

Pro Tem



March 24, 1986

Collège • Glendon • College

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PLANNING AHEAD



by Elizabeth McCallister

GCSU President Elect Hugh Mansfield is in the process of planning his major objectives and goals with his Executive.

He states, "I think that our major objective next year is to get more participation by the students." To accomplish this goal, Mansfield plans to keep the students informed about Glendon student life and off-campus activities. He says his Council will "take what is available to the students instead of waiting for the students to come to us."

The President Elect proposes to have weekly announcements in the cafeteria on Wednesdays and to utilize Pro Tem in order to have this information reach the students.

Mansfield plans to print a monthly events calendar. He has not yet made definite arrangements since he considers it "a simple idea to take care of." This calendar would list the meetings of clubs and organizations, campus events (i.e. dances) and off-campus entertainment ideas. These calendars would be distributed in residence with a remaining few available to off-campus students.

Mansfield intends to increase Glendonites' awareness of off-campus organizations. Neighbouring groups such as CNIB, Bob Rumble and Sunnybrook

Hospital would be invited to participate in this scheme.

Mansfield says, "Basically, what we (he and his Executive) want to do is get Orientation Week off the ground more powerfully than in previous years." While he has no complaints about Orientation 85, he feels a different structure and events would interest more students and therefore increase student involvement throughout the year.

The Executive 86-87 met last Thursday to discuss their objectives and to get to know one another. These weekly "shadow meetings" will continue until May. Mansfield states, "We're presenting seminars on our directorships." Since some of the duties of the directors overlap, he hopes these seminars will be the basis for the "team work" he wants within his Council. By the end of this week, each elected executive will have met with the person currently holding their position to discuss the duties and realities of their job.

Mansfield has "just been given a ball park figure" of the deficit he will face. He comments, "It is difficult to establish directives" about the GCSU finances until he has a definite figure. Mansfield does intend to use deficit financing

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and recover the deficit over a three year period instead of a one year period at the expense of clubs and services."

Glendon's potential membership in the Council of York Student Federation (CYSF) is an issue which Mansfield is

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Le Bilinguisme Glendonien

Par Marie-Claude Petit

Par la fermeture du courant unilingue pour l'année 1987, le Collège Glendon renforce sa vocation de centre universitaire bilingue. Le Collège se propose de développer de nombreux programmes selon le "modèle Glendon" qui propose un équilibre entre les deux langues tout au long des années de formation.

A l'automne dernier, le conseil de la faculté du Collège Glendon a décidé de fermer le courant unilingue anglais, quoiqu'il comprend quelques 500 étudiants à temps plein. Ce changement touchera un fort pourcentage de la population étudiante. Certains ont exprimé leur reprobation, mais de façon général, la future orientation de Glendon correspond à la volonté étudiante.

L'abandon du courant unilingue voue le Collège au bilinguisme mais qu'elle sera la nature du bilinguisme Glendonien? Le Collège aspire non pas à former des étudiants susceptibles d'utiliser une deuxième langue de façon artificielle, mais désire développer chez ces derniers une compétence réelle. Glendon a compris

qu'une connaissance profonde des deux langues est primordiale pour la formation de travailleurs bilingues compétents. En plus de maîtriser parfaitement la seconde langue, les étudiants doivent devenir sensible aux besoins spécifiques de chacune des communautés linguistiques.

Traditionnellement les institutions bilingues offrent des programmes parallèles qui permettent à l'étudiant de choisir la langue de formation. Cette pratique qui prévaut toujours à l'Université d'Ottawa et à la Laurentienne, restreint la connaissance de la deuxième langue à un niveau élémentaire. Des programmes répartis entre les deux langues, tel que proposé par le Collège Glendon, sont susceptibles de développer une compétence réelle car les étudiants se voient obligés de maîtriser les composantes des deux langues au sein même de leur champ d'étude.

Pour l'instant, Glendon n'offre que trois programmes informatiques, mathématique et traduction) ayant un profil combinant des cours dans les deux langues. Le Collège aspire à développer d'autres programmes selon ce

profil mais pour cela le concours financier du gouvernement est primordial. Sans cet appui, Glendon ne pourra pas étendre le bilinguisme "alterne" à l'ensemble de ses programmes. Espérons que le gouvernement posera une geste concrète en faveur du bilinguisme en appuyant son développement au sein du Collège Glendon.

Dans l'ensemble de l'Ontario et spécialement dans le sud, les programmes de sciences furent négligés. Glendon ne projette point de déborder dans ce domaine mais désire demeurer fidèle aux arts libéraux et préserver leur haut niveau de qualité. Toutefois, l'ouverture de programmes bilingues en science pourrait devenir la responsabilité de York qui entrevoit d'ouvrir le bilinguisme à l'ensemble de l'Université plutôt que de le limiter au Collège Glendon.

Par le développement de programmes alternant entre le français et l'anglais, Glendon offre un nouveau concept de bilinguisme. Pour M. Garigue, directeur du Collège, "le modèle

suite à la page 5

WHO ARE THE NDP?

Mr. Ed Broadbent, the Honourable leader of the New Democratic Party, paid a visit to Glendon last Thursday to speak to a Government and Politics of Canada class. Broadbent flew in from Ottawa to speak to the class, and departed immediately following his one hour engagement to return to Parliament for Question Period.

Mr. Broadbent talked for the first quarter of an hour on the fundamental principles of the N.D.P. and for the next 45 minutes fielded questions from the class.

Mr. Broadbent outlined the key principles of the N.D.P. as being freedom, liberty, equality and community. He stated of Canada's three major parties only the N.D.P. has been willing to stand up to defend the rights of minorities even when the consensus of the majority was in favour of denying these rights. Broadbent used many of the historical stances of the party and its forerunner, the Canadian Commonwealth Federation, to illustrate this viewpoint.

