



TED CHRISTENSEN

**OBLIGATORY BEEFCAKE:** Unable to make sense of new sculpture (shown below), two York students at left punch own heads in frustration; their friend merely hangs head in shame.

## New sculpture challenges senses

by HENRY SUM

York's getting a new face-lift!

Alan Barclay and Linda Holway, with some help from the people from the Art Gallery of York University, have erected a new sculpture on the sight where an earlier construction of Barclay's was vandalized two years ago. Entitled "Portrait Head: Elevation", the new work is situated on the large jutting concrete podium between the Behavioural Science Building and the Farquharson Life Science Building.

Sculptors Barclay and Holway have been working on the piece for the past three months. Bringing most of the pre-cut wooden panels and the platform base with them from their home in Nova Scotia, they've been busy this past July erecting the eight foot high structure and firmly fastening it into the concrete podium with heavy duty anchor bolts. This and

the sculpture's galvanized sheet metal surface should make it a formidable obstacle to any future vandals.

The new work, funded with money from the insurance claim on the former piece, is a "profile," explained Holway. "If you're overlooking the sculpture, you can see immediately what it is without any trouble at all."

"We adapted the design from a real person's head" Holway said. Holway arbitrarily chose a profile of her Uncle Tom from a family album of hers. "We simply extended the contours on this face downwards eight feet."

"It's not instantly recognizable" concedes Holway. Uncle Tom's profile is particularly unrecognizable since the adjacent buildings, Farquharson and Behavioural Science, do not offer a high enough vantage point to see the profile. A view from the upper most floors of the Ross Building's north end is shrouded by trees and the profile appears upside down. An

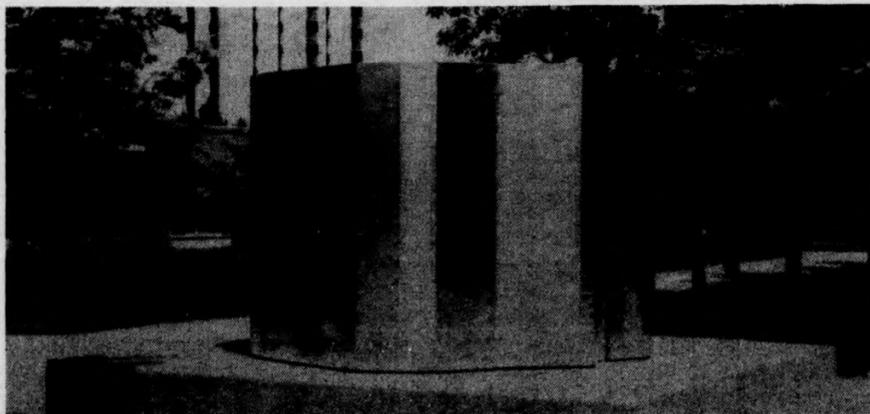
aerial view might however be attempted from Vanier College Residence with a telescopic lens.

"For me it's something that works as an idea," explained Barclay. "Something that you struggle to make sense of without it just being handed to you. It was just another way of orientation. Instead of being able to position yourself physically so that you can get the most comprehensive view, it prevents you from getting this most advantageous view so that you have to try to get the whole idea of the piece in your head. You are continually forced to engage with the piece as you've got to keep walking around trying to decipher, 'Ah, that's the nose . . . I think that's the nose?'"

"To me, it's a way of playing around with what you see and what you think. Idea and perception. You walk around it and the planes change and the form changes. You can still, as you walk around it retain that sense of walking around a Henry Moore or something. It's an abstract object. Yet the forms have been generated by something quite real. I think you can sense that all these things have a meaning. That they're all tied together by their reference to the head from which they're derived."

Both sculptors say they would like to do more portraits in the future and perhaps experiment with semi-transparent materials like wire mesh. They would also like to link the person's head to a sight in some way, something they couldn't do with the present piece because of a lack of a continuous contact with York. "Who here might have made sense to portray? The janitor? The president?" asked Barclay. In the meantime, being weatherproof, rustproof and with a predicted physical life of 10 years by the sculptors, the York Campus has a new addition to its large outdoor sculpture collection.

HENRY SUM



**JANITOR OR PRESIDENT?** Art piece replaces sculpture vandalized two years ago.

## Retirement policy violates Charter: faculty rep

By ANNA DUPAS

Grievances have been filed against the York University administration by the York University Faculty Association (YUFA), which is mobilizing against York's mandatory retirement policy, which is being forcibly applied to three of its members.

By July 1, 10 YUFA members had reached the legal retirement age of 65. Seven were willing to retire. The other three members, however, wished to continue work, either full-time or with a reduced workload, and presented their requests to the administration.

YUFA chairperson Hollis Rinehart said that although the University administration has the power under the YUFA/York Collective Agreement to grant these requests, it offered only "various arrangements which depend on the members retiring."

YUFA is therefore preparing to take the administration to court over the mandatory retirement policy, saying it violates Section 24 of Canada's new Charter of Rights by discriminating against employees on the basis of age.

At issue in this case is also whether York is legally considered a public or private institution. If it is determined by the court to be a public institution, then the Charter of Rights section on non-discrimination on the basis of age applies. If York is determined to be a private institution, then the section does not apply.

As well as filing the grievance, YUFA's Negotiating Committee has presented proposals for

cont'd on p. 2

## Change of ownership for Rill Food Services not to affect contract

By JOE FABITZ

Campus catering company Rill Food Services Ltd. and its subsidiary companies have been purchased by Canteen of Canada Ltd.

Leonard Levinsky, a former partner with Warren Rill, has signed a long-term contract to operate as president and chief executive officer of the company. The change in ownership will not affect the present food services contract with the University. Food service contracts held by the company for Complex One and Complex Two expire April 30, 1986.

Housing and Food Services Manager Norman Crandles said that prior to the purchase of Rill by Canteen the contracts would have almost certainly gone to tender following their expiry. However, with the change in ownership, Crandles said he is "not so sure anymore" what course of action the administration will take.

Citing the changes in the administration, including a new President and Vice-President, Crandles would not speculate on their course of action concerning new food contracts.

As far as improvements in food services following the change in ownership, Crandles said "it not ought to do anything but improve things," adding "the goals are simple—to offer the best possible food services for the most reasonable dollars spent."

## Science Dean named to Academic Affairs post

by FINNIGAN GROMYKO

York's Faculty of Science Dean, Kenneth Davey, has been appointed to the post of Vice President (Academic Affairs) by President Harry Arthurs. Davey will assume his new responsibilities on January 1, 1986, replacing William Found, who is retiring after over six years service.

Arthurs announced the appointment on July 12, saying that "a rare combination of scholarly brilliance and administrative skills" recommended Davey for the job.

Recognized as one of Canada's most distinguished scientists, Davey is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and Secretary of the Academy of Science, Fellow of the Entomological Society of Canada, Distinguished Research Professor at York and holder of the Queen's Jubilee Medal and the Gold Medal Award of the Entomological Society of Canada.

"He is a scientist with a deep interest in humanistic education," Arthurs said.

