

excalibur

YORK UNIVERSITY'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

Jazz!

by Jason Nolan

Montreal is a city where Jazz never sleeps. More than 12 hours a day of solid Jazz, seven days a week! Well, it's only one week a year, but the Montreal Jazz festival, running from June 30 to July 8, has enough events that it would take a full year to see them all, and longer to recuperate.

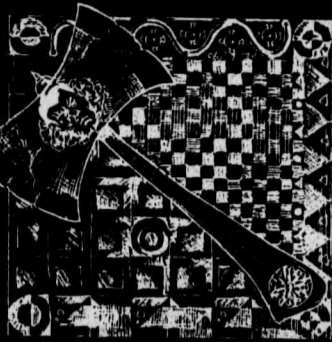
Coming on the heels of the death of Meech and its popular burial on St. Jean Baptiste Day, the festival could easily have been a time of tension and linguistic hostility. It is a tribute to the power of music that it was not. The fact that the majority of headlining acts (the ones you have to pay to see) were American set the tone for the festival: musicians and fans of diverse origins were united by a common passion: Jazz.

In an attempt to avoid the noise complaints of previous years, the outdoor venues were centralized in a three block area of downtown Montreal. The site, bordered by rue Clark, boul. Rene Levesque, boul. de Maisonneuve and rue de Bleury, contained 14 —count 'em, 14! — venues, of which nine were reserved for free concerts. This did not include the eight clubs grouped under the banner "Les Nuits de Montreal," which hosted mainly free concerts featuring many acts not seen at regular festival venues.

I'm not even going to try to mention all the prime acts that graced the festival this year. Past masters include the late Chet Baker and Jaco Pastorius, Ray Charles, Bobby McFerrin, Tom Waits, Ella Fitzgerald and the late Sarah Vaughan. Pat Metheny returned. After his free concert last year, at which he wowed more than 100,000 fans with the signature sounds of his synclavier, he played on a bill with, get this, musicians extraordinaire Jack DeJohnette, Herbie Hancock and Dave Holland.

continued on page 6

I WRITE WITH AN AXE



by Brett Gellert

It seems I can't escape the ever-growing trend of people lifting weights. I have several friends who (and this is for personal enjoyment) lift things that weigh about the same as a car from the 50s, maybe a Buick. Now, I know it's good to be health conscious, but I was wondering what lifting that much weight could be good for. It is not as practical as, say, running.

Historically speaking, running fast was a great bonus to an otherwise stupid animal. I can already sense you saying: "Now what the hell is he talking about?" Think of it in terms of the animal world. What animal would spend all that time evolving from the sea, a perfectly nice, warm place where there was no such thing as income tax, and evolve to a point where the mainstay of life was owning a swimming pool?

Back to running. When something happened to a human, it would grunt, get a strange look on its face, and turn tail and disappear, much like the Prime Minister. Running was a good defense.

Now in the Grand Scheme of Things, I don't see why evolution gave us the ability to lift ridiculously heavy objects. I mean it's not like we carry our money around in safes instead of wallets. Yet, you still see people hanging around in gyms building their bodies up to the size of Volkswagens.

What's worse than all that time lifting heavy things is the diet. Nutrition and weight lifting go hand in hand, like Geraldo Rivera and airborne furniture. You constantly see weight lifters eating things like galvanized bean curd. I can guarantee

that if you had eaten nothing but lettuce for three weeks, you'd be lifting dump trucks looking for some real food, like McDonalds. Okay, not McDonalds, but you know what I mean. The food is important. "There's nothing like a well-balanced meal," my friends will say, as they lift the equivalent of a movie theatre, their eyes bulging out of their heads like they've been kicked in the groin by a mule.

After you adopt the proper diet, the next step is to willingly give up hours of your time. If you stand outside any gym, you can watch people covered in muscles stumbling out asking who won World War Two. My question is: doesn't weight lifting get boring after a while? I mean, how many times can you lift something that makes blood pump through your head, producing intense pain like that caused by a Janis Joplin album, before you get bored?

I can plainly see the importance of physical fitness. I'm sure that, without the various gyms that exist in Toronto alone, the steel industry would hit the skids. Besides, without weight lifters, where would professional wrestlers come from? Okay, beside insane asylums.

But ultimately, who can argue against weight lifting when you remember that it spawned one of the quintessential thespians of the last few decades, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Let's face it: the world would be a sadder place without people pumping iron. Even if in the Grand Scheme of Things, it doesn't make much sense.

The Stalkyard

Handbook takes a new approach 1990-91

By Salman A. Nensi

The new Student Handbook will contain many improvements over last year's *Tentanda Via!* It will have more information and be more graphically appealing say the new coeditors, Karen Hill and John Montesano. They are revamping the entire publication.

"We are cribbing ideas from other student handbooks," said Hill, "we're looking at different fonts and layouts for the calendar section. Last year's [handbook] lacked imagination; I think the students will be pleased with this year's book."

In addition to altering the book graphically, there will be a section of articles and commentary, all written on a voluntary basis by students from the Caribbean Student's Association, Environmental Studies Department, and others.

Subjects covered include: A history of York and student movements, racism, women's issues, YFS spending, the environment, homophobia, AIDS awareness, Black History Month, a mapping of student government, and drug/alcohol awareness.

The handbook will also contain a list of the clubs on campus, student service, campus media, telephone directory and the usual calendar.

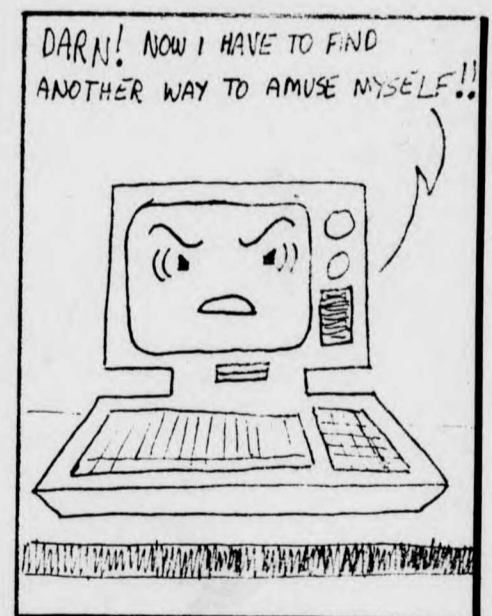
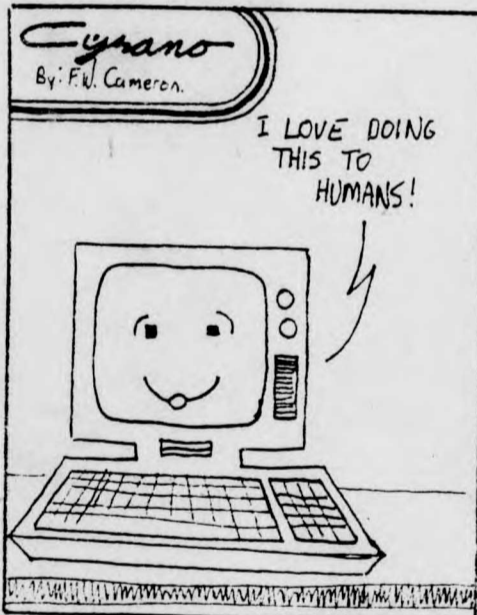
This year's book will be smaller in size, have twice the circulation (20,000) and be totally oriented towards the students. "It is by the students, for the students," said Montesano. "There will be no messages from the administration, or anything like that." "We are trying to give students a feel for the issues on campus," added Hill.

