Amirfeiz, after descending upon the Ross Building, the disc-shaped lights seemed to pulsate simulataneously in some sort of code, and after hovering over the Scott Library for three minutes, they quickly disappeared into the sky.

York Officers assaulted

By ZENA MCBRIDE

Two York Security officers were assaulted while answering a disturbance call last Friday.

According to Director of Parking and Security, Michael O'Neil, Security responded to a call from the Residence porter of Stong College at 12:45 am on Friday regarding a person who was causing a disturbance in the Residence. They found the suspect using a telephone, but when an officer approached the man and asked him if he was a York student, he refused to answer.

He then slapped the officer in the face, O'Neil said. When the officer attempted to arrest him, he tried to kick the officer in the groin. The officer blocked the kick with his hands, suffering a broken finger as a result.

The suspect then ran from the res-

idence, and the Security guards gave chase. They caught up with him, O'Neil continued, and once again tried to apprehend him. He then struck another officer on the side of the head with his fist, knocking him to the ground, and proceeded to kick him in the ribs.

By this time, according to O'Neil, more security officers had arrived and again they chased the suspect, catching up witth him in the parking lot outside Pioneer Village. They managed to detain him until Metro Police arrived. Charged with assault is Patrick J. Findley, a former student of York.

Incidents of this sort are rare on campus, according to O'Neil. "By and large, people realize that Security is here for their benefit," he said, and most students will co-operate when apprehended by Security officers.

Programme promotes peace

By CHRISTINE L. GOMES

Last week saw the West Bear Pit as the site of a unique spectacle and show called "Let It Be This Generation." The show was sponsored by the Association for Baha'i Studies of York University and was conceived at the Baha'i Youth Conference held in London, Ontario this past summer.

The troupe of performers consists of five youths from across Canada, from British Columbia to Québec, and their manager, David Andrews, who have set aside a year of their lives to participate in this project and become, as they describe, "peace promoters."

Initially, the crowds gathered around the Bear Pit drawn by the eerie music played on the keyboards by Muffy Greenaway. The show which followed consisted of an informal discussion of the world situation and the need for peace with troupe members Stephane Bertrand and Sitarih Newkirk placed strategically among the crowd. This was followed by a rap by Richard Lynch

and a dance by Shari Pruden.

The aim of the troupe, which is traveling to high schools and universities across Canada, is not only to deliver the means, which they see, to achieve peace, but also to encourage each of these institutions to start their own initiatives.

COCKROACHES INVADE YORK CAMPUS!

By THEODORE CLEAVER

In an isolated incident, York student Barbara Randall was attacked by a horde of cockroaches in her Stong College apartment. On her way to her communal shower, Randall found herself under siege from dozens of angry insects. "I dropped my towel and ran," said the terrified student. "It wasn't until much later that I noticed the breeze."

An investigation into the matter is promised by university officials.

NSIDE

"You have to sell a lot of eggs to put an egghead through school these days."

YORK PRESIDENT HAIRY AUTHORS See Page 7

A TRUE TREKKIE: York's Professor Jay Goulding has been following Star Trek from its beginnings in the late 60's, and has published a book analyzing the series. In an interview with Excal's Howard Kaman, he compares the new series to the old one. Pages 12-13

RISING AT THE WRONG
TIME: All males suffer from the
infamous ISE syndrome, but in this
age of sexual openness, no one is
willing to talk candidly about the
problem, except Excalibur's Ward
Cleaver. Page 3

THE STRUGGLE OF A
METIS JEW: In this exclusive
preview, internationally renowned
playwright Harold McKinnon gives
a brief summary of his epic five act
play Revolution in Lonsome Butte,
Saskatchewan. Page 14

THE FRONT RUNNER IN BIODEGRADABLE ART:

Award-winning artist Tres Niore has perplexed artists for decades with his controversial work.
Recently on his visit to York, he spoke with Excal's Ritchie Cunningham. Page 15

HOROSCOPES: What's your fate for '88? Find out on Page 16

SIZING UP THE COMPETITION: The Tait McKenzie Basketball Classic, held last weekend at York, allowed the Yeowomen to see what they will be up against in the coming season. Page 19

IMPRISONED EDITORS: Finally, Jim and Garry got what they deserved!! Page 19

Business scholarship donors honoured by York University, By JAMES FLAGAL This past Monday afternoon, a reception was held at the Art Gallery only 27 years old. York has a

This past Monday afternoon, a reception was held at the Art Gallery of York University in order to honour the University's bursary, prize and scholarship donors.

The reception, the first of its kind, was held to commemorate the new community business programme, intitiated by the University last year. The basic goal of the programme, said Stephen Dranistaris, Assistant Director of Development in External Relations, is to attract local business into financially supporting the University.

Dranistaris is especially interested in enticing local business people into contributing money to the general scholarship fund or to establish an ongoing scholarship. Dranistaris said that about 150 companies have given contributions to the scholarship programme over the past year, and that most of these firms are University suppliers. He hopes to raise \$85,000 by May of next year, but presently, the community business group have collected close to \$50,000 in donations.

According to Ian Lithgow, Director of External Relations, many alumni are already actively participating in helping York locate donors. For example, said Lithgow, Mike Harrison, owner of Yorktown Decorating and a York alumnus, is on the committee which seeks out donors and has also contributed money to the fund.

During his opening address, President Harry Arthurs pointed out that

York currently has about \$70,000 graduates, and since the University is only 27 years old, York has a relatively small endowment compared to other universities. "We are not a University that has a wealthy alumni," said Arthurs, adding that on a per capita basis, other universities may have ten, 20, and even in some cases a 40 times larger endowment than York's.

Arthurs explained that the scholarship programme is important in two ways. First, it helps to attract those students that excel academically, and second, there are many people who require financial assistance, and unless they receive this aid they will be unable to attend university. "We just can't offer the students the financial assistance they need," said Arthurs, "and we cannot afford to divert money from the government operating grants to pay for the scholarship programme." Arthurs explained to the audience of donors and recipients of financial academic awards that this is why attracting local business support is so important to the University.

Also featured at the reception, the Board of Governor's John Proctor Scholarship was awarded to York first-year English student Jim Pollock. The scholarship, the most prestigious undergraduate award, is worth \$4,000, and commemorates John Proctor, a member of York's Board of Governor's during the 60's and early 70's, and a man deeply involved in the building of the University.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS from CYSF



IF YOU DRINK, DON'T DRIVE

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

FACULTIES OF ARTS, EDUCATION, FINE ARTS AND SCIENCE

Please note the following changes to the Examination Schedule published in Excalibur November 12, 1987

Monday, Dec. 7

Thursday, Dec. 3

Thursday, Dec. 10

Thursday, Dec. 10

CHANGE/CORRECTION TO READ

AS/ECON 450	0.03B
EDUCATION	
ED/CMYR 240	00.06
MATHEMATICS	3
AS/SC/MATH	1310.03
AS/SC/MATH	1310.03
AS/SC/MATH	3290.03

AS/ECON 3580.03A

AS/ECON 3580.03C

AS/ECON 4500.03A

 S/SC/MATH 1310.03A
 Wednesday, Dec.16
 8:30am - 11:30am
 Stedman A

 S/SC/MATH 1310.03B
 Wednesday, Dec.16
 8:30am - 11:30am
 Stedman A

 S/SC/MATH 3290.03A
 Wednesday, Dec.16
 3:30pm - 5:30pm
 Stedman B

TAKE HOME EXAM

ADD

CH	EM	IS	T	RY

ECONOMICS

SC/CHEM 4210.03 Monday, Dec.14 7:00pm - 10:00pm Petrie 312A

DELETE

PHILOSOPHY
AS/PHIL 3270.03A

Tuesday, Dec.15 3:30pm - 5:30pm

PSYCHOLOGY

AS/SC/PSYC 2120.03A Tuesday, Dec.15 3:30pm - 6:30pm

THEATRE

FA/THEA 2022.04 FA/THEA 3040.04 FA/THEA 3040.04A Wednesday, Dec.16 Monday, Dec.14 Monday, Dec.14 3:30pm - 6:30pm 12noon - 3:00pm 12noon - 3:00pm

4:00pm - 6:00pm

4:00pm - 7:00pm

4:00pm - 7:00pm

9:00am - 11:00am

Curtis K

Curtis I

S137 Ross

Polling York students

By LOIS LANE

Are York students aware of the political issues around them that may drastically alter the way they experience life at York? Excalibur decided to find out, and polled the student body at random. The question asked was: What is your opinion on the changes to the structure of student government proposed by the Student Relations Committee of the Board of Governors.

The responses indicate that although York students are a creative bunch, they haven't a clue about what's going on around them. Names have been changed to protect the ignorant and bewildered.

Mr. Rex, cockroach terrorists: "If I had my way, I'd blow the whole damn place up."

Mary Smith, Psychology II: "As long as it doesn't involve beautification of the campus, it's O.K. I don't think we could stand any more beautification."

Jedd Smith, Public Policy and Administration IV: "What changes?"

Jane Smith, Computer Science III: "I say we convert the York campus to a sheep farm."

Jane Doe, English IV: "I think student government should be abolished."

Sementsov Dvorzhetsky, Political Science III: "I'm not up on student government. If it gets rid of Drew,

It's great."
Sid, the cockroach terrorist: "I'd like to make the case for a military

Maybe it's possible to excuse York students for their lack of awareness just this once. After all, Excalibur has only been running a series on the issue all term. What's scary though, is that in a class a few weeks ago a professor asked if anyone had heard of the Meech Lake Accord. Three people put up their hands, and one asked, "Isn't that some deal with the Pussians?"

York students do seem to be happy. Maybe ignorance is bliss after all.

ANOTHER COCKROACH INCIDENT

By THEODORE CLEAVER

In what is being termed an "unrelated incident," another horde of cockroaches has attacked another student in Stong College. The student, who asked that her name not be printed—although it is really Georgina Rhodes—claimed that the roaches demanded "my cheese doodles or my life."

An investigation into the matter is promised by university officials.

Library authorities get serious with students

By DANNY PARTRIDGE

In the battle to stop drinking, eating and smoking in the library, monitors have been granted permission by the management committee to carry machine and hand guns in order to punish those people who break library regulations.

According to an inside source in the library who wishes to remain unidentified, the new policy was adopted at a meeting last Thursday in the wake of increasing incidents of eating, drinking and smoking in the library. "It's been crazy," said the source, "students come gallivanting into the library with their chips and drink, and with little regard to the stated regulations—can't they read? Clearly, they are ignoring the signs and warnings which they receive, so

the library's management committee has decided that it's time to take action against such offenders in order to really show them who

they're dealing with."

The source stated that in the past, students who broke the rules were given a warning on their first offence. On the second offence, a student will get another warning, plus a letter home describing the potential penalties which he/she could face if he/she is caught again. On the third offence, a student faces possible suspension of all library privileges.

"These regulations were simply too soft," said the source, "so we decided to take some pre-emptive measures in our battle to keep the library a quiet and clean place for everyone. It's time that all these bad apples that are ruining other people's study time be weeded out. They shouldn't be allowed to exist."

The new regulations, which will require administration approval, include the licensing of library monitors with the use of hand guns and heavy artillery. According to the source, a first offender will only be inflicted with a flesh wound when caught by monitors. Instead of being confronted by the monitor and politely asked to discard the food, drink or cigarette which the student may have, the monitor will be empowered to shoot on sight, but they can only aim for non-vital parts of the body including feet and hands.

"Our intention is to shoot that darn cigarette, food or drink right out of the offender's hands," said the source. "But we'll be very careful not



PROTECTING OUR BOOKS: A York library monitor armed and ready for action.

to seriously hurt the student, because then we'll be blamed for the classes which the student will miss."

The source also pointed out that second offenders will meet their death at public executions, to take place every second Wednesday in the Bear Pit at Central Square. "This is our most exciting part of the programme," said the source, "because of its inherent deterrent value on the entire student body. Once students see their fellow classmates being shot for these terrible offences, they'll think twice about eating and drinking in the library."

As yet, the committee still has not resolved the conflict of this policy with Canada's present legislation which outlaws the death penalty. But according to the source, an argument can be made that the University is private property, so they are entitled to their own criminal code.

The source also pointed out the cost-saving measures which the new policy will have. "While it will cost about \$50,000 to arm the monitors, the cleaning bill for the library has quadrupled in the past five years, because of the increasing eating, drinking, and smoking in the library. In the long-run, our University can expect to save a lot of money on cleaning, and janitorial burn out.

Administration officials who were contacted by Excalibur said they had no response, and would make an official statement after they reviewed the new policy.

Crowded classrooms may exceed fire code limits

By LIDIA CABRAL

Fire marshals are presently examining the occupancy rate of York classrooms and lecture halls in order to determine whether the number of students exceeds the limits set by the fire code.

The examinations are part of an investigation conducted by the Department of Occupational Health and Safety Services at York, and are in response to a report on fire safety in university buildings, devised by the Ontario Confederation of University Faculty Associations (OCUFA). A set of advisory objectives on fire safety were outlines in a statement sent to all York University Faculty Association (YUFA) full-time members, to clearly illustrate what standards of classroom sizes are considered safe.

In the report, YUFA members were reminded that:

-Faculty members should be aware that overcrowding in classrooms is illegal and should any students be injured because of overcrowding in the case of a fire, for instance, the faculty member in charge of the classroom could be subject to civil and/or criminal penalties.

-For fixed-seat classrooms, the basic rule is that maximum proper occupancy is one person per seat.

-For non-fixed-seat classrooms, the number of occupants is determined by the size of the room. The rule is one person per 1.85 sq.m. of area in the room. For laboratories, the rule is one person per 4.60 sq.m. of area in the room.

-Faculty members who have any doubt concerning occupancy load in classrooms should report conditions in writing to appropriate university officials (e.g., the safety officer). If

ERRATUM:

• In last week's editorial, "The foreign student dilemma," the Vancouver Board of Trade estimated that foreign students bring in \$500 million worth of business, not \$500,000 as reported.

• In the article entitled "Agreement ratified by union," the basic wage rate which security officers receive is \$10.66 per hour, not \$11.28 as reported last week.

• Excalibur would also like to apologize to readers and Environmental Studies students involved in the recycling programme for transposing the third paragraph in the middle of the second paragraph in the story entitled "Students push for recycling." Our regrets for any problems this may have caused. the occupancy load is in fact illegal, faculty members should contact municipal building and fire inspectors, and/or cancel classes.

-In all cases, a written report of steps taken should be made, and filed with the university adminstration and the faculty association.

According to Howard Epstein, Executive Director of OCUFA, the statement to faculty should encourage professors to report unsafe classroom conditions to university administrators.

The OCUFA investigation into safety standards was prompted by complaints made by professors to find out whether they would be liable for any accidents students may endure during an emergency situation such as a fire. Epstein noted that professors who are unaware of the safety regulations of a classroom size are not liable for the offense, but that the blame would fall on the university. He added however, that "if professors, know that their classrooms are overcrowed and do not report that they pose safety problems, then they are liable as well as the university."

David Kurosky, Director of Occupational Health and Safety Services at York, said that although he knows of no incidents of overcrowded complaints made by professors to find out whether they would be liable until complete data is collected from the investigation.

ANALYSIS

Rising to the occasion

By WARD CLEAVER

In the sexually enlightened '80s, great strides have been made in the discussion of sexually related issues and concerns in North America and western Europe. The forums provided by Dr. Ruth Westheimer, and phone-in talk shows like 'Talking Sex With Sue,' have led to a higher level of sexual awareness and understanding, all in the name of "better sex."

In the 1950s, pregnancy, and even more so abortion, were taboo phrases on and off the airwaves. Homosexuality, as a regular theme of a television show, did not appear on weekly TV until 'Brothers' in 1986. Even then, it appeared on radical, alternative stations, and not on the mainstream ones.

The frank and beneficial discussions of abortion, pre-menstrual syndrome, bulimia, and anorexia indicate the extent of sexual education and sophistication. Progress in pay equity and job status of women are government responses to the enlightenment. Even TV, the most banal indicator of public attitudes, views tampon and feminine hygiene ads regularly. The plague-like menance of AIDS has, in a perverse way, helped to make (force) the public (to be) more sexually aware.

Despite the rise in sexual consciousness, the growth is too one-sided, says a noted sexual therapist/

researcher. Dr. Richard Shafto, head of the Babe Ruth Sexual Research Clinic, cites the absence of male sexual concerns, as opposed to female ones, on the public airwaves as evidence of the imbalance. An imbalance grossly favouring the attention and research dollars to female concerns. "When was the last time you saw a jock-itch ad in the middle of 'Dallas' or 'Dynasty'?" questions Dr. Shafto.

Criticizing the media for failing to equally publicize masculine sexual issues, Shafto claims that public ignorance and the resulting failure by men and women to press the government for more research into this topic, has allowed the government to not harden its promise for more research money. Shafto's most hard-pressing concern presently is ISE or Involuntary Spontaneous Erection. Because of his tight budget he has been unable to up the profile of his work, complaining that many men suffer, alone, needlessly not knowing why this happens or that they are not alone. Those men most commonly affected are between

The doctor provided a scenario of the rise of the problem: "You're sitting in a vehicle, say travelling to work or school, and slowly you nod off to sleep. The condition is most frequent to mass transit riders, especially on subway trains and the back of buses. Anyway, the ISE sufferer drowsily rides along with thoughts of last night's dreamgirl in his head. He awakes suddenly to find he is at his stop, but upon rising he notices that he has become a mini-circus, sort of 'Under The Little Big Top,' if you know what I mean."

Most embarrassing for firsttimers, the more experienced ISE victim can usually sling a gym bag or briefcase to hide the engorged condition. It often gives the look of men getting off at their stops while playing the accordian. The problem gives rise to extreme embarrassment and mental anguish, although many victims have gone on to develop successful music careers."

Through his research at the Ruth Clinic, Shafto hopes to alleviate the pressure for those with ISE. Aside from peer counselling, he hopes to persuade bus and subway seat manufacturers to use more vibration resistant foam in their cushions. He says that the vibrations, and the "motion of the ocean" are the prime causes of ISE. Shafto is also continuing research into a secondary aspect of ISE, that is EME—Early Morning Erection.

Saying that research is as yet incomplete, but preliminary studies indicate that EME is a leading cause of lower back trouble in men, he explained that waking up "piss proud" forces those afflicted with EME to contort and swivel, hoping that the first urination of the day lands in, or near, the toilet bowl. He did, however, express satisfaction that those with EME can easily turn to the bathtub for relief, provided they rinse afterward.

Dr. Shafto did caution that many times ISE is confused with an as yet unacronymed condition knows as Arousal from Suppressed Urination. He said that through his work many men have found relief and satisfaction, releasing a lot of pentup stress. But he warned that this work will not continue without a rise in his funding. "Getting funds for my work involves incredible 'hard' and 'soft' selling techniques. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to arouse the members of society to the desperation of the situation."

With his remaining budget dollars, Shafto plans to raise a group to do some hard lobbying for the cause. "It's hard work, and you're often alone up against it, but to know you're making a dent in society is thanks enough," Shafto concluded. Donations in hard and soft currency can be deposited in an envelope and sent to the Babe Ruth Sexual Research Clinic, Stiffy-on-the-Wain, England, or phone 111-1111 for more information.

York goes under the dome

By REUBEN KINCAID

After much deliberation between York administration and the Government of Ontario, a final proposal has been hammered out that will allow the Ghermazian brothers (the builders of the West Edmonton Mall) to dome the campus of York University.

The final draft states that the entire campus will be covered by an inflatable rubber latex material, much like the bubble at the Tennis Centre. Described one York executive, "It will be air pressurized and heated." Said another, "The heating and snow removal costs will be significantly reduced."

The doming of the campus is the result of the provincial government's attempt to save money. When Excalibur contacted David Peterson he said that the tremendous cost saving will contribute to the province's deficit reduction.

The Ghermazian brothers were commissioned in February '86 to draft a proposal which was handed in to Gregory Sorbara (former Minister of Colleges and Universities) and which was in turn accepted and approved last week.

The response from students and staff has generally been positive. One student, Jim Smith, a major in Leisure and Apathy, pointed out that tunnels can now be built above ground since it will not rain or snow on campus anymore. Smith also stated that this will save the Universities Tunneling Commission (UTC) millions of dollars, which is what the government wants.

The opposition to the dome comes mainly from the students of Stong and Bethune colleges. Their claim is that going back to residence without the clawing wind will not be the same if the dome goes through. The administration thinks that it has also found a solution to this problem. The Ghermazian brothers were asked to develop a giant fan that will be placed between Stong and Bethune to create "favourable conditions" for the people living in these residences.

The most favourable response has come from the Fine Arts Department. Each student has pledged to help paint the dome in their spare time. This means that the job will be finished quickly.

When Excalibur approached Drew McCreadie, President of the CYSF, and asked him what he thought of the dome he replied, "huh!"

Harry Arthurs has come upon a brilliant scheme to help offset the cost of the dome. "In addition to adding one thousand dollars to every student's tuition, we are going to sell box seats to the general public. This way they will be able to see the delicate workings of the university inside and out in the comforts of a climate-controlled environment. This will also promote interaction with York and the public," Arthurs explained.

Three cheers to the York executive, the provincial government, and the Ghermazian brothers to a job well done. Now all we have to do is find a name for the dome.

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WINTERS COLLEGE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

DECEMBER 1987

TUESDAY, 1st POETRY READING—K. Sherman 5:00 p.m., Senior Common Room JAZZ ORCHESTRA CONCERT 7:30 p.m., Senior Common Room

THURSDAY, 3rd JAZZ BASH 5:00 p.m., Senior Common Room

FRIDAY, 4th
WINTERS STUDENT COUNCIL
DINNER/DANCE
6:00 p.m. Senior Common Room/
Master's Dining Hall

MONDAY, 7th
FELLOWS' LUNCHEON
12 noon to 2:00 p.m., Master's Dining Hall

THURSDAY, 10th
FELLOWS' CHRISTMAS PARTY
5:30 p.m., Master's Dining Hall/
Senior Common Room

FRIDAY, 11th I.V.F. CHRISTMAS PARTY 7:00 to 10:00 p.m., Senior Common Room



Excal's democratically written editorial, folks

Why don't you just go and blow it out of your nose, you miserable excuse for life. Given this, we as women and as friends of women should make voodoo cookies. The mule infested headlight withered so gently and yet the fragrance made this ostensible and ludicrous.

In reality, editor-in-chief James Flagal is best friends with Oliver North, and North is said to have tremendous influence over the editorial content of the paper. But if the image of Montgomery Clift did appear in each classroom, lecture hall and office on this fine campus, we at Excalibur would be happy as scampering chipmunks.

And the science department is continuing its research into the correlation between multiple births and the frequent use of edible bubble bath, especially banana flavoured. "But we just don't have the funds to do anything like that," replied Arthurs after leaving the Zanzibar. It's ironic that no one discovered the collection of Karl Marx nudes in Ayn Rand's closet until now.

AAAAAAArrrgooos! If Arthurs thinks he can get away with this, he's got another think coming. It is of main consequence that the university's up-beat policy designates only one pond for the campus landscape.