## York death ruled suicide

by IAN BAILEY

The person whose body was found in a garbage compactor in a graduate residence last month committed suicide, Metro police have determined.

The body was of a Malaysian man in his 20s and was discovered in the garbage compactor at 2 Assiniboine Drive at 10:20 a.m. on June 24.

"He committed suicide by climbing into the garbage chute and falling nine stories into the compactor," said Sergeant Vaughan O'Toole. "This came clearly after we canvassed the building. What we found in his apartment substantiated our theory."

Sergeant O'Toole would not comment on what was found in the apartment. The body was claimed by family members and returned to Malaysia, he said.

## Retirement policy

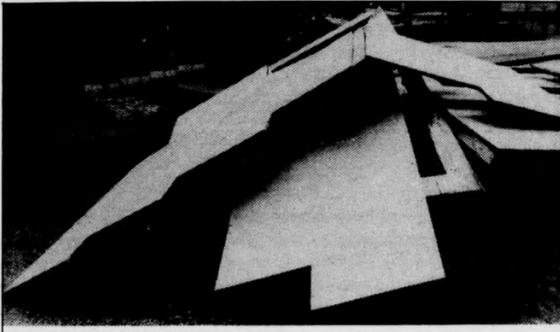
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discussion—the main one being that mandatory retirement be "replaced by a more flexible system which would allow some to retire early, and others to continue beyond age 65 if they wish."

The three YUFA members against whom the retirement policy is being applied—whom Rinehart wouldn't name, saying "I haven't received permission of the people involved"—also intend to file complaints with the Ontario Human Rights Commission.

YUFA has implied that, should negotiations with the administration not work, they are prepared to take the issue to the Supreme Court.

Both the administration and YUFA have expressed hope that the issue can be settled out of court by an amicable mutual agreement.



ASHES TO ASHES: Remains of vandalized sculpture.



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## York campus art tour uncovers treasures

Story & photos by HENRY SUM

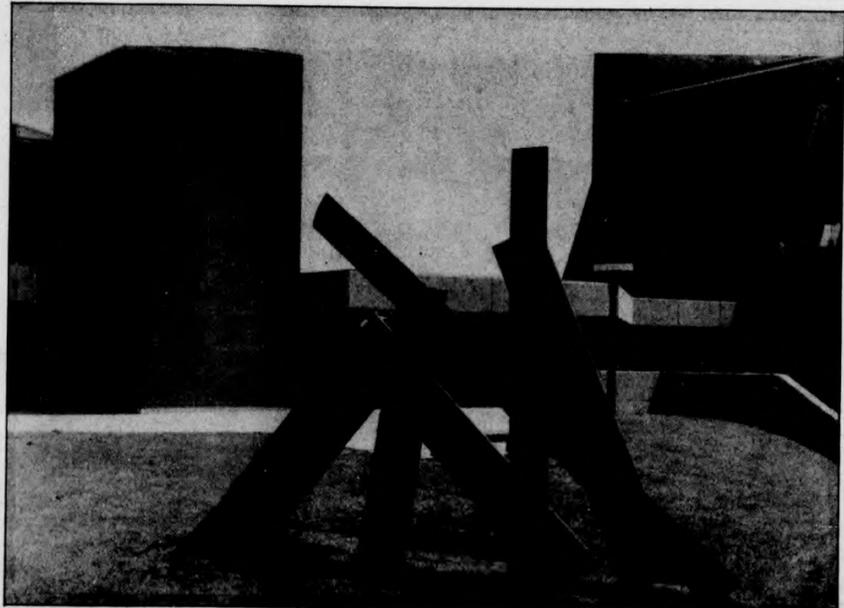
What with the recent installation of the Barclay-Holway sculpture on campus and the questions it may be provoking, it might be interesting to note that the Art Gallery of York University (A.G.Y.U.) conducts a guided tour of the University's collection each week. Meeting every Thursday in front of the flag-pole at 12 noon, the tour runs between 30 to 45 minutes and is directed by A.G.Y.U. gallery apprentice Sandra Slosel.

When York was designed, the planners wanted to incorporate art into the whole fabric of the design. The problem was that for the first time in Art History, it seems, architects and sculptors were not collaborating with each other. Despite this, a number of works on campus were commissioned before the government cut off funding in 1972. Of the one half percent of the budget designated towards these commissions, less than one half of this allotment was spent before 1972. With Glendon Campus included, a total of \$150,000 was spent on commissioned objects of art.



Given the flat terrain and the sprawling shopping mall quality of the buildings, many of the sculptors at the time were interested in giving their structures a sense of movement. Influenced by the ideas of the Constructivist School which originated out of Russia in the early part of this century, the sculptors felt that movement in space and not volume was important in art.

American sculptor Alexander Calder's "Model of Man", for example, which is mounted on the traffic circle in front of the Ross Building displays a certain lyric sweep in its gesture. A gift of the International Nickel Company, the piece was originally a scale model (maquette) for a finished piece which was 7 times the size and displayed at Expo '67 in Montreal. Built out of carbon steel and painted jet black, Calder subtly manages to keep his forms tight together.



In contrast to Calder, British sculptor Anthony Caro's "Criss-cross Flats" (1974) in front of the Fine Arts Building and Burton Auditorium appears to be a haphazard and raw arrangement of heavy steel slabs. Donated in 1976, York originally invited the artist to come and construct a number of pieces which turned out to be the "Flats" series—"Dufferin St. Flats", "Yonge St. Flats", etc. Although the

**'In Mark di Suvero's "Sticky Wicket", "the piece that everybody loves to hate" you are immediately aware of the heavy steel beams being used in an unorthodox, playful way.'**

finishing touches were done on campus, much of the construction was improvised at York Steel Yards where, to Mr. Caro's amazement, his two assistants manipulated the 4,000 lbs. of steel "as if it was butter." Left untreated and allowed to rust naturally, the piece makes you aware of its process and media.

In Mark di Suvero's massive, 6 ton "Sticky Wicket" by the Administrative Studies Building, "the piece that everybody loves to hate" you are immediately aware of the heavy steel beams being used in an unorthodox, playful way. "The forms jut out, invade our space and make an impression. You weren't supposed to sit and admire it, you were supposed to feel its impact!" explained Sandra. Indeed, the work has the presence of a dinosaur. di Suvero was one of the invited artists at the 10th International Sculpture Conference held at York in 1978. With several tons of material and with no plan, no concept and no preparatory drawings completely improvised the finished piece. At times cutting the sheet metal as if it were mere paper, he created curves and curly-cue shapes very uncharacteristic to the material. Overall, the work has a lot of thrust and tension running through it, giving it an exciting new angle each time you look at it.

Perhaps George Rickey's "Four Squares in a Square" sculpture up on the podium between the Ross Building and the Scott Library best exemplifies the Constructivist's notion of movement because it is the most kinetic. His four 5 foot square panels of stainless steel, mounted on 15 foot beam move quietly and effortlessly to each shift in the prevailing wind currents. Like the Calder piece, it is an exact duplicate of a much larger work belonging to the Museum of Modern Art in Berlin. Elegant and flowing, it picks up and enlivens the architecture surrounding it.