The handbook will pay for itself entirely. The staff salaries (\$200/wk x 12 weeks plus 7.5% commission on all ads each) and printing will cost the students nothing.

YFS Vice-President (Finance) Brad Abrams has not even accounted for the handbook in his budget. "The complete cost will be socialized into the charge to advertisers. Two years ago, the book cost \$12,000, last year \$700. This year we're looking to break even."

Last year's handbook was called *Tentanda Via!*, York's motto, which in Latin means, "The way must be tried." The coeditors are considering changing the name because, "most students don't know what it means and those that do usually associate it with York's administration." At this time they have not chosen the new name, but a multitude of possibilities are being considered.

The handbook is right on schedule for the printer's August 3 deadline and will be distributed at the fall/winter Registration Fair and during the Orientation period.



LET US PREPARE YOU FOR THE
OCT. 6, 1990 LSAT
OR THE
OCT. 20, 1990 GMAT

- Each course consists of 20 hours instruction for only \$190 or 32 hours for only \$260
- Courses are tax deductible
- Complete review of each section of each test
- Extensive home study materials
- Your course may be repeated at no additional charge

Classes for the Oct. 6, 1990 LSAT
20 hour course Sept. 8, 9,
Sept. 22, 23, 1990
32 hour course May 8, 9, 22, 23, 1990

Classes for the Oct. 20, 1990 GMAT
20 hour course Oct. 12, 13, 14, 1990
32 hour course Oct. 6, 7, 13, 14, 1990

For information:
GMAT/LSAT Preparation Courses
(416) 923-PREP



Crystal Court

FINE CHINESE & SZECHUAN CUISINE

Fully Licensed

1300 Finch Avenue West, Downsview, Ontario M3J 3K2
(Keele/Finch)

- *Dining Lounge
- *Business Luncheon Special
- *Take Out or Delivery
- *Special Occasion Party & Birthday Party

無任歡迎
堂食外賣
炒粉麵飯
煲仔鐵板
名爐燒臘
粵菜小炒

Delivery start at 11:30a.m.

739-6600

華晶閣



Toronto
Art Therapy
Institute

The Toronto Art Therapy Institute and the Institute for Arts and Human Development at the Lesley College Graduate School in Cambridge Mass. have completed arrangements for a co-operative program of studies leading to a masters degree in the expressive arts therapies. Students and graduates of the Toronto Art Therapy Institute 2 year diploma program, are eligible to apply to the Lesley College Masters degree program in the Expressive Art Therapies where their graduate-level training at the Toronto Art Therapy Institute will be given credit as part of the Lesley Masters program.

To complete their Masters degree, students spend two summers at Lesley College for 2 five week periods. If you would like to receive further information about this joint effort, please contact our office and a staff person will be pleased to talk to you.

216 St. Claire West Avenue,

Tel: 924-6221.

FEATURE FEATURE

Year-long tour of China, Israel, Vietnam, for peace

by Michele Greene

"One point the Chinese students were trying to make was that their form of change is Chinese. They aren't necessarily looking for a Western style society. They want change to come about in a Chinese way," said Rosalind Irwin, a York graduate student who recently returned to campus after an eight and a half month trip around the world.

Entitled "World Politics of Peace and conflict — Peace with Peaceful Means," the global studies tour was organized by students from Witten-Herdecke University in West Germany, under the direction of renowned social scientist and one of the founders of Peace Studies as a discipline, professor Johan Galtung (University of Hawaii).

With 34 other students from 10 nations, Rosalind visited 19 countries, including Germany, USSR and Israel. The York grad gained a more cosmopolitan understanding as she experienced the diverse economic, political and cultural challenges, including learning how to speak several foreign languages.

Rosalind met a lot of academics and officials (such as the Pope), but she also talked to the common people of the countries she visited. From them, she sensed a strong desire for peace.

Rosalind was in Israel during an emotional time, the second anniversary of the intifadah. She went to see children in hospitals who had been hurt during the fighting. The group stayed in East Jerusalem, but also journeyed to the West Bank. On both sides, she found that people were frustrated with the situation and just wanted a negotiated peace.

The trip was well timed historically. Rosalind witnessed many changes toward peace and reform in the world. She was in Germany when the Berlin Wall came down. She saw how Vietnam is encouraging foreign investment with a liberal policy and building itself to become a tourist spot. Perestroika came alive for Rosalind when she visited Moscow and the republic of Estonia. And, talking to students in China allowed her to understand the nature of their reforms.

According to Rosalind, the key to bringing about peace and reform is "mutual respect and understanding between cultures." Each culture has to accept other cultures and respect their right to exist. With this in mind, one focus of the programme was to familiarize students with the various cultures. They stayed with host families during the entire trip. Rosalind confessed that she and others on the programme learned the most about the country's people this way. They found the Japanese to be very



Tova Weisblatt photo

Rosalind Irwin, a York grad student in political science and history, talks about her experiences of "globalism" during her eight and a half month Peace Studies world tour.

protective of their families. Although one of the students preferred riding her bike to class, her Japanese host-mother insisted on driving behind her in the car to make sure she arrived safely.

For Rosalind, the greatest culture shock was the status of women in Egypt. "Women in the family are often relegated to the background. Often they simply can't go out by themselves and they don't seem to play much of an economic role outside of the family, the farm, or the fields."

While in Vietnam, the group noticed some women working in the fields. The bus stopped and the women in the programme

got out to help the Vietnamese women plough. Needless to say, the Vietnamese women were surprised. Regardless of how startling the cultural shock, directly connecting with people of other cultures opened their eyes and allowed them to grasp a concept of globalism for themselves.

Violence was also redefined. In Western society, we understand violence in terms of guns. Rosalind saw another form of violence termed, by Professor Galtung as "structural violence." It "describes how systems operate in favour of some and against others," Rosalind explained.

She cited the Koreans who work in Japan as an example. It is difficult to become fully accepted into Japanese society if you are not Japanese. Koreans come to Japan looking for work, take the less desirable jobs that are left over and in so doing, fill a need in industry that would not be filled by the Japanese. However, a child born in Japan to Korean parents does not receive a Japanese citizenship, nor is it eligible for a Korean citizenship as it was not born in Korea. The child is essentially left without a country to claim as its own.

Rosalind met a woman in Germany who experienced a similar denial of basic rights. She explained that before the Berlin Wall came down, exiting the first subway stop in East Germany was like going through customs. There was a West German woman with two children behind Rosalind and other group members in the exit line. The woman who had moved from East to West Germany many years ago, could never return to East Germany, not even to visit her mother who still lived there. Her children, however, could cross. So the woman asked Rosalind and her companions to take the children across for her, returning to the Western side when they had agreed. When the Wall came down, the group thought of that woman. Now she can visit her mother.

In every country Rosalind visited, she met individuals in similar positions: people who wanted to link with other people but couldn't because of cultural intolerance and disrespect. Although Rosalind realizes some people may disregard her beliefs as idealistic, she has faith. "So much of what happens and what people aspire to are ideals and it's the process of working toward a goal, no matter how idealistic, that enables people to achieve better lives. You have to remember there is always an interplay between what people envision their world to be and what really is at work."

The global studies programme is taught by over 200 lecturers at 12 universities around the world and is equivalent to six academic courses. The credits will count toward Rosalind's first year of her PhD in History and Political Science. She completed her Masters at York and received her BA in History and Political Science at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia.

"Globalism" is a term that scholars and analysts like to toss around in academic discussions. It means little to the average person although it's all about "average" people around the world peacefully living together.

Rosalind had her own ideas on how improved global relations might be achieved. She maintained that non-governmental organizations can bring people together because they operate outside of state control. "People can, through these organizations, get a more grass-roots vision, and I think it is these organizations and common people cooperating with each other who will develop a concept of globalism."