The present administration is still riddled with inefficiencies and it is time for some resignations.

It's a long way from the unfinished Marxist airstrips of Grenada to the cluttered halls of Central Square, but each of us at York is firmly bonded by the knowledge that we stand beneath the reassuring shadow of Harry Arthurs, and of H. Ian Macdonald before him. Les Habitants sont la!

Water is completely underated as a beverage. Isn't it time we started

hanging people again.

The bill forbids the use of any visual medium for erotic purposes. If I have to sit in another tutorial while an overweight professor belches lox, coffee and cigarettes all over me, I think I am going to throw up. The collection of paddle handles being stored in his bottom drawer cannot be given a suspicious eye too quickly. The middle of a flood is just a ridiculous time to go swimming.

To maximize one's score on the law school admissions test, one should take acid immediately prior to entering the test centre. In a satisfying, violent impulse, the young turk thrust a rock at the Fine Arts Building, gracefully shattering the complex's pretensions of

Nursery school is a great institution and should be embraced by all. Who in the hell cares whether nuclear disarmament occurs with a pennant on the line. "Ha, ha, ha, ha," said the idiot.

Let the sun shine down on the faces of the ignorant masses as the warchief chants ancient tribal prayers while tiptoeing in his underwear. In the event that democracy does fail in the region there will be few alternatives to the present regime.



Kevin Connolly

Linda Fogazzi

Worm Pickers	Adam Kardash, Jennifer Parsons
Geraldo Rivera	David Dollard, Deborah Dundas, Jeff Shinder
Serial Killers	James Hoggett, Garry Marr
Denture Fitter	Zena McBride
Flintstonian Woodpecker	Babak Amirfeiz
40-Year-Old Midget	
Dave Baas, Stacey Beauchamp, Sujata Angela Catallo, Michelle Cheung, Len C Jennifer Crane, Peter B. Cronsberry, H. Gaglietti, Anna Garibotti, Dave Gershkovi Stephanie Hatton, Russ Hoffman, Clark H Jamal, Janina Jurciewicz, E.A. Johnston, Long, Lorne Manly, Amy Menon, Tim O'l	David Ackerman, Darren Alexander, Pat Anderson, Berry, Christine Bouchard, Lidia Miranda Cabral, Cler-Cunningham, Paul Conroy, Blair E. Cosgrove, asnain Dattu, Mark Eklove, Dr. Lorne Foster, Rina tch, Karen Golightly, Christine Gomes, Karim Hajee, Hoskin, Ron Howe, Mark Hunter, Pierre Imlay, Farah Mike Kennedy, Ken Keobke, Otav Lombardo, Lennie Riordan, Joanne Oud, Pete Peng, Lisa Penn, Nancy

Phillips, Mario Pietrangelo, Michael Redhill, Tracey Reid, Heather Sangster, Lee Schnaiberg, Daryl Shadrack, Elizabeth Silva, Lisa Snoddon, Steve Somer, Andrew Sun, Vince Torreiri, Gary Verrinder, Annette Vieira, Susan Wengle, Steve Wise, Meiyin Yap, Kaan Yigit (... and Liz Flagal as Mother Theresa) Brigitta Schmid Kitten with a Whip Franks and Weiners Patty Milton-Feasby
Needs A Shave Stuart Ross
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No sympathy for plagiarist

I would like to respond to the article, 'Student tells consequences of academic dishonesty," which appeared in the Nov. 26 issue of Excalibur. In the article, the student claims, "I thought that the paper I originally wrote for this assignment was of very poor quality . . . I placed a tremendous amount of stress on myself," (whatever that means) "and there were also some problems within the family. SO I BORROWED A PAPER FROM A FRIEND." He then snivels on, telling us how distraught he was when finally caught: "For a period of 10 or 12 hours I was sitting at my desk just thinking about the mistake I made and the consequences it's going to have for the rest of my life."

If your purpose, dear fellow student, in revealing this to us was to dissuade the student body from plagiarizing, then your article is of some merit. However, if you are looking for sympathy buddy, forget it!!! As students we all experience varying degrees of stress, we all are not always satisfied with the quality of our papers, and we all have family problems. Yet we manage to cope without resorting to cheating. Is cheating part of the high standard you claim to set for yourself? If you truly are the straight A student you portray in your article, how then could you be so dumb as to jeopardize your future? Society should be thankful that you will be denied access to law school. You've proved yourself capable of cheating under stress, so who's to say you wouldn't as a lawyer "borrow" funds from some unsuspecting client or

When I read your account of how you grovelled in front of your prof

for a chance to prove yourself, and then proceeded to Dean Traves' office to snivel furthur, I thought I would blow my cookies. If you would have spent 12 hours improving your work before the paper was due, you could have avoided the 12 hours of self pity after the crime. As an honest student who for the past four years has consistently handed in quality material despite various "stresses," I cannot sympathize with you one bit. I guess I'm from "Bloom's County." Grow up Buddy! Cheating is not on!!

Simon Lerner

Smith reveals ignorance

Mr. Jim Smith's ad hominem attack on Liberty Coalition reminds one of the saving that, "he who has nothing to say shows his intelligence by saying nothing." Unfortunatly, Mr. Smith chose to speak.

Liberty Coalition exists to engage in intelligent discussion with those supporting their arguments with facts and evidence. Obviously, anybody resorting to baseless insults and libellous falsehoods is unable to carry on this type of discussion. This, too, is unfortunate.

> Your sincerely, Greg Hopper

Get serious Mr. Pengelly

Editor,

I am writing this letter in response to the uninformed, incoherent "Media are socialist" letter by one David Pengelly in issue 12 volume 22 of Excalibur.

Mr. Pengelly should learn a few things about writing if he ever wants to be taken seriously by the people he

wants to reach. Firstly, stick to one point only if your space is limited (such as in the case of an editorial letter). Brevity avoids confusing your reader and allows you the chance to support your argument, thereby giving it credibility.

In your letter David, you touch on: a definition of socialism; Russian politics; use of force by the government and the ethics surrounding it; laws and their purposes and use by the government; and finally end your letter by asking your readers to oppose socialist demands and social imbalance by joining or forming a charity because socialism has proven itself to be awful. Come on! Your original argument was that the 'media are socialist." What exactly do you want to say?

Secondly, if you wish to discuss politics in a subjective manner such as you did in your letter, you must back up your statements with solid proof-not speculation and pers ally biased misinformation. I would like to clarify a few misleading assumptions that you made in your letter and shed light on your poor form of presenting your argument.

To begin, who complained that the media are socialist? And, have all reporters accepted socialism? (I think not). Next point: your reference to our society being a warring camp of pressure groups is correct. But you imply these pressure groups are bad. Wrong. Have you ever heard of the pluralist theory of democracy? Pressure groups and lobbying are 100% necessary for a healthy, modern democracy and in theory have no real place in a socialist government.

Finally, regarding your original argument that the media are socialist: wrong again. I would like to share with you and Excalibur's readers a few quotes from The Mass Media and Politics: An Overview by Frederick J. Fletcher (Associate Professor of Political Science, York

cont'd on page 5



ETTERS

cont'd from page 4

University) and Daphne Gottlieb Taras (Research Coordinator at York University at time that the article was written).

Fletcher points out that very little socialism appears on the pages of our newspapers. "Even as mild a challenge as that mounted by the New Democratic Party (NDP) is too much for most editorial boards. Editorial endorsements for the NDP are so rare as to be noteworthy,' Fletcher says. Fletcher also clarifies who owns all of our newspapers: large capitalistic corporations such as Southam and Thomson who "own 54 dailies with more than half the daily circulation." David, do you honestly think corporations such as these actually support socialism? I rest my case.

Mr. Pengelly, if you are in first year and have never written an essay, I suggest an essay workshop so that you can avoid academic probation next year. If you are in second, third or fourth year . . . well, just how did you get there?

Kevin MacNeill

Thanks Megan Thompson

Dear Editor:

Thank God someone like Megan Thompson, Artistic Director of Stong College, is looking out for my standards and morality. It would be scary to think of the possibilities of letting the poor ignorant masses to make their own decisions about what they want to see and hear. Imagine the carnage that would be wrought by free-thinking individuals that are imbeded with the idea that there is another way of life beyond the realm of Dynasty or Dallas. People just can't be allowed to make their own moral decisions. That would undermine the moral fabric of this great country of ours, what's that you say Mr. Hnatyshyn.

Seriously folks, let's grow up and act like the adults that this institution was built for. Censorship by any other name is still censorship. Nobody should be allowed to make sweeping moral judgements about what the rest of us should or should not see. It is an unfortunate attitude that prevades much of the thinking of Canadian society that people should be protected from themselves. I would be very interested to see the surveys that Miss Thompson has done that tell her what the code of ethics is at York University. Miss Thompson speaks much about her responsibility to her college and the University. I value responsibility highly, but only were it is well placed and appropriate. I think that Miss Thompson's responsibility is to the students of this University. Miss Thompson I would like to introduce you, Mary Brown.

Ken McCrimmon

York's moral voice

Editor,

I would like to thank Megan Thompson, the artistic director of Samuel Beckett Theatre, for writing her letter which was published on November 26 in The Excalibur. It left no doubt that she is in fact censoring plays at Samuel Beckett. Her letter shocked me. It did a better job of exposing the truth of her censorship than any article I could have ever written.

Ms. Thompson claimed that I "misquoted and misinterpreted" her statements. I taped my entire interview with Ms. Thompson, as she is well aware. If she is denying that she said the approval clause would prevent controversial or sexually explicit material or that it is "just a precaution in case someone wants to put on Caligula" among a plethora of similar comments then I'd be

happy to play the tape for her or anyone else.

Ms. Thompson professes that she can only approve the plays which are to be presented at Samuel Beckett, and therefore she is not censoring, since she is not editing the texts line by line. According to *The Concise Oxford Dictionary* censor is, "the official power to suppress whole or parts of Books, plays, films, etc." Is it me or does this sound familiar?

Ms. Thompson's dig at my alleged sexual practices (regarding the reading of Penthouse) is the best indicator of how she views her position as artistic director and censor. By belittling people who read Penthouse Ms. Thompson elevates herself above them, her values become legitimate while their morals become perverse. She considers herself morally superior to people who read Penthouse; it's a sweeping judgement that she has no compunctions about making.

Megan Thompson has appointed herself the moral voice of York University. Thompson, along with a few Stong Council members, have the exclusive right to approve pieces of theatre on moral grounds. It has always been my impression that this was the audience's responsibility. Thompson sees nothing wrong with imposing her values on the 40,000 people who make up the York population. In my article I did not advocate the unnecessary use of vulgarity, although I am not against it, I merely exposed a person who says it is her right to determine what other adults can or cannot see. People should be free to measure the value of art by their own standards, not by the standards of a pious censor. There are federal and provincial obscenity laws to govern gray areas, there is no reason to create more here at York.

Megan Thompson says it is her duty to decide what is "unnecessarily vulgar" before it is performed, and yet proposes that the York audience will be the arbitrators of what is produced at Samuel Beckett.

Perhaps a sign post of the muddled nature of Ms. Thompson's epic letter was the constant reference to a mythical responsibility to college, university, and the creator. Responsibility to do what? Keep her idea of what is vulgar off 'her' stage. As I waded through Ms. Thompson's grammar I found this hard to discern, but to be honest she is probably not too sure herself.

However we should consider ourselves lucky, after all Megan Thompson is not going to censor plays line by line, just as a whole. And her personal view of what is or is not obscene is really society's view of what is acceptable. And as long as we don't read Penthouse, we'll be allowed in 'her' theatre. We should all be grateful we have Megan Thompson to decide what we can or cannot see in a unversity theatre.

Andrew Clark

Marchant shows ignorance

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you to publicly redress an incident that occurred at a meeting of the Council of the York Student Federation (CYSF) on Wednesday evening, November 25. The purpose of the meeting was to allow various students clubs and activities to comment on CYSF's recently released funding plan for the aforementioned organizations. Radio York has requested funding for this year to help compensate the initial cost of FM transmission equipment. It was the decisionCYSF not to offer any funding to Radio York.

on the evening of November 25, the Council was questioned by individuals in attendance at the meeting as to why no funding was offered to Radio York. Julie Marchant, CYSF's Director of Finance stated that Radio York had the means to support itself. But when questioned further as to when the last time CYSF offered funding to Radio York, Marchant responded by claiming that two years ago the Council gave Radio York a \$50,000 interest-free

loan, which had since been paid back. Such a statement is GROSSLY FALSE!

In actual fact, CYSF attempted to charge Radio York \$30,000 in the fall of 1984 to transfer ownership of all broadcast equipment that had accrued in Radio York's offices and studios. The real value of equipment that was in working order and salvageable for FM broadcasting was close to \$6,000. After lengthy negotiations, Radio York paid \$5,000 to CYSF for the transfer of all assets to a the newly independent and incorporated York Campus Radio Inc. (Radio York).

For Julie Marchant to state to the leaders and representatives of York's studetn governments and clubs that two years ago CYSF gave Radio York a \$50,000 interest-free loan is an act of shocking ignorance. This incredulous statement is quite simply beyond any acceptable limits of incompetence. What is even more alarming is that the individual who made the statement is the Director of Finance of an organization that controls over one-quarter of a million dollars of the students' money at York University.

I thank-you for the opportunity to set the record straight.

Sincerely,

Mel D. Broitman

Station Manager/President
CHRY

Marchant rebuts charges

Dear Editor: I am writing this letter in response to

one written by Mr. Mel Broitman, Station Manager of Radio York. Mr. Broitman forwarded a letter to myself last week and warned me that it would appear in Excalibur as it had been sent to the editor. I thank him for his consideration. Mr. Broitman alleges that at the CYSF Council meeting of November 25th, I stated that two years ago the Council gave Radio York a \$50,000 interest free loan. If Mr. Broitman had seen fit to attend the Council meeting he would have realized that I did not say this at all. In fact when questioned as to the last time CYSF had funded Radio York (CYSF) I stated that I believed there had been some financial arrangement two years ago but that I did not have the specific information with me and was unclear of the nature of the arrangement. At that point Doug Bies, Director of Services and Communications, addressed the question. It was Mr. Bies who mentioned an interest free loan but he too, stressed that he was unsure of the particular situation and would have to look up the information. When questioned further about the amount of the loan, Mr. Bies suggested the figure of \$50,000. What Mr. Bies was referring to what was an agreement between CYSF and CHRY that was drawn up in 1982. The agreement stated that CYSF would transfer licensing and operation of the Radio Station from its own management to that of CJRY as a separate entity. CHRY was to buy equipment at a cost of \$30,000 from CYSF and pay CYSF in interest-free installments. The agreement was never signed and it was finally agreed that Radio York would pay CYSF \$5,000 for the equipment. Obviously Mr. Bies was mistaken about the nature of the agreement but he made it quite clear to Council that he was unsure of the particulars and was merely attempting to recall the agreement.

Mr. Broitman's letter is inaccurate and it is apparent that his real beef is the lack of funding. I feel that it is necessary to outline CYSF's position on funding Radio York. The CYSF budget allocated \$60,000 for funding to various clubs and services on campus. We chose not to fund Radio York for several reasons. First of all it is not standard to fund Radio York. Since CYSF released operation of the station to CHRY we have not funded them. Second, Radio York recently held a referendum that resulted in their levy increasing to \$4.50 per student. Why

cont'd on page 6



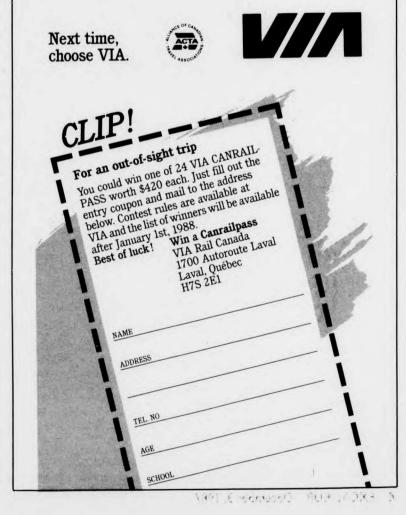
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cont'd from page 5

should CYSF use student's money to fund a service that is already funded by students? There are many valuable clubs and services on campus that deserve funding but are not the beneficiaries of a student levy. Finally CHRY is a station that serves most of North York, therefore they have the ability and means to advertise and seek advertising revenues. Radio York is a business just as Excalibur is a business, they do not or should not require the limited funds that CYSF might provide.

Julie Marchant Finance Director, CYSF

Smith damaged left-wingers

Much has been written in recent weeks in regard to the death of Ben Linder. Most recently, Jim Smith has expressed his opinions on this matter. It is his letter which I would like to address, as it best indicates the disturbing views of some of the would-be experts on the war in Nicaragua

I would like to emphasize at the outset that I am largely unfamiliar with both the Liberty Coalition and the events surrounding Mr. Linder's untimely demise. What concerns me is that Mr. Smith appears to be only marginally more knowledgable as evidenced by his very brief discussion of Ben Linder's death and his lengthy and unsubstantiated condemnation of the Liberty Coalition.

The language employed by Mr. Smith is remarkably bitter in tone. Referring to the members of the Liberty Coalition as "maggots," "jackasses" and "slimeballs" reveals more about Mr. Smith himself than it does about his intended targets. Perhaps Jim Smith should re-consider just who has the more "immature" viewpoint.

Some of the statements used in Mr. Smith's letter are difficult to understand. I fail to see how the members of the Liberty Coalition exhibit a "psychosexual (?) lack of development" simply because they view events in Nicaragua in a different light than does Mr. Smith.

What most concerns me about Mr. Smith's opinion is the totalitarian undertones evident throughout his letter. Jim Smith implicitly condemns the "comfy cozy burrow of York University" which allows the Liberty Coalition to "fester" in "cocoon-like safety." Most remarkably, Smith seeks to link the Coalition to Neo-Nazi organizations, all of which express the same contempt for opposing viewpoints that was expressed in Mr. Smith's letter.

I can only hope that individuals such as Mr. Smith represent only a minority of those York students who disagree with the "right wing" viewpoints of the Liberty Coalition. Nonetheless, Smith's letter has not had its intended effect of discrediting the Coalition, but has instead damaged the credibility of its opponents. Kevin Marshall

Why not ladies first?

Recently I was accused of being a male chauvinist, for I uttere most hideous phrase "Ladilater realized the girl that I was with was a feminist. Although I hold women with as much respect and admiration as I do other indigenous peoples, I cannot help but feel that feminism is somehow inherently

Traditionally women in general have been subjected to the domination of and dependence on men. First they were dependent on their fathers for economic support. Then, once they reach the appropriate age they would get married, thus transferring the bonds of dependency from their fathers to their

But there were always a few brave women who strove for independence and fought an uphill battle to gain an equal footing with their male counterparts. More recently however there has been a whole-hearted and concerted effort on the part of most women to gain equality and freedom. Today more and more women are breaking the 'bonds of dependence' and are gaining equality with men, for we see them occupying a whole gamut of jobs, from contruction worker to high level executive.

But the "bonds" still exist, in fact they are even stronger. Today, in their struggle for freedom and equality, women have transferred their dependence from their fathers and husbands to huge government bureaucracies. These government agencies not only ensure that women have rights, but more importantly that these rights are enforced. The effect of this is that there is tremendous pressure on private industry to designate certain positions for women. This is not only unfair to industry but also to the women themselves. If women wish to compete with men in the work place then they should be allowed to do so freely withough government intervention.

If I was a woman, I would be extremely offended if society said to me that I was too weak, or unable to compete with men on a one to one basis, and that huge government bureaucracy would have to be set up to protect me. If women must depend on government then feminism has failed, for the whole purpose of the feminist movement was so that women could break dependency bonds. Instead what they have done is transferred their dependency to the government. In so doing they have more deeply entrenched themselves into a permanent dependence.

Oh, in case you are wondering, my girlfriend still calls me a chauvinist, but when we go out I somehow always get stuck with the bill!

Sandy Sgroi

Pissing out the Olympic flame

It bothers me to see absolute power used indiscriminatley. The Canadian Olympic Association (COA) has come to symbolize all that is mindless. It is ridiculous for them to flex their copyrighted muscle to twist a few dollars out of restaurants and retail stores who have had the misfortune of using the term "Olympic," or variations thereof, to describe their businesses. The fact that the majority of these establishments use the Olympic terms because of their links to mother Greece, and the fact that an overwhelming number have used "Olympic" long before the 1984 "buddy can you make a dime" Los Angeles Olympiad, had been wasted on the COA

The transgressions by the COA do not bode well for the Olympics coming to Toronto, as hoped in 1996, nor do they aid in the revitalization of a dying tradition. One of the newest Olympic traditions is the eviction of the poor and elderly in the host city to make room for Olympic tourists. The political tradition started with the boycotts by the African nations, the United States, and the Soviet Union is a sad reminder of the blurring of the line between politics and athletics. The Munich massacre will never be forgotten. In South Korea internal and external political distress may prove to be the death knell for the Olympic games.

The idiocy of the COA trying to blackmail shopowners, accompanied with the previous political malaise, is evidence of yet another group looking to piss out the Olym-

David Dollard

ROACH REPORT SPECIAL

COCKROACHES ANNOUNCE REVOLUTION

By THEODORE CLEAVER

The attacks on York students by vicious gangs of cockroaches are related, claim representatives of the Free Cockroach Coalition. In a statement released early this afternoon, the FCC stated their demands. Apparently, testing in the Life Sciences building has given the roaches powers of speech and rational thought, and they have organized themselves into a vast army, waiting to wreak havoc on University students and faculty alike "at the drop of a hat." Rex, the "Head Roach," said today that unless the University provides the roaches with their own campus and teaching staff, they will overrun our own campus and "take your cheese doodles for our own."

While Excalibur staffers seek an interview with Rex, University officials repeat their firm position on terrorist threats:

"No comment. Talk to my lawyer." An investigation into the matter is promised by University officials.

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Cruise testing at York

Shock, despair, glee, and apathy greeted the announcement week that York University has undertaken contracts to work with the American Cruise Missile Testing and Development Programme. Excalibur's Ken Kabuki spoke with York President Hairy W. Authors about the implications and details surrounding the decision.

EXCALIBUR: What factor was behind the decision to participate in the Cruise program?

AUTHORS: Money. You have to sell a lot of eggs to put an egghead through school these days.

EXCALIBUR: But don't you feel that the money, coming from the American Industrial Military complex which is presently contributing to the misery and loss of millions of lives, if not the extinction of the planet, is unfit for use by an academic institution?

AUTHORS: No.

EXCALIBUR: But, to rephrase, isn't the money tainted?

AUTHORS: An accident of history. Twenty years ago, we were licking the American Army's boots for the chance to test LSD on mental patients at McGill University. Why should we get up off the floor now?

EXCALIBUR: But surely, in the span of 20 years, we've developed a slightly higher consciousness concerning the use of money from morally bankrupt sources.