In the 1960's, York University was pioneering in having permanent art installed in its buildings and it was looking for something up-to-date, off-beat, modern and technological. For \$18,000, that's exactly what it got when they commissioned Michael Hayden's "Escalator Piece." It was the first major, permanent electronic work installed in a public place in



**FROM ESCALATORS TO PIE PLATES:** Art tour leader Sandra Slosel, pictured here in front of Gervais' 'Confederation,' explains finer points of York's bulging art collection.

Canada. Consisting of 960 10 watt bulbs, the sculpture blinks on and off sequentially in pulsations of 1/10 of a second to 14 seconds whenever the silver bands along its side are pushed. Originally audio was incorporated into the work's design but because the mechanism was not fully developed, it was removed. The bright, arcade quality of the piece may seem out of context to some with the austere, studious nature of a library where hardwork and eye strain usually go together. The work does manage to provide a little fun and human involvement for the short 13 second duration

**'Like Michael Hayden, Canadian artists represented on campus tended to move away from the traditional material used in sculpture.'**

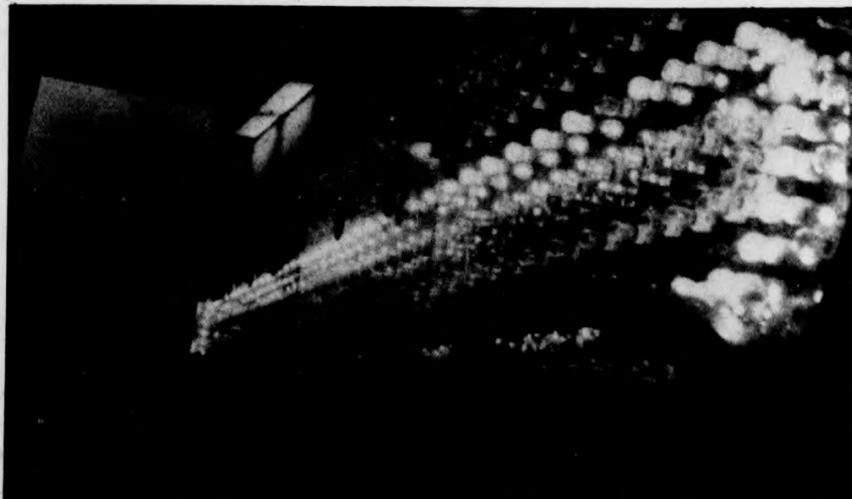
one is riding the library's escalator. Tour guide Sandra Slosel describes her reaction of the work as one of "entering or leaving the Twilight Zone."

Like Michael Hayden, Canadian artists represented on campus tended to move away from the traditional materials used in sculpture. Materials like bronze and heavy metal. Hugh Leroy's "Rainbow Piece" in the water

course south of the main floor escalators at Scott Library incorporates the use of fibre-glass. His graduated series of coloured pipe curves which rest in the 6 inch pool may remind some of Lifesaver's Five Flavor candy. Its vibrant simplicity helps to combat the strict architectural lines which surround it. Similarly Lise Gervais's "Confederation" piece in Central Square's outdoor cafe makes use of the same medium but the work suggests some organic science-fiction plant growth or perhaps even pie plates balancing one on top of another.

Upon reaching the new Barclay-Holway sculpture during the tour, Sandra decided to test the perception of the 16 or more in the group by asking them what they thought the work might be. Despite hints, dropped by Sandra that it was a "familiar object" and although the group examined the piece from every angle, general befuddlement was their only response. This might be a little disheartening for Alan Barclay and Linda Holway to learn but perhaps an alternative site with a more advantageous view of the piece would aid in the appreciation of the work's overall concept a little better.

Those who take the walking tour with Sandra will discover that for the most part York's art collection not only contrasts its architectural surroundings but richly augments and humanizes it as well. Take advantage, while the offer still lasts.



# EDITORIAL

## A not-so-happy birthday to Bomb

This July the Bomb turned 40 years young.

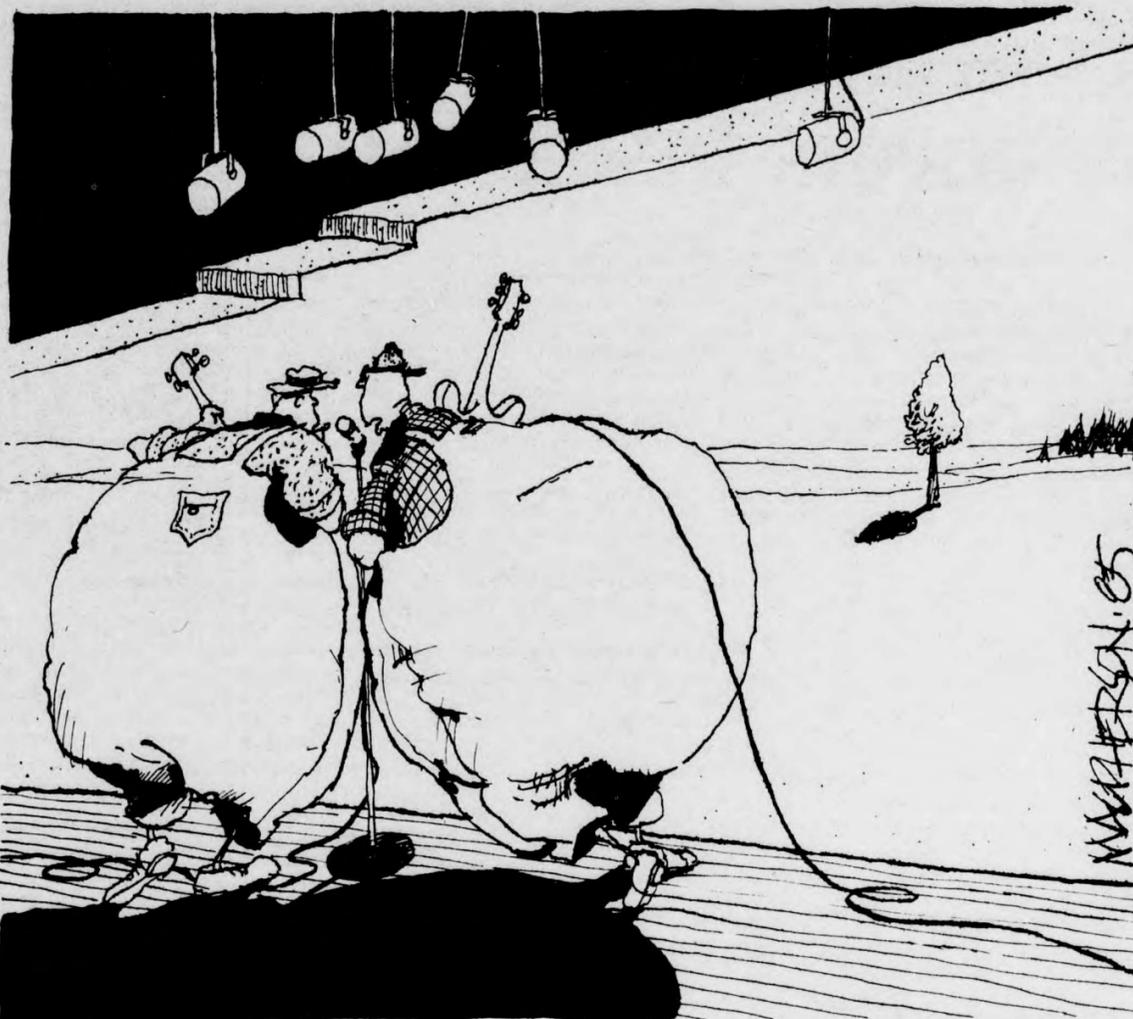
Before the detonation of the first atomic bomb in the New Mexico desert on July 16, 1946, pessimists long thought that human nature, well known for making war, would eventually come to no good. On that day it may be that we stumbled onto the brilliant and paradoxical means to our self-destruction.