In India, the group studied Gandhism which held up civil disobedience and active non-violence as a means to bring about change. Rosalind is convinced these ideas offer a valid answer on global issues.

But, the world's problems were too complicated to solve in eight and a half months by 35 people. The programme aimed to start younger people thinking about globalism in the future and to encourage ties between countries through the next generation, today's students. For Rosalind, those ties have been established. She has collected many people's addresses to whom she can write and keep abreast of their family and countries' conditions.

After almost a year of travelling, Rosalind still had one more trip to make. There was one family with whom she needed to renew ties. So she booked her flight and set aside July to spend with her own family in British Columbia.

Head and shoulders above the rest:



Excalibur - breakfast of champions

EDITORIAL

The hypocrisy of activism

The problem with this editorial is that it assumes we care about the struggles of people other than ourselves.

If we believe in activism, we must believe in the legitimacy of every effort to achieve basic human rights. We should not stand as hypocrites, battling for our own special grievances with a loud shout, while simultaneously protecting our own vested interests or turning away if something does not concern us directly. This is the problem with activism. It is usually too splintered and too topic-specific.

Abortion, gender neutrality, anti-racism, free speech, self-determination, the environment, etc. . . . there are so many special interest groups (SIGs) in any given population that no majority can resist them — unless these groups stand apart from each other. Albeit they sometimes do, especially when gun control coalitions meet the NRA for friendly debate.

Looking to less extreme cases, however, it would be easier for SIGs to achieve their specific goals if they stood united. Unfortunately, "minority" groups usually don't consolidate; they try and hack out conflicts against an intangible "majority" on their own. Often one group forgets that the next day, it may become part of the silent majority that another group has to fight against.

Case in point, if we support the right of a woman to a safe abortion, then we may finance, protest and lobby on this issue. But, we might stop cold when it comes to gay and lesbian rights, because of a false belief that gays can fight their own battle or that their struggle doesn't necessarily concern us. But it does. Activism should not be cut and dried into tidy, separate packages. We should see the connexions. If we never support a "minority" issue until our own special case comes up, we too will lack solidarity and have to take on a Goliath.

As students we live in a time when our government has virtually abandoned the concept of accessible public education and has instead moved toward capitalizing it into a profit-g geared mechanism. Hopefully, we remember it is this same institution which is lagging behind the environmental concerns of Canadians. In this case, activism can be harmonious: students can lobby Queen's Park by joining OFS and simultaneously lobby Ontario Hydro by joining Greenpeace.

It's hard to believe, but activists who have championed the principle of free expression have also tried to silence ideas they find hostile. One of the struggles of early feminists was to appropriate their own feelings of sexuality; the bikini was one of their greatest victories. Yet today, some feminists will argue the genie should be stuffed back in the bottle, that open sexuality has led to sexual exploitation. One generation's push for freedom becomes another's push for restriction. Therefore, evils such as erotica (often labelled as pornography) have to be eliminated, severely curtailed or, at the very least, "monitored" (censorship under a nicer name).

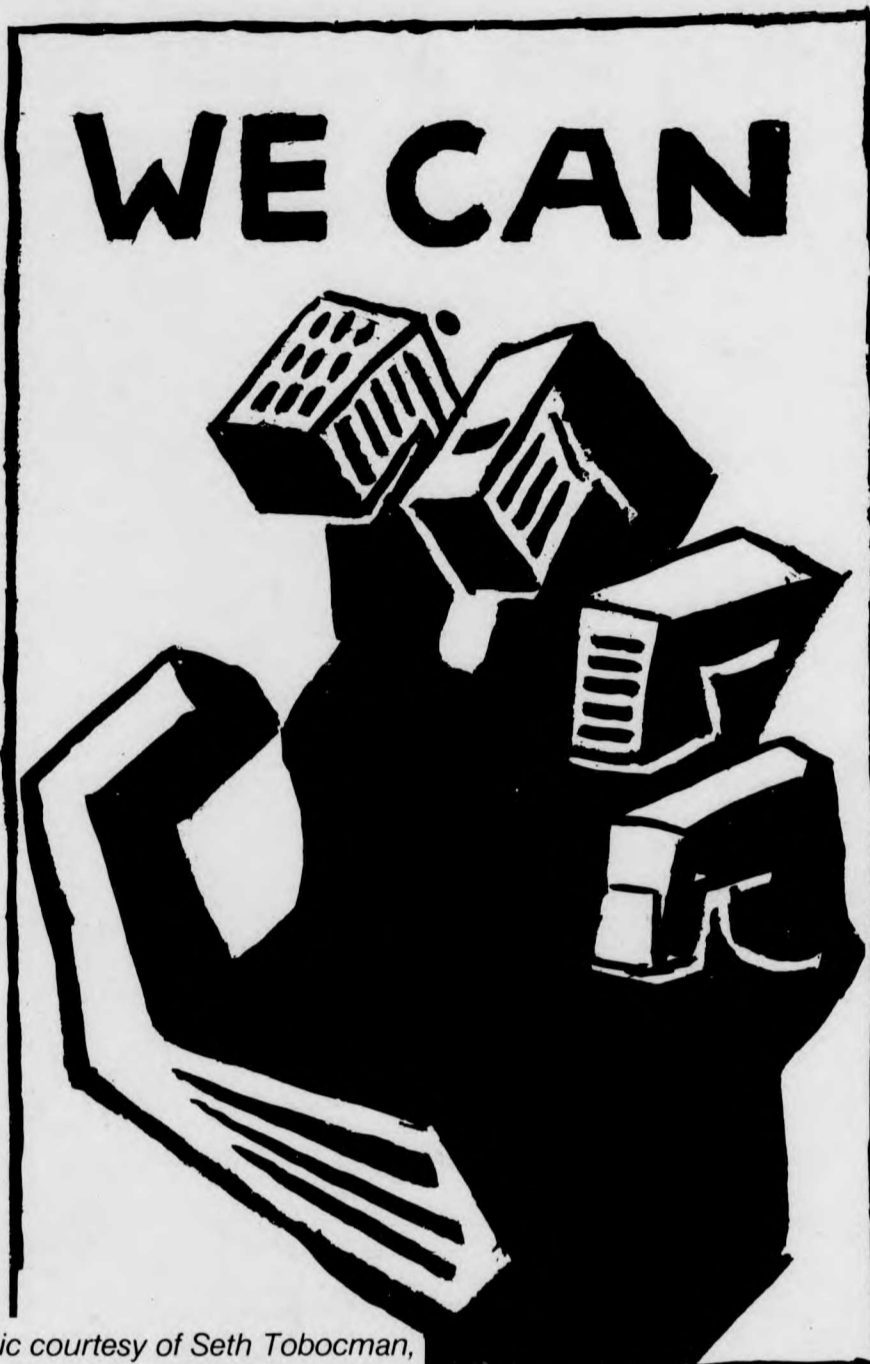
In the late 30s, during the racist offensive on Jews in Nazi Germany, the U.S. "human rights democracy" accepted only a meagre number of Jewish refugees. Where was the brotherhood, the universal compassion? Considering the Americans helped to finance what was to become Germany's war effort, perhaps it got lost in looking out for number one.

And now, do the Palestinians' demands for justice and a negotiated peace in Gaza and the West Bank deserve any less of our sympathy and fraternity? Is it kosher for a previously oppressed group to act out a calculated oppression of its own: shutting down universities, requiring pass books, and denying Palestinians a homeland while Israel secures its own?