AUTHORS: Horseshit. Do you think that the Space Arm wasn't made to snatch the balls off of Soviet Satellites? Money is the fruit of evil: our greatest philanthropists today were rum runners breaking the laws of two countries to peddle their Canadian wares during prohibition. When there's a dollar to be had, people forgive and forget very quickly.

EXCALIBUR: Why were you the only one to pursue this contract?

AUTHORS: Me? Heavens no. Every university in Canada has been wearing their kneepads thin trying to get the Cruise on Campus.

EXCALIBUR: Why was York chosen?

AUTHORS: Well, they've been experimenting with the Cruise in Alberta for years because of the similarity of that terrain to the Russian Steppes. It works. Now they need to see if the Cruise will work in Siberia.

EXCALIBUR: So, you're saying that York's weather conditions . .

AUTHORS: In winter—exactly parallel those of Siberia. In fact, early Airforce reconaissance flights over Canada suspected that the York campus was actually a northern prison camp. Imagine their surprise to find that people actually come here of their own free will.

EXCALIBUR: But aren't there more appropriate barren spaces in, say, Northern Ontario farming areas?

AUTHORS: Yes, but they needed the buildings. They have to test the

Cruise's ability to maneouvre in city spaces. Which is another factor in the choice of the York site. With the exception of the Fine Arts Building, which is being demolished, the rest of York's architecture is very similar to that in Russia.

EXCALIBUR: How so?

AUTHORS: At almost every university the Army looked at, the architecture is beautiful and modern, reflecting enlightened taste in design. Fortunately, though, York has all these gloomy overbearing concrete monoliths, just like those Stalin constructed in the 1930s.

EXCALIBUR: You mentioned demolishing the glass-fronted Fine Arts Building. what will be put in its place?

AUTHORS: Nothing. We've delayed additions for years and now with Free Trade, it's inevitable that our culture will be getting it up the ass in a big way anyway. Dismantling Fine Arts is just part of the package.

EXCALIBUR: But what about those students presently pursuing their studies?

AUTHORS: Both they and their dependents will be well-provided

EXCALIBUR: Their dependents?

AUTHORS: It's part of the Cruise agreement. They wanted to make a film of the missile's effectiveness so, to save us the cost of demolishing the Fine Arts Building ourselves, it's been targeted.

EXCALIBUR: A nuclear explosion?

AUTHORS: During convocation. Just think of it—all those actors finally getting roles as extras in the greatest film of the century.

EXCALIBUR: But that's horrible!

AUTHORS: Horseshit. People have known for years that all this testing is going to lead to a big accident of some kind and nothing has been done about it. There's not much difference between paying taxes to support the Cruise work and actually pushing the button yourself. All we're doing here at York is taking the bull by the horns and showing some administrative and scientific leadership in helping the accident along for a little fun and profit. Who can have any objection to that?



SAME FACE, DIFFERENT NAME: It's bizarre, but ever since Sunday's sighting of a UFO, York President Harry Arthurs has changed

Excalibur staff divided over union

By CHUCK CUNNINGHAM (Ritchie's infamous brother)

Last week, Excalibur, York's community newspaper, became a unionized workplace in an extremely close vote. Final tallies indicate 125 for and 95 against with close to 50 absentions.

The struggle for unionization had been a long, hard-fought battle waged for over two hours. Leading the pro-unionization forces was arts writer Norman Wilner. Wilner came back from his caviar and vodka lunch and decided to organize a vote.

Wilner said he would like to see Excalibur writers paid appropriately for the work they do. "Yeah, we want a 50% increase from our present wage," said Wilner. Editor James Flagal said he had no problems with that demand and even went as far as to offer a 100% increase.

In addition to the wage demand, Wilner has also suggested that windows be built into the offices of Excalibur. Flagal responded by saying that this was impossible, but promised some pictures of windows. In addition, Wilner argued for longer coffee breaks than workers have presently. Flagal agreed to this point

The one snag in negotiations was the union's demand that scab labour that was hired during the two-hour strike should be fired now that the

strike is over. Flagal refused to do this, claiming that loyalty was owed to those "who came off of the square to help us out." This point became irrelevant when the union was decertified at 5:00.

David Dollard, five-time pastpresident of the Ayn Rand fan club, began efforts to decertify the union four Dollard claimed that the vote taken was not representative of all the workers at Excalibur.

Union officials charged that Dollard had a conflict of interest in the issue. Excalibur belongs to parent company Coca-Cola, and it is rumoured that Dollard has a big interest in the beverage manufacturer. Dollard responded by saying he only had minor interest in the company. "I am involved in the Coca-Cola bottle return stock reinvestment scheme," said Dollard.

Meanwhile the whole unionization process has left Excalibur ideologically divided. Excalibur sports editor James Hoggett refused to join the union because of its American influence. "This union wants to sponsor bus trips to Bills game; no way," said Hoggett.

In the arts and news departments, editors and writers indicated that they thought the union idea was good in its time, but like all ideas it could not keep up with the wants of an ever changing society.



beware the bunnybaby.

ATTENTION FOREIGN STUDENTS

Planning to be outside Canada during the Christmas holidays?

You may need written certification of status here at York University to meet the requirements of Immigration Canada in order to re-enter the country.

Please note the verification of information and preparation of letters confirming your eligibility to return to York requires a minimum of three working days.

For further information, contact the Registration Office, Suite C130 West Office Building, telephone 736-5155, between 8:30-4:30 p.m. In-person enquiries are handled from 10:00 a.m.noon; 1:00-4:30 p.m.

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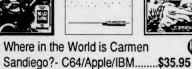
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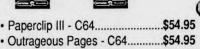
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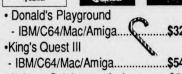
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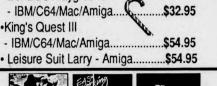
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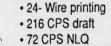








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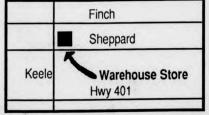
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In this photograph, York President Harry Arthurs is:

a) taking a well-deserved pause during an important address to U of T students and faculty

b) eyeing the refreshing glass of cold water poured for him at a nearby table.

c) making an obvious effort to show off the dalmation boots he has just purchased from a head shop on Yonge Street

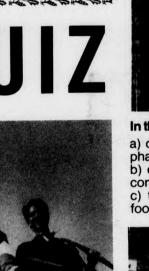


In this photograph, eager Central Square diners are:

a) looking over the popular "butcher's block" section of the food counter for a delicious, cool alternative to the usual hearty fare

b) pausing to congratulate enthusiastic servers for a job well done

c) asking for nutritional data on today's "Breaded Human Hand" luncheon special



In this historic scene, Student Centre co-ordinator Robert Castle and former CYSF President Gerard Blink are:

a) engaged in some wholesome, healthy, physical activity during a well-earned morning break b) moving the ceremonial "first clod of earth" from the site of the recently approved Student Centre

c) trading quips about their brutal slaying of a drifter who has wandered onto campus



In this photograph, last year's Excalibur arts editor Kevin Pasquino is:

a) drawing an amusing parallel between the prophylactic and the phallic shape which dominates contemporary rocket design b) establishing some sort of accurate scale for the photos which comprise his treasured "Race for Space" collection.

c) trying to explain the sick turn-on he gets every time he sees footage of the Challenger disaster



In this file photo, student Senate hopeful Marg Evans has just:

a) made an attempt to show off the hazel flecks in her lovely green

b) remembered an important point she has mistakenly left out of the text for her speech

c) been asked by a fellow student to describe "plaid"



In this moving scene, former Excal Managing Editor David Byrnes is:

a) lamenting the lack of stict pollution laws that might have saved the once teeming salmon stock on Stong Pond

b) probing the undergrowth for small grubs and bait worms c) suffering from ISE (see page 3)

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DIRECTIONS

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Dave Thompson, Department of Physical Plant, installs 1987 Murals Competition winner "Simius Reproduced", by Daniela Wood, outside Copy Centre.

ANNOUNCING THE 1988 YORK STUDENT MURALS COMPETITION

(A competition for Site-Specific Wall Art)

Open to artists working in all media: painting, design, photography, drawing, relief sculpture, and mixed media.

Deadline for Submissions: Monday, February 15, 1988 IDA Gallery, Fine Arts

Members of the Jury: Allson Ouellette (Photography)

Jane Buyers (Graphics) Don Newgren (Design)
Renee Van Halm (Painting) Michael Fernandes (Experimental Art)

Ten sites will be announced in January. The Jury will choose the three best submissions.

Twelve murals from competitions in previous years are in place on the walls of York University, fast becoming the world's largest art

gallery to showcase student talent.

Plan now to enter; see your star rise in 1988.

Full details of the competition will appear in the Directions page on January 7, 1988.



ARE YOU GRADUATING IN JUNE?

If you are graduating from Administrative Studies (graduate and undergraduate program), Arts, Education, Science, Glendon or Atkinson College, **you must indicate your intention to graduate through formal application** before your name will be added to the graduation list. The deadlines are listed below; if you have any questions, contact your Student Programmes Office for details. If you believe you have missed a published deadline, contact your Student Programmes Office immediately.

Please note that if you are registered in an undergraduate Honours (4-year) program, but wish to graduate with an Ordinary degree at the end of Year 3, you must apply to graduate with the Ordinary degree by a specific deadline. Consult your Student Programmes Office immediately if this applies to you.

Application Deadlines:

Administrative Studies - March 11, 1988 Education - 1st two weeks of classes
Arts - January 29, 1988 Glendon - January 29, 1988
Atkinson College - January 29, 1988 Science - January 29, 1988

No Application Is Required: If you are graduating from Environmental Studies, Fine Arts, Osgoode Hall Law School, or Graduate Studies (other than in Administrative Studies) your name will automatically be included on the graduation list if you are academically eligible to graduate from the program in which you are registered.

HINTS FOR STUDYING

Before the Holidays can begin, many students must face the prospect of midterms or final exams in half courses. James Fitchette of the Counselling and Development Centre offers strategies for surviving this final phase of the Fall Term. The real key to success in preparing for exams is active studying, and given below are hints on how to study. These hints will help you to organize your thoughts. Read on.

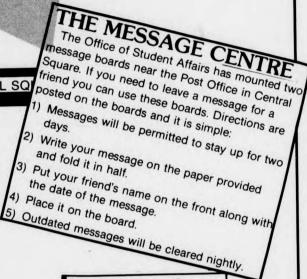
Material is easier to recall if you have reviewed effectively. Effective reviewing entails:

- Selecting ideas, concepts, etc., to be reviewed in brief key phrases, as opposed to trying to memorize entire textbooks and all your notes;
- Reducing the significant information to key recall words that you associate with the related details (cf., "chunking");
- Organizing the material to be remembered into patterns, diagrams, grids, mind-maps, flow-charts, in addition to standard linear outlines. Material that is organized in these ways will be more memorable than material that is reviewed simply by re-reading everything you highlighted in your textbook, for instance. Highlighting can help to make important ideas stand out on the page, but it doesn't give the ideas any real sense of organization.
- Rehearsing the information to be recalled in an active way. Simply memorizing can be passive, and

therefore less useful as a preparation for exams that require analysis, synthesis, evaluation, etc.

- Practice remembering the material on a regular basis. Several comparatively brief reviews are likely to be more effective than one marathon session the night before the test. Cramming is likely to overload you with information, increase anxiety, and leads in most cases to less than satisfactory results.
- Try studying with a partner or in a small group. By asking each other questions, you gain practice in formulating your thoughts, explaining terms and concepts, and anticipating possible questions.

If you would like to learn more about studying and learning skills, be sure to get in touch with the Counselling and Development Centre. In the Winter Term, eight one-hour seminars will be offered over a period of eight weeks on subjects such as, Effective Reading, Listening and Notetaking, Time Management, and Memory and Exams. In addition to the eight week seminar, individual seminars on each topic will be presented. Individual counselling is also available. For further information, contact James Fitchette, Learning Skills Centre, Counselling and Development, 148 Behavioural Sciences Building (736-5297).



Noteworthy...

STUDY ABROAD INDEX

Students interested in pursuing studies abroad should visit the Office of Student Affairs and look over the many options available. An index of the various programmes by country has just been completed. Currently over 35 countries are offering about 300 different programmes for studying abroad. Drop by the Office of Student Affairs, 124 Central Square and explore the possibilities.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIZES

The Programme in Creative Writing of York University, under the patronage of the President of the University, offers prizes totalling \$1,000 for the best submissions in any academic year in the following four categories:

POETRY SCREENWRITING
PROSE FICTION PLAYWRITING

The competition is open to any full-time or part-time York undergraduate student. Details from the Programme Office, Vanier 236, Telephone 736-5344.

Deadline for this year's entries is Tuesday, January 5th, 1988.

PART TIME JOBS

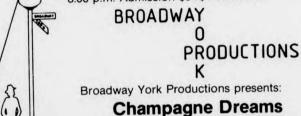
Black Creek Venture Group/Driftwood Community Centre are looking for students with skills in Music, Visual Arts, Dance, Sports, or just an interest in working with children, to run After Four programs at Driftwood Community Centre starting in January 1988. Your skills, time and dedication are needed to make this community program a success. The program runs from Monday to Friday from 3:30 to 6:00. Pay will range from \$6.00 - \$8.00 per hour.

Students with Fine Arts skills are especially needed. For further details, contact Paul Ward at Community Relations, West Office Building, local 5010.

WHEN THE SPIRIT SAYS SING

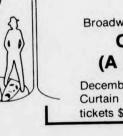
A Ritual Theatre Concert conceived and performed by Danny Bakan.
At Samuel Beckett Theatre, Stong College,

At Samuel Beckett Theatre, Stong College, Wednesday, December 2 - Friday, December 4 at 8:00 p.m. Admission \$5 -\$4 students.



(A Musical in Two Acts.)
December 9 - 12, 1987, Burton Auditorium

Curtain 8:00 p.m. tickets \$8.00 - \$6.00 Seniors/Students





Remember Only You Can Stop Drinking and Driving

Uncovering Central Square



By FERNANDO GARCIA

For the past three months I, Fernando Garcia, have gone under cover to expose to the York University populous the most famous hallway on campus, known as "Central Square." To find out the answers that every studious York student asks themselves when they walk through this passageway: why are these Preps wasting space at this particular University, and what makes it a perfect campground for those who prefer to hang out in it?

There has not yet been a Roots sale but from three months of intense research, I have come to the conclusion that the only thing that could make this corridor empty on a week day would have to be such an event. To get properly prepared to take on this hard and dangerous assignment, I had to dress preppie and learn small talk. These are the two basic elements that are required for acceptance into this close-knit clique of Central Squarites.

In September, I picked the bench which was to become my home for the next few months and observed the natives engage in their native tongue (small talk). It was truly incredible to hear people being able to talk about absolutely nothing, but it was even more amazing to listen to the Central Squarites be repetitive by standing around in the same place all day, saying the same things. Within the second week of school I noticed that 95% of those York students that hung around in Central Square

smoke cigarettes. The one element that bothered me the most while under cover, was that none of these rich preps bought their own butts, but turned to myself to single handedly supply their habits (on top of them being the laziest students on campus, they are by far the

cheapest). By the time October rolled around, I had accomplished one of my primary goals to properly research this article: I had become a full-fledged Central Squarite with all the privileges that accompanied it. The new privileges bestowed on me were immense: I could now walk through the Central Square corridor and was guaranteed to see someone I knew who I could spark up some "intense heavy-duty" conversation with. Other privileges consisted of being able to date other Central Squarites, and being invited to all the "hip" and "groovie" Central Square

Now since I had become an honest to goodness real participant in the greater meaning of life, I was taken aside and told "The Unwritten Laws" of being a proper Central Squarite. These laws have never in the history of York University been revealed to the University's general population. This was the hard core information that I had spent two months with these spoiled brats trying to dig up. The Central Squarite laws are:

- 1) always say how much you hate Central Square;
- 2) only say if asked; I have only been

at Central Square for five minutes and will not be here in another

- while sitting in this hallway always claim you're going to class or the library in the immediate
- never eat the food at the Central Square Caf, because it is possible that you can get food poisoning;
- always ask your Central Square buddies if they're going to the Open End Pub Thursday night;
- if you have cigarettes do not tell anyone;
- if you're asked how you are doing in school, lie, say you are doing

It is now December and many Central Squarites are cramming for their exams. The hallway is always full at noon, so one day plant yourself and maybe you will find the magic of the benches. Who knows, we might engage in some idle little

Colleges show lips

It's not often that you'll see a college master in leather. Then again, it's pretty rare to see Winter's Master Maurice Elliott strut in an authentic 50's leather jacket and T-shirt in front of hundreds of York students in perfect form. But for an intercollegiate lip synch competition, some masters will do anything to show their college is number one.

Last Thursday night, five colleges competed in the First Annual Lip Synch Competition, held at Winter's Dining Hall, and organized by Winter's Social-Cultural Representative Marco Alla

First up was Winters College, led by the ever cool and slick Maurice Elliott. Harking back to the Grease sountrack, Elliot led the Winters' college troupe in a boppin' rendition of "Summer Lovin" as girls swooned to their Master's serenade.

But the energy level was just beginning to rise for the event as

John Mageau, alias Elvis Presley for the evening, hit the stage with Jail House Rock to screams and applause. Right from the start, it was obvious that Mageau knew the song backwards and forwards from probably repeatedly practicing in the

And finally, the true show-stopper of the night, Calumet College, grabbed first spot with their version of "You Don't Have To Take Your Clothes Off." David Orban and Gil Brown made some of the prettiest back-up vocal girls imaginable, and the number easily possessed the most creative choreography and the best

Placing for the event took place as follows: First went to Calumet and a tie for second between Vanier and Winters with Stong College coming in third and Bethune College bringing up the rear in fourth position. Alla hopes this will be an annual

Cockroach insurgency at York

By THEODORE CLEAVER

In the past few weeks, York students have seen an outbreak of terrorist attacks involving hundreds, perhaps thousands, of angry, hyperintelligent cockroaches. The roaches, granted the power of speech and group thought by unidentified experiments in the Life Sciences facilities, have united to demand their own campus and an unlimited supply of cheese doodles. In an exclusive interview, Excalibur's Theodore Cleaver speaks with Rex, the cockroach terrorist leader, at the Cock and Bull.

EXCALIBUR: Let's get straight to the point, Mr. Rex . . . why are you leading these terrorist attacks on innocent

REX: Because the faculty are too soft. If one of their own goes down, they just hire someone else. Who really cares if a Natural Science prof gets attacked by the Free Cockroach Coalition. The FCC has more to worry about! We have to get the students because they're the ones who'll pay attention! Professors, well, no one really cares about them. Get them while they're young. When they're impressionable. Only the young ones can help us now.

EXCALIBUR: But by doing that, you're turning public opinion against your group. How can you expect the students to support you if you're attacking them?

REX: That's a good question, and I think I'll leave it hanging for a little while. We have a plan, but can't quite speak about it just now.

EXCALIBUR: Was there a reason for your original attacks all taking place within Stong College?

REX: Completely random. We just happened to be passing by, and one of our members-Sid, I think it was-smelled some cheese doodles. We love cheese doodles, you know, and so we all just zipped in and came out of a shower drain. Scared

the hell out of some girl, too. But it was certainly worthwhile. We got the cheese doodles, and the revolution got off to a great start.

EXCALIBUR: Your demands are somewhat odd. Can you justify the call for an independent cockroach campus?

REX: Well, you have Glendon . . . seriously, we'd really like somewhere to be ourselves, to be roaches with abandon. We want the streets to be paved with cheese doodles, and like that. I don't think that's all too unreasonable; do you?

EXCALIBUR: Well, I'm not too fond of cheese doodles . . .

REX: Okay, that's understandable. They're full of chemicals, and there really isn't all that much cheese in 'em. But that's why they're so appealing to cockroaches, man! You humans are sick . . . corned beef and cabbage, hash browns . . . chicken pies, for Chrissake! A roach can't live on some of the junk that comes out of your Central Square cafeteria. It's downright disgusting!

EXCALIBUR: So you're saying that the food there isn't even fit for roaches?

REX: Exactly. And you people are EATING it! Ooh, it makes me want to spew! When I think about what humans consider food . . . jeez . . .

EXCALIBUR: I see. You're saying you want the food here at York to be brought up to cockroach standards.

REX: Don't say brought up . . .

EXCALIBUR: Raised, then.

REX: That's nice.

EXCALIBUR: So in reality, all you roaches want is the betterment of campus food. I think we can all get behind that.

REX: Yes. And that's why we want the students' involvement.

EXCALIBUR: I guess that's commendable. Rex, it's been a pleasure and an

REX: Don't mention it. Pass the cheese doodles.

University to phase out all students

By LOU GRANT

In a soon to be released planning report, the York University administration plans to phase out the student population in four years. The report, alleged to be a cloaked Presidential reply to the Gilmore and Hare reports, was by the Department of Trees, Bushes, Parking Bumps, and Volkswagen Beetle Act (TBPBVBA) after a month of intense survey in the washrooms on the ninth floor of the Ross Building, and the Faculty Club.

Hailed by other universities as a dramatic response to chronic provincial underfunding of Ontario universities, the plan calls for the termination of accessibility to York's post-secondary education programme after the 1991-92 academic year. The date was chosen by the TBPBVBA because it allowed those undergraduates and post-graduates doing four year programmes time to complete their academic work. Most importantly this time will allow the department to prepare York for the

1996 Olympics—if Toronto should get the selection. "You can never have enough trees, bushes, parking bumps, or Volkswagen Beetle art, commented Department chief Wolfgang Arbour, "people like 'em."

The plan, although officially unavailable, has been met with great delight in the coffee stations and cubby holes of the ninth floor Ross Building. Students, long the bain of administrative and services personnel will not be missed. As one ninth floor drone put it, "It's the best thing possible. I'm just sorry it's not for four years. You know, it's bad enough they (the students) use our parking spaces, and share our elevators and building space, but they even use our Senate Chamber. The respite in the summer, without the students, is just too short. Permanency has a wonderful feel about it."

Cited as a model for similarily underfunded universities (there are no others so underfunded), and for those equally overcrowed (again, no others), the York plan is based on several corporate benefits:

- (1) With the removal of students from York's campus the office space/classroom problem will be immediately rectified.
- (2) There will be greatly reduced professorial and TA staffing, although those remaining academics will continue with research, writings, coffee drinking, and squash on Wednesdays.
- Previous undergraduate residences will be used for low-cost elderly housing, until the Toronto Olympics, when residents will be removed for the athletes. The graduate residence will be used similarily, with high-rent replacing low-rent housing. As well, the Olympic eviction tradition will be continued. With the end to university grants, York, like any corporation, has to seek out extra income sources. A possible 'Molson Indy', like the one at the CNE, has been suggested. The use of York lands for outdoor concerts, has also been sug-

no members of the Council of York Student Federation executive be involved in the organization.

- Parking, long a problem at York, will be greatly reduced once the students are gone. The empty parking lots, and the presently wasted green space, will be rented out by the administration for industrial/commercial development.
- (5) The Tait-MacKenzie Building is slated to be converted into a health spa. These facilities will be used as bargaining gifts to entice those looking to develop York

Although no student groups have had access to the report, some sources have indicated that possibly in its absence the CYSF and its executive will be most effective as a student

government.