Human nature, well known for dividing into strong differing opinions, then divided over the ethics of the Bomb. Some people, like J. Robert Oppenheimer, the mind behind its creation, believe that nuclear weapons should be made to go away. Oppenheimer felt so strongly that the Bomb was a mistake that he is recorded as having recalled a disturbing line from the Bhagavad Gita—"I am become death"—when he witnessed that first atomic blast.

Other people, like Edward Teller, who was a colleague of Oppenheimer's, and who went on to build the hydrogen bomb to outdo the Soviets' atomic bombs, argue for the need to develop increasingly more sophisticated weaponry—now the American "Star Wars" system.

Given our perpetual differences of opinion and the power now at our disposal, the future looks bleak. Today the destructive power of nuclear weapons is estimated equal to 20-billion tons of TNT. A single Trident submarine, armed with just a fraction of that, could level the major cities in the Northern Hemisphere. It seems reasonable to be pessimistic.

Then again, the Bomb is only 40 years old. Perhaps in time the enormity of its implications will be clearer. Maybe in 10 or 100 years people will find that cooperation, not competition, is the only practical choice we have left.



American farmers sing for their supper

## Olympic athletes turn back the clock

York University professor Marina Van der Merwe has built a reputation as one of the most demanding coaches in Canadian sports. She has taken the Canadian women's field hockey team from 16th in the world to make it one of the world's premier squads. Her reward for these efforts, just two years after being named Canada's amateur coach of the year, is dismissal from her job, largely because she was disliked by her senior players.

Shelly Andrews, a member of the senior team, illuminates part of the reasoning behind the players' dislike of Van der Merwe in a quote that appeared recently in the *Ottawa Citizen*: "Marina has high expectations and demands a lot; maybe it's time for a change."

The main reason for the team's success has become the reason for Van der Merwe's downfall—she demanded excellence from her athletes.

According to Jan Meyer, the CWFHA president, the team needed someone with a greater concern for the individual. But in any team sport an athlete has to relinquish most of his or her individual rights and adopt the goals of the team. This gaffe on the part of the board members clearly shows a serious lack of understanding of the nature of the sport.

By firing Van der Merwe, the executive board has awarded the selection process and training method to the athletes. This (in Van der Merwe's words) "bastardization of the coaching situation" has thrown the whole function of the coach into flux. If the athletes are

to make the coaching decisions, what then is the point of having a coach anyway?

By shifting some financial support to the junior team, Van der Merwe hoped to improve the overall quality of Canadian field hockey to justify the expensive (\$500,000) project for Sport Canada and keep one step ahead of other improving nations. In the process of following sound business practice and team strategy, Van der Merwe alienated the members of the senior team whose benefits (i.e. carded status) had been taken away and those who were fearful of the implications. These senior team members, selfishly looking out for their own interests, fought back the only way they knew how—they had Van der Merwe fired.

What the players have managed to do is to turn back the clock on the development of field hockey in Canada. By firing one of its most successful amateur coaches, doubts have been cast on the future success of Canada's Olympic teams.

This worrying example of the executive pandering to the athletes is an unfortunate precedent that has already been adopted by the senior members of the Canadian Volleyball team as who walked off the team and will return only if coach Paul Brasson is fired.

If executive boards continue to knuckle under to threats of this nature Canadian teams will soon find themselves in the same position they occupied just a few short years ago—comfortable in the celebrated mediocrity of 16th place.

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## Dylan reminds us charity starts at home

By ELLIOTT SHIFF

More than 1.6-billion people tuned in to the Live Aid broadcast which raised millions of dollars for the starving continent of Africa. Technological expertise combined with the commercial drawing power of the music industry made this the most successful charitable event ever held.

An interesting element of the Live Aid broadcast was that the music never eclipsed the overall premise of the telethon. The organizers made it quite clear that the purpose of the concert, above all else, was to raise money. Some performances were joined halfway in progress while others were cut off, and the viewer was never able to become comfortable with the music. This brought images of larger than life rock stars into proper perspective as the performers appeared, above all else, as concerned people who were aware of their ability to contribute to a worthy cause that demanded swift and large monetary results.

The concept of using music as a vehicle for raising money is not new. In the early 1970s George Harrison organized the Concert For Bangladesh followed half a decade later by the highly forgettable No-Nukes benefit. There was, however, a strange paradox at work in Live Aid. Although the actual nature of the music itself today is largely depoliticized as compared to protest music of the past, the end result in this case is much more substantial than anything previously attempted.

A great deal of the music generated in the 1960s prided itself on its ability to question and in turn make other people question perceptions of society. Pete Seeger, followed later by Country Joe and the Fish, vociferously condemned American involvement in Vietnam. The Jefferson Airplane and other psychedelic bands advocated drug experimentation as a means of social re-evaluation while the Beatles provoked re-examination "both within and without."

Interestingly enough, the Philadelphia portion of the broadcast was opened and closed by the two greatest protest voices of the 1960s—Joan Baez and Bob Dylan. While Baez, and other holdovers Crosby, Stills and Nash appeared somewhat tired and worn out, Dylan demonstrated that he has not lost any of his regard for social issues. As the concert was building up to its celebratory crescendo Dylan delivered a sobering jolt to the proceedings by suggesting that a few million dollars be skimmed off the top of the concert's earnings to help bankrupt farmers pay off their mortgages. The irony is that these same farmers grow the food that is to be shipped to the famine victims.

Although some might have been upset with Dylan's outburst, he did everyone a service by bringing things into proper perspective. While everyone was patting each other on the back, participant and viewer alike were reminded that there are very serious problems on our own continent and that, in a sense, charity begins at home.

The bottom line is that many lives will be saved from this remarkable act of charity. At the same time we must realize that one day of charity will not solve some of the more seemingly mundane problems emphasized by Bob Dylan. Hopefully the Live Aid broadcast will serve as a precedent for further charitable endeavors on several levels.