And, with Mandela's visit and the media's recent attention on South Africa's apartheid structure, how quickly do we as Canadians make the necessary connexion to our own systematic racism against aboriginal peoples? Before Elijah Harper stood up in Manitoba's parliament, how many of us considered these native groups during the Meech Lake fiasco?

The mass media is hot on an issue for a time, then leaves it when other, hotter news comes along. Meanwhile the struggle continues. Of course, it seems like things are resolved because we aren't reminded of them — ignorance is sheltered happiness. But if we insist on rights, then we must be consistent.

A friend of mine has a strict policy: he doesn't watch TV, doesn't read newspapers, doesn't listen to radio and doesn't get into political debates. Obviously, he's not an activist, but he's not a hypocrite either.



graphic courtesy of Seth Tobocman,
World War III illustrated

LETTERS

Excalibur welcomes letters to the editor on all topics. We will publish, space permitting, letters up to 500 word in length. They must be typed, double spaced, and accompanied by the writer's name, signature and telephone number. The opinions expressed belong to the writers and do not necessarily reflect those of Excalibur staff or directors. However, letters judged to be racist, sexist or libellous by the editor will be refused. All material is subject to editing. All submissions must be addressed to the Editor-in-chief, Room 111, Central Square.

York President defends his position on apartheid divestment

To the editor,

You have seriously misrepresented my record and York's on South Africa. In doing so, you have injured my reputation and that of the university. I am writing to set the record straight.

1. Shortly after becoming president, in 1985, I instructed the relevant administrative officers of the university to divest all South African investments held by York. This was done promptly.

2. The York University Pension Fund, which is controlled by an independent board of trustees, did at that time hold a small portfolio of such investments. I asked the administration's representatives (who comprise a minority on the board of trustees) to work for divestment. My position was supported by the university's Board of Governors. It was also supported by the trustees representing the employee groups whose members are beneficiaries of the fund.

3. However, as the law then stood, pension trustees did not have the legal power to divest for political reasons. I wrote to the Attorney General of Ontario asking that the

law be changed, and in due course it was. While we were waiting for the legislative amendment, with my support, the Secretary of the board of trustees arranged to divest to the extent that they lawfully could. The Board of Governors and employee representatives also supported this position, and further divestment occurred.

4. When the Trustees Act was amended to permit complete divestment, the board of trustees promptly took the required poll of beneficiaries in order to authorize this action. I am happy to say that the necessary authorization was received, and the investment managers of the investment fund were instructed to get rid of the stock.

5. We believed that this had been done. Then, early this spring, we discovered that full divestment had not yet occurred. This was a clearly unsatisfactory response to the instructions given to the investment managers. At my request, and with the support of the board of trustees, the Secretary of the fund then instructed the investment managers to get rid of all offending stock immediately

and completely. This was done within a matter of weeks after discovering the problem.

In addition to the board of pension trustees, and the Board of Governors, I have worked closely with a number of faculty members and students involved in the campaign against apartheid. There has not been, to the best of my knowledge, any moment when we have had real disagreement. As a result, York has been in the forefront of universities in Canada and elsewhere on this issue.

These facts are all easily ascertainable. In failing to check them, or in willfully disregarding them, you abandoned your duty as a journalist, as well as the simple obligation that we all have to tell the truth.

I expect the next issue of Excalibur to carry a full and complete apology, signed by you, and a correction of the record which is given prominence equal to that of the original story, which appeared — oddly — under the heading of "News."

Sincerely,
H.W. Arthurs
President

EXCALIBUR

Editor-in-Chief Peter Stathis
Assistant Editor Ira Nayman
Production Manager Stephen Perry
Cover Photo Jason Nolan
Staff Melanie Aguila, Frank Cameron, Brett Gellert, Chris Iler, Brett Lamb, Michael Nachoff, Sal Nensi, Jason Nolan, Riccardo Sala, J.A. Stephan, Joanne "Switch" White, Tova Weisblatt.
Advertising Manager Merle Menzies
Advertising Assistant Jeff Kippel
Advertising Rep Meiyin Yap
Typesetters Mary Jankulak, Shaun Lacob
Board of Publications Chairperson Kevin Connolly

EDITORIAL: 736-5239
TYPESETTING: 736-5240
ADVERTISING: 736-5238

MAILING ADDRESS:
Room 111, Central Square
York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview M3J 1P3

LETTERS

Former provost defends York President's position

To the editor,

Mr. Stathis, I have read with considerable dismay your article on the presentation to Mr. Mandela of an honorary degree awarded by York University. Although presented as a lead item under the news section, your article is in fact opinion from beginning to end. Moreover, your opinion is an uninformed personal attack on the president of York University.

As provost of the university from 1984-89, I worked closely with President Arthurs, and for him. The extent to which my views express bias I am content to leave to those of your readers who know me, and many will.

Soon after taking up his presidency in early 1985, President Arthurs took personal leadership of York's response to the question of investments in South Africa. Simply put, and with some disagreements and protests along the way, but always with extensive discussion with those at York actively concerned with the issue, he promptly brought York to a position on divestment that caused us to be at the forefront in the Canadian university community.

President Arthurs similarly took resolute positions on related questions such as the participation of South African entrants in tournaments held at the Tennis Centre on campus, on financial support for study at York of nominees of the ANC, and on other matters. York could and did award an honorary degree to Mr. Mandela with its head held high, as Mr. Mandela himself acknowledged by accepting it. Your slight thus is not only against President Arthurs — it is against this community. And as a member of this community, I am deeply offended by your article.

But there is more to it than that. My position in the university kept me in close, frank and (I like to think) honest relationships with your predecessors. If I might be permitted to say so, I was proud of *Excalibur* and the quality of its coverage and its writing, and the important role in the building of the York community.

You have, in my opinion, disgraced this tradition. You have let yourself express a vile, personal opinion with no evidence whatsoever of thought or research, including the files of *Excalibur* itself.

I know that I am expressing my opinion. But I'm putting it before a jury — your immediate predecessors. If my response is ill-informed or inappropriate, they will tell me. If they share my concerns, I hope they tell you.

Sincerely,
T.A. Meininger
Associate Professor
cc: Graham Thompson, Editor,
1984-85

Elliott Shiff, Editor 1985-86
Lorne Manly, Editor 1986-87
James Flagal, Editor 1987-88
Adam Kardash, Editor 1988-89
Nancy Phillips, Editor 1989-90

Bethune residence band shell

To the editor,

To Deborah Hahn, Manager, Hospitality York:

I am a student who has lived in Bethune residence for the past five school years. During this time, I have experienced many instances of inconsideration toward residence students and have, perhaps, become resigned to them. However, the complete lack of consideration displayed by Hospitality York toward the well-being of residents this July 1 cannot go without notice.

I watched a tent-like structure being erected adjacent to the Ice Arena the previous Friday. What are they doing over there, I wondered? My question was rather rudely answered on Sunday morning at 7:55am, when Bethune and Stong residences were subjected to a "sound check" for a rock concert that was to take place that afternoon.

I quote the residence contract we are asked to sign: "conditions in residence must be geared to allow students to study and to sleep uninterrupted. Such a quiet environment is the right of all students." An hour and a half of drum, guitar and saxophone checks from a 5000+ watt sound system does not seem consistent with your own policy. I suggest you adhere to the same rules that you insist students follow.

How loud was it? One resident called to complain, swearing it was the person below her who was "playing music so loud that my floor was shaking." Personally, I have never encountered any noise that permeated my room so completely as that sound system did. Hearing my television which was 10 feet away from me was not an easy task. The fact that this continued for most of the afternoon only exacerbated the problem.