Mr. Broadbent pointed out that the C.C.F. had been against

the internment of Japanese-Canadians during World War II and that under Tommy Douglas, the N.D.P. had been the only party to vote against the imposition of the War Measures Act during the October Crisis of 1970.

Citing the principles of liberal democracy proposed by John Stuart Mill, Broadbent stated that the will of a majority should never be allowed to subjugate a minority without first studying all the relevant information and facts.

Broadbent underlined the N.D.P.'s belief's in equality between the sexes and the races as well as its socialistic position vis-a-vis a more equitable distribution of income among the classes. Mr. Broadbent maintained that the N.D.P. has always supported the notion of equal pay for work of equal value. He pointed out that inequities still exist when employers pay women less to do jobs which are similar to the ones men are doing but which are classified differently. Broadbent promised that an N.D.P.

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HOW TO CALL FOR THE BLUE.

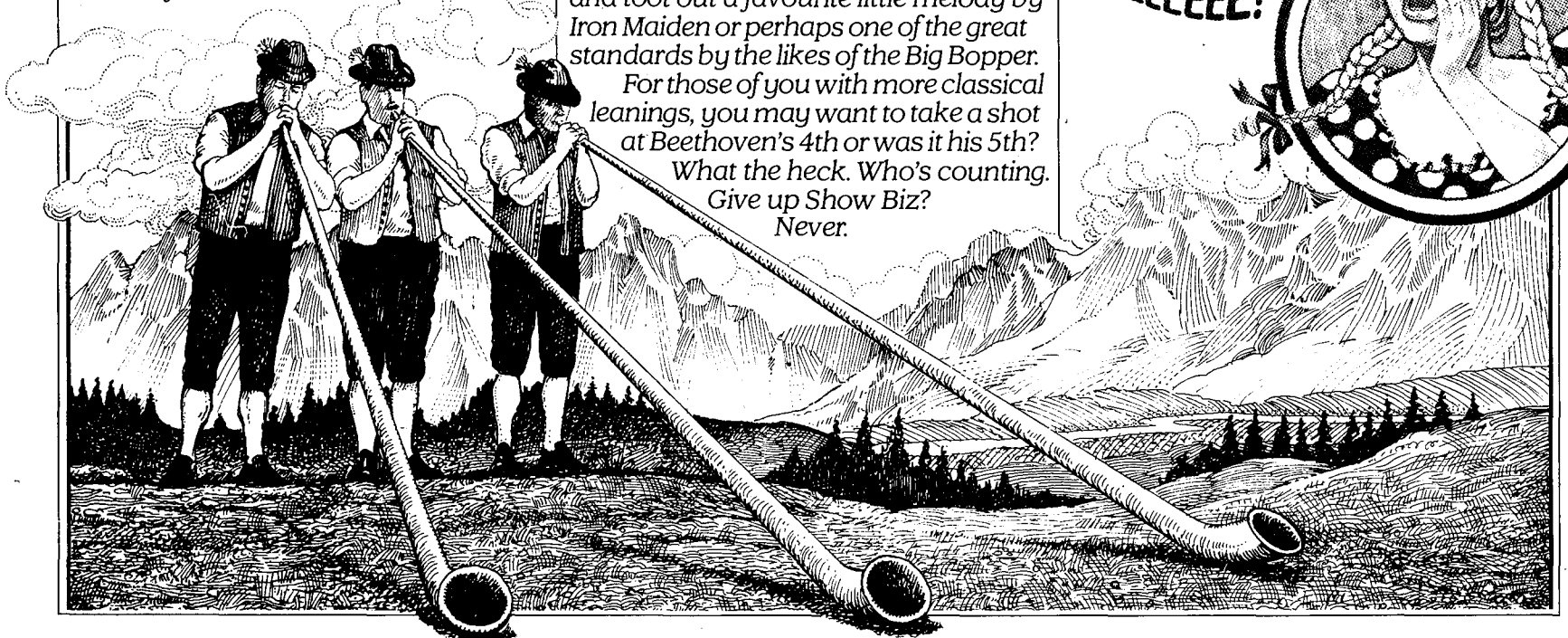


Alpine Horn

Those experienced in calling for the clean, true taste of Blue are well aware of the value of doing so in a big way. Perhaps this accounts for the enormous increase in the sales of alpine horns.

Once used almost exclusively in old Julie Andrews movies and in commercials for cheese, the alpine horn is showing up in favourite watering holes across the country.

"Alpine horns are the new growth industry." Said one dealer. "Equally impressive..." he went on to add "are the sales of knee socks, lederhosen and Tyrolean hats." It would appear, at least for the moment, that horn fever is upon us. Which means, that it is indeed, time to blow for a Blue.



Bottle Tooting

You may not be the song that makes the whole world sing, but hey, when it comes to stringing together a Doh, a Re and the ever popular Mi, you're no Sonny Bono either.

And what better way to share your gift than by tooting for a Labatt's Blue.

All that's required is an empty bottle of Blue and lungs like Luciano Pavarotti. Imagine the feeling, when surrounded by friends, you raise a Blue bottle within a millimetre of your lips and toot out a favourite little melody by Iron Maiden or perhaps one of the great standards by the likes of the Big Bopper.

For those of you with more classical leanings, you may want to take a shot at Beethoven's 4th or was it his 5th?

What the heck. Who's counting.
Give up Show Biz?
Never.

Hog Calling

Long an institution at country fairs and ho-downs, hog calling techniques have made their way far beyond the concession roads and split rail fences of our pastoral communities. In countless bars across the country, the once distinctive strains of "Sue-eeeeeeeeeeee" have been replaced by the infinitely more lyrical "Blue-eeeeeeeeeeeeee."

As popular as this technique is becoming, you would be ill advised to employ it at any function to which you are required to wear black tie or in the presence of anyone who is more than 20 lbs overweight.

BLUE-EEEEEE!