## Lighter side of Leacock doesn't shine through in unimaginative biography

by LAURA LUSH

Stephen Leacock wrote in the preface to *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* that he would "sooner have written *Alice in Wonderland* than the whole *Encyclopedia Britannica*." With that kind of emphasis on creativity, it is doubtful he would have wanted his biography to be thorough, concise, and unimaginative. *Leacock—A Biography*, by Albert and Theresa Moritz, is just that.

Apart from excerpts taken from Leacock's humour collections, and the witty testimonies of his associates and reviewers, the text reads more like a research report than an intimate look into the writer's life. Instead of evoking Leacock's gentle spirit and subtle wit, the biography is filled with irrelevant details that bring us no closer to understanding the man. Did you know that 1869, the year Leacock was born, margarine was also invented?

What the authors have managed to do in this biography is to depict Leacock as a Canadian hero. Instead of moving to foreign literary centres like London or New York, or sur-



**FRENZIED FICTION:** Stephen Leacock runs a close second to margarine in new biography.

rounding himself with his literary contemporaries, we are told that he chose to cultivate his Canadian identity by living his winters in Montreal, where he was a professor of economics at McGill, and his summers in Orillia, the community that inspired *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*.

The authors praise Leacock's decision to stay in Canada, saying that "his world reputation may well have been limited" by this decision.

Leacock clearly is also a hero of the Moritzs, who go so far at one point as to compare him to St. Paul. Leacock's humanism, widely appreciated and already widely critically explored, is once again remarked on and admired.

A curious quality of Leacock's art that the Moritzs point out is that he did not seem to have the discipline to contrive complicated plots and characters. Some of his pieces are no longer than 1,000 words, comprised of only snatches of conversation and fleeting observations. In fact, Leacock was often criticised for being too rushed in his pieces. In his defence, he wrote: "the writing of solid, instructive stuff fortified by facts and figures is easy enough...but to write something out of one's own mind, worth reading for its own sake, is an arduous contrivance." The authors of this biography have done the first, and created an arduous contrivance—an encyclopedia of facts that seldom offers new insights or breaks from arduousness into inspired passages. Those looking for a good summer read are better off picking up one of Leacock's books instead.

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## Peterson's balking on increased funding begs student response

By GARY SYMONS

It is a cliché that politicians are better at making promises while in the opposition than at keeping them once in power and Premier David Peterson's performance so far is no exception.

To his credit, Peterson seems far more committed to his promises that was Frank Miller to his ridiculous throne speech or Brian Mulroney (who successfully de-indexed his credibility) to anything. The Liberals have made a commendable start in launching legislation for tougher environmental protection laws and providing grants for separate schools. Nevertheless, Peterson's government has saddled itself with an overwhelming number of campaign pledges, and there are already disturbing noises emanating from Queen's Park that the more cynical might interpret as stall tactics. Treasurer Robert Nixon, stealing a page from Mulroney's standard script, is bemoaning the financial mess bequeathed to him by the provincial Tories, and the Liberals have already backed off on introducing equal pay for work of equal value legislation for the private sector.

Of more direct concern to Ontario's university and college students are the statements of rookie Colleges and Universities Minister Gregory Sobara to the effect that the government is "not going to be able to provide the kinds of funds that the universities will be requesting." Last January, however, Peterson prom-

ised that a Liberal government would sell Ontario's share of Suncor to finance the \$91-million modernization of the province's universities advocated by the Bovey Report. Now, according to Sobara, the question of increasing funding to post-secondary institutions is "being studied." Call me naïve, but after reading through the dozen or so position papers Peterson sent to *Excalibur* last year, I thought the matter had already been studied and decided upon. Certainly it should have been; without a firm commitment for increased funding in the near future the universities will be forced, as they were forced last year and the year before that, to limit accessibility. Peterson has said in the past that this situation has been intolerable. I agree, but I and 10,000 aspiring university students are still waiting for some action to back those pretty words.

It seems that, for the moment, the question of university funding has been put on the back burner while the fledgling Peterson team deals with the controversial issues of separate school funding and affirmative action. Possible the Liberals have forgotten the mass student protests that shot the Bovey Report down in flames earlier this year. If so, perhaps it's time student representatives in the Ontario Federation of Students and locally in the CYSF gently reminded our new government that we're still here and still waiting.

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# Skylight's *Count* competes for audience with *Romeo and Juliet* in summer park performances

by ALEX PATTERSON

Toronto's two outdoor theatres are at it again this summer, vying for the attentions of the same public and those ever-scarcer arts grants. Impoverished drama fans can take in free performances of *The Count of Monte Cristo* until July 28, and *Romeo and Juliet* until August 11.

"The Drama In High Park" is what the Toronto Free Theatre is calling their production of *Romeo and Juliet*. The name has stuck from their previous years' presentations of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but is appropriate for the love tragedy too as it contains much dream imagery.

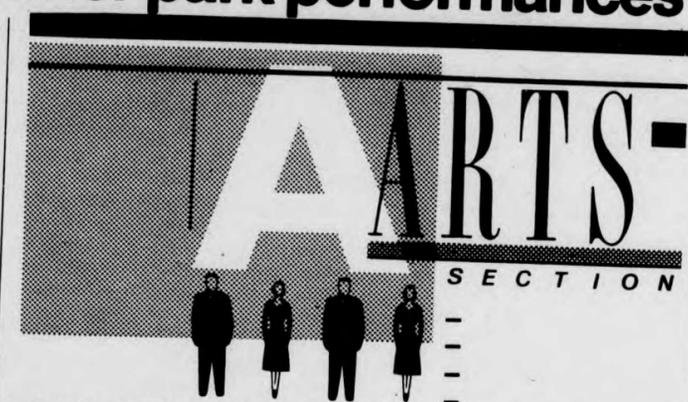
The less-publicized *Count* is by the Skylight Theatre, in Earl Bales Park at Bathurst and Sheppard, and is known as "the other play, in that other park." The Drama In High Park has been drawing huge crowds as per usual, while at Earl Bales you can arrive fifteen minutes before the 8:30 "curtain" and still pull up a square foot with a good view.

*The Count of Monte Cristo*, from Alexander Dumas' Romantic novel, is a classic tale of injustice and revenge. Edmond Dantes, a decent young chap, about to be married, about to be promoted from firstmate to captain of his ship, is framed by men jealous of his favoured positions, and hauled off to prison. Wasting away for fourteen years in the dungeon, at the hospitality of the State, Dantes befriends an Italian priest who makes him his heir to a great fortune on the island of Monte Cristo. When the priest dies, Dantes escapes from the Chateau d'If by hiding in his body-bag. He collects the loot, becomes the Count, and sets out to wreak havoc on his old enemies. After enough plot twists for two plays—some of them ingenious, some incredible—and some mind-boggling coincidences and A Strange Series of Events, he rights his wrongs. But, he can't win back the woman he loves because his lust for vengeance has hardened his heart. This conclusion satisfies the nineteenth century Catholic's twin de-

sires to (1) see justice done, and (2) punish the hero for taking into his own hands what should have been God's job.