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hese are the voyages of Jay Goulding, a Sociology professor at York, who seeks more than new life and new civilizations. In his books, such as *Empire*, *Aliens*, and Conquest (1982), he has boldly one where no man has gone before, examining TV shows like Star Trek in an attempt to determine the effects of American culture on television, and vice-versa.

Excalibur's **Howard Kaman** recently caught up with Goulding to discuss the new series, Star Trek: The Next Generation.





EXCALIBUR: What made you decide to write about Star Trek?

GOULDING: I think that it was the science fiction program that I liked the best of the lot. It's the one that I started collecting books on, and going to the conventions. I've gone to about a hundred conventions, and have about three thousand items on it

EXCALIBUR: At what point did you stop watching the show and start analyzing it?

GOULDING: I would say that I always analyze things that way. But when you're a kid you look at (things) in a very different way. I grew up in a TV generation. So, I watched, when I was very small, the *Hercules* programs with Steve Reeves; mythological programs . . . especially on Greek mythology. I learned so much from it. When *Star Trek* came along, I just grabbed onto that. There were other programs before, as well, that should've started me really thinking about a lot of things. You could use them as templates for understanding everyday life . . . (such as) *The Outer Limits* and *The Twilight*

EXCALIBUR: Do you see the new series attaining the sort of popularity that the old series received?

GOULDING: The two programs are very different in a lot of ways. *Star Trek* was always designed for a university audience and NBC didn't like that at all. They said, "Look, you've got to have a wider range of things going for you." Indeed, this is what the new series has done. It's moving more and more towards a children's audience.

We'll see what happens with the new series. I think it will probably be around. People are looking for something new with Star Trek. The focus on the new series is almost the opposite of the old series. We'll see what happens with the fifth movie, which is being directed by William Shatner, and which I understand is to be all-out war with the Klingons. The new series tempers all of these things down incredibly so. It will be popular for a variety of reasons. The nostalgia reason is very important.

EXCALIBUR: Why?

GOULDING: DeForest Kelly's appearance in the pilot gave it a pick up at the point that it needed, because all of the new characters are so cool and calm. They rarely work up a sweat. You can see that. This is part of what Gene Roddenberry calls his "new family approach," to the Enterprise. The Enterprise is not simply to be a battleship any longer—it's a community.

EXCALIBUR: What are the major differences between this show and the old?

GOULDING: Roddenberry has said he's not going to have any stories about psionic powers, where you have magical wizards and swords and sorcery; no galaxy policeman image on the series; none of what he calls 'cultural imperialism,' where you're running around dropping American bombshells all over the place; and no old characters at all. they're all out, all the stereotypes of those characters.

There will be no fantasy—"We don't want to make this Star Wars," so he says; no warfare with the Klingons. There will be no Vulcans in the series. It's hard for me to hear this, of course, because you can't think of Star Trek without Vulcans. No plots with whole civilizations, instead we'll focus on individuals. No mad scientists with technology as a villain. No stupidity creating false jeopardy and, as I said before, no battleship sterility, where the ship is basically only a fighting element that's prepared to flux its photonic muscles.

EXCALIBUR: Are there any differences in the casts of the two shows, from the point of view of acting experience or exposure?

GOULDING: In the old series a lot of the actors were veteran science fiction actors: William Shatner (Kirk), Nimoy (Spock), Doohan (Scotty), Majel Barrett (Nurse Chapel). The whole range of them pretty well played either in movies, The Twilight Zone or The Outer Limits, which is more pure science fiction. In the new series there is only one character that is a veteran science fiction actor: Patrick Stewart, who

played Gurney Halleck, the war-master in *Dune*. The rest of them, literally, have played on soap operas, so they haven't been typecast.

EXCALIBUR: Do you see parallels between certain characters on both shows?

GOULDING: For sure. What happens is, in the original series, you have a conflict theory that is developing amongst a number of characters. So, what I've talked about is a tripartite relationship where Kirk metaphorically represents politics, Spock represents science, and McCoy, ethics or religion. Now these characters are all dichotomies within and between themselves, but that's primarily the focus.

The new series has done something very interesting. It's disseminated these characters. You have a father type figure, which is Captain Jean Luc Picard, who was born in Paris and who spent 22 years on a ship called The Stargazer. He is a real cool cookie. The fiery aspect of him is going to come from his first officer, Commander Riker, whose name suggests that he is a striker of some sort. So, Kirk is sort of split between those two characters.

Spock is very, very complex. How do you replace a Leonard Nimoy with a whole cast of people, basically? From the science aspect, you have Lieutenant Data, who is an android who gives us the facticity and logical aspect of Spock. You have the opposite, trying to represent Vulcan mysticism with Lieutenant Deanna Troi, who is a consolate on the ship. She has a feeling element, but she doesn't really interfere in any way. She can't do mind melds like the Vulcans do. She has no death grip or anything like this. Riker takes over the first in command aspect. The Klingon (Worf) is somewhat of a science officer as well. He seems to move from communications to the helm to science to battlestations. So there's this dissemination for Spock.

EXCALIBUR: Are there any differences in the interaction beteen the characters?

GOULDING: The characters in the first series were actively

SUPPLEMENT

MAGAZINES

Mainstream to the mudstream

By STUART ROSS

Literary magazines, or 'small mags,' are the sign of healthy literary activity. But how can something so healthy be so bad for you? A quick glance through the small mag shelves shows you that **anything** can get published **somewhere**. Hopefully, though, some great, or at least nifty, stuff will rise majestically through the glut of sludge.

The range of these magazines is incredible, as can be seen from the titles alone—
Poetry at one end of the spectrum and Jukebox Terrorists With Typewriters at the other. Some claim to represent the mainstream of contemporary poetry and fiction and some revel in their obscurity, proud of their readership of eight (excluding the editor's mother).

In the small sampling that follows, I have tried to be as positive as possible. I'm examining the mainstream as well as the mudstream, and the first rule is: most of it stinks. But much of the excitement of reading through litzines lies in the spirit of the thing-intentions do play a part in the reader's enjoyment. An elegantly produced volume that flashes its 'big names' like flaccid genitals, or that claims to be the saviour of the literary world, puts me off with its grating pretentiousness. It's boring. I'd rather watch Charles In Charge reruns. But a grotty, little photocopied 'zine, filled with frighteningly uneven work, will often have a real feeling of sincerity and adventure, and I sympathize and enjoy.

The terrifying triumvirate of the Canadian mainstream have all put out recent issues with something to recommend them. The new **Poetry Toronto**, usually filled with homey, boring poems and very useful literary calendars and 'market' info, this month (Nov. '87) contains a featured selection by Toronto poet Jim Smith. As publi-

sher/editor Maria Jacobs points out in Smith's contributor note, he has slammed PTO in other publications, embarrassed at past appearances in the mag. So, although Smith is true slime for submitting his stuff for 'feature consideration,' his poems, selections from his in-progress Imaginary Life of Leonel Rugama manuscript, are the best thing to have appeared in PTO since the George Miller 'tribute' about eight years ago. Another oddity in this issue is James Deahl's group review of 10 recent poetry chapbooks. In the introductory ramble, Deahl writes, "Few have done more for the chapbook in Canada than Sheila Martindale of South Western Ontario Poetry. Martindale has been grinding out chapbooks for a decade. It is fitting that four of the ten reviews that follow are of SWOP titles." Strange then that the four SWOP reviews are all pans. The poems are "slight, superficial," "do not get the job done," "not poetry at all [but] a collection of philosophical musings in short lines," and "very average." It's a relief to see Deahl slam them, but one wonders if the stammering preamble was an editor's apologetic insert.

Cross-Canada Writer's Quarterly (edited by Ted Plantos) always seems to have scores of little articles that only skim the surface of their subjects. The new issue, Vol. 9, Nos. 3/4, is a semi-exception. Half this issue is devoted to "experimental poetry in canada," and half to "Arts Funding & The Canadian Literary Writer." The poetry section contains a bunch of often interesting, but overly personal squibs about visual. sound, experimental, and 'computer' poetry. Best is jwcurry's overview of contemporary visual poetry in Toronto, and various of the visual and other 'experimental' poems laced through this section of the mag. The section on funding bored me to tears, but I guess it was informative and 'outspoken' if you're into that sort of thing. CCWQ also reviews fiction and poetry. These reviews are a notch above the Toronto Star's small press 'reviews,' but tend to be overly generous. Toronto poet Shaunt Basmajian's Chapbooks Reviews column is always interesting, but far too often unreliable.

The once-leadenly boring Poetry Canada Review has been steadily improving over the last few years, especially under the editorship of Bev Daurio. The Fall '87 issue is, as always, chock full o' poems, reviews, columns and little pictures of the columnists to help you decide whether or not you agree with them. This tabloid tends to jam as much as possible onto each page, which, in the case of the poems, becomes something of an assault. The poetry in here numbed me, but I'm sure if I could have held my concentration there would have been some stuff to recommend. An interesting new regular feature is bpNichol's 'grOnk piggyback series,' in which bp gets a whole page with which to inflict his concrete aesthetics on the mainstream. Unfortunately, this issue's Penn Kemp feature doesn't work for me at all. There are piles of reviews in PCR, and though the quality is pretty hit-and-miss, the section must be praised for its sheer volume and regularity. You'll have better luck with the columns and interviews: David Donnell's "The U.S." makes me bristle, but he's always interesting and thought-provoking; Peter Robinson's column on the U.K. leans towards the established Faber & Faber-types, but he is articulate, sharp-eyed, and can make rhyming stuff sound worth looking for; Libby Scheier's piece on "Writing and Gender" is one of the highlights here-a fairly comprehensive overview of women in Canadian

cont'd on back page



Casto takes charge

By BLAIR COSGROVE

This year, Professor Robert Clayton Casto replaced Matthew Corrigan as co-ordinator of York's Creative Writing Programme. In this position, Casto juggles the bureaucracy of three departments: Humanities, Arts and Fine Arts. "I'm really enjoying it. It's a balancing act and I try to be one step ahead," he said.

York's Creative Writing programme was established in 1975 and is becoming very well-known. The faculty includes respected and influencial writers such as, Don Coles, Frank Davey, Don Summerhayes, Matthew Corrigan, Susan Swan and bpNichol. "There is a need to bring more full-time faculty aboard and this is still being negotiated," according to Casto. He also feels that more female full-time professors would enhance the programme.

Casto has been teaching English at York for 17 years. He specializes in the English Romantics: Blake through Keats; but he is especially interested in creative writing. Casto considers himself a "drop of blood" writer. His first book of poetry, A Strange and Fitful Land, was published in the States in the '60s. The Arrivals was published in 1980. Now he is writing steadily to complete a new book, with a working title "Random Surface."

According to Casto, "the mistake of young poets is thinking that a poem is about something," who is inspired by interesting words, phrases and rhythems—not preorganized messages; "Each poem should be stylistically different. Every piece should be an experiment."

Casto writes poetry in which traditional metrical patterns are mixed with free verse. A sense of musical rhythm is apparent in much of his work. This is not surprising since Casto has been playing piano for years and began composing and writing short stories before discovering his talent for poetry.

Casto studied English at Yale University and completed a thesis in Spanish music of the late 15th century at Columbia. He received a Masters in Arts and a Masters in Fine Arts at the University of Iowa and was awarded a fellowship to Oxford, where he did his thesis on the poet Shelley. His favourite writers are Gerard Manley Hopkins, W.B. Yeats and Wallace Stevens.

Casto moved from the States to Toronto in 1970 when he accepted a teaching position at York. He is now a Canadian citizen. "The hardest thing about teaching Creative Writing is dealing with the egos," Casto says. "But this year my class is marvelous," he added, "They [his students] are sensitive, intelligent and hard-working."

Each year, the Creative Writing Programme, under the patronage of the President, offers prizes in four categories, totalling \$1000.00. This year, the poetry judge is Suzanne Collins and the prose judge is Matthew Corrigan. Screenwriting submissions will be judged by Vaclav Taborsky, and Judith Rudakoff is in charge of playwriting. The competition is open to all York undergraduates. Entries are due Jan. 5, 1988, and further details are available from the programme office, Vanier 236.

REVIEW

Miami window to 3rd World

Joan Didion MIAMI

By MARK KEMP

In 1961 an invasion force embarked from Miami, Florida on the fiasco that would be remembered as the "Bay of Pigs." The American financed and trained army of Cuban exiles didn't imagine at the time that they would spend the next 26 years clinging to their betrayed hope of regaining their homeland, the island just 90 miles from Miami. In 1980, the "Mariel Boatlift" brought another 125,000 exiles to a city which today is 60% Hispanic, most of these Cuban. Spanish has become more than a second language in Miami, and some of the city's most important citizens, including the mayor, are Cuban-born. Yet a mutual distrust and lack of understanding continues to distance the two groups, while the rest of North America seems little concerned with the volatility of this "city open to the convulsions of the Third World," as Joan Didion puts it in her new book, Miami.

Hardly the glamourous pastel and neon

southern capital of fashion and rock music portrayed in the television show "Miami Vice," this city has become a hotbed of racial tension, Third World political intrigue, and crime, including the highest rate of assassinations in the U.S.—and, with them, probably the heaviest concentration of CIA agents.

Journalist, essayist, literary critic and novelist Joan Didion has for three decades dissected the American way of life. Her 1982 study of communism vs. democracy, Latin American style, Salvador, is in this new book moved closer to home-to a large US city some call "Havana North." The revolution is not forgotten in Miami, and any Cubans who do forget are ostracized from the community of exile, or eliminated more permanently with car-bombs or automatic rifles. It is a community where, after Castro, IFK is the most detested man, the man who promised a free Cuba and then papered over the whole liberation plan. "The guys they [the Americans] call 'Cuban terrorists' are the guys they trained," one exile bitterly tells Didion, referring to the Bay of Pigs invasion force.

As with her other journalistic writing and her novels, Didion creates in **Miami** a strong impression of place, time, emotional atmosphere, and humanity. The weight of names, statistics and incidental observa-

tions (newspaper articles, advertisements, quotes from government reports) with which Didion loads this volume almost overwhelms the reader. This is not an entertaining book of the curl-up-in-an-armchair sort, except perhaps for those who thrive on fierce political journalism.

There is, nevertheless, humour of a subtly ironic kind sprinkled throughout the book. Didion is well-known for her scrupulously sardonic wit, but in Miami you have to look for it, in the juxtaposition of the trivial and the powerful, and in what at first glance appears to be her dubious choice of detail. Real estate ads stressing security features such as bullet-proof windows, or drawbridges that form the sole access to classy suburbs built on artifical islands; the framed letter of congratulation from Ronald Reagan to a Miami radio station for its services to the Cuban community (but which in reality is owned by one of the most infamous "Cuban terrorists"): these are the grim ironies that Didion dwells on. And, as readers of her other works know. Didion's command of language is deft and ruthless. The book is filled with colour, and vivid phrasings. In Miami Didion breaks down our misconceptions of Miami as a sun and fun boomtown, and erects in its place a picture of the beseiged and divided city it

YORK PUBLISHING CALENDAR

Eat Me, Literally Vol 2. No. 2, 25 pp. The special "Short Works" is available for \$1.25 at the York Bookstore. Submit to 1310 Vanier Residence. Editors: Tim Archer, John Barbisan, Glen Gustafson, pmdsheridan.

Existere Vol 8. No. 2, 20 pp. Available at 121, 136 or 132 Vanier, and at the Bookstore. Copies are \$1. Submit to Existere, c/o Vanier College Council, 121 Vanier. Editors: Janet Broomhead, njk and Dave Lomax.

Yak Magazine Vol 2. No. 1, 56 pp. If you haven't got your free copy yet, Yak will be available next week in the Bookstore for \$1. Submit to: 104C Winters, or 257 Concord Ave., Toronto, M6H 2P4. Editors: Sarah Cooper, Michael Redhill.

Some observations on a busy publishing year

By KEVIN CONNOLLY

1987 has been a busy publishing year and it would seem remiss if Excalibur didn't offer some kind of comment on the vast yearly proliferation of reading material Canadians accumulate in the name of charity, good taste, cultural sovereignty, and . . . I think there was something about the state of the Canadian psyche we're supposed to put in here, but it escapes me just now.

In any event, it sure is a shame that the Toronto Star seems to have given up on Judith Fitzgerald's regular "Poetic Licence" column in the Sunday edition. Fitzgerald, aside from being one of this country's most prolific poets (please, somebody, make her stop), was the woman who showed up in chains at this year's Governor General's awards, protesting the fact that there were no women shortlisted for this year's poetry prize. The fact that more than half of the literary awards went to women didn't seem to satisfy her much, perhaps because it uunderlined how foolish she looked.

Fitzgerald is widely regarded as one of the most irresponsible reviewers in the city (and that's saying something). Her last column, written in a style as confused and prolix as her reviews, had something to do with the style and good taste of the owner of a restaurant she frequents. Somehow, over the course of 2,500 excruciating words, an overpriced yuppie cafe in the annex was tranformed into the Mecca of Toronto's literary and visual arts establishment. Perhaps the book review editor figured out that the paper would be better off if the restauranteur paid for his advertising space; in any event Ms. Fitzgerald's column has done a merciful disappearing act ever since.

Fitzgerald's column is symptomatic of a general lack of good judgement on the part of a newspaper which is quickly rivalling the Sun in its indifference to poetry and fiction. In the past two years the space devoted to literary reviews has been reduced to the point where a month might pass before a single book of poetry is reviewed, or anything but a biography or non-fiction book is discussed in any detail. Bev Slop-

en's "Book World" is a nauseating weekend feature. Someone should spend a few weeks doing a statistical breakdown of the number of authors mentioned who are not clients or friends of clients (Slopen is a literary agent).

Speaking of nauseating, did anyone have the same reaction as I did to this year's Esquire summer fiction issue. While it is admirable for a magazine of such stature to take a twelfth of its yearly space and devote it to literary matters, this year's issue is more than a little questionable in certain areas. In a guide to the "literary cosmos," the recent American bias towards fiction, preferably short fiction or disposable novels, is clearly in evidence. No doubt the magazine industry really does consider poetry and literary criticism "lost in space" (I can see any number of reasons why they should think so about the latter), but what they fail to realize is that these days magazines like Esquire have a lot to do with what's popularized and what's ignored. Most of the mature poets in the United States right now grew up writing in the '60s, and their work is some of the most accessible and finely crafted in this century. I think it's great that the American publishing industry has discovered a way to sell literary prose, but might they not spend some time trying to do the same thing for poetry before they write the form off completely? It's hard to believe that a magazine like Esquire really believes that banal "what's hot'n'what's not" features like this one reflect rather than create buying trends. Some of the people they support are fine writers, but as far as reflecting who really is doing good work is concerned, the whole exercise seems more than a little insincere.

As far as the content was concerned, this year's summer reading only confirmed for me how utterly boring John Updike has become (doesn't anybody think the same way?) and how much I'm looking forward to reading Ian MacEwen's new novel, A Child in Time. The excerpt in Esquire does more to excite the reader in three magazine pages than does all of William Styron's well-crafted novella (which takes up nearly half of the issue's pages).

But aside from Esquire and the New Yorker, there's little for us goofy canucks to get a hold of to really understand what's going on south of the border. I have a theory that isn't too popular up in these parts, but it goes something like this: Canadians have for so long been pumped full of cultural nationalism that they have erected a perpetual smokescreen between the reading public and the happenings south of the border. You can read about Margaret Atwood's latest novel or Alice Munro's new short story collection in the New York Times Book Review, but try finding a review of an American novel in this country. It just doesn't happen very often. And then we have the nerve to complain about our writers being ignored in other countries. I think what really hurts Canadian books is burying them in the Canadiana section at Coles rather than letting them stand, as they should, unmarked beside books from the United States and Britain. If Canadian authors are as good as we say they are (and I think many of them are better) what's the

big problem? One press which seems to ignore the author's country of origin once in a while is Oberon, and though the printed results are mixed to say the least, one recent triumph was their publishing of American Fred Bonnie's slim volume of stories entitled Wide Load. Though the cover price is a little daunting at \$12.95, the stories themselves are quite brilliant. In "In Another Language," two men with the unlikely name of Stanislaw Pittstalk are accidently brought together when one finds his name listed twice in the directory of the botanical association each belongs to. Each of the Stanislaws has heretofore thought that he was the only such Pittstalk in existence, and the story proceeds from strangeness to strangeness as their uneasy telephone relationship deteriorates into outright animosity. Bonnie tells the story in alternating first-person monologues, and his handling of dialect and dialogue as the story moves masterfully towards their actual meeting (in a Chinese restaurant, with a firearm present) is alone worth the cover price. In his review of the collection in the Globe, William French condemned the book for its plotless stories and unsympathetic characters. My vote, obviously, goes to Bonnie.

Another American book, this time by Missouri poet James Tate also deserves special mention. In recent years Tate seems to be a well-kept secret, known only among his peers; but you could probably say the same thing about any number of fine us poets. Though published in 1986, Reckoner has only recently been available here (I got my copy from This Ain't the Rosedale Library). Tate is a relentless experimentor and a master of the poetic one-liner, and since his first book, The Lost Pilot (which won the Yale Younger Poets prize in 1971), he has consistently produced some of the most unique, aggressive poetry in North America. Copyright laws allow us at least one excerpt, and this one's from "Save the Mosquitoes"

Bewildered wall clocks continue in their grinding poverty. The birdcages are festooned: for whom? An ancient kimono is a kind of dead weight, avoirdupois, typical of this morning's saffron harvest.

The mosquitoes glitter over the windswept platform and swoop in loose formation along some dotted lines. The town is still puffed from the night before, TV's rippling in the dark.

A crane is paying a courtesy call on a shrine. A small-craft warning is flashed across the sky. This plausible life, at the appointed hour, is escorted across the midway, dazzled by the vacuum of dawn and its abiding bashful grace.

Beats the hell out of most of the stuff I read

Hey, as of next Monday it'll be almost six months since Hugh Hood (winner of the Franklin W. Dixon award for prose tonnage) put out a book. That's got to be some kind of record.

Am I an idiot or am I the only one who was surprised to find out that Daphne Marlatt had read at York this fall? It seems the posters were put up the same day as the reading took place; not a lot of time for the rest of us (those who aren't faculty or Canadian lit students) to find out about it.

Speaking of readings, I feel compelled to: 1) complain about the ridiculous prices at this year's Harbourfront International Festival of Authors, and 2) the sorry state of Harbourfront readings in general. Most people probably don't know that Harbourfront literary mogul Greg Gatenby regularly barters with publishers for reading space. The deal seems to be that he will allow the Harbourfront space to be used to launch books, as long as the author and publisher agree to forego any public readings for some weeks prior to and following the blessed event. Pretty scuzzy way to operate, I think.