ONE IN A SERIES OF HIGHLY INFORMATIVE PRESENTATIONS AIMED AT HELPING YOU TO BETTER UNDERSTAND THE DIVERSE MEANS IN WHICH IT IS POSSIBLE TO OBTAIN ONE OR MORE BOTTLES OF BLUE, CANADA'S MOST POPULAR BEER. FOR THAT CLEAN, TRUE TASTE.

EPIDEMIC HITS CAMPUSES

Now it is spring, the season when young men's hearts turn to love and young women's thoughts turn to dieting.

It's the time of year when advertisers begin marketing summer clothes by plastering bus terminals, magazine pages and newspapers with pictures of thin, attractive women. Along with fashionable clothes, they are also selling fashionable shapes. This season's preferred body is tall and thin.

Many women dream this will be the year they lose enough weight to wear a bikini or look good in the latest designer jeans, and so the diet craze on Canadian campuses begins.

While dieting to reach a certain body size isn't exactly a new phenomenon, a sharp increase in the number of women suffering from dieting-related diseases means more doctors are questioning our attitudes towards body size and weight loss.

According to Dr. Hedy Fry, chair of the British Columbia Medical Association's nutrition committee, as many as four to 20 per cent of female university students have bulimia, and as many as 25 per cent show symptoms of anorexia nervosa or bulimia. Both illnesses are characterized by an obsession with weight, food and thinness. Although some men suffer from eating disorders, more than 90 per cent of anorexics and bulimics are women.

"Most men like women who look like women. You can get a handful of toothpicks at any restaurant, free of charge." —Mae West

In British Columbia, Fry is trying to find out just how widespread is the incidence of eating disorders. She's conducting a survey to see how many people suffer from bulimia or anorexia nervosa to some degree. Fry believes that while the number of women who end up in hospital may not be that high, there are lots of people who have some symptoms associated with the disorders.

"It's important to reach people before they get to hospital. The ones who do it for a long time without detection suffer guilt, depression and low self-esteem leading to psychological damage," she says. "Physicians and nurses aren't recognizing the problem early enough. They see only the very sick ones in urgent need of treatment."

While psychologists suspect the twin eating disorders have similar causes there are important differences between anorexia nervosa and bulimia.

Anorexia nervosa usually begins with a desire to lose weight through dieting and exercise. After an initial weight loss, dieting then becomes an obsession and its victims consider themselves too fat, no matter how much weight they lose. At some point, anorexics

simply stop eating; some starve themselves to death.

Bulimia is less understood than anorexia. It is also more difficult to detect because it may not involve the same drastic weight loss. Bulimics diet too, but they also practice the binge and purge syndrome. Bulimics often take in a large quantity of food and then purge it by making themselves vomit. Some bulimics use commercial laxative or diuretics to rid their bodies of the calories. Others exercise for three or more hours a day.

Of the two diseases, anorexia nervosa is far easier to detect. Its victims show visible symptoms in a relatively short period of time. They lose up to 30 per cent of their body weight, menstruation ceases and in the later stages a fine growth of hair covers the body. The disease must be treated or they will die.

Signs of bulimia are not as obvious. A concern about weight and frequent exercising

may seem normal and bulimics often lie or hide their vomiting in shame. Bulimic patterns can continue for years. It is not harmless, though.

Lynn Andrews, a counsellor at Saint Mary's University in Halifax, started a discussion group for students with bulimia when she realized how widespread the problem was on her campus. The six week old group meets to discuss nutrition and eating habits. Andrews says she hopes it will help students discover healthy eating habits.

"A lot of these women are afraid to eat normal meals. They are afraid of food," says Andrews. She attributes the recent increase in cases of bulimia to the pressure in society for women to be thin, and the stress caused by the changing role of women in society.

Andrews says it all began with Twiggy, "the new skinny woman." Twiggy, the gaunt guru of the fashion industry in the 1960s, was the first of the super skinny models who have since become the norm in the modelling business. At the same time, Playboy models began to get thinner. While the weight of the average Playboy centerfold has dropped significantly

in the past twenty years, the size of the average North American woman has increased. Andrews says this disparity between fantasy and the reality has caused a great deal of stress.

Andrews says women also use food to relieve stress but then feel more stress when they realize they may gain weight. While studying for exams, many students deal with tension by eating pizza or whole bags of

"How many skinny people fit in the shower? None, they keep slipping down the drain." —Garfield

chocolate chip cookies. Women with bulimia panic after bingeing and then make themselves vomit. The combined pressure to be thin and to perform well academically may be too much for some women to cope with.

"As women are getting more career-oriented, there's more stress. Bulimia can be a response to that stress," Andrews says.

But she is worried about women at Saint Mary's who suffer from eating disorders but won't join the group. "I know they're out there. I see them," she says. "But they won't come to meetings."

Kelly Pearce, a social work student at Laurentian University in Sudbury, Ontario, has the same problem with a self-help group she facilitates. Pearce says many women won't attend meetings because denial is a symptom of the disease. "Most bulimics and anorexics say there isn't a problem except that they're too fat," says Pearce.

The Sudbury group was organized in January 1985 by two social work students at Laurentian when they identified eating disorders as a major problem in their community. With the help of the Canadian Mental Health Association, the group began holding weekly

"It is now fashionable to be thin, but if it were fashionable to be fat, women would force-feed themselves like geese, just as girls in primitive societies used to stuff themselves because the fattest girl was the most beautiful. If the eighteen-inch waist should ever become fashionable again, women would suffer the tortures of tight lacing, convinced that though one dislocated one's kidneys, crushed one's liver, and turned green, beauty was worth it all." —Una Stannard

meetings and trying to inform women about the problem. Pearce decided to act as the group's resource person this year because she was concerned about women at Laurentian.

"You just need to look anywhere on campus to see women jogging frantically or doing aerobics workouts," says Pearce.