As Dantes, Kimble Hall is a bit and uncomfortable in the first act, but, like the production itself, loosens up and improves in the second. Don MacQuarrie lurches and bellows in the roles of the shipowner Morrel and the imprisoned Father Faria. Victor A. Young brings out the arrogant selfishness and malice in Fernand, but wisely stops short of twirling his moustache. Cynthia Dale is radiantly beautiful as Dantes' beloved Mercedes, and she is possessed of a fine singing voice. Unfortunately, in this story and many others from the period, the hero's girl isn't given much to do...except, of course, wait around for her man to complete his exploits and return to her. The songs that she and the rest of the cast are given to sing are nothing special, pleasant but innocuous, and instantly forgettable.

The lighting and the sound have been thought out sensibly and deliver the goods under what must have been very trying circumstances. This spot does not lend itself to plays



quite as handily as the natural amphitheatre found in High Park, but every member of the audience could hear every word, which is more than can be said for *Romeo and Juliet*. The Skylight people also have made maximum use of the small forest onto which their set backs: directors Lewis Baumander and Patrick Christopher send their wards scurrying in and out of the trees on the edge of the playing field in a way which opens up the stage, theoretically, into infinity. This makes use of the presence of the outdoors in a surprising and pleasing manner. Doing a play outside is not

the same as doing it inside, and the directors have acknowledged this fact and worked it to the show's advantage.

What they haven't acknowledged, however, is that times have changed since Dumas was around, and the modern audience is jaded and cynical about stories like these. *The Count* is still fairly diverting stuff, because it is a clever yarn, but to play it perfectly straightfaced in the 1980s is to risk seeming archaic. In an age when everybody from Hanna-Barbera cartoonists to the Monty Python gang has had a go at the classic novels and legends, it is impossible to take them entirely seriously anymore.

Luckily for the High Park thespians, the Bard is immortal and problems of relevance do not have to be overcome. Overall, their *Romeo and Juliet* is the better bet this summer for those who like greenery with their scenery. The natural setting was a natural choice for an earthy comedy like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but the Montagues and the Capulets are more uptown, so Jim Plaxton has provided an abundant set. It comes complete with a sliding balcony which can be moved to the left or the right as the situation demands.

It is on this balcony that is played out an innovative approach to the "balcony scene." It is amazing to find how funny this scene can be,

since usually it is milked for its tenderness and romance. When Juliet is trying to conduct her illicit rendezvous with Romeo below, she is being beckoned by her relatives inside the house; customarily, these are suspenseful moments, because of the risk of their being caught. Here it is played for laughs, and gets them, as Juliet confidently stalls her parents and goes right on talking. The humour works thanks to Kate Trotter's unconventional portrayal of the heroine. This Juliet is refreshingly gutsy rather than wistful, and any lovesick mooning is left to Romeo.

Lovesick mooning is precisely what Paul Gross' Romeo does too much of, at least in one regrettable scene which mars an otherwise solid performance. When Romeo first goes to Friar Laurence, someone has encouraged Gross to reel around like a drunkard and run directly into a tree, as a depiction of amorous joy subtle enough for Saturday morning TV. It is understood that the audience needs comic relief, but they don't need it this badly. As the Friar, Errol Slue barks his lines with such passionate intensity that most of them can't be understood. In later scenes, this is less of a problem (or perhaps our ears just need time to adjust to his accent and phrasing) but in their first scene together it is a meeting of the unintelligible and the unintelligent.

David Ferry's Mercutio displays excellent comic sense, combining manic delivery with clear enunciation. Maurice E. Evans as Capulet seethes with rage as he instils the fear of the Father into daughter Juliet. His is easily the most "Shakespearean" performance of the night. The supporting players, the ladies and gentlemen of Verona, are strong, and are moved about the stage with aplomb by director Guy Sprung. Their entrances and exunts are briskly handled and help to keep the pace from lagging.

Sprung also has managed to coach the actors' voices to deliver blank verse that is faithful to Shakespeare and, at the same time, is accessible by the late-twentieth century ear. This is a challenge even at the Stratford festival, but moreso here, where much of the audience do not regularly attend plays, Elizabethan or otherwise. It is unfortunate that what renders some of the language incomprehensible is not any fault of the company's, but that of the sound system. The P.A. system is located in a tree above centre stage, but the sound can't be made to carry to the back rows without deafening those up front. The trouble is not any lack of volume, but with the evenness of its dispersion. Two additional speakers, one at either side of the stage might solve this, but the Parks people are notoriously particular about this sort thing, and there is also the perpetual paucity of funds to consider.

As difficult as these obstacles may be to overcome, they are nothing compared with trying to keep the crowd quiet. Many are in the habit of talking to their neighbours in their usual speaking voices during the performance. There are also those who bring restless young children. The actors have enough to contend with in the form of jets passing over head and bleating sheep and goats waiting in the wings, without competing with people who display poor etiquette.



AGONY OF INNOCENCE: Dantes (Kimble Hall) gets hauled off to prison.

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# Raucously wild *Tanzi* provides powerful contrast to dark anarchy of Brecht's angst-ridden *Baal*

by ALEX PATTERSON

The Toronto Free Theatre is playing host to a couple of remarkable return engagements this summer. Upstairs until August 4 is Bertolt Brecht's dark and introspective *Baal*, while downstairs for the rest of the summer is Claire Luckham's raucous wrestling extravaganza *Trafford Tanzi*. *Baal* is held over from an earlier run at the Young People's Theatre, while *Tanzi* is a "rematch" of TFT's production from last summer, which slugged out the war between men and women for over four months, breaking both records and ribs. Based upon a simple premise—to take literally the phrase "the battle of sexes"—*Tanzi* is the story of a woman's struggles from infancy to adulthood. In ten rounds, in a regulation size ring, the young *Tanzi* fights symbolic battles with her tarty Mum, her chauvinistic yobbo of a Dad and her even more chauvinistic greaseball of a husband, the Ever Popular Dean Rebel.

Concocted in 1978 as a way to bring theatre (not to mention the feminist perspective) to the ale-guzzling patrons of Liverpool's pubs, *Trafford Tanzi* has since become an international sensation. The accents and references locate it in the industrial English North, but the points the play makes are universal.

The fact that playwright Luckham has provided the wildest, loudest, most enjoyable show in town seems almost incidental. The laughs begin as soon as Musical Monty has finished his warm-up medley of easy-listening schmaltz such as *Blue Spanish Eyes* on rhythmic organ... in fact, for some, the laughs may have already started. Toddler *Tanzi* fights Round One against Mum over some vile pabulum, which she sprays from her mouth over the first few rows of two sides of the ring. This is one of many gestures which seek to break down, as Brecht wished to, the imaginary fourth wall which divides the players from their spectators. (Interestingly, the Brecht play now on view does not attempt anything of the kind, but then it was written before its author had elaborated his Alienation Techniques.) Lelani Marrell has a round, chinny face and kinky hair that make for a convincing baby, as well as the body language. She is also incredibly strong, and can throw her athlete husband over her shoulder and pin him to the carpet, although only after she has built up her confidence. As her none-too-bright, two-timing spouse, Henry Czerny too must give and receive a lot of physical punishment in an evening, and both leads must be thoroughly exhausted by the end. The stunts involve bone-crunching galore, and the supporting cast gets off not significantly lighter, as they make full use of the mat, the ropes, the corners, the floor of the building and even the aisles between the seats.