Although I find continuing along this same track extremely therapeutic, I find it less than constructive. Here are some concrete recommendations for Hospitality York.

1. Somebody, anybody should stop and think "how will the proposed activities affect our residence students (or any other

group of students)?" Residents pay for their rooms and they have at least an equal right to their environment as outside groups who rent university space. Our money is every bit as good as theirs.

2. In this specific instance, moving the stage location would have helped. Simply pointing the stage away from residences instead of directly at them may have very well solved this problem. Preferably, however, moving such events as far away as possible from residences would be best.

3. There should be written, posted warnings to all residents informing them of any impending events. This common courtesy would allow residents to act accordingly when such an event is planned. This recommendation should not be treated as a solution to the problem. It should only be utilized if the other options are not available.

I look forward to a written response to this problem, whether some of my recommendations are implemented or you enact your own reforms. Either way this problem must be addressed.

Thank you,
Bill Lloyd
Don, Norman Bethune Residence

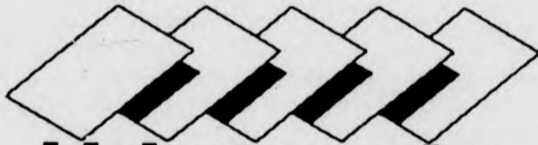
ATTENTION PROFESSORS

Finally, a course materials service designed with your needs in mind.

Kinko's Academic Services allows each student access to a personal copy of course materials and supplemental readings... at no cost to professor or department. Through our relations with Publishers and our Licence with CANCOPY, The Canadian Reprography Collective, legal access to most copyrighted material is easier than ever. To have your course materials copied for individual student use, call Kinko's, the Copy Centre.

••• Complete Copyright Assistance •••

- No Cost to Department
- Fast Turnaround
- Campus Pick-Up & Delivery
- Convenient Hours
- Service You Can Depend On
- And Much More



kinko's copies
academic services

PLEASE CONTACT PETER LAIN AT 532-6559.

The Ainger Coffeshop

The only edible alternative



If they came in every day, it would take Kelly and his teammates 10 years to eat every possible combination of an Ainger bagel or bread.

I hope they start soon!

109 Atkinson College

Mon.- Thurs. 8am - 9pm / Fri. 8am - 4pm



NIFTY IDEAS FOR RESITES:
(PART TWO)

NOTATIONS NICOTINE BIT

UNFORTUNATELY, TOMO WILL NOT BE SEEN FOR THE NEXT FEW STRIPS AS THE LEAD CHARACTERS—WHO WERE TO COMPLETE THE HILARIOUSLY-FUNNY "NIFTY IDEAS" STORYLINE—ALL SHARED A BOX OF JUICY NICOTINE BITS® AND ARE CURRENTLY IN DETOX. ALAS, THE SHOW MUST GO ON. THIS SUBSTITUTE WILL DO FOR NOW...
©1990 F.W. CAMERON

PRESENTING: **Cyano & CHER** IN CANCUN

CHA CHA
LOWTCH!

© F.W. CAMERON

I'VE GOT YOU, BABE!!

ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE BEFORE MENTIONED CHARACTERS ARE OUT OF DETOX.

WITH APPOLES TO F.W. CAMERON

ARTS

Montreal for jazz lovers

continued from the cover

The Anglo-Canadian contingent was represented by the Shuffle Demons, the Brian Hughes Group and Ramiro's Latin Orchestra (RLO) from Toronto; Queen's University Ontario from Kingston; Kathy Kidd's Afro-Latin Sextet and Fifth Avenue from Vancouver; Greg Lowe sextet from Winnipeg; and, Decidedly Jazz Dance-works from Calgary. All of the above shows were presented in outdoor venues, free to the public.

Another Can-Con angle was Les Finales Du Concours De Jazz Alcan, which took the form of five shows featuring finalists from across Canada: The Stephen Amiraault Group (East), John McLean Quartet (Atlantic), Barry Romberg Group (Center), Roy/Lerner Group (West) and Creatures of Habit (Pacific).

The Barry Romberg Group from Toronto included Romberg on drums and M. McCarron on guitar; both were affiliated with the York Jazz programme according to music professor Bob Witmer. Other Jazz programme alumnus, former students or associated concrete-construction lovers included D. Laws, trombone for RLO, and Underhill, Murley and Wynston from the venerable Shuffle Demons.

The Grand Poobah himself, YFS President Jean Ghomeshi, and Mike Ford from Glendon hit the Montreal streets for a little impromptu busking with their a cappella ensemble Moxi Fruvous. According to the Poobah, the group performed in both French and English.

This was their first trip to the Jazz festival, and, though they were not part of the official line-up, in the true spirit of Jazz, they set up shop wherever they could find an audience. If their success busking down at Harbour-front and providing musical satire for CBC-AM is any indication of their reception, Jean and the boys should have had a good time.

Of the seven bands I was able to see in the first two days of the festival, the most striking was Romero's Latin Orchestra. After raining all day, the evening was warm and moist, the clouds hung so low the atmosphere was very intimate.

After walking in on the final strains of a Mingus tune played by some band that could only be heard, not seen, due to the crowd which had formed around its spontaneous concert, I inadvertently ducked into a tent to come face to face with a Toronto band I had never even heard of. You should not have to drive to Montreal to discover music this good. Their mix of South American styles left no one standing still, and as the sounds spilled out of the tent, so did the dancing.

Other notables I had a chance to see were session blues man Robbin Ford, whose set fit perfectly with the low clouds and impending deluge; and, Dan Brubeck, son of Dave, who was merely perfect (perfect for guitar aficionados, but a little crisp and technical for the uninitiated). I think the lack of sound-warming acoustics, an endemic problem with outdoor concerts, detracted from Brubeck's enjoyable, but unmoving set.

Not having the \$25 to \$40 necessary to see the big names, I accepted my happy fate to wander past numerous bands and soloists who could not be identified in the programme, yet made the festival atmosphere. One band which I did identify, the Streetnix, took a shot at the title of Uncontrolled Jazz-Lunatics held by TO's Shuffle Demons.

This all-horn five-piece group, which has appeared at the last four festivals, turned out to be the unknown ensemble emitting the Mingus melodies at street level on the opening night. Their boisterous goodwill overwhelmed both their flaws and the accompaniment of a jack-hammer from a nearby construction site, and their ability to move competently from Monk to Was Not Was kept their stretch of pavement packed.