Pearce says the group isn't intended to replace professional help. Instead she hopes to

provide anorexics and bulimics with a safe environment where they can express themselves to people who understand. She says she wants to help end the myths in society that harm women.

Along with self-induced vomiting, Pearce says bulimics engage in the dangerous practice of dieting combined with aerobic workouts. Aerobics, made popular by Jane Fonda and the *20 Minute Workout*

show, burn off a great deal of calories in a short period of time. Many women do aerobic exercise strictly in order to lose weight and care little about fitness.

While it may be acceptable to do aerobic workouts for twenty minutes at a time, bulimics may exercise for up to three hours a day. But they do not eat as many calories as they burn off through the regimen of frenzied bouts of aerobics. Fonda, author of the *Jane Fonda Workout* book, and subsequent spinoffs, was herself a bulimic/

Once seen as "fringe" diseases associated with rich, female adolescents, the twin eating disorders are now at the center of attention in the medical community. Three medical conferences, all held in Ottawa last summer, dealt with the increase in cases of bulimia and anorexia nervosa. The Canadian Medical Association along with the Canadian Dietetic Association and the Canadian Pediatric Society, heard testimony from doctors about the growing number of cases, the possible causes and the methods of treatment.

Doctors in B.C. are gaining awareness of eating disorders as the B.C. Medical Association's

nutrition committee has formed a sub-committee just to deal with eating disorders.

And at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., psychology student Sylvie Boulet and film student Michael Douherly produced a video about bulimia to educated university students. The video, *Bulimia — Out Of Control Eating*, presents a detailed account of a case of bulimia and includes

Are YOU frightened of your SHADOW?



HAVE you ever caught sight of your reflection in a shop window and seen your thickening shadow? Why not take steps now to get rid of excess fat by drinking a daily glass of hot water with a little 'Limestone' Phosphate in it? 'Limestone' Phosphate makes a delightful effervescent drink that tones up the system and flushes out food waste so that all fat forming residue is eliminated. Start taking 'Limestone' Phosphate to-day (2/3 including Purchase Tax) and make sure your shadow never grows bigger.

Be Happy, Healthy and Slim with 'LIMESTONE' PHOSPHATE

interviews with professionals. Boulet also plans to start a discussion group at S.F.U..

But unless awareness about eating disorders increases soon, Doherty and Boulet may be showing their video to elementary school students as well as university students.

According to Dr. Suji Lena, a pediatrician at the Eastern Ontario Children's Hospital in Ottawa, the average age of anorexic patients is decreasing. For the first time doctors are seeing children as young as 12 with anorexia nervosa. When Lena worked at the Children's Hospital in Toronto last year, her clinic saw 12 cases of anorexic children in six months. The year before, there had only been two or three cases.

She says the symptoms usually begin at the onset of puberty. As children now mature at an earlier age, symptoms of anorexia are also appearing at an earlier age. Lena says children see positive images of skinny people everywhere. Young girls also watch their mothers complain about gaining weight and as a result see their own weight gain as a negative experience.

When female children begin to have breasts develop and wider hips, they begin to panic, says Lena. They want to stay child-like and so they stop eating.

"The younger age group isn't as sophisticated," says Lena. "They don't make themselves vomit or anything like that. They just skip meals or stop eating altogether."

The increasing number of women and even young female children obsessed with weight is a warning sign of the way North American society works. While fashion magazines and pornography display images of thin women in standard shapes and sizes, real women are risking their lives to live up to the stereotype.

Editorial

INTENSIVE PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR MULRONEY'S MEETING WITH PRESIDENT REAGAN.



Recently, a student wrote to **PRO TEM** to make the request that we not advertise for tobacco companies. The letter writer acknowledged that the funds the paper receives from this advertising would make it a difficult position for a student publication to make.

This is true, and it is the major reason we accept these ads. The tobacco industry is the largest advertiser for this publication, and the revenues from this advertising comprise a significant portion of our revenues.

While this is reason enough, this is not the entire reasoning behind **PRO TEM's** acceptance of this advertising. The staff of **PRO TEM** believe that the students are mature and intelligent enough to make their own decisions. Simply seeing a picture of someone skiing or a cue ball should not induce someone over their better judgement to start using any product.

therefore, we accept these advertisements with the revenues believing that to refuse them would not only be foolhardy financially, but a form of censorship against a certain segment of the population (in this case, the tobacco industry).

Récemment un étudiant a écrit une lettre à **PRO TEM**, pour demander de ne pas faire des annonces pour des companies de tabac. L'écrivain a reconnu, à cause de l'argent que **PRO TEM** reçoit pour ces annonces, que c'est une position difficile à prendre pour un journal étudiant.

C'est vrai et c'est la raison majeure que nous acceptons ces annonces. L'industrie de tabac est le plus grand annonceur de ce journal et les revenus par ces annonces fait une grande partie de notre revenu.

Ce n'est pas la seule raison que **PRO TEM** croit que les étudiants de Glendon sont assez mûrs et intelligents pour faire leurs propres décisions. Simplement, voir un photo d'une personne en faisant de ski ou une queue de billard ne persuaderait quelqu'un de commencer à utiliser un produit.

Pour cette raison, nous acceptons ces annonces et les revenus avec le croyance que si nous les refusions, cela ferait une décision imprudente financière mais aussi une forme de censure contre une certaine partie de notre société.