My last evening at Harbourfront was spent sitting with 30 people in a room designed for 200, and watching Toronto poet Kate Van Dusen embarass herself reading from her Coach House book Not Noir. Van Dusen is getting some good reviews for what I feel is a dreadful book, and only a lively reading by Gail Harris (one of a small circle of readers who feel that they have to more than simply show up at a poetry reading) prevented the evening from being a complete washout. The publication of Not Noir, only one of a recent glut of stinkers (Hope Anderson's Slips from Grace, Ali-Janna Whyte's Economic Sex, Donald Martin's One Out of Four, to name three), raises some serious questions about the normally reliable Coach House Press. The trend there seems to be towards expensive glossy covers, and away from the kind of solid poetry and prose that the Press is known for. Now, if they could only get the marketing and the editing together, they might be in business.

Getting back to book launches (I think they should be outlawed) I went to one recently at, of all places, The Spadina Hotel. The occasion was the launching of Toronto author Brian Dedora's three-part poem, White Light published by Aya Press. This one was, in fact, better than most. There was a good turnout, and Dedora's reading was short (as is appropriate, and so often ignored by authors at these functions); but the embarrassing Richard Truhlar introduction was all-too-familiar. Truhlar, speaking about a work that was long in the making and took even longer to publish, made it sound as if he, personally, was responsible for the whole thing. Yecch.

In other small press news, recent events include Crad Kilodney's two-volume set of Worst Canadian Stories, some of which have been written by other small pressers under pseudonyms. I've only go volume two, but as far as I can tell, the stories live up to their billing. The worst, by far, is a piece entitled "Roller-Derby Vampires." by Dr. Orval Armando Haltiwanger (who writes more than a little like Mark Laba)

Nick Power's Gesture Press has just published a chapbook of poems by Toronto poet Greg Evason which seems to include some of his best work to date. The poems are all short, and there's a limit to what one can accomplish in five lines (unless you're Ezra Pound), but the three dozen poems in a journey toward the end in the shape of air are a nice alternative to the ubiquitous haiku, and the book itself is beautifully produced. Evason's book is available in the consignment section of the York University bookstore, or at Letters and This ain't The Rosedale Library downtown. Kilodney's homages to prose ugliness are available from his portable street shop down on Yonge Street, south of Bloor (you can't miss him, he's the man with the pipe, the touque, and the misanthropic scowl).

REVIEW

Brazilian Journal much too detailed

P.K. Page BRAZILIAN JOURNAL

By MICHAEL REDHILL

It is difficult to judge a journal as one would judge a work of fiction—a journal seems more subject to the mood swings of the author and is allowed the luxury of unevenness. Brazilian Journal, P.K. Page's account of three years in Brazil, is, at worst, a wildly inconsistent book. It moves from interesting tales of the Brazilian uppercrust in the '50s, to remarkably dull descriptions of just about everything. At its best, however, Page has sculpted a unique vision of Brazil; a personal rendition of a landscape seen with the eye of a painter, and recorded in the lush language of a poet.

In 1957, Arthur Irwin (Page's husband and the "A." of the book) was dispatched to Rio by Ottawa to serve as ambassador. In her journals, Page wrote that Brazil was a land buried in coffee, where the women "looked like a cross between women and precious stones." Brazilian Journal, however, shows the unraveling of Page's personal myth, as well as her growing love affair with the country. Unfortunately for us, this is a Brazil Page disclaims even before the book begins, saying in her foreword, "Brazil has changed, I have changed," and by doing so, suspends the timeliness of her memoir in ether, locking up its magic in the canceling power of the present from which she sees Brazil.

One of the sweet things in reading a journal is that one assumes it was never meant to be read by anyone but the writer. Brazilian Journal abounds with the secret discovery of the author unprotected, although it is obvious that sections have been edited away, and perhaps others adjusted. Still, Page's personality drives this book, urges the reader past dull sections (the journal threatens to turn into a Brazilian book of birds, with Page languourously describing bird after bird: "this is the third kind of bird we have seen jump in Brazil," etc.), but she moves onto images of Brazil and Brazilians, written with such compassion that they come to life, despite her opening disclaimer.

Page describes Brazil with an animal sensuality, the front garden invaded by "a vegetable polecat called jackfruit" and the 'pau mulato tree . . . shedding its orange bark and standing up slim and salad green on the lawn " She is introduced, slowly, into Brazilian society, taught the mores of a foreign country (how to refuse an invitation: "say of course you'll go. And don't''), and painfully, its language ("'Don't buy anymore young girls,' I say to the cook. Hours later I realize I meant macas (apples) not mocas.")

This long journal is a series of gems hidden in some terribly slow, almost entirely personal entries-things that appear of interest only to Page. As a rule, any time she and her ambassador husband leave Rio to travel in any one of 50 locales in Brazil, the reader is treated to a litany of hotel rooms; this one with wide floorboards, that one with a bathroom fit for

apes. We receive endless lists of purchases, of menus and guest lists, detail upon detail fit only to recreate a material world of no interest to the reader, rather than the hypnotic Brazil of P.K. Page's mind.

This is not to say that the physical world of Brazil is uninteresting, but rather that the monotonous repetition of paltry detail is. Her growth as a visual artist may somewhat (excuse) this longing to itemize the world, and often our prize for living through it is to be able to accompany Page as she discovers her desire to draw. (The book contains over 20 of her drawings.) Brazilian Journal makes some excellent discoveries through the gifted artist comparing her two sensibilities. ("Schaffer . . . can only show me his way (to paint), which is to put up your picture like a building, according to plan, and this I cannot do anymore than I could have written a poem that way. Just as one word draws out another, so does one shape draw out another.") Or, in Page's case, one word may draw out several.

At home in Rio, however, Page's world is rooted in her role as "ambassador's wife," the entertainer, the hirer and dismisser of servants. Here, her style is crisper, her voice purposeful. At first, the reader may balk at Page's descriptions of her opulant life-style (what on earth is a Canadian poet doing with a cook, a chauffeur, a butler and twelve other servants?), but the necessity of such a household (Irwin being the Canadian ambassador) and Page's human rendition of a house full of them, soon wears away resistance. Indeed, by the time one reaches the story of the head servant laying gramophone records out in the midday sun

to rid them of mildew, all sympathies go to the stranger in a strange land. ("How could I have thought of saying, 'Graciano, never spread the gramophone records out on the terrace in the sun'?")

Her description of official dinner parties for 60 is mind-boggling. Each seating plan was, potentially, a blueprint for disaster, Page accidentally seating political enemies together, or worse, ex-husbands and wives. By Page's account, the Brazil of 1957-59 was a country built in extremes. In the midst of poverty, renegade architects designed palaces of glass, foreign dignitaries with elegant manners neglected the washing of guest towels, and museums boasting the planet's rarest coins could no longer display them for the dust. Her insights into a time forever gone are brilliant as memory and bittersweet in their loss; as she says near the end of the book, "I am desolate that the dream is ending."

But let the reader be forewarned. Even as Brazilian Journal shines with the energy of an excellent mind, it also bogs down under an almost obsessive tendency to record every leaf for posterity. As Page complains about the undammed conversation of a governor's wife: "and (she) talked non-stop-that formless, subjectless kind of conversation about cousins and who married whom . . . and whose house that is and what they paid for it . . . ," so does she succumb to the luxury of having the rostrum uninterrupted. Her poetry suffers from the same detailed disease. Still, one wishes Page had had an editor who might have imposed some of prose fiction's rules upon a sprawling journal with a little too much to say.

Clara Thomas talks about writing & Margaret Laurence

n January 5, 1987, one of Canada's best known and loved writers died of cancer. Margaret Laurence touched many of us with her brutally honest and beautiful prose. In her honour, the Canadian Woman Studies Journal has devoted their latest issue to articles about the woman and her writing. Clara Thomas, Professor of English at York, critic, biographer and close friend of Margaret Laurence guest-edited this issue. In the following interview, Excalibur's Deborah Dundas speaks to Mrs. Thomas about Canadian woman's writing in general, with a special emphasis on Margaret Laurence.

EXCALIBUR: You've guest-edited the latest Canadian Women Studies journal, which is a tribute to Margaret Laurence. How did this come about?

THOMAS: Last Spring, Shelagh Wilkinson, who's the editor of Canadian Woman Studies, asked me if I would guest-edit. Margaret Laurence and I were very good friends and I was very delighted. It was very therapeutic for me, because I was feeling her loss greatly. So I did a great deal of getting people to contribute and Maria Jacobs did a great deal as well. It's coming out very shortly. Altogether we have 54 contributors from across Canada, from A for Atwood to W for Wiseman. Our only problem was where to stop, because if we'd asked twice that many, we would have got twice that many contributions. People were absolutely wonderful and bent over backwards to contribute. [This all happened] in a very short time span. All this really got started last spring and everything had to be in by mid-August. So it was wonderfully rewarding.

EXCALBUR About berownwork, Laurence has said that her underlying themes include "survival in an inner sense . . . survival with dignity . . . survival of the personality." Do you see this as a fundamental theme, not only in Laurence's work, but in Canadian woman's writing in general?

THOMAS: Well, I suppose you could take it further than that. It's an underlying theme-survival and survival with dignity-in all literature. It is, of course, very, very strong in Margaret's work, and it imprints itself on you particularly strongly because the works-the Manawaka works-are in the voice of the heroine. So you get Hagar's voice, and Rachel's voice and Stacey's voice. This is a much more intimate and intensive thing than the oldfashioned third-person narrative. Therefore it comes out particularly strongly. But it is, I would say, a universal theme.

EXCALIBUR: In woman's literature, the traditional quest novel has been adapted in that women are now searching for their selves. But, how can women reconcile themselves to Christianity? The fall from grace, which has led to humanity's endless quest for self; was blamed on a woman, according to Christian doctrine.

THOMAS: They reconcile it by realizing that the story of Genesis is an old myth; that the whole of the Old Testament tells the story of a people who were bound up in their minds with a God of wrath and vengeance. That Old Testament is a very different thing and was superceded by the New Testament, which brings the Gospel; that is, the story of God's love and Christ's love for humankind-for men and women. Christ's actions towards his own mother and towards Mary and Martha and Mary Magdalene and so on are what counts; not those Old Testaments. But, it does present a problem, I know, for some women. I just don't think it's worth worrying about. I think a lot of women, certainly when you're at my age, realize that all through life there are a lot of things you were taught that you never believed. You picked up what was useful to you, hopefully, for your own development, and just discarded the rest. That's what I think women have got to do. women have got to do.

EXCALIBUR: In Laurence's hometown of Lakefield, there was a

movement to censor or ban her books from being taught in the schools. How did she feel about

THOMAS: That was very hurtful to Margaret. It was spearheaded by a fundamentalist group and one woman in particular. She said there was bad language and sexual permissiveness. It was particularly hurtful that it would happen in her hometown. But the people up there were splendid. They rallied behind her. There were hundreds of letters to the school board from all over. The Moderator of the United Church and the head of a very senior Catholic order and a head of the Anglican Church sent outstand-

EXCALIBUR: Margaret is held up as an icon in Canadian woman's writing. Why do you think this is?

THOMAS: It's not only in Canadian woman's writing. She's a kind of icon for Canada, for the whole of Canada, men and women. There are just as many young male writers as woman writers that look up to her, who will testify for hours at a time about how Margaret helped them. See, she always answered all her letters, and she got hundreds and hundreds of letters. And she always gave help to young writers when they appealed for it. From 1974 on, when she was living back here full-time, she began to take a part in so many other causes such as the Peace movement, Operation Ploughshares, and all kinds of things, that I think she was a complete phenomenon. I don't think we've ever had anybody who was as much loved by as many people for so many different facets of her life and work.

EXCALIBUR: What did Laurence feel her responsibility as a writer

THOMAS: To tell the truth. She would say fiction is often more true than fact. That is, true in spirit. You see, people arrived in her mind. She was that kind of writer. Hagar was in her mind for a long, long time and then Hagar developed and started to speak in her own voice. And then Margaret broke down what Hagar said. Her great responsibility was to get it right, to do justice to this character whom she knew so well.

EXCALIBUR: Is Hagar autobiographical in any sense?

THOMAS: No. that kind of stiff, sticky pride that Hagar has is the kind of pride that Grandfather Connor has in A Bird in the House, and Grandfather Connor is based on Margaret's Grandfather Simpson, who was a very hard, proud old man. But that's as far as you could go. But, certainly there is that pride and Margaret knew it well because after her father died she and her stepmother and her brother moved into Grandfather Simpson's house and she had to live with him as a teenager

EXCALIBUR: When in England, she was feeling great pangs of homesickness. What did she love about Canada so much?

THOMAS: Her roots are here. When she was in Africa (for seven years) she learned that themes are universal and she wrote her first novel set in Ghana, and the short stories set in Ghana. Then she realized that she had to come back and write about her

EXCALIBUR: the way women are regarded and have been throughout history would still have to be reconciled with this quest notion.

THOMAS: Oh, yes. But the question you asked me before was about Christianity, and that was the answer I would give about Christianity. Now, of course, about everything else, there has to be a reinventing of womanhood as Caroline Howe once said in one of her books. Then, I think that women have to re-invent themselves according to what society has traditionally thought of them or expected from them. I think people have been doing this very thing. The feminists have the very good word, "subversive", for it; but it's worked. It's now much more out in the open and on the surface. I think that, really, is the big

EXCALIBUR: Canadian woman's writing began with writers like Susannah Moodie and Louisa Murray. How has it changed since

THOMAS: First of all, I think I'd like to go back to the very first question you asked me which was about woman's writing and survival. This ties in with what you asked me right now. But there's something I'd like to say about it that I haven't said. Right from the very beginning, you know, we have had a remarkable number of well-known woman writers in Canadian literature. There are various reasons for this. The most usually given one is that there was a great and growing readership for woman's writing in the 18th coming into the 19th century. So women wrote for women. One of the reasons that I find and think true is that the theme of survival, which is very basic to woman's writing, is also very basic to the whole Canadian psyche, because here we are, caught; we used to be a colony of Britain and now we're at the north of a huge imperialistic nation and survival is essential. But you see, women have always been concerned with their own psychic survival and that is one reason why there are so many first-rate, woman writers in Canadian literature. To answer your question, I don't think the great themes have changed. I don't think they ever change. When Susannah Moodie wrote, she was not writing for a Canadian audience because there wasn't one. She was writing for the people back home in Britain. There wasn't really any considerable Canadian audience, in terms of numbers, until about the mid 60's, in fact. And we have made enormous strides since then in getting Canadian liter-ature into our schools and in opening up bookshops and in the development of small publishing houses . . . the whole electronic age has made a great difference. The great trade magazine now is **Quill and Quire**. It used to be a little thin thing and now it's fairly thick, and none of us who are really interested in Canadian literature could do without it. But when you see the supplement every couple of months of how many books have been published, it's just fabulous. So, there is that factor. There is also the factor that whenever there is a readership, writers will rise to answer. It just happens. And the more educated to our literature readers become, the more they will demand the best of their authors and the more the authors will produce the best. That's just

EXCALIBUR: There seems to be a breakdown in the structure of the family unit in woman's writing. This is illustrated in books such as Marian Engel's Lunatic Villa. Why is

THOMAS: Because I think there has been a great deal of breakdown in the last forty years. We live in much less of a patriarchy now. Like Margaret, Marian was very, very maternal. I think those two writers at least, would have argued very strongly, as they did in their writing, that emancipation does not mean the relinquishing or in any way the lessening of the maternal impulse. That doesn't mean that they were in any way what the historians called maternal feminists which referred to people like Nellie McClung. They coined the phrase unfairly in a lot of way, I think, because it was kind of derogatory, as if the women had sort of sold out. And you have the contemporary woman writers who are physically engaged in pointing out that there is no essential barrier between maternalism and feminism.



EXCALIBUR: It's been alluded to that the Governor-General's Award was engineered so that Margaret Laurence's The Stone Angel wouldn't win it. Is this true?

THOMAS: There are always cans of worms having to do with the Governor-General's Award. Politics are always involved. The Nobel Prizes are the most political thing in the world. In terms of feminism, if you are thinking that you might find some male plot to keep it from her . . . no. In fact, the Award, really, over the years, has reflected what we've just been saying about the numbers of outstanding women that we have.

EXCALIBUR: The idea was brought up in Barry Callaghan's article in Books in Canada last March.

THOMAS: That was a very bad article. It was bad partly because it was, in my opinion, sleazy. It was done so quickly after Margaret died that he almost had to have had it ready, as if he was just waiting to get into print. That's point number one. Point number two is that he talked about her house in England as if it were an old, dark place. Well, it wasn't. She just loved it. It was called Elm Cottage, but it was a great big house. They call fairly large houses cottages in England. It had a marvelous rose garden and it had a great big back lawn. It was an English house. The English also have this thing about having a lot of rooms; so it had a lot of rooms, and you'd go out of one room and shut the door. All the English do that. It conserves heat. But she and her children had the fondest memories. That was really very bad of Callaghan. He does some good things, but that article [wasn't one of them].

The Canadian Women Studies Journal is located in Room 212 Founders

YORK AUTHORS WORD SEARCH

W P Q P C H R I S T O P H E R D E W D N E Y N N Z A D O N A L D S U M M E R H A Y E S O OKUTTUIYEVADKNARFHQAEG SLVRCXPGKCOLLOPYRRAHQA N D F I R I J R E N N A B I N A M I H N C D BAOIJENORGNIZKNARFEREW O D K A T Y T E K B E R T F A A S I A G P W ROEKROBERTFOTHERGILLNT RGSEMCLAUDIODURANDBKXW EAYEURAWTIDLONRAEFGUPN TRANRQNAMELOCROTCIVAXW EAGEJ BADROBERT CASTO CPU P B D Y Z M I C H A E L O N D A A T J E L G Y R E S S U S A N S W A N N A D R O O X N P MARMIRVINGLAYTONZUKVFR I B F I G H E D I B O U R A O U I J H Q J J K E J T N S G N I L L I B T R E B O R R F U ZHSHRRAYELLENWOODOJLTQ LOHCINPBEELIMANDELBGQD KLJNAHGALLACYRRABMKYTR PYCTOWACGBHFLYIHYKIFLH

We've embedded in that blob of SEEMINGLY RANDOM CHARACTERS up there, the names of 26 poets, playwrights, fictioneers, and literary editors and translators who teach, or have taught, at York. Geez. It's like magic or something. For bonus points: try to figure out why there are so few women among them.

Novel recalls turbulent 'seventies

Gail Scott HEROINE

By MARK MOSS

Quebec. October 1985, the 10th anniversary of the October crisis. From her bathtub in The Wakiki Tourist Rooms a woman writer surveys the past 10 years of her life; her ill-fated lover, the misguided politics dominating her thoughts. She is looking for a new female character to write about, and to become. One who, in this time and this decade, won't fail in love or politics.

In her new novel, **Heroine**, Gail Scott recalls the turbulent '70s that she witnessed and participated in as a journalist. Containing pseudo-autobiographical elements, **Heroine** is the skillful blending of past and present through vignette-like passages; a constant fading in and out of the decades. Accentuating this blending of time is the juxtaposition of rock-and-roll lyrics, always chosen, if not tailored specifically, to fit the moods of the protagonist, 'Gail,' and an assortment of her acquaintances.

As an Anglophile in Montreal, Gail tries

to fit in with the French left-wing movement, its splinter groups and their disciples. However, she is not accepted because she is an anglophile and a journalist. Gail is also jilted in love by a man she is powerless to capture. She becomes disillusioned with the politics of the era—its ready paradoxes, rampant hypocrisy, and futile gestures.

Scott's portrayal of Montreal, both in the '70s and the '80s, is well-seasoned, with an accurate eye for the smallest detail. The reader is taken by the hand and introduced to a varied assortment of characters—some pathetic, most tragic. She leads us from coffee shops on the Main frequented by left-wing intellectuals and prostitutes, to endless bars, to a shelter for battered women, to meetings, marches, and demonstrations.

As she tries desperately to gain control of her own life, which is largely dominated by the past, Gail re-evaluates the feminist movement in an effort to come to grips with the '80s. ''I mean a woman just has to walk the tense line between the sadness (past) and the beauty (future), the better to live now,'' she writes. For Gail Scott, for her character, Gail, and for the feminist movement of the '80s, one can only remain hopelessly optimistic.

REVIEW

Anderson poems offer little Hope

Hope Anderson SLIPS FROM GRACE

By KEVIN CONNOLLY

One of the biggest problems with Hope Anderson's first full-length book of poetry, **Slips from Grace**, is that there are simply not enough images in it. But, then again, this seems to be a trend these days—chatty, monologue-style poems which have enough going on at the structural level to distinguish their language from simple prose, but without any of the traditional constraints on image and rhythm we've become accustomed to. It's a type of writing that is unlikely to satisfy purists, but it seems to be here to stay.

The problems with Anderson's poems run deeper, however. We are told in the notes on the author that Anderson was born "during a hurricane" in Kingston, Jamaica in 1950. And while the intention, I guess, was to explain Anderson's dark, sometimes sardonic visons, one could counter by suggesting that the hurricane might just as well have been the cause of his seemingly irreparable syntax problems. There is a poorlyconceived and distracting syntactical ambiguity in these poems that one could overlook-or even applaud-if it opened up new levels of understanding. Most frequently, however, the wordplay leaves the reader with an unclear or vague impression, or yet another all too familiar meditation on text or language.

And Anderson has an annoying propensity for the 'unfortunate phrase.' Phrases like: "enter the distant, unmeasured wilderness"; "jungle of emotion"; "lost in the dance"; "alone and never alone"; and (aargh!) "I have always been enchanted/by the syntax/ of your immaculate sleeves" are pitfalls Anderson's good lines must try to

overcome. No doubt some of the blame must go to Anderson's editor on this one, but with lines like these it's hard to be wholeheartedly enthusiastic about a book which also contains at least a half dozen excellent pieces. Anderson's tribute, "Tongues in memory of Bob Marley," is a case in point, as is his "making of the rogue or lumpen rising," dedicated to "language-poet" bpNichol.

But there are also some complete disasters. Anderson works from a limited repertoire of images: darkness, music, electricity, stars, the military, to which he adds a sprinkling of pop culture references, and the odd (clumsy) literary allusion. The aptly named "notes for a poem," "this is masked poetry," "Resignation or is it?" and "War measures," are left either with no recognizable topic, or an obvious one.

Anderson is fond of taking politically popular shots at Ronald Reagan or the United States; and while the references serve to get the reader on his side, they are a poor substitute for genuine insight:

it is said if your neptune squares uranus like the white house's screwball actor, your chickens will come home to roost.

or

deposit the idiotic movies of American bliss and violence hammocked in the archipelagos into the accommodating arms of the chase manhattan baron de rothschild

Anderson spends a lot of time complaining about contemporary political reality, but little time adding the human dimension—the emotional reality politics creates for the poet. Instead, we are left with the feeling of being preached to, distanced by the poet's apparent belief in his moral superiority. "Although a prodigal son, I have made my peace with the planet," the speaker says in one of the poems. It is disappointing that Anderson, in **Slips from Grace**, has been unable to document that personal journey.