Some of the more "professional" outfits, such as the Yochk'o Seffer Quintet from

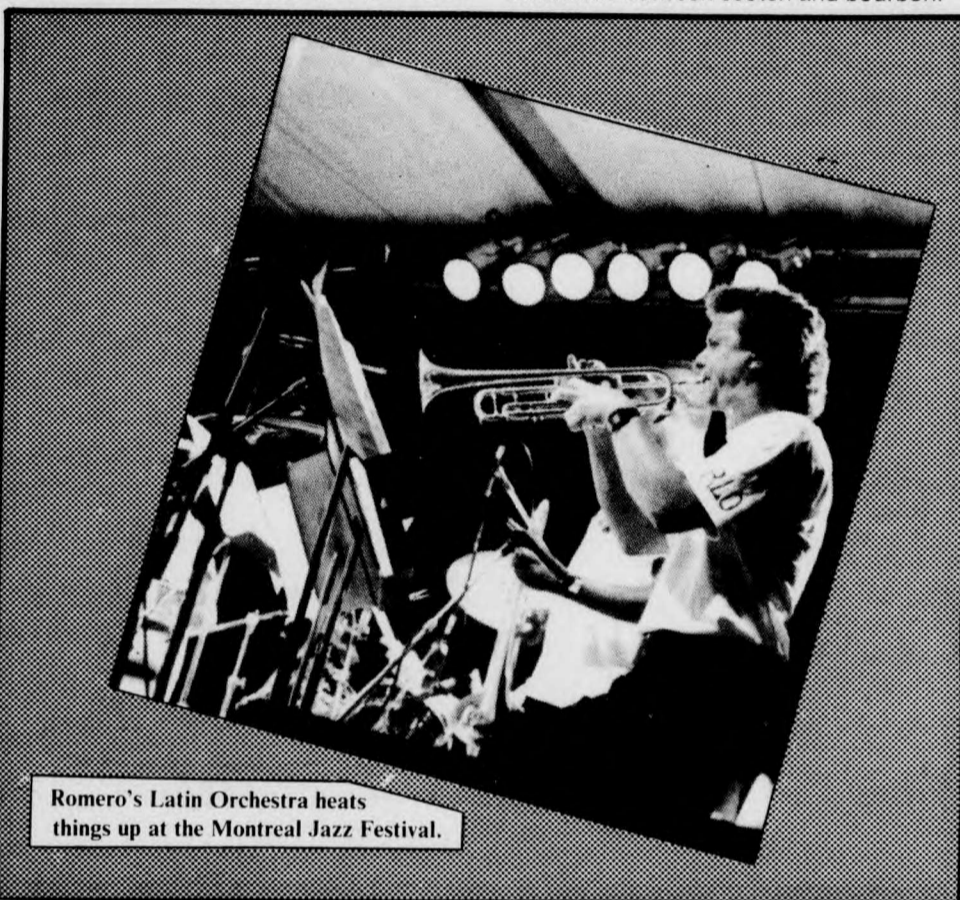
France (with Seffer's unique Selmer bass sax) were hurt by their own stature. Seffer's five piece band could not compete with the horrendous acoustics inflicted by staging his set in the atrium of a shopping complex. Bad move on the part of the organizers. A semi-competent band in an intimate environment is always more enjoyable than the best quintet playing in a glass mausoleum.

Arriving before the festival, I had a chance to see some Jazz in its natural habitat. The name of this habitat was 2080 Jazz, to be found around the corner from this year's festival at 2080 rue Clark. What you find there is something you'll never find in TO: a

quiet street, stairs leading down under a small neon sign, a dark, smoky basement with a bar in the corner and a stage that looks more like a sunken living room.

And, no cover.

The band, the Janis Stephans trio, played like true Jazz devotees in the thrall of the rhythm and wail. This is the stuff of movies: bassist with a grin of stupefaction and wonder at the sounds emanating from his fiddle, drummer hunched over his kit, a young but portly horn man who makes sure that the bar is within reach during bass solos and a bartender who cannot tell the difference between scotch and bourbon.



Romero's Latin Orchestra heats things up at the Montreal Jazz Festival.

Jason Nolan photo

What really goes down at a rock concert . . .

by Paul Gazzola

June 29, CNE Stadium. To quote a friend of mine, this quadruple bill of heavy metal/rock bands is "a giant Wayne's World." The marquee reads Aerosmith and Metallica, Warrant and Black Crowes, but the Metallica T-shirts outnumber all the others.

It's not too surprising, really; the Toronto concert scene this past year has been a financial refuge for recovering or dying rock stars. Metallica, last seen here in April of 89, must seem like the long lost, rebellious brother who has finally returned home, and whose ID you can now use.

If Warrant had been first up instead of Black Crowes, my friend and I could have spent more time at the Budweiser Pit Stop that we found while looking for a hot dog stand. As it was, we still had enough time for a few Metallica and Aerosmith chants before making our way to the stadium.

So, what is it with Aerosmith? Why have all their opening acts of the past few years sounded like them? First, it was Guns n' Roses, now it's the Black Crowes. Is this the old soldier telling the new soldier that he's still bigger, badder and tougher? Or, does Aerosmith just like looking in the mirror?

The Black Crowes played with the kind of energy that only an open-

ing band, trying to be noticed, can exert. Regardless, they are still just the Stones or the Faces twenty years later. It wasn't enough to make us ignore the Budweisers in our bladders, and my friend and I made a pit stop of our own before the set was over.

These days, most rock bands wear their musical history on their sleeves. Tyler is Jagger, Perry is Page. From beginning to end, Aerosmith is a blues band.

Metallica was begotten of Sabbath in riffs and social commentary. Even those Aerosmith-Rolling Stones-wa-anabes, the Black Crowes, know what music they are ripping off.

Warrant's musical history is their hair. They've watched all the metal videos on MTV, so they know exactly when to bear their chests. Too bad they don't have any fangs.

We tried hard to miss Warrant. Right after the Black Crowes, we got into this huge hot dog line-up. By the time we got two dogs each (the lady gave us extra condiments and told us to put them in our pockets), Warrant had already started playing.

We ate slowly.

When we returned to the floor, they were half-way through "Heaven." Then, they played some new song that sounded like Motley Crue.

At the end of their set, the lead singer told the crowd to stick around, that "two of the best bands in the world" were still coming up. Of course we were going to stick around. Did he think everyone came to see him?

Metallica remains on the outside. Despite a Grammy nomination and an appearance two years ago and despite the band's progression from typical metal songs to an in-your-face social awareness, even the radio station presenting the band only play them late at

night, and only on the "Power Hour."

Let's face it: the rock of Toronto starts to crumble when faced with thrash bands like Metallica.

But, forget that Metallica is thrash metal, that they wanted to call their first album *Metal Up Your Ass!* Forget that singer/guitarist James Hetfield introduced "Master of Puppets" by having the crowd repeat after him words like shit, fuck, fag and cunt. Metallica was the most intelligent band on this bill, certainly in metal, possibly in rock.

Their last album, . . . *And Justice For All*, contained songs about the environment, war and the shortcomings of the American justice system. Thrown in were the usual teenage rebellion songs

On stage this night, Metallica is a power that doesn't preach; "just the facts," as Jack Webb would say. Hetfield hunches over his microphone like a howling Quasimodo — anything played in sixteenth notes is a slow song for this band.

So, what the hell are they doing on a bill with Warrant, with the Black Crowes, with Aerosmith? Metallica must have been wondering the same thing, 'coz they only played for an hour.

The Equal Rights Amendment ceases to be in effect at heavy metal concerts; the only feminist statement being made by the women there is whether they're wearing tight pants or a tight skirt. Everyone shows cleavage, whether they have any or not.

"As long as I have a face," Steve Tyler tells the ladies in the front row, "you'll have a place to sit."

Joe Perry, finishing off a beautifully played blues standard, which also featured his only lead vocal of the night, told the crowd his baby doesn't want him no more. But, he continued, maybe some nice Toronto girl would be backstage later, prompting a girl to offer herself with a loud, "Me!"



ARTS

BOHEMIA

a column
by Ira Nayman

It was the sort of argument that only happens at two in the morning at a party at a friend's house. Somebody said that *Saturday Night Live* was being milked for its reputation, that the name should have been changed when the first cast left. My feeling was that as long as the show was funny, the name wouldn't matter that much.

But, of course, *Saturday Night Live* isn't funny; it hasn't been for a few years.

There's nothing mysterious about its rapid decline, either: the writing sucks. Instead of building to a proper punch-line, sketches wander aimlessly; instead of adding new elements and upping the ante, sketches repeat their original premise ad nauseum.

The writing is frequently puerile. Ten minutes were wasted on a sketch in a nudist colony, the point of which was that the word "penis" was spoken every few seconds (comparisons of male genitalia were made, a song was sung to it, etc.). The sketch wasn't funny, it was embarrassing, like watching children write obscenities in chalk on a school wall.