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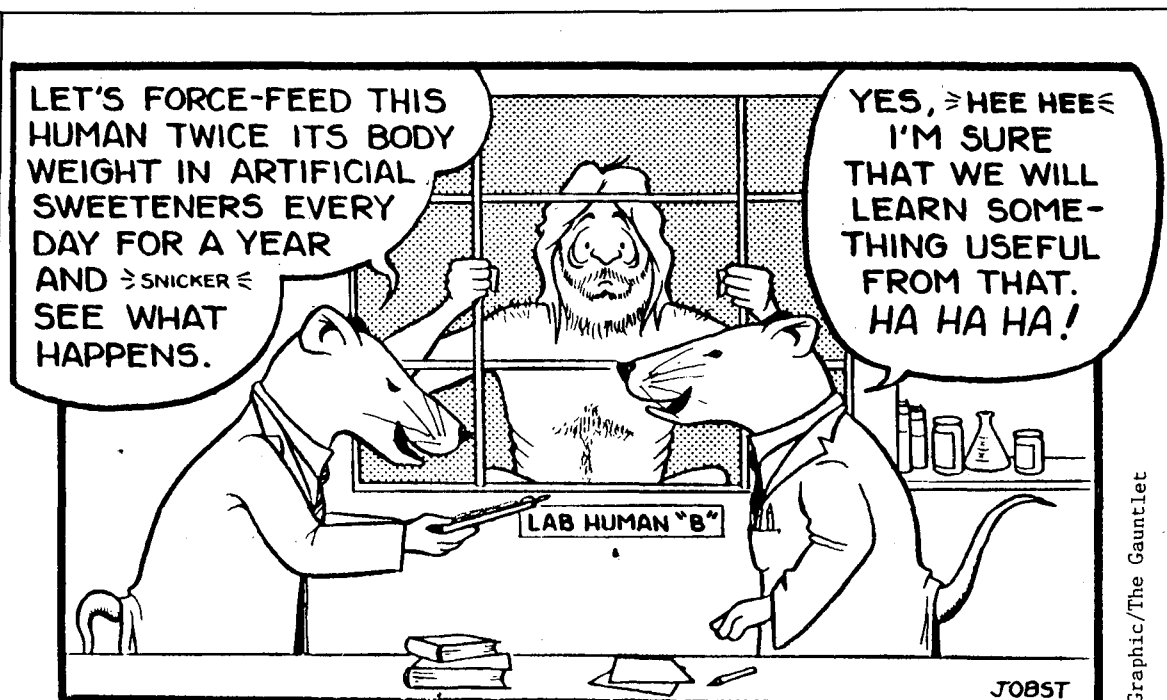
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NINE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE DOWNFALL OF THE HUMAN RACE THE RATS STILL HELD A GRUDGE.

Graphic/The Gauntlet

Real World V

David Olivier

By Catherine Bryson

Another Monday. Picture yourself walking into the cafeteria, styrofoam cup of "boiling caffeine solution" in hand to make your heart pound faster in the break between lectures. Gripped by a sudden whimsical desire to grab for the donut with the psychedelic sprinkles on top. (Didn't Oscar Wilde say something about yielding to temptation once, you ask yourself.) But the styrofoam cup instead conjures up images of extreme mundanity, the eternal hellfire which is not situated in the Inferno, but in the sterile underground bus shelter at the Davisville subway station. You turn your head to see a familiar face and, taking advantage of your open smile, someone tosses a peanut in your open mouth.

You are now 20 minutes late for the second half of the lecture. "Better to save face instead," you say, "and collect the books later." The incoming lunch crowd is held together like sticky over-cooked rice in a bad Chinese restaurant. "Together" is a word straight out of the accumulated clichés of civilization. Stuck to the very bottom, like barnacles on the underside of a boat, and yet never failing to resurface again and again. In a moment of nostalgia you produce "memories" of the 10th grade cafeteria, the camaraderie of hating the people in charge. But thankfully, your 14 year-old self removes the blindfold and lays the memories bare. And yet there remains a certain longing for that feeling. Where has it gone?

As you look into the crowd more intently, you begin to project certain people into different backdrops. As your face pans the crowd, the expressions of faces and the movements of gestures become transformed. You picture an office, grey, well-dressed people toasting each other ceremoniously around a bubbling water cooler. For surviving another year of Mondays? In raising your cup, you join the masquerade, and the cafeteria then becomes a waiting-room at a dentist's office. All the students are waiting to have their molars extracted. (The time is ripe for them to start poking through the gums at this age.) The pain of waiting is excruciating, but still they wait; stoicism being a highly revered quality in our society. Where does the patience come from? When exactly did we become so good at obeying all the traffic lights? The same people sit on the stairs every day with the same patience, waiting. Perhaps

Over the next few weeks, I will be fully absorbed with the fleeting concepts of personal finances. The Ides of March are upon us; consequently, it's tax time. In line with this, and the recent Federal budget, I have become somewhat preoccupied with the multi-coloured stuff that fills my wallet.. or used to.

Perhaps the ultimate psychological barrier between the sheltered university life and the Real World, is the one shattered upon receiving the first pay-cheque. True, university students work during the off-season and some work part-time in session, but actually working while everyone else is off in academic never-never land, (where you should be too!) is a novel and slightly jarring concept. The pay-cheque and its attendant stub, are the final symbols of "breaking away".

Actually, the pay-cheque is a primitive vestige of the good new-bad news syndrome: the good news is the cheque, redeemable at your local bank, trust company, or credit union; the bad news is the stub, with gross (usually), deductions (ad infinitum), and net (a butter fly net, most likely). Stubs should be R-rated — they tell the tale of more slashes and cuts than "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre". OHIP, income taxes, Canada Pension Plan, and miscellaneous (from uniform deposits to union dues). Sure, many of these deductions come back to the donor, directly or indirectly, but they are disheartening nonetheless. Anyone who takes a job that is advertised as \$6.00/hour will soon tell you that such is not the case — the deductions take away a sizeable portion of that salary.

Let's take my latest pay-cheque as an example. Officially, for my last pay period, I worked 84 hours at \$5.75/hour, and grossed \$483.00. Simple mathematics. Alas, I netted a mere \$364.00. More simple mathematics tells me that after deductions, I actually made \$4.33/hour, barely above minimum wage. This remainder is supposed to feed me, clothe me, put a roof over my head, transport me, allow me to save for the future, and allow me to be a luxury-good consumer. Fortunately, I do not have to support anyone else on my wages — there are far too many people out there trying to do just that.