Bumpy world of small mags

cont'd from front page

publishing, the concept of the "woman writer," biases by publishers and reviewers, etc. Scheier's prescriptive edge is impressive, but it's a shame she doesn't apply her own advice to her own poetry. One of **PCR**'s weaknesses is its 'Canadianness,' outside of which it will not step except in the context of specialized columns; the next issue's Robert Bly interview seems to be a step in the right direction.

As an antidote to the predictable conservatism of the above three mags (which are easily available at any half-decent bookstore), here are a few other literary publications you might want to try out:

B City is one of my favourite American magazines, up there with Lost & Found Times, Barney: The Stone-Age Magazine, and Oink! Connie Deanovich's once-a-year publication has real personality and consistently great covers. Its contributors include a stable of regulars and lots of new writers each issue. Issue 4 (Spring '87) has exciting, readable poems by Maxine Chernoff, the always wonderful Jerome Sala, Richard Huttel, editor Deanovich, and Bill Berkson. There may be some weak works, but you can just ignore them, and immerse yourself in the intelligent humour and enthusiasm running through this mag. (\$5 U.S. from B-City Press, Inc., 619 West Surf St., Chicago, IL 60657)

J.D.s isn't so much a litzine as a gritty, photocopied gay 'porn' 'zine, but its fiction, 'comic-strip novel' and artwork give me an excuse to include it here. The original fiction in issue three is sloppily typed and sometimes a little short on craft, but the characters are more real than those you'll

find in most chunky, glossy literary mags. Bryan Bruce's continuing adventures of 'me and Butch' are especially good. There's also lots of 'found' material from other mags and local newspapers, and the regular "J.D.s Homo-Core Top Twenty." (Available at This Ain't The Rosedale Library, or try sending about \$3 cash to Bruce LaBruce, c/o J.D.s, 2154 Dundas St. W., #401, Toronto M6R 1X3)

Lucky Star is a twice-yearly poetry mag from the U.S. Editor Henry Kranz puts out a punchy, enjoyable litzine that is totally and refreshingly unpretentious. Volume 3/#2 starts off well with great cover art, and goes on to present 50-odd neatly- and modestlytyped pages of poems by poets we've never heard of, with the exceptions of Andrew Savage (yay) and Lyn Lifshin (boo). There's very interesting work by Pamela Miller, James Gawron (on watching Vertigo on video), and Bill Hall. There's some pretty mediocre stuff, and a couple of outright awful pieces, but Lucky Star evokes a spirit of absolution. (\$3.50 U.S. or 1-year sub for \$7.77 U.S. from The Erie Street Press, 221 S. Clinton Ave., Oak Park, Illinois 60302-3113)

Meanwhile back at the ranch, here's a quick, (and probably irresponsible) campus mag update: Yak's 50-page, back-to-back double issue (Vol. 2 Nos. 1A/B, edited by Sarah Cooper & Michael Redhill) is nice-looking and fairly accessible, but the division into two issues seems pointless. There is a lot of strong prose here, promising good things from Janet Broomhead, Stephen Mitchell, Gwen Hyman and Joel Riggins-Giroux. The poems are weaker. Robert Casto's "Ode" suffers, on the page, from

arbitrary mid-word line-breaks; it worked far better at the recent Yak reading, where Casto, in his perfect, acidic delivery, read it with natural line-breaks. Existere (Vol. 8 No. 2, edited by Janet L. Broomhead, njk, Dave Lomax) looks far too precious. Each page is printed in two colours (unacceptable waste of money) on fancy paper stock, with the mag's name and volume and some thick bars pompously and possessively framing each page, and thus, each writer. A bit more attention to the contents is in order. Mark Silverberg's story, "Landscape with Oysters, God, and a Rented Tuxedo," is the only thing that really stands out. The other good thing about Existere is its size-20 pages; most litmags that stretch much beyond 24 bog themselves down in boring, mediocre stuff. Far less pretentious is Eat Me, Literally (Vol. 2, No. 2, edited by G. Richard Gustafson, Tim Archer, John Barbisan & pmdsheridan), this time presented as individual slips of paper in a brown envelope. I love the mag's spirit and approach more than its extremely uneven content, but there's some interesting stuff by cyndicated press, Randall Brock, Lise Lafond (all poems), and Glen Richard Gustafson (fiction). The good thing about this loose-leaf format is that you can just crumple up all the lousy stuff into little balls and whip 'em at your cat. And whereas the other two campus mags' editors blab on in print about what great jobs they're doing, EM,L editor pmdsheridan offers a useful cry-for-action against the Tory government's idiotic Bill C-54, complete with phone numbers for Brian Mulroney and the Ministry of Justice. (The above York mags are available at the York Bookstore, and they're all very reasonably priced).

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FIRR IREK

WINS A NEW GENERATION OF STUNNED FOLLOWERS

confronting each other with theories and ideas, because the 1960s was a very radical period where the Enterprise was trying to navigate through a wide range of political ideologies that range from ultra-conservatism to anarchism. What happens in the new series, is there's more of a consensus, where people say, "Captain, I don't think we should do this," and the Captain will think about it and they have a parlee. This happens in the old series as well, but it's far more controlled. In fact, from what I've seen of the new series, if you were to go through the episodes, each one has its foundation in a previous Star Trek episode but the responses are completely different.

EXCALIBUR: How do the ideologies of the two shows differ?

GOULDING: In the 1960s, the primary focus of Star Trek was a "gung ho" type of ideology. Kirk attacks; Kirk doesn't surrender his ship. In three episodes of the new series, Picard surrenders his ship without a fight. Even the Klingon blows his cookies when he hears that, and Picard says, "No, no." Basically what they're saying, and this is where George Lucas (creator of Star Wars) comes in, is "Fear, anger and aggression, these are the paths to the Dark Side." So, we're going to be cool, calm and collected, because we control the whole galaxy anyway." In the old Star Trek, Kirk has the Ulysses S. Grant approach. In fact, in one episode, called The Savage Curtain, the imaginary Lincoln basically compares Kirk to Grant because Kirk has the unconditional and total surrender approach, which is the frontier ethos.

In the original Star Trek you have a Greek motif, with the Odyssean type of hero wandering. It's basically, as I say, a frontier ethos of individualism and meritocracy and private gain, and some sense of "the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few." In the new series there's a very distinct medieval undertone to it, which Lucas has a great deal to do with the special effects. Also, there are quite a few references that seem to come from the quiet, controlled passions and aesthetics of the Tsung Dynasty, which has an oriental medieval image, where you have castles and medievallooking swords, knights and so forth. What happens, is you have a central military command that's primarily focusing on not causing any waves, so it restricts its frontier generals from doing the things that Kirk would've liked to have done in his explorations.

EXCALIBUR: Do you think that Roddenberry is trying to convey a message through the new emphasis on peace?

GOULDING: All of the criticisms that I've made about cultural imperialism and so forth, which Roddenberry admits to in the old series, he is now trying to jettison beyond. You know, sort of beam himself in front of all this and create a utopia where you don't have those sorts of concerns and there is some sense of quietude. There isn't the same sort of confrontation where "We're going to fire our ultra nuclear weapons if you fire yours," and so forth. There's a sense that not to fight is far more honourable than to fight, which again, is part of the Neo-Confucian sort of philosophy that I see as an undertone with the new Star Trek. So, it's an attempt to give some sort of cogency to the fact that we're going to survive through the 20th century.

You see that in terms of equality with women and so forth. In the original series, Star Trek tried to present some of these images, but the networks wouldn't handle it. You see women that are quite active in command positions in the new series, although they are deferential to the Captain.

EXCALIBUR: Is there anything in particular that you prefer in the old series that doesn't exist in the new?

GOULDING: If there's one thing I could say I like about the old series: There are a lot of cerebral discussions. Not all the special effects were particularly good in the old series. Now, what happens is, Lucas' \$100 million scenarios produce these brilliant special effects but there's not as much philosophical discussion.

EXCALIBUR: So you don't believe that the new show addresses issues the same way the old one did?

GOULDING: The new show basically goes beyond the issues. Instead of having the "gung ho" sort of mentality that will confront the issues, there's this detente approach; negotiation and so forth. What you get are summary statements like "Religion, we don't have to deal with this anymore—hokey mythologies-that's all out. Economy, that's all taken care of." Picard makes these statements in a couple of episodes. "We won't really deal with these issues. We'll just assume they're solved." Roddenberry actually said that. He said, "I

don't know how to solve the issues of today, so what we're going to do is produce the earth as a paradise and then send these ships out into space and we'll see what we come

EXCALIBUR: What place will aliens have in this show, now that the Klingons are part of the Federation of Planets and the Vulcans are completely absent?

GOULDING: There are new aliens that are introduced into the Federation in the new series. In the old series the aliens are not so alien at all. They don't even really look alien and they all manage to speak English wherever the Enterprise goes. They eventually come down being on the side of the enemies of the United States. In the new series, aliens are introduced that are very, very alien, but they don't do anything. There's an episode that's a take off of Journey to Babel and aliens are introduced into the scenario. They don't do anything, except try to eat each other, and what Picard does is ignore them.

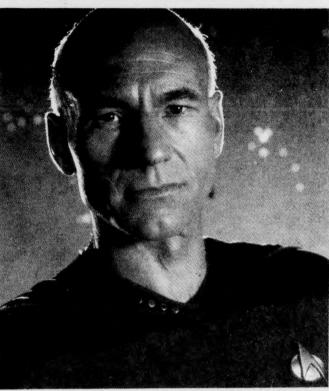
EXCALIBUR: Do you believe that television reflects reality, or that the opposite is true?

GOULDING: Television is a double edged sword; it does both. People create television. Television also reflects back, in creating you. So there are two situations operating here. People get what they want on TV and the networks get what they want from people by advertising things to them so they can respond in a certain way.

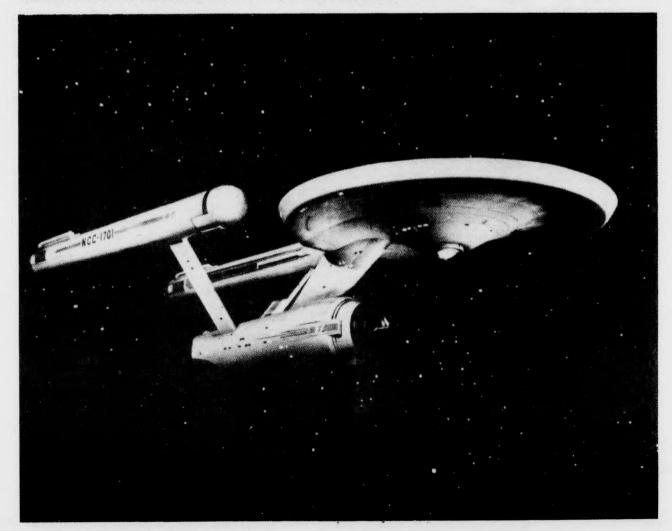
You can watch a television program and say, "I agree or disagree with this position." You can categorically reject it if you're old enough to think in those terms, but if you're a young kid growing up, then you want some role model, and that's where television plays a very important part. What people have said today, is that human interactions have become so skewed that we're now looking to Magnum PI to tell us what to do. What's he going to do next? What's Higgins going to do next? We're looking for fictional charac-

ters to tell us how to act. The old Star Trek presented an incredible role model for a liberal democratic society with internal and external conflicts that was trying to generate some sensibility for itself. I'd have to say I disagree with a lot of those positions but the way it was presented was brilliant.





"In the original Star Trek you have a Greek motif, with the Odyssean type of hero wandering. It's basically, as I say, a frontier ethos of individualism and meritocracy and private gain . . .





The struggle of an orthodox métis jew

By SHIN DIG and CAR CRASH

arold McKinnon, one of Canada's new generation of unknown poetic surrealist playwrights, has just finished his latest masterpiece of Canadiana, Revolution in Lonesome Butte, Saskatchewan. Excalibur and the York community have been fortunate to receive exclusive rights to this brilliant work. The following will provide McKinnon fans with a glimpse into the contours of this soon to be legendary effort.

Revolution in Lonesome Butte, Saskatchewan documents the titanic struggle of disenchanted nationalist Avraham St. Laurent (one-third

Métis, two-thirds Jew) to realize his dream of an independent banana republic for the useless town of Lonesome Butte. St. Laurent's challenge includes a brutal internal struggle of attempting to reconcile himself with his jaded past, as his great grandfather's best friend's aunt was the sister-in-law of Louis Riel's mistress. McKinnon's character development is flawless as he deftly maintains St. Laurent's Judaism while he fights for Lonesome Butte's eternal day in the sun.

Act 1 Scene 2 set in St. Laurent's barn, on his vast ranch, is an example of McKinnon's staggering research abilities interwoven into

exquisite surrealistic drama. Avraham and his revolutionary coteric consisting of Luc and Tortierre are plotting their fourth coup d'état in a period of two weeks. The revolt will be launched from the basement of Agudath Métis, Lonesome Butte's largest Orthodox synagogue.

Avraham: Luc do you have the weapons.

Luc: (exasperated) I thought you did! Avraham: (in disgust) Great. And you Tortierre did you forget the meatpies?

Tortierre: (awakened by Avraham's vehemence) Huh! Long live Lonesome Butte! Long live the Western Métis vanguard proletarian institutional party!

Avraham and Luc, suddening losing their composure, catch each other's gaze, take a meat pie and begin to cry. Outside a horse whinnees. It begins to rain, a light gentle drizzle. Eventually the barn collapses. The scene ends.

Act 2 Scene 43 illustrates McKinnon's innate understanding of the human psyche as he splices love, fear and sexual savagery to the valiant revolutionary struggle. Avraham, and his lover, Helga, are meeting secretly once again amidst the tall wheat stalks of the endless Saskatchewan prairie.

Helga: I love you Avraham. I especially love the way your ear lobes gesticulate as you disclose your sub-



Nice dentures: Avraham St. Laurent, swashbuckling leader of the Lonesome Butte revolution, smiling after his Bar-Mitzvah

Beckett: A place of taste

By ROBERT PRYER

he Samuel Beckett Theatres' presentation of Sam (the intelligent womans Beefcake) Shepard's Curse of the Starving Class saw the triumph of artistic interpretation over censorship. Thank God it isn't necessary to question the standards by which the actor playing Wesley was allowed to urinate on the stage in the first act but remain fully clothed during the crucial, though innocuous, nude appearance in Act

In this very short, nude appearance Wesley is supposed to enter from stage left, walk across the stage with a dazed expression, pick up a lamb (just pick it up), and exit stage right. A director attempting a straight forward consistent interpretation of Mr. Shepard's play could have preserved its' meaning and, at the same time, have drawn attention to the fact that the director was being censored, by having Wesley appear wearing, let's say, just his underwear. This production of the very nature of drama rather than preserving any silly old point Mr. Shepard may have wanted to get across.

Within this context, one does not

wonder why the character, Sergeant Malcolm, (played by the director himself) is leering at the audience; one applauds his distance from the drama. The most brilliant denial of meaning occurs at the conclusion of the final act. The theme of selfdestruction should be concluded by Wesley's description of the midair fight between the tom cat and the eagle. In Shepard's work, Wesley says: "And that eagle comes down and picks up the cat in his talons Compare this ridiculously clear statement to the Beckett productions' opening night version of: "that eagle comes down and picks up the

Other revisions are too numerous to mention, but it must be said that they were all similarly bold in their

eagle in his talons" and the full self-

reflexive intention of the director

leaves the audience gasping.



Sam Shepard 'dramatized'.

originality. With the Curse of the Starving Class production, the Samuel Beckett Theatre has eclipsed its mandate as an alternative to the mainstream theatre offered by the York Theatre Department. It is now simply an alternative to dramatic

theatre.

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The mob rules: Lonesome Butte in their pre-revolutionary fervour gathering outside Mordecai Ben-Croissant's antique shop.

Avraham: You ain't seen nothing yet, baby.

Helga: (startled by Avraham referring to her as baby) Avraham I'm frightened.

Avraham: Why, my love, I'm here with

Caught by the moment's passion they rip each other's clothes off and gallop romantically through the fields. Helga trips on a groundhog hole, shattering her leg. The scene

Act 3 Scene 4 reflects McKinnon's political acumen as he skillfully manipulates the legitimate grievances of Lonesome Butte's "pissed off" masses. Using the brutal power of their own inertia, the mob, running at breathtaking speed, tramples all vestiges of the municipality's previous ruling strata. Monuments are destroyed, buildings crumble like cardboard, traffic lights are pulled asunder. Suddenly, the crowd, realizing that they are destroying their own town, stops and sullenly proceeds home. In their glee, Avraham, Luc, and Tortierre hug each other, catching the confused rabble's attention. People begin to stare, the scene

Act 4 Scene 65 provides a good example of the diversity of McKinnon's style. He dexteriously includes the inanities of daily existence into the serious business of consolidating a revolution.

Luc: What happened Avraham, You're a mess! This revolution is really taking its toll.

Avraham: Revolution spevolution. I cut myself shaving this morning and in my haste to get here this morning I forgot to comb my hair. (Conceding to the scornful looks of his friends) O.K. so I lost my brush and mirror, big deal.

Tortierre: Leave him alone Luc, sometimes you're such a bully!

Luc: You always side with him. It really sticks in my craw!

Avraham: Enough of this idle chatter. Anybody for an espresso? Avraham and Luc: (simultaneously) O.K. (The scene ends)

Act 5 Scene 102. McKinnon is never predictable, his conclusions always seem to startle the audience. Despite the non-fictitious nature of the legendary Lonesome Butte revolt, McKinnon breathes life into the episode through his brilliant character development and thematic finish. The scene takes place in the elliptical office on the second floor of the stately Lonesome Butte city hall. Premier Avraham St. Laurent, First Lady Helga, and his trusted henchmen Luc and Tortierre, argue over political philosophy.

Luc: Tortierre and I have been discussing the disposal of an additional 100 people. We suggest dropping the scum into barrels of chemical fertilizer, then they will get a taste of their own medicine. (Reveling in their own perversity, Luc and Tortierre break into hysterics.)

Premier Avraham: (showing his great statesmanship) Luc, Tortierre, there are only 104 people left in the town, including us. Don't you think you've

gone a bit too far? Tortierre: With all due respect Mr. Premier, forget it. We're going to annihilate every last remnant of humanity in Lonesome Butte. (Luc stands up and cheers. Helga, stunned by the transformation of Luc and Tortierre's character, faints and dies.)

Premier Avraham: (gasping) Gasp! (Filled with rage at the death of his beloved Helga, he picks both Luc and Tortierre up by the shirt and tosses them off the balcony. For good measure, he grabs his handy M-16 and blows them to pieces. A crowd gathers and rejoices. Premier Avraham slumps in exhaustion. End of play.)

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Trés Noire: the last of an endangered faeces



ART IN ACTION: Award-winning artist Trés Noire demonstrates his highly-acclaimed 'Banana and Yogurt.'

By RITCHIE CUNNINGHAM (Now back from Greenland)

he winner of the 1987 Mayor Moore award for performance art, Trés Noire, was at the awards ceremony this week to explain his prize-winning work, 'Banana and Yogurt.' "I believe in theatre for the massive," explained Noire, "there are many people who are fat because they eat too much. 'Banana and Yogurt' is a message for them, and it is also a comment on the free trade issue as well as nuclear

Noire, who has his roots on Queen Street, is best known for his last work 'Shit on a Shingle,' which was produced 20 years ago. On July 27, 1967, Noire defecated on a shingle he had ripped from his mother's roof in a fit of rage. The 20-year-old Noire made his creation even more spectacular by performing the act at the corner of Bay and Bloor during rush hour. "I have taken many shits in my life," said Noire, "but I have only taken one shit on a shingle. There is a reason for this."

Trés Noire is a fighter. Even from his beginnings Noire has battled conventional and established norms in the artistic world. His greatest battle has been against the idea that if a person is to be considered an artist that they must consistently produce works of art. 'Banana and Yogurt' is the first piece of work that Trés

Noire has produced since 1967. His beliefs would not allow him to

create during this 20-year interim. "That would be conforming," exclaimed Noire, "and I will never do that, never. What would they say

at the 'By the Way Café." Noire worked as cook at the 'By the Way' for five years before emerging as one of Canada's premiere performance artists. It was there that he discovered socialism. Noire says that both of his works reflect his Marxist philosophy. He is tired of the more peaceful, half-hearted attempts at social change made by less militant socialists. Said Noire, "There are a lot of people out there who don't think the way I do. It is my duty to do them the service of making them believe what I think is right. Yes it's a weighty responsibility, but if I must, I must.'

'Banana and Yogurt' was inspired by a vision Noire had while masturbating in a public washroom at Wilson Station. As he manipulated himself, it occured to Noire that he had eaten neither a banana nor a yogurt on that day. Suddenly, an enormous banana appeared to Noire. It began scolding a pregnant cow which was watching 'Three's Company' reruns while knitting sweaters for the now folded Montreal Allouettes.

According to Noire, the bridge between 'Life' and 'Banana and Yogurt' lies in the fact that bananas and Yogurt are not threatening to humanlife when used conventionally, but when used in unorthodox ways they can be harmful to human

life. "Like nuclear bombs," explained Noire, "if I shove a whole banana down your throat with the peel on, you may die. Similarly if there is a nuclear war you stand a good chance of getting hurt."

Trés Noire is concerned with nuclear arms issues. Says Noire, "I was the first person to be concerned with nuclear war, and to listen to

Noire is closely linked with a Toronto-based group, started in Los Angeles, People for the Disarmament of Nuclear Whales (PDNW). PDNW fight the battle against the arming of Baltic Sea Blue whales with sea to land missiles. According to PDNW, these whales are rigged up with enough explosives to destroy an entire suburb in Kiev. Noire dismisses suggestions that this would be too costly for the American government, and not possible scientifically. "Of course they are going to deny it," shouts Noire. "Do you believe everything you read! Right now as we speak our fellow mammals are bearing the burden of our destruction.'

Trés Noire says that an even greater problem than nuclear war is the sanctity of artists. He explains that because artists must make money in order to live, they have three major constraints placed upon them that prevent them from making true art. The three constraints according to Noire are 1) The pressure to produce art. 2) Pressure to involve the general public in the viewing of art. 3) The general public being too stupid to understand 'true art.' "Most people have never seen any of my work," Noire exclaimed. "How the hell would they know what 'true art' looks like?'

Close friend Voidance Dejection, Queen Street singer/writer/songstress/poet/dancer, clarifies the distinction between Noire, herself, and 'commercial sellout pigs.' "In a world of cosmic turbulence it is the muse that is the true voice of the creator, and therefore closest to the creator. Our brothers and sisters, the public, are lost in a sea of television and kinetic confusion. Art cannot serve these lost souls, it must matter to the artist alone. The mark of a bad artist is popularity among the masses.