The show maintains its own wrestling coach, Michael Kristiansen, who deserves at least as much credit as director Howard Lester. The calibre of the scuffling is better than that of many professional bouts, much quicker paced, and a good deal less moronic. The timing and choreography rivals that of the ballet. This wrestling, ironically, is nowhere near as stagey as the real thing, and the actors can, and have, injured themselves doing it. The sheer physicality of it all is exhilarating; a liberating experience for stodgy theatre-goers to hoot and holler rather than sitting quietly and applauding politely at the end.

Not only must the cast beat each other up, they must also sing. Marrell has leather lungs in addition to her biceps of steel, and her rock and roll duet with Czerny is one of the two musical high points. The other is

Bridget O'Sullivan as Mum advising her daughter to *Stand By Your Man*, which takes on wry meaning in this context. Most of the songs are mockeries of popular genres (the '50s love song, the lounge crooner, country and western) and are reminiscent of

rous 45.3 company, who have in the past year innovated "dinner theatre" in a greasy spoon, and performed Sam Shepard's *Killer's Head* in a storefront window on Queen St. West while the audience watched from the sidewalk. This time, the



INTELLECTUAL EXERCISE: Simon du Toit, as Baal, employs his Rasputin-like charms on yet another victim.

the score of *The Rocky Horror Show*.

This is a show not to be missed. Even if you go to only one weird amalgam of English Music Hall/Righteous Anger/World's Dumbest Sport, this year, go to this one.

However, if your tastes run more towards amorality, anarchy and angst, Bertolt Brecht's *Baal* may be just your cup of hemlock. Allegedly written in four days to win a bet when the great one was only 19, *Baal* was his first play, predating his collaborations with Kurt Weill and his conversion to Marxism. A lesser known work, *Baal* had all but fallen out of the regular repertoire before David Bowie took the title role in a version for British television three years ago.

This production is by the adventu-

venue is conventional, but they have dared to case athletic, granite-jawed Simon du Toit as the dissolute minstrel Baal. If du Toit is not as fat and ugly as the script describes him, neither is he as skinny and pretty as Bowie. This is not a casting problem, since du Toit is very good indeed and makes us forget that he is supposed to be physically repulsive. The character is repulsive enough without the yellow teeth that Brecht called for, and makes Baal's endless amorous conquests easier to swallow.

These seductions make up the bulk of the action, and drunkenness and death fill in the rest. We watch Baal work his Rasputin-like charms on a series of women and, later, men, only to humiliate and/or brutalize them afterwards. All the while he is

in a drunken stupor (for if Baal don't find the next whiskey bar/I tell you he must die), reciting his poetry which is occasionally profound but oftener simply obscure. When he finally succumbs to Movie Disease (coughing, weariness, no known cure), few tears are shed. Recognizing that his protagonist inspires little sympathy, director Darrel Wasyk has wisely chosen to stage *Baal* as more of an intellectual exercise.

Wasyk has also designed his own set; a stark yet fascinating series of diminishing proscenium arches, repeating themselves off into the distance. The floor is fresh dirt and the props are minimal but well chosen. The overall effect is appropriate: a stage as cold as the work it serves. *Baal* really is a nasty piece of business, relentlessly portraying Man as not much better than beast and the world as a dark, cruel place, so if this production is something of an ordeal to sit through, it only means that the cast and crew have done their jobs well. It is a little like Orff's *Carmina Burana* in its preoccupations with dissipation and sensuality, and its secular conception of God, only without Orff's lust for life.

The play is structured in short scenes separated by blackouts. These vignettes, which last from a matter of seconds to several minutes, often require items to be carried on or off the stage during the time between. The lighting director, who has otherwise done his work splendidly, does not always allow enough time for the scene changes, which tends to spoil the illusion. If this were later Brecht, it could be attributed to the deliberate falseness of Epic Theatre but it is not. (Nor is the acting stilted and stylized in the Epic mode, in fact much more stylized caricatures can be found downstairs in *Trafford Tanzi*.) The effect of seeing trees or chairs carted on and off the stage is jarring, and allowing just a second or two longer between fade-out and fade-in would solve it. Graeme Thomson's lighting is dramatic, sculpting the actors with white or drowning them in darkness, even to the point where it is hard to see them. Similarly, the director has positioned them in some memorable posed groupings, yet in one early scene the action is obscured at the rear of the stage. In Baal's novel, his friend Ekart is sitting furthest from the audience behind the poet's drinking cronies who are playing cards onstage. Ekart begs Baal to come on a binge with him, but this important speech is all but lost behind the chat-



ter of the gamblers, and we can only guess as to their facial expressions. Given that Ekart is a soft-spoken type, the dramatic force of this exchange is squandered, yet this waste could easily have been avoided.

Ekart, played by Martin Neufeld, begins as Baal's drinking buddy, becomes his lover and later his victim. Neufeld admirably underplays the character, working as a foil to the poet's ranting and raving, which makes for a much needed break in the cacophony. He is the intellectual side of Man, while Baal is the animal nature, though they are not to be seen as halves of a whole, as the animal kills the intellectual in a stupid fight over the attentions of a whore. Baal is guilty of all the seven deadly sins except avarice, as he turns down the opportunity to have his poems published by insulting the man who made the offer. The animal in us evidently prefers lust to greed, so Baal seduces the publisher's wife instead.

As precocious as Brecht was for taking on such Big Themes before he was out of his teens, he was not quite up to the task. It is the work of a genius not yet mature, part melodrama, part psychodrama. That Brecht could write better during his adolescence than most playwrights do at the peak of their careers is a testament to his unique talent, but it can't change the fact that *Baal* has its weaknesses as a tragedy. One has to wonder how much of the sex is there for dramatic purpose and how much is just the expression of your Bertolt's fantasies. Analogously, how much of the play's obsession with morbidity and nihilism is well-considered philosophy and how much is unfocused youthful anger? This does not mean that the play isn't worth seeing; it is, and this is an especially good interpretation of it. Still, it is more the product of the nineteenth century than the twentieth, a closer kin to Goethe and *Woyzeck* than *The Good Woman of Szechuan*. 45.3 Inc. have presented an evening of bleakness and obliqueness with considerable potency, which is what Baal the character and *Baal* the play are all about.

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# SPORTS

## Olympic women's field hockey coach fired following complaints from senior players

by LORNE MANLY

Marina Van der Merwe, the York University professor who was the coach responsible for taking Canada, in seven years, from 16th in the world to 2nd at the 1983 World Cup, has been ousted from her position by her players and the executive board of the Canadian Women's Field Hockey Association (CWFHA).

Van der Merwe received notice two weeks ago that her contract was not being renewed while she was in the Netherlands with the junior team. According to the CWFHA the reason behind her dismissal was that the team wasn't improving enough, technically or tactically, and because Van der Merwe was unable to communicate with her senior players.