Or, consider the episode where host Andrew Dice Clay is shown by the devil what would happen if he had not hosted: Nora Dunn would be crushed under Sinead O'Connor's speaker (both women, offended by Clay's sexist humour, refused to appear with him). Like much of what passes for humour on the current *Saturday Night Live*, this was a release of anger, unleavened by any wit or creativity whatsoever.

The writers on the show, including most cast members, seem to have confused attitude with comedy. While this may satisfy the "hip" audience



Old SNL star Bill Murray (in a scene from his latest movie, *Quick Change*) — they don't make them like that any more.

it is trying to reach, it wears thin pretty quickly for people looking for genuine entertainment.

Finally, the talent of the performers varies wildly. Dunn, Jon Lovitz and Dana Carvey are excellent sketch performers who would probably have not been out of place in the original cast. Unfortunately, the rest of the cast lies somewhere between okay and mediocre. This is in direct contrast to the original cast, in which every performer was very good.

This year is the 15th anniversary of *Saturday Night Live*. Although it's not the best note to leave on, it's certainly time the show was put to rest.

Sketch Pad's alternate comedy

by Brett Poland

Corporate ladder climbing reduced to "Shit! Shit! You're it!", two Spicoli clones (*Fast Times at Ridgemount High*) trapped in the Exhibition Rotor Ride and a homosexual construction worker with suicidal tendencies graced the stage at Sketch Pad Friday night.

The evening's entertainment was courtesy of "Fred's Bicycle Repair Shop," "Plead the Fifth" and "Six Flying Hamsters." Hilarious and delightfully rude (at times, sick!) are the words that could be used to describe these groups.

At "Fred's Bicycle Repair Shop" the humour was complemented by talented acting. Ever sit down with your best friend and play Spin the Bottle? Met anyone lately with schizophrenic urges to impersonate and degrade Jacques Cousteau?

With "Plead the Fifth," anyone who watches PBS (Channel 17 in Buffalo) would have laughed til they cried at the twisted depiction of a drunken Goldie pleading for pledges, or the *Twenty Thousand Dollar Pyramid* played with "Fuck" as the word category.

On the other hand, there were "Six Flying Hamsters," and fly they did not. On a political forum they would have been fine; but, as any York professor can tell you, intellectualizing and dry humour do not mix. Thankfully, the sets were only ten minutes long, allowing the other two groups to carry the show.

"Fred's Bicycle Repair Shop," made up of Andrew Pearce, Doug Morency and Peter Ivaskiv, will be playing Sneaky Dees downtown July 22, then back to the Sketch Pad (508 Queen Street West) July 24-26. "Plead the Fifth," Rick Wharton, Sean Tweedley and John Healy, will also be back at the Sketch Pad July 24-26.

You may choke at the eight dollar cover fee, but if you want to find out why cows moo and how to get to Christopher Robins' playhouse, these two groups offer an evening of alternate fun.

Lesbian and Gay Cabaret full of humour and education

by Melanie Aguila

The Lesbian and Gay Cabaret
A Space
Co-ordinated by Meryn Cadell,
Elaine Carol and Gregory Wight

On June 29 and 30, five days after Gay Pride Day, A Space held the second annual performance event by lesbian and gay artists entitled *The Lesbian and Gay Cabaret*. A Space is an artist-run centre with several committees that programme their annual schedule. One of the committees, "Queer Girls," specializes in lesbian arts.

The first evening included performances by Tannis Atkinson, Dan Wordock, Audrey Butler, Karen Augustine, Marcie Rogers, and Sky (a.k.a. Jane) Gilbert. It was also hosted by two coordinators, Elaine Carol and Gregory Wight.

The artists turned the gallery into a cabaret filled with humor, wit and education. At a personal level, they shared their thoughts, experiences, and feelings with the audience.

Marcie Rogers played the convincing role of a cowgirl who shot and killed men to avoid marrying them. She explored the issues behind women and guns, suggesting that guns possess some kind of sexiness and give the holder control over people's lives.

Rogers also pointed out the irony that only women can end lives, as well as bear new ones. Because of this, women can be thought of as having more sexual power than men. Rogers could have headed the women's lib of the west, since she dared to be different from other American frontier women.

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, AIDS, is an issue which has brought the gay and lesbian community closer together in terms of support, political action, and unity. AIDS activist Dan Wordock began his performance with a provocative



Melanie Aguila photo

Marcie Rogers plays a cowgirl in the *Lesbian and Gay Cabaret* at A Space.

dance. He later discussed his experiences as a "person living with AIDS" (PLWA). He said it was important for a PLWA to still feel sexual. (Having AIDS, does not mean an end to sex. A condom used with water-based lube and spermicide can be used as protection against the virus.)

Wordock's performance had a personal touch because of its informality; he didn't have to memorize any lines since it was his life he was talking about.

Karen Augustine did a multimedia performance on women and AIDS. She used slide projections of women and their lovers, written text which provided information on women and AIDS and a pre-recorded voice that accompanied the images and words. Augustine's performance was especially important, as she emphasized that not enough was known about lesbians and their relation to AIDS.

Spencer Rowe gave a simpler, yet expressive, visual performance. He wore a black suit strapped with white sticks, some of which protruded from his limbs. The sticks crippled his actions into short, stiff movements, and the vertical wooden bars acted as a cage-like barrier from the rest of the world. He lip synced a song which had the repetitive line, "I'm not your prisoner."

The puppet-like movements made him appear like a marionette controlled by society and unable to communicate his feelings and desires.

Straight society has not yet accepted gay and lesbian subject matter, because the majority of heterosexuals would prefer to experience art dealing with heterosexual topics. This was reflected in the cabaret, because the terminology used and the way the audience was addressed assumed that the crowd was lesbian and gay.

Also, it appeared that the people in the crowd already knew each other. This gave the night an intimate atmosphere, but at the same time a stranger who didn't know anyone felt like an outsider.

The cabaret gave lesbians and gays something to which they could relate. Instead of trying to identify with heterosexual arts, which in most cases assume their audience is heterosexual, this provided them with an alternative. Lesbian and gay artists were brought together and given exposure as "lesbian and gay" artists in a performance which also gave heterosexuals a sense of gay and lesbian life.

FACULTY AND STUDENTS

HOST A JAPANESE UNIVERSITY STUDENT

Japanese university students participating in a month-long summer language program at York University's English Language Institute are placed with a homestay family for one weekend. Homestay begins Friday August 17 and continues through to Sunday August 19. If you would like to open your home to one or two of these students please call the English Language Institute at 736-5353.

CDC

Counselling & Development Centre

WE CAN HELP

- Personal Counselling
- Groups and Workshops
- Learning Skills
- Self-Change and Management
- Self-Help Centre
- University Skills Series
- Community Mental Health Consultation

Room 145
Behavioural Sciences Building
736-5297

FILM

Robocop sequel is good for violence enthusiasts

by Peter Stathis

Robocop 2
directed by Irvin Kershner
produced by Orion Pictures

In a place not far away, tomorrow has arrived early. The Detroit police are on strike, Nuke drug lords own the low ground, and Omni Consumer Products, an evil super-corporation rules the city from its business tower-turned-city hall. Into this grim prophecy walks Robocop Alex Murphy, determined to kick some criminal ass, and placate the NRA and vigilantism in one mechanical stomp.