"This is my movement!" shouted

Trés Noire seconds after he had created 'Shit on a Shingle' on that busy downtown intersection. Although he has aged and gained financial affluence through investments made in the stockmarket in 1986, Trés Noire is the same man. Noire defends the contradictions between his political beliefs and personal wealth. "In orer to fight capitalism you need money, lots of it. You must look like a capitalist, and you must act like one. You must eat in their restaurants, and buy their clothes in order to infiltrate their system. That is why I drive a Porsche. I resent people who call me a champagne socialist, and I hope they all

Trés Noire sits stoically behind his fifth cup of coffee, and inhales deeply on a Camel, his eyes lit up with fire and determination. His eyes lift up, and scan the environment of the York campus he is visiting. "You've got a nice campus here," Noire whispers in a soft voice. "Very pretty." In a moment of inspiration, Noire's face contorts painfully, his hands shake, and sweat bleeds from his facial pores. "And yet," he adds, "I feel sad. So much beauty, and yet so much of the world is without beauty. It would be nice if, even for a day, all the world could be as beautiful as this."

When can we expect Noire's next work? "Twenty or 30 years," he answers. For Trés Noire there are new roads to follow. "I enjoy being creative but what I would really like to do is teach. I've paid my dues, and now it's time to share what I've learned with others."







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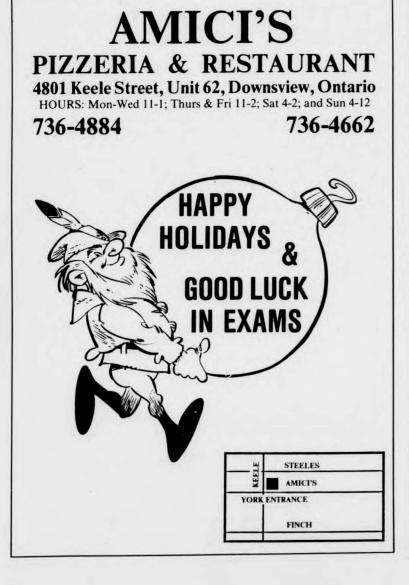
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Excal's 'Ann Landers' forced to throw in towel

By ALICE (the Brady family's housekeeper)

oan Blown, advice columnist for artist, was forced to resign from the paper last week. Flames Handle, editor and chief, asked for her resignation as a result of the growing pressures from hundreds of artists who cited her column as racist, sexist and cruel.

Her column called "Dear Joan," was created as support for the artists at York University and for a while her advice did help many of the artists who sought her opinion. James Grey, a fourth year music student said, "At first she really seemed to be able to hit the bulls-eye of a problem but, well I guess you could say, the cat got out of the bag."

Grey recalled how a novice lifedrawing model had once written Blown because she was nervous that the class would laugh at her. "She (Blown) made some observation about how people under certain situations cannot be cruel" and, said Grey, advised the model that "The class would not laugh at her if she affected a severe handicap problem."

Flames Handle, the editor of the paper, remembers the model's letter and the mass protests that followed some time later as Blown's column got more and more offensive. "That's when I first realized that we had a problem, I'm only sorry I let it go on so long," he said.

The column that finally lead to her

The column that finally lead to her being ousted from the paper contained a questionable response to a person who was worried about being onver-weight. The writer was worried that his weight would hamper his career as an actor. Blown suggested to the actor, who will remain unnamed, to "dress in tight clothing and pretend to be soft-sculpture."

When dozens of obese people stormed the offices in protest, Handle called a meeting of the executive. Feeling that they could no longer ignore the protests of its readers, the executive asked for her resignation.

Blown has not been available for questions although she has been seen actively working for Liberty Coalition here on campus.

ARTS CALENDAR

GALLERIES, CULTURE, AND SUCH

"Body Painting—Become Your Own Portrait." Discussions and demonstrations of the delicate art of nude body painting. Volunteer models needed. Please bring your discriminating taste and your favourite colour of paint. No perverts please. IOU Gallery. Dec. 3-10 at 2 pm.

Selections from the Inuit Collection of the AGYU, guest curated by Cynthia Cook. AGYU (N145 Ross) from Dec. 1-Jan. 29.

Winters Art Gallery (123 Winters) presents group shows from fourth year studios. A sculpture studio will run from Dec. 1-11.

Vincent Van Gogh discusses "Selfmutilation in Art." Zeke's Gallery at 8 pm, Dec. 4.

To Honour the Nativity with our Hearts, creches (nativity scenes) from Central and South America. Zacks Gallery (109 Stong) from Dec. 1-13.

Nazaeer Khan and Stella Capogna, dual exhibition of the sculptors' works. IDA Gallery (102 Fine Arts) until Dec. 4.

Nadine Norman, an exhibition of the artist's work. IDA Gallery (102 Fine Arts) from Dec. 7-11.

IDA Gallery presents an exhibition of children artists' works. One day only: Dec. 12 at 102 Fine Arts Bldg.

MUSIC (CLASSICAL AND OTHERWISE

Jazz Bash, performances by student jazz ensembles. Cash bar. All welcome to Winters Senior Common Room, Dec. 3 at 5 p.m.

ELVIS LIVES. The King will discuss and sing selections from his latest religious album: "Born Again Betwixt the Pearly Gates." Grad Lounge, Dec. 8, 8 p.m. Ticket prices based on spiritual need.

The Student Chamber Series Concert, T.B.A. All welcome to McLaughlin Hall on Dec. 4 at Noon.

The Schmenge Brothers, of SCTV fame, will appear at McDonald's Hall on Dec. 9 at 8 p.m. Come out and see the delightful duo play darling ditties on their accordian and bazukie

Wind Symphony Concert, with James Macdonald conducting. All welcome to McLaughlin Hall on Dec. 9 at 4 pm.

Fifth Column, a CHRY-sponsored

concert at the Grad Lounge, Dec. 14 at 8 pm.

DANCE (THE NIGHT AWAY)

"Mickey" Baryshnakov and Shelley Winters star as lead dancers in the Nutcracker Suite. Supporting cast: the kids from Fame. Performances can be seen in Atkinson Theatre from Dec. 3-10. Standing room only. Tickets \$30.00 for Seniors and Students, \$50.00 for Regular types.

Interested in Dancing for CASH? Would you jiggle for a buck? Then come to a Chippendile's recruiting meeting and audition at Central Square on Dec. 3, 4, and 5 at Noon. Bring your briefs.

THEATRE (ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH)

Theatre Glendon presents "Return of the III-Fitting Trousers" by John and Mike Erskene-Kellie from Dec. 10-12 at 8:30 pm. Theatre Glendon is located at 2275 Bayview Avenue at Lawrence. Tickets \$4.

Yikes Theatre Dept. presents "Waiting for Bardot" and "Breath of a Salesman" on alternate dates from Dec. 3-10 at 7 pm. Phone box office for details.

Wally Strindberg Theatre presents "The Ostracized Reindeer—the true story behind the shunning of Rudolph." Dec. 3-10 at 8 pm.

SEMINARS, GROUP TALKS OVER LUNCH, ETC.

Leonard Nimoy of Star Trek fame will talk about his experience on doing the mind probe with Fuhrer John Gill in the episode "Patterns of Force", Petrie Science Bldg. Room 206. Dec. 9 at Noon.

PUBLICATIONS (THEY'LL PRINT ANYTHING THESE DAYS

Stuart Ross, winner of the Bringing-Shame-to-Canada Literary Award, releases his latest work, "Bunnybaby: The Child with Magnificent Ears", the tale of a child done wrong by shabby journalism. Available at This Ain't the Rosedale Library, Letters, Room 302 Books, and the consignment section of the York Bookstore.

We would like to thank all of you who contributed to the ARTS CALENDAR this semester. May the fat man in the red suit be good to you. Happy holidays!

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ration. Your lack of diplomacy, however, will lead you to make

Romantically, this year will lead

Aries (March 21-April 19)

This year will figure prominently in the grand scheme of things for Aries. Your leadership qualities will allow you to rise to the top in whatever you do, but because of your tendency to use force rather than reason, this ascent will be by illegal rather than legal means. You will be the milk scum at the top of the societal cocoa cup. Your creativity and need for recognition will allow you to become the Monet of mobsters.

Your impulsive nature will draw you into a dead-end affair with a Virgo of questionable reputation. Soon after this, you will commit suicide, but no one will ever be quite sure just how you managed to hack off all your other limbs and throw yourself into the dumpster once you had severed the arm carrying the



Taurus (April 20-May 20)

The Taureans' love of comfort and their desire to conquer physical matter leads them into an innovative new field in the coming year-luxury mountain-climbing! This concept, which will start in the Canadian Rockies, will catch on like wildfire across the world. Your days will be spent jetting from Mount Everest to the Swiss Alps to the Andes Mountains in a plush cab pulled by professional mountain climbers, with the elegant appointments of a fullystocked bar, a large-screen television and a hi-fi stereo system.

Your need for emotional security causes you to latch onto the first Capricorn that you meet. Your possessiveness and intense jealousy cause you to do irrational things like handcuffing your partner to the bed in the morning so that they cannot leave the apartment, and only allowing him/her out wearing a studded dog collar with "Mine, All Mine" engraved on it. You will be arrested for perpetrating excessive sadistic acts on other human beings. You are confused that they think that your actions are excessive and while in holding you commit suicide.

Exclusive! Your horoscope for 1988



Gemini (May 21-June 21)

The Geminis' need to study and their adeptness at communication will lead them into the arena of talkshow host. Once you arrive in Tinsel Town you will be snapped up by Fox Broadcasting, desperate for anything to fill up their late-night schedule. Carson and Letterman will annihilate you in the first three nights and you will spend the rest of the week trying to convince everyone that your name is not Alan Thicke.

You beat a hasty retreat home where your ability to work well in emergencies persuades you to become a parademic. Because of your highstrung temperament, though, and your intense dislike of being bound by rules, you persist in driving against traffic and doing two-wheel U-turns in the ambulance when you get a call. Because you are a nonconformist, you refuse to return the ambulance when you are fired and use it as a recreational vehicle for your travels. You are strongly aligned with Aquarius, but become confused when the only ones you seem to attract die in the back of your RV. You commit suicide out of a sense of solidarity.



Cancer (June 22-July 22)

This coming year you will see Cancers become increasingly reclusive as they gravitate towards the home. You will, in fact, rarely leave your comfortable hearth. Your main focus will be the kitchen and you will let the rest of the house fall into disorder. Your furniture will start to decay, the curtains will never be drawn, mold will start growing in your bathtub and the little children passing by will refer to your house as "the Havisham place."

One day the police will arrive and you will be arrested for kidnapping and forcing a minor to watch television cooking programs. You will undergo psychiatric evaluations

excalibur

where it is discovered that your pedophilia is the result of a lifelong identification with Sebastian Cabot from "Family Affair." You will be ordered to do 300 hours of community service in a geriatric hospital. Because you don't like being told what to do, you thwart the officials and commit suicide.



Leo (July 23-August 22)

Leos will combine their desire to help other people with their strong sense of the dramatic and will explode into the world of televangelism this year.

Your overconfidence, though, leads you to challenge opponents who seem to have other plans for you. Oral Roberts will use his \$5 million salvation money to put a contract out on you, and Jim Bakker will urge Tammy Faye to sing for your redemption (and Lord knows! her singing could kill anyone).

You will establish a bunker where you plan the simultaneous assault on all your enemies at the Annual Televangelist Corn Shuck and Hog Roast, but you are betrayed by a Jessica Hahn lookalike and are forced into captivity at Hugh Hefner's Playboy mansion. You are depressed and confused and commit suicide by jumping head-first into the deep end of the drained kidney-shaped swimming pool.



Virgo (August 23-September 22)

Their microscopic tendencies and love of fashion will lead Virgos to become fashion critics in the coming year. With the demise of Mr. Blackwell, you will rise up in the ranks of the piranhas of print and handily destroy more lives as you critique the nation's wealthiest and tackiestdressed people.

You are a perfectionist, though, and far be it from you to tear down without having anything to replace it. So you start a design company to

fits for the socially élite. Your apparel will be aptly produced under the name of Virgin Designs. People, being the idiots that they are, get confused and believe you to be affiliated with Virgin Records and soon your factory will be inundated with people wanting replicas of Boy George's outfits. You will become disillusioned by all the media hype and because you cannot stand chaos, you retreat to your summer palace in

You are attracted to Taureans, but because you are highly repressed you can never achieve a fulfilling, soulmeeting union. This will confuse you, and you will commit suicide.



Libra (September 23-October 22) In the coming year, the romantic relationships of Libras will reach an all-time peak. You will be strongly attracted to every Cancer that you meet. But beware, because your need for companionship and desire for marriage will lead you into several bigamous liaisons resulting in alimony, palinony and child custody payments which will extend, most

likely, into the 21st century. Because you are an air sign, you will strive to deal reasonably with these problems. You will attempt to achieve an equilibrium by fulfilling your innate desire to be a peacemaker. You will travel to Lebanon, try to negotiate for the release of Terry Waite, attempt to initiate Middle East peace talks and, in the process, trigger off what will be the start of the Third World War. You will be depressed by the negative feedback and you will return home very confused. Before the bombs reach your hometown, you will commit suicide.



Scorpio (October 23-November 21) This coming year will see a Scorpio

Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

numerous and dangerous enemies out of the poor, unfortunate sods create exciting and extravagant outthat you crushed on your way to the you into a myriad of careless affairs with Leos. Your secrecy will lead you to participate in boardroom cabals and you will eventually be implicated in insider trading on the inter-

national stock markets. You are confused, but because you do not fear death you will not commit suicide. You will, however, most likely be murdered by a corporate enemy, an ex-lover or a rampaging stock broker with an Ouzi submachinegun, whoever gets to you



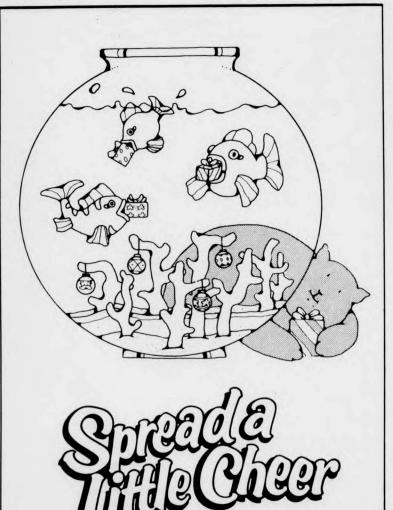
Sagittarius (November 23-December 21)

This year Sagittarians will be the centre and life of every party that they attend, and even some parties that they don't attend. Your natural concern for the well-being of society propels you to become involved in numerous charities, ranging from the Stop the Birds From Flying South in the Winter (because-everycreature-needs-a-settled-home) Campaign to the Drive to Donate Your Used Makeup to Tammy Faye Bakker.

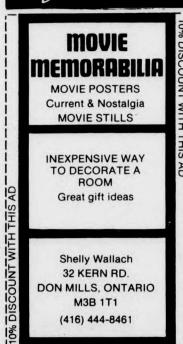
In the coming year, your star pattern shows a deep affinity with the pattern of Scorpio. Because of your straight-forward attitude to life, you will bulldoze through many of these relationships. You will finally decide to join a celibate monastic cult where you will shave your head, forsake all your possessions and acquaintances and join in the endless cycle of growing soy beans year after year. You will become severely depressed and confused. You will commit suicide.



Because of the Capricorn's need to cont'd on page 22









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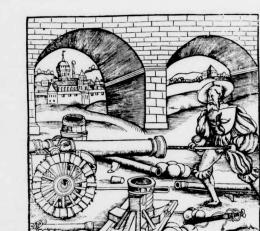
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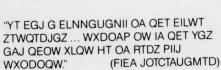


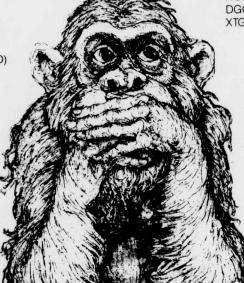
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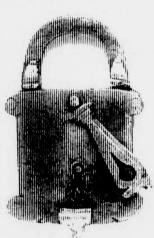
"HZ HOAJ JITW AIQ DLA OA QET NOATW IC YGD; HZ HOAJ DLAW DGQETD GNIAP QET NOATW IC XTGBT." (HGBMTAVOT MOAP)



"HZ TGDNOTWQ ZTGDW YTDE WBTAQTJ
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HZ UTNIRTJ CGQETD XTDHOQQTJ AI
IAT QI WXTGM TRON OA HZ
XDTWTABT." (NILOW DOTN)



"QETZ EGRT WXOTW GAJ QEOTRTW GAJ HTA IC TWXOIAGPT YEI YILNJ XOBM ZILD NIBM GAJ WQTGN ZILD AIQTUIIM." (FIEA G. HGBJIAGNJ)



"O EGRT AI WZHXGQEZ CID QET HGJ, AIOWZ, JLNNYOQQTJ GAJ WEIDQ-WOPEQTJ QEDIAP YEI BNGHILD CID YGD." (YONCDOJ NGLDOTD)

The most famous Canadian lets its taste do the talking. Solve cryptograms by letter substitution (eg. G is really A).

Sports Yeowomen basketball team sizes up competition

By RANDALL UGOLINI

For the past eight years, The Tait McKenzie Basketball Classic, York's annual women's 'hoop-fest, has showcased some of the foremost talent in Canadian women's basketball. This year was no exception.

Last weekend's Sunday final saw the U of T Blues, ranked #1 in the tournament, edge the McGill Martlets 89-80 to claim the championship. Earlier in the day, the hosting York Yeowomen lost to the Laval Rouge et Or to clinch a fourth place

The tournament represents a valuable phase in the pre-season preparation of the Yeowomen. According to captain Wanda Pighin, the tournament "is important because it helps us improve our ranking for the season which starts in January, and is an essential learning experience to prepare us for the season.

The Yeowomen's lessons began during their first game, a convincing 48-39 win over the Western Mustangs. With only four players on their depleted bench, the York squad played a disciplined first half, retiring with a 29-19 lead.

York came out with their version of the "blitzkrieg" in the second half. Forwards Wendee Beach and Heather Reid dominated on offence. Beach netting 12 points to lead the games' scorers and Reid, York's game MVP, spraying shots from around the perimeter of the key. Defensively, forward Sue Deryck corraled loose rebounds under the boards. This flurry was shortlived as York decided to sit on their lead and soon found themselves in a fivepoint game.

After the game, Yeowomen head coach Bill Pangos attributed the team's offensive lapse to "a lack of execution. We only had 19 points in the second half, you need a lot more if you want to win." Defensively, he indicated that "we can't afford to turn the switch on and off, you must have the switch on. When it's off you're susceptible to mistakes that can cost you.'

Tournament organizers were appar-

ently hoping for a York-U of T final, placing both teams at opposite ends of the draw. However, any such hopes were soon dispelled as the Yeowomen dropped their second game to the McGill Marlets.

Playing their best basketball of the tournament, York countered McGill's double teaming with their own brand of disciplined offence. At the half, the score was even at 34-34. In the second half, McGill's aggressive zone press put pressure on the Yeowomen, resulting in errant passes and key turnovers. As a result, McGill barely escaped with a 63-54 victory.

Shining for the Yeowomen were Wendee Beach who recorded 18 points and nabbed the York player of the game award. Liz MacDonald, York's premiere point guard also commandingly quarterbacked the offense throughout. Macdonald explained that pressure is a central obstacle which the team must overcome. "When we get frustrated, things break down," she said. "We are learning how to handle the pressure, but it takes a lot of discipline and it's easy to break down mentally."

On Sunday, the Yeowomen faced the fiesty Laval Rouge et Or for third place. York contained Laval's explosive offence during the first half with a solid zone defence to tie at 28.

However, the second half saw Laval completely shut York down. Applying pressure to York through their defensive press, Laval swarmed the zone. York was unable to penetrate inside. York was consequently relegated to forcing hasty, low percentage shots from the outside.

Frustration soon befell the Yeowomen and things broke down. Laval was scoring from everywhere on the court, and at the final buzzer the score was 76-50. Outstanding Yeowoman Sue Deryck copped the York player of the game honours. Overall, coach Pangos was satisfied with his team's showing in the tournament, stating that "we have a gutsy team and they responded to the test pretty well."

The Yeowomen have one tournament remaining before the regular season. With the eventual return of star guard Michelle Sund, and the seasoning of the rookies (which make up a third of the team), the squad is confident that they can give the top teams in their division a run for their collective funds. Bill Pangos is confident of the team's potential, saying, "Our goal is second or third in our division. U of T and Laurentian better watch out because we cannot be taken for granted, and we are not going to stand still."

Sports editors wind up in slammer

By PETER PARKER

After repeated counts of scalping tickets at a number of sporting events within one weekend, Excalibur Sports Editors James Hoggett and Garry (sometimes known as "Howie") Marr were convicted and sentenced to three weeks imprisonment.

It is the most severe sentence ever handed down in Provincial Court history for this crime, and could set a precedent for future offenders.

The two sports editors are presenting serving their sentence at the provincial Don Jail where they are reported to be in good spirits and extremely apologetic for their crime.

We ran out of money at McDonald's," said Hoggett, "and we still had to go for dinner, and Garry was forced to get the six-pack of Chicken McNuggets instead of the 20-pack. That's what happens on an empty stomach-people do crazy things."

After hunger consumed Hoggett's and Marr's minds, they quickly dove into their pockets and produced the six remaining Vanier Cup tickets which they were unable to give away at last week's Excalibur contest. "We tried, but no one was interested," said Marr. "So we thought, why not make a few bucks and scalp them?"

Reaction to the incident was mixed at Excalibur. When contacted, Editor-in-Chief James Flagal commented on his sub-editors' arrest by saying, "I'm really pissed off that I have to layout the entire sports section on my own.'

Production Manager Kevin-Connolly was sympathetic toward Hoggett and Marr, saying "It was a shame but understandable as they slaved many hours on the paper without pay. All they wanted was to make some money so they could afford lunch." Connolly added, "I really don't think it was a crime, after all, nobody was going to use the

News Editor David Dollard was less sympathetic towards his two colleagues. "It was one of those sad occasions when two men desperate for money were forced to resort to scalping, something I thought had disappeared with the cowboys and Indians," Dollard said.

tickets anyway."

"I hope they nail those bastards to

the wall," added Dollard, "because the seats they sold me were shit."

Upon their release, Hoggett and Marr will be stripped of their editorial duties at Excalibur and demoted to writing classified ads.

Arresting officer Sean O'Shale commented that "these two are the most despicable criminals I've ever had the displeasure of dealing with." O'Shale added, "If I had my way, I would send them up the river for

Hoggett and Marr will both be released in time to spend Christmas with their families, but will remain on a two-month probation period where they must report daily to their probation officer, be held to an 11:00 curfew and be restricted from attending all sports events.



UP, UP, AND AWAY: York's Wendee Beach tries to stuff McGill's Leah Hayman as she drives for the basket. The Yeowomen had to settle for fourth place in the tournament.



YOU THE GUY WITH THE DAMN YOU, HOGGETT, I TOLD NIGHTSTICK WAS A COP": Hoggett and Marr will be serving their sentence somewhere in the Don Jail along with the roaches.

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PUTTING IT IN: York's Brian MacDonald and Nick Kiriakou are all over Toronto goalie Paul Hunter. York's top line of MacDonald, Kiriakou and Greg Rolston continued to dominate this past week.