Is there a solution? I don't know — I'm not an Economics grad. Applying my degree, (History, and the first time I've used it since last September), I cannot see any previous time when a capital-based society was in this position, caught between the necessities of life and the clamour for luxury, created through advertising. Some may draw parallels with the Twenties, but the chief difference between then and now is credit. Then, credit was available to anyone; now safeguards, regulations, paranoia, and mistrust, combined with higher interest rates, have eliminated the potential of a life on promises. "I'll gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today", has metamorphosed into "we extend credit to those over the age of 90 and only if they are accompanied by both parents". Both J. Wellington Wimpey, the loveable mooch from "popeye" and myself, are wondering where our next hamburger is coming from. Fortunately for Wimpey, he doesn't need to save for a Metropass every month.

with the hope that they may some day sit on more interesting stairs.

I am hungering for the electric colours of alizarin crimson to be offensively and wantonly splashed onto the cafeteria canvas, which represents the daily in-between classes, caffeine and sugary donut spirit of Glendon, but is our only forum. It belongs to us all. A more shocking spirit might be induced by the protests of 5 brave streakers in Converse running shoes with paper bags over their heads, but that I fear is too ambitious, and at this time of year, risking pneumonia. Nor am I suggesting a re-enactment

of a 60's sit-in, although I know of a couple of people who tried to start one without success. Besides, it is only the desire I am hungering for, and it grows stronger with the prospect of entering the 'real' world...

As avid readers and watchers of the MEDIA for the past ten years or so, it should have dawned on us all (it is not too late), that we in fact never really left the 10th grade. The task is then to re-construct the panoply with which to fight the powers that be. Adding to it the depths of experience, the hangers-on, of cynicism, skepticism, doom, come one, come all. The Ides of March, the full

moon, (March 26), Haley's, the spirited Jacques Hebert, Spring, April Fool's, all is inspiration. And that, finally, is what alizarin crimson symbolizes. P.S. Watch for the huge blank canvas in the quad this Spring.

suite de la page 9

C'est donc une pièce aux âcres velents de féminisme, difficile, car fort sérieuse. Où les dialogues les plus anodins finissent toujours en guerres verbales. Où l'on a l'impression d'assister et de participer à l'intimité d'un couple, bien malgré nous...



The Insomniac

Let's Examine Spring

(notes from a new-born cynic)

by Kevin McGran

I stand before you a bewildered youth, a man who has lost his sense of direction and sense of smell. I lost my direction in the library looking for books on fun essay topics and, as for my sense of smell, I have a cold and therefore a stuffy nose (what Descartes could have done with that!). It's not that I think you care, it's just that, whenever anybody is sick, he wants everyone to know it and be miserable in sympathy. I thank you for your misery.

I looked forward to the coming of Spring with the same sense of joy and happiness that most Winter Haters have, but March can never make up its mind. One day it's hot, the next cold, later raining, next foggy. The end result is I end up with a cold and feeling miserable and wanting everyone to feel miserable.

At this point then, I'd like to examine what's so good about spring anyway (and if you're not miserable yet, dammit, I'm going to make you miserable).

Spring is supposed to be the time of year when a young man's thoughts turn to (ahem), but the problem is that young women's thoughts do not turn accordingly. Rather, they turn to fashion. That's frustration. This highlights the problems men and women have communicating. Men are only doing what comes natural.

At Springtime, the boys of summer are supposed to be fine-tuning their game. Our great Blue Jays are saying they'll go all the way to the World Series. And we're all looking forward to that, but think about it, the World Series isn't played until October, when winter is just around the corner. We're just getting out of it. Why do we have to look forward to it again? The vicious cycle of Nature.

During Spring, we get to smell the aroma of Mother Earth being reborn. Yes, the smell of mud! How about all the muck we get to walk through? — and the crud that gathers on the bottom of our shoes?

And all the wonderful sights of Spring? Like the Heaps of Free-spirited doggy doo-doo's that have gathered up over the winter. Or the Mounds of rotted leaves that your neighbours were too lazy to rake in autumn.

Call me cynical. Blame it on my nose. Blame it on essays. Say it's just because I didn't get to go to Florida like most people seem to be able to (how do they do that anyway?).

Spring. Potentially beautiful. Likely suicidal.

I'm miserable. And I hope you're miserable now, too. Maybe I'll regain my sense of direction in summer. Maybe I should buy a compass. Maybe I should buy some Dristan. But I'm having too much fun being miserable.

For now, thanks for you misery. If I've made just one person miserable, then I think I've done my job for today.

Good-night, Late-nighters.

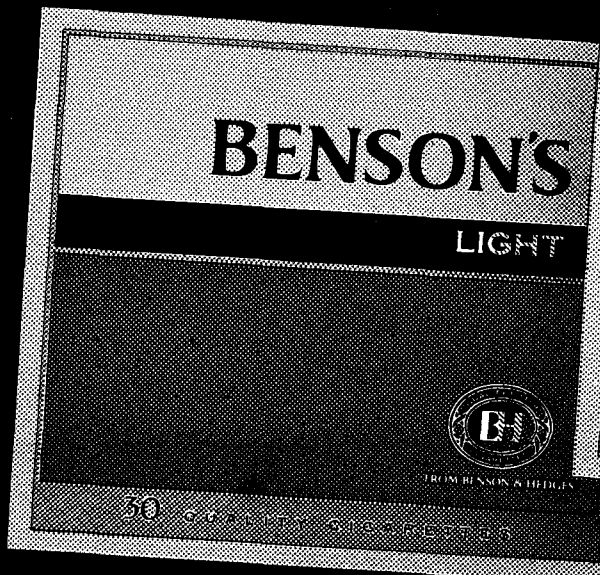
suite de la page 1

Glendon débouche sur une dimension nouvelle de la société canadienne, reconcillant les deux milieux linguistiques". Soit, le bilinguisme proposé par Glendon est garant d'une meilleure compréhension entre les deux communautés linguistiques. Quoique le Canada reconcilié ne soit pas pour demain, si le "modèle Glendon" parvient s'étendre, non seulement au sein du Collège, mais dans l'ensemble du pays, ce sera un développement majeur face au bilinguisme canadien.