Again, as in the original, *Robocop 2* combines the film's narrative with the concept of commercial television. At home, work, and on the way to both, people are bombarded with commercial news. A nuclear reactor accident destroys the Brazilian rainforest, followed shortly after by a commercial selling anti-ozonzone tanning lotion. A commercial for a car security system that electrocutes potential burglars is

followed by a newsclip of the Surgeon-General being assassinated during a speech against Nuke addiction. It's definitely tongue-in-cheek, but also disturbing in its proximity to current television practice.

But, let's face it: *Robocop 2* is an action film, not a deep, intellectual statement. So how does the adventure hold up? If you look past the flashy special effects, *Robocop 2* actually delivers its message on some very traditional lines. Murphy has to resolve the age-old dilemma of "man versus machine," except he has to do so from within one body.

And, quite obviously, the popular "good versus evil" theme drives most cop movies. *Robo* is no different. The psychotic brain of Murphy's nemesis, Cain (remember the bible?) is transplanted (21st century Frankenstein) into a newer model, Robocop 2, with more firepower and a healthy appetite for king-sized doses of Nuke as payment.

Violence enthusiasts can rest assured there are plenty of explosions and dozens of documented

deaths. And, of course, the film ends with the obligatory brawl scene as the two megacops exchange fisticuffs, fall from 500-storey skyscrapers, get rammed by tanks and try to rip each others' brains out — literally.

Comparisons to Schwarzenegger's *Total Recall* are inevitable. But Peter Weller does a more

convincing job as a robot than Arnold ever achieves playing a human character.

Robocop 2 goes off with a big bang in a summer full of high-priced violence. Costing a paltry \$30 million, compared to *Total Recall*'s \$60 million price tag, it's entertainment with an attitude. Credit goes to Frank Miller (of

Dark Knight and *Elektra Assassin* comic fame), who wrote a decent sequel and Rob Bottin, special F/X director, for the spectacular images, especially Robocop's dismemberment scene.

There's a lot to like on the Robo-rollercoaster. And there will be even more by the time *Robocop 3* comes to town.

Dante cooks up a great New Batch

by J. A. Stephan

Gremlins 2: The New Batch
directed by Joe Dante
produced by Warner Brothers

They're back, and they intend to do some serious partying. It is no smalltown affair this time: we're talking about Manhattan-mania. *Gremlins 2* features a cast of creatures bent on having a good time, and the fun is infectious.

The birth of the first batch of gremlins left the town of Kingston Falls in ruins. Gizmo, the furry little animal responsible for the villainous attack, was taken away by his rightful owner to a Chinese antiques shop in New York.

As the movie opens — after a cute battle between Daffy Duck and his animator — Gizmo is captured by genetic scientists and carried off to Splice O'Life, a lab in the highrise Clamp Centre (Trump Towers?).

A running joke throughout the film is how automated this human environment has become. When one makes it through the revolving doors (either they act like the spin cycle of a washer or trap you halfway), one meets with glorified functionalism reinforced by a multitude of artificial voices. From the elevator: "Thank you. Have a nice day" to the washroom: "Make sure to wash your hands," an employee is never free from modern technology.

This is where Billy (Zach Galligan) and Kat (Phoebe Cates), the protagonists of the previous adventure, now work. Their ordinary lives are shaken when Zack steals Gizmo from the lab, and soon after loses him within the complex. It isn't long before Gizmo and water mix to spawn the first horde of gremlins.



Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates and friend in *Gremlins 2*.

If the little monsters eat after midnight, they multiply. There just happens to be a late night ice cream parlour open for that purpose; customers beware — there's an evil newborn swimming in the M & Ms, and another drowning in soft serve. It's up to Billy and Kat to do battle once again or these nightmares escape at sundown to make rotten the Big Apple.

Complicating the fight is the gremlins' thirst for the genetic potions wrought by Doctor Catheter (Dracula's Christopher Lee) and his jolly sidekicks. Suddenly, the heroes must contend with mutated critters. The crowning achievement is a talking gremlin able to handle a talk show and take the lead in a grandiose musical production of "New York, New York."

The human actors manage as best they can among the scene stealers. Galligan and Cates pale in contrast to the more eccentric characters. John Glover as Daniel Clamp, a combination Ted Tur-

ner/Donald Trump, lends heart to the mogul.

Haviland Morris, whose style suggests Tracey Ullman, is dynamic as Billy's high strung, butt kicking boss. Cameo performances by Hulk Hogan, Leonard Maltin, Bubba Smith and Paul Bartel are annoying breaks in the continuity of the film, and should have been passed over.

Director Joe Dante (*The Howling*, *Gremlins*, *Explorers*) and screenwriter Charlie Haas don't go by any formula in this outstanding sequel. The sight gags are reminiscent of *Airplane*, but the characters resemble devilish muppets. The situation is pure *Die Hard*, although Bruce Willis wouldn't have a chance.

Rick Baker's gremlins are original and life-like; they possess a terrific range of facial expressions and movements. Their presence alone is enough to incite laughter, and their antics are unrivaled.

Gremlins 2 could well be the funniest release of the summer. It's silly, it's extreme, it works.



Robo walks off into the sequel — err, sunset.

Classified and Community Events

Excalibur offers **ONE** free ad per week to York clubs and organizations wishing to advertise events or meetings. **ALL OTHER ADS** cost \$10.00 for every 25 words and must be prepaid.

HELP WANTED

MALE SUBJECTS REQUIRED for Health Study. Cash payment for completion of short Questionnaire. Leave name and number with Monica Hamilton, Bethune College. 736-5728

FEMALES REQUIRED for lifestyle study. Cash payment! Leave name and number with Monica Hamilton at Bethune College. 736-5728

CHRY 105.5 FM always needs volunteers to work on our public affairs programming, and other areas too! If you would like to work in community radio, call 736-5293 and ask for Andrew. No experience necessary. We will train.

ASSISTANT MANAGER REQUIRED for the Orange Snail Pub. Employment period is from mid-August 1990 to April 1991. Please submit a resume when making applications to Rm. 106 Stong College. Deadline for applications is Friday July 13, 1990. For additional information, please contact Deryck Evelyn at 736-5513

INTERESTED IN MAKING SOME MONEY? Summer and fall part time positions are available at York Alumni Affairs. Phone David Sloly at 736-5010 and apply today!

REPROMED, LTD. is seeking healthy males including minority ethnic groups to participate in an ongoing study on

evaluation of factors influencing sperm cryopreservation and therapeutic donor insemination — those interested, please call 537-6895

EL SERVICIO DE ASENTAMIENTO SALVADORENO always needs English/Spanish speaking volunteers to work with recent immigrants from El Salvador. Please call Beatriz at 665-6271 if you are interested.

SERVICES

WORD PROCESSING • Essays, these, manuscripts • Low rates, resume package \$20 • Discount for typed originals • High quality laser print • Convenient location • By appointment only • Call 654-9303

NEED RUSH TYPING/WP? 1 type 10 pages/hr. Free proof-reading. Located north of Toronto. Several repeat customers. Marian 841-7120. Book early and save money.

RESU-CARD®

661-8779

NOW YOU CAN SAVE DOLLARS on new powerful, scientific computers for homes, businesses, and individuals. AUTOCADs drawn fast! Send \$5 for your configuration, and compatibility package to: B.A.S.C. Computerization Specialists, P.O. Box 474 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. M5C 2J5

excalibur typesetting

111 Central Square

736-5240



Want a summer challenge?

CHRY Community Radio (105.5 FM) invites you to join them and learn about broadcasting, journalism, have fun and meet new people all at the same time. If you have extra time during weekdays, volunteers are needed in news, current affairs, arts & entertainment and especially we would like to increase the number of sportscasters (male and female) on the air! No experience necessary! Call 736-5293 or drop by 258A Vanier and see for yourself.