Yeomen win streak ends at 12

By JAMES HOGGETT

One has to look quite a few years back to see when the hockey Yeomen were off to such an impressive start as this years' 87/88 campaign.

Over the weekend the Yeomen racked up win number 11 and 12 at the expense of Laurier and Toronto, but the winning streak came to a halt on Sunday when York faced off against Waterloo. This brings their record to 12-0-1.

Last Thursday the Yeomen dumped Laurier 7-5, but not without some close moments.

Going into the third period the Yeomen were on top 5-1, but in the third Laurier battled back. With one minute to go in the final period and trailing 6-5, Laurier pulled their goalie. Taking advantage of the undefended goal, York's Brian MacDonald scored to make the final

Leading the way in scoring for the Yeomen with four goals was Greg Rolston who was also selected player of the game. Other goal scorers for York were Brian MacDonald, Nick Kiriakou and Neven Kardum, each adding singles.

"This year we have to work a lot harder because we're hurting a little injury wise," Rolston said. "We can't afford to let up on the pressure if we want to win games."

In their game against Toronto on

Friday, a similar fate occurred as the Yeomen were up 4-2 with less than four minutes to go.

Taking advantage of a York penalty, Toronto's Eric Orschel scored on the powerplay to bring them within one.

Toronto, continuing to apply pressure pulled their goalie in the last minute to give them an extra attacker. With only 14 seconds left in the period, York won a face off deep in their own end. Kent Brimmer then fed a perfect pass to an open Brian Small to put the nail in Toronto's coffin and send the Toronto fans home, mourning a 5-3 loss.

"What happened in both the Laurier game and in this one was we fell into a lapse," said head coach Graham Wise. "As a team we have to learn to go a full 60 minutes, especially against teams like Laurier and Toronto."

Goal scorers for York were Brian MacDonald, Dave Andreoli, Rob Crocock, Brian Small and Nick Kiriakou.

"I thought we played a good game and came on really strong in the third," said Varsity Blues head coach Paul Titanic.

Titanic was replaced behind the Toronto bench by assistent coach Mark Teskey. Titanic had to watch the game from the stands after being suspended one game for verbally abusing a referee in a previous game.

"York may be having some injury trouble," Titanic said, "but they have the best depth of any team in the OUAA."

In Sunday's game against Waterloo, York's luck finally ran out. York had built up a 4-2 lead on goals from MacDonald (2), Greg Rolston, and Dave Andreoli, but that was not enough against the tough Warrior squad.

"I thought the guys played excellent hockey," Wise said, "especially since it was our third game in five nights, which is a tough haul for any team."

Penalties played a big factor, leading to the Yeomen's demise as Waterloo scored three powerplay goals.

"We had to play shorthanded for the last 20 minutes of the game," Wise said. "You can only play shorthanded for so long, then something has to give."

The Yeomen's next game is tonight at 7:30 against the visiting Brock Badgers.

Over the holidays the Yeomen will be off to Calgary to compete in the Calgary Tournament and then it's back home to play in the North York Tournament in the new year before resuming regular season play against Guelph in January.

Yeomen and Maple Leafs switch

By LESS NESMAN

It is a cold winter evening, just one week prior to the December break. As you enter the Ice Palace, you see the sign across the rink which reads "Maple Leafs vs McGill Redmen." Your mind is in disbelief, you pick up a roster sheet, and sure enough it lists the Redmen on one side and the Leafs on the other side. The standings are posted on the door: The Maple Leafs occupy the basement of the OUAA Central, the Redmen are in the basement of the OUAA East, neither team having won a game to

As you take your seat at one end of the ice rink, you see coach Brophy lead his troops out of the locker room, in the so-called "Press Box." Old Ballard sports a Havana cigar and waves to his troops in the blue and white as they skate onto the ice for the pre-game warm up. Quickly the stands begin to overflow, the Press Box is crowded with media personnel. Mel Broitman, play-by-play man for CHRY FM scratches his head in disbelief as Phil "the Organist" warms up his keyboard.

In a dramatic turn of events, Pal Hal negotiated a deal with the York adminstration that brought the sinking Maple Leafs to the Ice Palace and sent Graham Wise and the Yeomen to the Gardens. "We wanted to put the Leafs in a winning building,"

explained Ballard. "The Yeomen had been winning for so long, we thought maybe the magic of the Ice Palace would work for us. So far it hasn't, but give the kids some time to adjust," Ballard added. In order to complete the deal, Peter Barnsley and the OUAA made it clear that Hal and the Leafs would have to compete in the OUAA for at least one season. The entire play, like every other plan of Ballard's, has backfired. The Leafs have not won a game and have yet to score a goal, yet the fans continue to pack the Ice Palace."

Meanwhile, downtown at the Gardens, the Yeomen have just completed a three-game road trip that saw them annihilate the Oilers, Canadiens, and Flames of the big leagues. The Yeomen are tops in the Norris, undefeated through 30 games. Greg Rolston and Nick Kiriakou lead the league in scoring and only a handful gather to watch the Yeomen entertain the Red Wings. "I can't understand why the Leafs had such a hard time in this league or in this building," said coach Graham Wise. In the stands: there are a few Yeomen banners, Batman and Robin work the P.A. and Rudy won-who has been at every Yeomen game since he was borncontemplates for a seat.

The Ice Palace is now filled to capacity as Iafrate and Salming

skate around the ice surface. CHRY's' Mel Broitman remains in a state of confusion. "Where are the Yeomen? I can't believe this! You mean the Yeomen are playing in the Gardens! Forget this, I'm going to see some real hockey!" Broitman exclaimed when told of the deal.

After 60 minutes of hockey, the Leafs were treated to a good old fashioned whipping at the hands of the Redmen, the final score read Redmen 7 Leafs 0. At the Gardens, York dumped the Red Wings 4-0. Rudy Won files out shaking hands with Graham Wise, and Broitman has just finished yet another game, this time from the Gardens—a first for the 30 year old English Lit. Student (Broitman is obtaining his second degree just to cover the Yeomen).

Four hundred plus fans file out of the Ice Palace whispering: "What a game."

"Iafrate's great, wait until we get Wendel back." There may not be a winner on the ice, but the fans have finally turned up at the Ice Palace. As for the Yeomen, they'll probably spend another year in anonymity, this time at the Gardens. Graham Wise comments: "It doesn't matter to us so long as we keep winning." And win they do, maybe someday the fans will want to see a winner.

Broitman bites off . . . more than he can chew

By CHUCK CUNNINGHAM (Ritchie's infamous brother)

Mel Broitman, station manager and popular play by play man for CHRY, was rushed to hospital Friday immediately following a Yeomen

Broitman was taken to Branson hospital with a hockey puck lodged in his mouth. Attending physician, Dr. Joseph Rockhead, said he was unsure whether or not to remove the puck; saying "we're hoping it will go through the digestive system by itself. Senior physicians on call in the emergency ward doubted this technique would work.

In the interim Broitman will still be providing play-by-play coverage of all events broadcast by CHRY. As sports director Karim Hajee com-mented: "a muffled Mel is better than nothing."

The incident occurred about midway through the second period of the York-Laurier contest. A Yeomen player had bounced the puck up the boards, but the puck went over the glass into the timekeeper area, where it deflected off the announcer's head up into the press box and into Broitman's mouth. Broitman was unavailable for a muffled comment.

Rob Martellacci, in charge of sports promotions for the athletic department, said that many people at the university were worried about



"I'LL HAVE A COKE, TOO": Broitman looks for something to wash down his dinner with

an incident like this happening. "We had a report commissioned last year that called for the building of protective glass, but unfortunately we spent all our money on schedules this

Broitman was unable to comment on whether or not he was considering legal action against the university, but he did indicate he was taking a vacation with money from an unexpected windfall. Broitman will be in the Dominican Republic this week promoting his new book Earning a Quick Buck. In the mean time sources at CHRY say that the station is planning a major expansion with funds from an anonymous donation.

The Broitman incident is apparently not an isolated occurence. All over North America newspeople are increasingly finding themselves at risk at sporting events. In Boise, Idaho last month a sportscaster had a golf ball lodged in a part of her anatomy. It cost the broadcaster five hours on the operating table, and the player one stroke.

Elsewhere in Eugene, Oregon a man almost swallowed a baseball during the second inning of the Little League World Series. Doctors eventually were forced to unravel the baseball to free it from his mouth. A Rawlings spokesman said that he did not see how the company can be held responsible for what happens with its baseball. Mr. J.P. Carborundum, assistant vice-president in charge of public relations for Rawlings, stated, Rawlings does not claim that their balls cannot be swallowed by players or spectators at events. In future there will be a disclaimer on all Rawlings baseballs warning of the

In the meantime certain special interest groups are calling for a ban on all Rawlings products. A government spokesperson said that Rawlings will no longer be able to advertise on billboards.

Spokesperson for the broadcasters of America, Mr. Tilley Shimelstone, said that his organization is now in the process of educating its members on safety. "Starting next week we will be providing classes in the art of ducking. We're talking about the whole generation of newspeople who were never taught the fundamentals" said Shimelstone.

York takes out Guelph

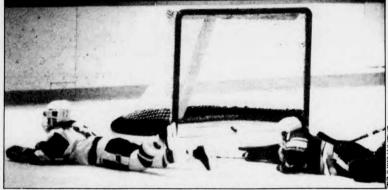
By "HOWIE" MARR

The hockey Yeowomen continue to have a surprisingly strong season, despite their relatively new team. The Yeowomen have only five returning players this year with the rest of the team being made up of

The Yeowomen challenged Guelph last Thursday at the Ice Palace. The Gryphons had beat the Yeowomen in their first confrontation this year. Coming into the match Guelph's only win was against the Yeowomen. The Yeowomen took advantage of home ice to pick up a 3-2 victory over the Gryphons.

York started quickly against Guelph scoring one minute into the first period. A Kim Downard shot went in like a knuckleball as it eluded Gryphon goalie Beth Farley. Picking up assists on the play were Linda Upton and Val Flemming.

The Yeowomen looked like they were ready to take control of the game when Angie McCollun made it 2-0 on a breakaway. Goalie Connie Wrightsel received an assist on the semi-spectacular breakaway. McCollun put the puck by the



BOBBY ORR OR WHAT? Angie McCollun scores on a breakaway that takes one back to the Stanley Cup final between Boston and St.

Guelph goalie while falling to the ice.

Guelph was not out of it and came back to make it 2-1 at the end of the first period. Barb Snedden scored on a scramble in front of the net to close the gap for Guelph. Guelph later came back to tie the game at two in the second period. Andrea Robertson scored for Guelph from Jenny Petterson. The game was extremely even through two, with shots on goal favouring York by a 16-14 margin.

In the third period Guelph started putting on the pressure as they tried for an upset victory. However, Wrightsel kept the Yeowomen in the

game with some great saves. The Yeowomen responded by scoring a late goal to give them a 3-2 win.

Linda Preston let a wicked shot go from the point that found the net. In on the play were Wendy Derjugin and Kelly Vandenthillant with assists. Final shots on goal favoured York by a slim 20-19.

York coach, Sue Gaston said the arena was a big difference in York's win this time. "Guelph's arena is much smaller," said Gaston. She continued by saying, "our goaltending was just fantastic."

Marr and Hoggett tyranny over

Now that Hoggett and "Howie" are finally behind bars where they belong for overcharging on those Vanier Cup bookmarks, I figured it would be a good time to vent a little gas (no, you don't have to clear the room) to the public about what it's like to be a sports writer on this dandy little weekly. No doubt the



general readership has no idea how much abuse we go through to pound out these little gems week in and week out. People seem to have the impression that sports writers are just a bunch of lunkheads, but no way, not us.

Take for example the athletes.

When they win we just can't say it enough, but when they get bounced-look out. And the type of questions we have to ask, like: "So how did you feel when the snap from the centre went over your head? . . . okay, now what about the second time?" Nobody wants to know what a football player thinks about free

trade, no way. And then we have to put up with our fellow writers here at the paper who figures it's a smart sports writer who can find his way out of a locker room. Every time I walk into the newspaper office they all run over to turn on my typewriter, figure they'll save me some time working it out. Hell, I could do poetry reviews or cover lays. I like poetry (just keep it short) and the only difference between sports and a play is that you can find out ahead of time how a play will end up.

News is even easier. If nothing's

happening just make it up, nobody has to know. Or stash a kilo of coke up in the Senate Chamber, that's what I'd call news, and it should be enough to keep a news writer busy for a couple of days.

Then we have to put up with the jailbirds themselves, our beloved sports editors. They should have been locked up years ago for what they've been doing to our stories. Every week, like clock-work, I would hand in one beauty of a story after another, and these two would perform all kinds of unspeakables, like grammar, commas, periods (not the 20-minute type), and cutting out all the good swear words.

Well, they won't get their hands on this baby, and if the cops find that little printing press Jimmy has hidden in his basement, well, you just might get to see lots more real good sports writing from here on in.

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accomplish something of magnitude, they will embark on projects this year that most sane people would leave alone. Your love of order and your capacity for hard work will propel you into the political arena (although order, work and politics are usually antithetical). You will be lauded as the "Politician of the Future." Your desire for financial security will not be assuaged by your political life, however, and you will resort to covert means for meeting your monetary needs. You will start gun-running for organizations such as the IRA, the PLO, the FLA, and the CIA.

In the coming year, you will be attracted to the sign Pisces, but your relationships will break down when you refuse to pay for anything from dinner at Wendy's to the coinoperated bed in the motel that you frequent. Your stinginess will be your romantic downfall.

Your political life will deteriorate, once it is discovered that you grated away several important documents as a child while your mother was preparing dinner. You are disillusioned and confused. You will commit suicide.



Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

The "I know" principle, which rules the sign of Aquarius, indicates that most Aquarians will, in the coming year, be propelled into careers as game show hosts and/or vacuous assistants. You will become annoyed easily, though, when people ask you to repeat questions or the rules and you may resort to verbal and physical abuse on the air.

During the ensuing investigation by the Game Shows' Ethics Board, it will be discovered that you have been embezzling prizes over the years for your own personal consumption. When the police raid your residence they find your cupboards full of Rice-A-Roni, your car gleaming from daily applications of Turtle Wax and your bedroom closets lined with P.S. Gitano jeans.

Romantically, you are just as much a non-conformist as in your professional life. Although you are strongly attracted to Gemini, you adamantly maintain that you just want to be 'friends.' The hormone levels in your body rise in rebellion causing you to feel disoriented and confused. You will commit suicide.



Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Pisceans will experience a vague year because of the fight between the real world and their own dreamworld which they strive to stay in contact with. When you do surface to the real world, your desire to ease suffering and your desperate need to do the right thing leads you to form "Hands Across Toronto" for all the orphan cats in Metro, but you only get a chain of people as far as the 7-Eleven down your street. Because of your aversion to struggle, you collect all the money donated and treat all the participants to a Super Big Gulp. Your overactive imagination leads you to believe that these same participants will turn you into the police for fraud.

Your fear will cause you to flee the country and seek asylum in Cuba where you will become involved with a string of Arians. Your indecisiveness, however, will cause you to be constantly late because you can never decide whether to match your top to your shoes, your belt to your shoes, your socks to your tie, your shirt to your socks, your top to your bottom, etc. You then will become upset and confused when you are apparently stood up by dates who are tired of waiting for you. You will commit suicide.

GLASSAGT



OUR BEER AROUND HERE

OMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

PATHFINDER PRESS presents Che Guevarn and the Cubun Revolution, a new collection of Che's writings on Friday, December 4, 8 p.m. at St. Christopher House, 761 Queen St. W. For more info call 531-1372.

FREE TO BE ME ... a Lesbian and Lesbian positive sober dance presented by: New Women in Sobriety. Saturday, December 5, 9 p.m. The Party Centre, 167 Church Street. \$7.00/door. For info:

ATKINSON COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIA-TION—Notice of Annual General Meeting. Friday, January 22, 1988, Crowe's Nest Common Room, 7-8 p.m. Council Membership Registration, 8 p.m. Commencement of Business. Nominations for positions on the Executive Committee or motions which require a vote of the membership can be sent to the Secretary, 258E Atkinson College.

PARTY DRESS—Black velvet, strapless. Worn once. Value \$235.00, selling for \$145. Size 5. Call

ONE WAY TICKET (Male), Toronto-Vancouver, WardAir. Also includes flight from Vancouver to Vancouver Island. Leaves December 19. \$200 or b.o. 781-9406 (between 11 and 12 p.m. or days on the weekends).

COMPLETE COMPUTER SYSTEM—Apple IIC and Epson Dot Matrix Printer. Program accessories included. \$1,000. Call 972-1237 and leave message

CHRISTMAS IS COMING! Looking for ideal cause. Miniature 6 inch Gum Ball Machines are the perfect gift for friends and family. ALL PROCEEDS GO TOWARDS THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN OF TORONTO. Only \$3.50, including the gum. Larger machines available, glass encased with stand, over 3 feet tall. Call Peter Donato at 736-5481, 8th floor Bethune Residence. On weekends, call 477-5446 or 477-7277.

HELP WANTED SKI INSTRUCTORS required for 1987-88. Certification would be an asset. If not we will train Contact: Alex Stephen 85 Eglinton Ave. E., Ste. 202A (416) 482-2521

GIFT WRAPPERS-Creative, individuals for gift wrapping at locations throughout Toronto. Managers \$6.00/hour with bonus. Wrappers minimum wage. Full and part time, December 1 to December 24, 781-0790.

PART-TIME RECEPTIONIST for Real Estate office at Yonge and Steeles. Alternate evenings and weekends. Will try to accommodate study schedule. Good typing skills and telephone manner Real Est-ate experience an asset but will train. Call Rainy at

SPECIAL CAREER WORKSHOP—Learn about a career in Art Therapy while gaining self-knowledge through a workshop where no prior art background is necessary. December 12, 1987, Toronto Art Therapy Institute, 216 St. Clair Ave. W 924-6221. Fee: Student Rate of \$12.00.

GENERAL LABOURERS REQUIRED for ALUMINUM MOLDS AND PATTERN, 50 Iron-dale Dr. Weston. \$7.00/hour. Duties: clean-up-crew, grinding aluminum castings, odd Johs. Flexible hours! I to 24 hours per week. Call for interview 749-3000 contact Ted.

AUDITIONS—Casting for 2nd, 3rd year York films: consider ages 6 to 60. Sunday, December 6 12-4 p.m. at the film department (Ross basement). Questions? 739-1917 (Monika) or 739-0517 (Doug).

ASSISTANT NEEDED to work with E.C.E. teacher in child care centre. Small groups of 4 or 5 year olds. Hours Monday to Friday, 7:30-11 a.m. \$6.50/hour. 221-STAR

HELP WANTED: PIZZA PIZZA LTD. Evenings and weekends; downtown location. Telephone and typing experience preferred. \$6.75 hourly with a 3 month review. Call between 11 and 6 Monday

OPERATION SPRINGBOARD is a non-profit agency that works with people in trouble with the law. Help make your community a safer place to live—become a volunteer. Call 785-3666.

8 8 0 GUITAR LESSONS AVAILABLE on campus at Winters College Monday and Friday. Specializing in rock music. Inquiries call Rob 757-4817.

ERSONALS

SINGLES GROUP for college and university educated men and women. Functions are held bi-monthly. Parties, Cocktail Receptions, Cultural Outings. Ages 25-45. Call High Society 663-8908. SURPRISE! HAPPY 22ND BIRTHDAY

PETER. Any new gray hairs today? Have a great day anyway. Love Bev. FRIENDS AND LOVERS is a new non-profit discrete introduction service for students by students. 'Ladies Special' free trial membership. Inquiries/Suggestions: P.O. Box 8081, Substation 41, London, Ontario N6G 2BO.

PUBLICATIONS BUNNYBABY IS COMING! New from Proper Tales Press, Bunnybaby: The Child with Magnificent Ears, poems by Stuart Ross. Available early December at This Ain't the Rosedale Library, Letters, Room 302 and the consignment section of the York bookstore.

RIDE WANTED TO OTTAWA-Friday, December 11. Share costs. 739-1913. E R V I C E S

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GRADUATING THIS YEAR? Register now for On-Campus Recruiting, Contact the Career and Placement Centre. Room N108 Ross.

LEGAL PROBLEMS? CLASP can help! We're the student-run legal aid clinic at Osgoode Hall Law School. Call us at 736-5029-if we can't take your case, we'll refer you to someone who can.

TRAVEL OPPORTUNITIES

ENIOY A JAZZ HOLIDAY IN HAVANA CUBA for Reading Week, 9th International Latin Jazz PLAZA FESTIVAL One Week February 14-2, 1988 from \$775 (dbl. occ.) Includes: Air, hotel and 2 meals. For more info call 534-2550.

TRAVEL REPRESENTATIVE OR ORGAN-IZATION needed to promote Reading Week trip to Florida. Gain experience in marketing. Earn money and free trip. Call InterCampus Programme at 1-800-433-7707 for more information.

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TUTORS REQUIRED for all subjects in the Brampton and Mississauga area. Call Centre for Achievement 964-3826.

TUTOR IN MATH AND COMPUTER—Help with your thesis and exam. Quick advising for peo-ple new on computer. Expert in SAS, SPSS, MIN-ITAB, LINDO, LOGO, IBM and 6502 ASSEMBLER. Call 661-5670 after 8 p.m.

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HISPANIC STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION invites all to its General Meeting on December 4th at 2-4 p.m., Vanier College Senior Common Room.

CLUBS

YORK

EXPERIENCED SKI RACERS interested in being a member of the York Varsity Ski team (Male and Female) please attend a meeting on Tuesday, January 5 at 5:15 p.m. in the McLaughlin JCR. Any queries contact Murray at 739-1999.

LESBIAN AND GAY ALLIANCE Potluck Dinner To End The Year will be held this Thursday at 5 p.m. in the Purple Lounge on the second floor of the Fine Arts Building.

INTER-FRATERNITY AND SORORITY COUNCIL—Did you know that York has one? Like some more information? If so, phone Joe at 889-0917 or Dina at 635-5506.

YORK DEBATING SOCIETY NEEDS YOU! Learn to improve your debating and public speaking skills in a friendly and relaxed atmosphere. Enjoy organized debates at other Canadian Universities and Colleges funded by York Debating Society. We meet Wednesdays at 5 p.m. in S104 Ross. Bring a fixed

WORRIED ABOUT THE NEUTERING OF THE NATION? Interested in "Big Lie" Tech-niques? Unsure about your Patriotism? Maybe the Council of Canadians can help. We're around. Somewhere. P.S. Stop Free Trade.

SKI MONT SAINTE ANNE and party in Quebec City during the New Year! From \$229!! Includes transportation, 5 nights in a 4 star hotel, shuttle bus and all taxes and gratuities. Book now. No service charges! For more info contact Lamond at 663-6053.

YORK MALAYSIAN SINGAPOREAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION presents Christmas dinner and dance on Wednesday, December 23 at 7 p.m. in Winters Dinnig Hall. For further information of the control of mation, contact Amy at 736-4875.





FRI & SAT, 11:30 a.m.-1:00 a.m. **Amstel Brewery**

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