NEW

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News & Nouvelles

RILL REPORT

By Sebastien Philips

There was an article submitted to Pro Tem earlier this year (and subsequently printed by Pro Tem) that gave an inspiring and laughable account of the surroundings and service at Rill Food Services' Le Petit Café. To date, the account given (no names mentioned) has not been proven true.

Rill Services have had their problems including poor management, staffing problems, etc. Poor conditions and food quality could be blamed on the management but one must remember that in the food business, there are always more bosses than can be seen. Money problems (ie. no available funds for improvements) came late when it was needed, if it came at all. Rill, to this point, has had a reputation for being cheap,

stingy, unorganized, and undesirable.

One remembers that a little over a year ago the dramatic cafeteria boycott supported by the GCSU, and a majority of the student body was the pressure needed to induce some change in some of the flagrant ripoffs that Rill was enforcing in its price: portion ratio. As a result of the boycott, portions got bigger, service got better, things got cleaner, and Glendon students gained a great deal of respect for the power that they held in regards to the food service on campus.

Again, management has seen the need for change within the academic year, and again they have been making changes and recent reports have it that they are making plans for a better future.

This past year there have been

many additions to the food service within the cafeteria. For example, there has been the addition of the potato chip racks which were asked for by the students two years ago. Rill has just this past two months added a large selection of donuts which is great for those mornings when you don't feel like eggs or hamburgers for breakfast. The coffee brand was changed to a

better tasting one. These are significant changes if one considers that approximately 95% of the students at Glendon make use of these products daily.

Within the last two weeks, rumours have started to surface pertaining to the service to be rendered for the next school year. Most of these rumours have centered around plans for Le Petit Café. There have been

reports that the higher ups from Rill's head office have decided to actually spend money on this. Until recently, poorly serviced restaurant. Other reports have it that Rill had been losing a good sum of money on Le Petit Café. The Café must keep open according to their contract, so now they have decided to do something about it. The rumour continues in that they would like

Continued from Page One

government would remedy this by introducing legislation to ensure that comparable jobs would be evaluated so that women would actually receive equal wages for work of equal value.

In order to serve the needs of the public, Mr. Broadbent asserted that the Liberals and the Conservatives look to the private sector. He stated the N.D.P. look at the community, evaluate the needs of the people, and consider the human factor before deciding whether certain services should be administered by the private sector, the public sector, be mixed or co-operative. Mr. Broadbent claimed it was the N.D.P., in the mid-1960s, who first introduced the idea of government run hospital insurance and fought to have it implemented at a time when both the Liberals and Conservative branded the idea "communitic". Said Broadbent, "It should

depend on your right as a human being to have medical service."

A point well received by the students was Broadbent's assertion that a university education should be free for all those qualified to enroll.

Questioned about Liberal Senator Jacques Hebert's hunger strike, the leader of the N.D.P. said that he greatly admired the man, but added, "The only good Senator may be a dead Senator."

When asked about the Acid Rain Agreement recently signed in Washington, Broadbent exclaimed that it was an "abomination" and suggested:

"It's like having your neighbour dump garbage on your lawn for years, and finally one day you call him over and ask him to get rid of it. Then he says, 'Well, we'll look into ways of getting rid of it.' That's what Reagan told Mulroney ... and Mulroney said 'thanks'."

Broadbent said the expense for the cleanup of this pollution should be primarily the

responsibility of the corporations based on what they can afford with the government paying the difference.

On Canada's position in the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance, Broadbent stated that Canada should re-evaluate its position with NATO and attacked the principle of a nuclear first strike.

The congenial question and answer session was marked by one student whose question consisted of a series of accusations against the N.D.P. and Mr. Broadbent, suggesting that the N.D.P. was a "spent force in Canadian politics". Noticeably affronted, Broadbent discounted the student's assertions. Broadbent concluded by suggesting the student's statements were "silly".

The students seemed pleased to have the opportunity to question Broadbent and could have continued longer than the one hour he was scheduled to speak.

beau monde - 2275

By Kenneth Haines

Anticipation, on a crisp Spring afternoon, can be peacefully measured by the pounding of a school bus headed north...

First the open highway, then the powder-brown banks of a bumpy country road, and finally a snow-covered path that led to the cabin — these set the pace as we journeyed towards what was to be a unique cultural offering.

La famille Charlebois, avec la dirigeance de Trait D'Union, nous avait fournis l'expérience ultime du printemps. Sculptant des talus de neiges décroissants, avec une pelle, ils ont commencé la journée en nous offrant de "la tire". And we, armed with Popsicle sticks, eagerly accepted.

Inside "la cabane à sucre" we danced to French and English songs and we played an 'animated' game of musical chairs (Le petit, nommé Claude Charlebois, a gagné à maintes reprises par moyen de son enthousiasme et sa démarche.) until dinner...

Le repas était traditionnellement Canadien-Français... Des fèves rouges, des "oreilles du Christ", des légumes, des oeufs, du jambon, de la salade et du pain — tout couvert de sirop d'érable. Et comme dessert, il y avait des crêpes et (naturellement) encore du sirop...

After dinner, a stroll through the wooded countryside, provided some with a means of resting from the immense feast. The full glowing moon touched the brightness of the ever-abundant snow which wove a path through the bucket-filled forest of maple trees. The Charlebois family were one of tradition and enterprise. On one side of their 'claim' they grew Christmas trees, on another there was an orchard. In the far reaches of their property, there was an oval track complete with little bleachers and a make-shift stage, which must have been used for Moto-Cross or snowmobile races. Here and there, we noticed broken down machinery and farm equipment — monuments to their family's endeavors and the harsh reality of several generations of Winters.