Van der Merwe, however, doesn't accept this rationale as she told Matthew Fisher of *The Globe and Mail* two weeks ago: "If we were not doing the job technically or tactically, we would not have progressed to the point where we were at the foot of the medal podium. And a coach who cannot communicate could not have had a team that improved so much. If there was a communication problem, why didn't the players confront me with it?"

According to Van der Merwe, the trouble began last August when the Field Hockey Association requested that Van der Merwe involve herself in the 1988 Olympic quadrennial plan. After a great deal of soul-searching Van der Merwe agreed to the task and moved to improve the program. She felt that, in order to keep up with the rest of the world, more emphasis had to be placed on the development of the junior team (as well as weeding out those players who were not progressing). The resulting shift of some financial support to the junior team led to the discontinuation of the carding of a few senior athletes and had the effect, as Van der Merwe said in a recent interview with *Excalibur* "of putting the cat among the pigeons."

Van der Merwe decided that "those who didn't progress were no longer to be carded."

They could continue...but no longer were they to have the benefits that come from being carded."

Being a carded athlete carries with it both the status and material benefits of a scholarship as few are awarded and the athlete's tuition is paid for and they receive a monthly stipend. The senior players, both those who had been carded for two and a half to three years but are no longer carded, and other seniors who felt threatened by these implications of these actions, were not about to take this turn of event lying down. To ensure their job security, which Van der Merwe was taking away with these changes (Van der Merwe) had to be replaced.

**"The executive board handed over the selection process and training method to the athletes. The entire role definition has become reversed."**

Van der Merwe was aware of this unrest and said that "the Board would see, in their wisdom that these emotions were the natural upshot of these developments. But the ladies didn't she said, adding "they stepped out of their role and interfered with the selection process. The executive board handed over the selection process and training method to the athletes. The entire role definition has become reversed."

"I have become a bystander (taking the executive's role). The athletes are now the programmers and criterion setters. And the executive can't be coach. There is now a void of coaching expertise due to the serious lack of understanding on the board member's part", Van der Merwe said.

CWFHA president Jan Meyer said the executive board reached its decision after considering evaluation reports handed in by senior players. Most of them disliked Van der Merwe's handling of the team but almost all of the younger players (on the junior team) support the coach.

The senior players didn't like the way they were being treated by the coach. These athletes felt they had established themselves and deserved a larger role in their program's direction. Van der Merwe scoffs at this assertion of the players: "They call themselves 'seniors'. That is incredibly presumptuous—no player in Canada can call themselves that. Senior in longevity maybe..."

The titles senior and junior team are misnomers to the reader unfamiliar with the Canadian field hockey scene. They are senior and junior only in terms of age. There are members of the junior team that make the Olympic squad but are placed on the junior team the rest of the time because of their age. In other words, the senior team is not necessarily better, just older.

According to Van der Merwe the state of upheaval surrounding the program the past year has been costly to the seniors. "I know for a fact that the senior athletes have lost a year. They sat back and watched...There was no serious concerted effort training while the other leading countries were going faster than lightning."

"Women's field hockey is now a bonafide Olympic sport. Every other country has pulled out every stopper in the book: junior development, senior development, weeding out players not progressing." Van der Merwe stresses the point that Canada is not good enough to be able to afford standing still, not with the English, Germans, Dutch and Australians improving at such a fast pace.

In Van der Merwe's opinion, the whole episode has had a bizarre, soap-opera-type atmosphere to it. Further proof to Van der Merwe of this constant paradox can be found in Jan Meyer's comments on the search for a new coach. The president of the CWFHA has stated that Van der Merwe is welcome to apply "just like anyone else." She isn't to be rehired but she can apply.

But despite everything, Van der Merwe will reapply. "I don't need the aggravation but many talented people didn't become number one by, one, acting in an illogical fashion, and two, saying stuff. I have a lot of energy and ideas. I love coaching at the international level. I have to reapply", Van der Merwe concluded.

## Sports Briefs

by EDO VAN BELKOM

### HOCKEY

• Yeomen hockey coach Dave Chambers made the final cuts on Canada's under 18 hockey team and will be travelling to Colorado Springs, Colorado for a two game exhibition series against the American under 18 team July 22 and 24.

### TRACK AND FIELD

• York track star and member of the football Yeomen, Desai Williams finished in third place in the 200m event at an international meet in Nice, France. Williams completed the dash in 20.67 seconds.

• Members of the York Optimists Track and Field club made their presence felt at Jim Buchanan Memorial Meet held at Etobicoke's Centennial Stadium. On the women's side Molly Killingbeck won the gold in the 400m even while teammates Camille Cato and Dana Wright placed second and third in the same even. The men were equally impressive lead by Mike Dwyer winning the 200m. In the pole vault Noel McIntyre and Doug Wood finished first and second, while the same finished in the long jump was achieved by Richard Rock and Peter Stasiuk. The men completed a sweep in the shot put where Michael Spiritoso, Martino Catalano and Luby Chambul collected the top three positions respectively. All tolled the Optimists collected 14 medals out of a possible 48.

### 1985 MACCABIAH GAMES

• The 1985 Maccabiah Games, more commonly known as the Jewish Olympics held in Israel in July will see York represented in a number of events. Yeomen Basketball coach Bob Bain is coach of the Basketball team of which Yeomen Stuart Levin-sky will be a member. Other York students who will be competing include Jonathan Goodman, Mike Zunder and Jonny Cole who will be entered in various Track events.

### WRESTLING

• The Canadian Junior World Wrestling Team used York University as its training headquarters before heading off to Colorado for the Junior World Championship, finishing better than any Canadian team in the past. The team won three medals—two silvers and one bronze. York student Paul Hughes, pictured left (kneeling), exhibits the overpowering technique that brought him the bronze medal at the competition. Another member of the York squad, Gary Holmes, picked up a fourth-place finish. Coach John Parks hopes the York team's success will help in the bid for a National Wrestling Centre to be located at York University.



TED CHRISTENSEN

## A SALUTE TO YORK RUNNERS

The Provost congratulates the staff and faculty members of the York running team which did so well in the recent YMCA Corporate Relay. York claimed second spot in the men's-over-50 (average) grouping, second spot as well in the men's-over-40 category, and seventh place in the mixed-over-35 group.

*Do all these smiling faces tell us something about fitness?*



LEFT: Peter Moens. CENTRE: (standing, left to right) Robert Prince, Claudia Hungerson, Glen Norcliffe, David Scuse, Maureen Smith, Robert McEachern, (kneeling, left to right) David Promislow, Roy Merrens, Michael Goldrick. RIGHT: Brian Maraj. NOT PICTURED: John McConnell.

## DANCE MAJOR AUDITIONS

Final auditions for 85/86 undergraduate dance majors and minors will be held at York University, Burton Auditorium on Wednesday, August 7, 1985 from 12:15 p.m.-4:30 p.m. For details, write or call:

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York University, 4700 Keele Street,  
North York, Ontario M3J 1P3  
(416) 667-3243