Lorsqu'on est rentrés dans la cabane, on a aperçu que les étudiants et quelques membres de la famille Charlebois dansaient devant la cheminée. La chaleur était apparente et le retour à Glendon ne l'a pas perdue...

(Cabane à Sucre / samedi, le 22 mars 1986)

The Lunatic Fringe

by DAVE SANDERS.

ILL FOODS
CAFETERIA.

LUNCH IS
ESCAPING!



Entertainment

VIOLENT FEMMES



by Afsun Qureshi

The Violent Femmes (WEA Records) are the kind of band that send the critics nervously reaching for their thesaurus. This unclassifiable Milwaukee based trio have incorporated country, gospel and everything else into a smorgasbord called *The Blind Leading The Naked* — an album that continues to amaze me everytime I listen to it. Gordon Gano (vocals, acoustic), Victor De Lorenzo (drums) and Brian Ritchie (rhythm guitar and bass) have come a long way since the Pretenders "discovered" them playing on a street corner. Their N.A. tour has almost been sold out — the first time they have really tasted commercial success.

"On our last tour" says Brian Ritchie, "we would play and then come out and mill around in the crowd. People would say 'hey man, I really loved your show' and I'd say 'Yeah? Great — can I stay at your house then?' We used to sleep in vans or if we found a house five us in a room — a bed even."

Although this third album is the most 'commercial', that doesn't mean that it won't interest the Femme fan. *No Killing and Candlelight Song* are just a couple of the cuts that are as worthy of classics such as *Add It Up* and *Kiss Ya*. Their use of 'homemade' instruments (such as a squeaky baby doll) reassures us that they are just as innovative and creative as previously seen (i.e. *Black*

Girls). However, with their jump on the political band wagon (*Mother Reagan*), they sadly become part of a whole wave of protest people/bands — a tired cliché. They are too original to follow this trend, but Ritchie disagrees;

"I think everyone should have a political stand. We didn't have any outright politically-oriented songs in the other albums, but that doesn't mean we didn't think about it. Now we have a stronger obligation to speak out because of our increased popularity."

Uh huh. Let's change the topic. Why the move to the country sound? The first album held no hints of it. Why, all of a sudden *Country Death Song* on *Hallowed Ground* and *Cold Canyon* (along with many others on *The Blind Leading The Naked*)?

"On the first album," says De Lorenzo "We were into the sound so much. Now that we have more confidence and experience we can explore other musical themes."

Their 'sound' is so varied, that Ritchie was visibly pissed off at comparisons with the Velvet Underground.

"Most critics compare us with the V.U. because that's the only influence of ours that they've heard of. They have no idea who else we are influenced by (like 70 year old genius Sun Ra).

Ritchie, a jazz affectionado wanted to know what was 'happening' in the T.O. scene. I couldn't help thinking that the only thing of serious importance that was 'happening' was them. Was he aware of the devoted cult following they have in Toronto — and in other countries like England? But mention the so-called fans in England, and the fuzz on Ritchie's head bristles.

"The British don't care about music. They care about fashion. If we fit into their fashion of the day, we are liked. They have little knowledge of good jazz or rhythm and blues. They think Feargal Sharkey is a jazz great. Our music cuts through the shit. We get the people who care about our music. It's great when we see people mouthing the words in the crowd. We'd prefer critics who know our music and cut us up, than the trendies who like us because of fashion."

The Blind Leading The Naked is a more polished,

professional than the other two, partly because of the expertise of producer Jerry Harrison (of Talking Head fame). Says De Lorenzo, "He refined everything. It was like whipped cream on sewage." Oddly enough, because of this new finesse, it lacks the raw, raunchy sound of the two previous albums that the Femmes are associated with. Then again classics like *Blister In The Sun*, *Gone Daddy Gone* and *Never Tell* are hard acts to follow. Their musicianship sometimes becomes muddled in their bizarre experiments with gospel and country sounds. Nonetheless, the album is astounding. The whole effect is sometimes disturbing, sometimes hysterically funny, and quite often brilliant. Cuts like *Special*, *Faith* and a remake of Marc Bolan's classic *Children of the Revolution* deserve honorary mention. Their rhythm section, the Horns of Dilemma are talent laden from guitarist 'genius' Leo Kottke to founding Horns member, saxist Peter Balestrieri. The Femmes lack of respect for conventional songwriting and instrument use is a

Continued on Page 10

What Is This 60s Crap Anyway?

by Afsun Qureshi

What do you get when you cross Aunt Jemima with Jim Morrison, and combine that with two low-talented, confused people? Pseudo-psychedelic punk, that's what. Not that The Cult is void of all talent — some of the guitar licks on *Phoenix* are great, — sorta post-Clapton/Hendrix, current Prince. But for the most part, it's just re-hashed 60's psychedelic grooviness, that's all.

The lack of originality is so blatant that they don't even bother to conceal it. They actually have some thunder rolling in *Brother Wolf/Sister Moon* on their first album *Love* (Guess who listened to *Riders on the Storm* a million times?). The quality of the music isn't exactly terrible. It's just the lack of authenticity that stuns me. The vocals provided by Ian Astbury (complete with a full pouty mouth) are gritty and raunchy — conducive to their look. Guitarist William H. Duffy (who looks as out of place as Billy Idol at a Grateful Dead concert) has done some heavy practising and listening. He's actually doing the air guitar with a real one. If I listened to the 60's greats over and over, I could do what he does.

I don't have to go beyond the names of the songs (*Nirvana*, *Brother Wolf/Sister Moon*) to understand the ridiculousness of

it all. Thoughts of Christopher Ward and his wildly hysterical spoof of the cross-legged hippie come to mind, reinforcing the lunacy.

I'm wondering when all of this stuff is going to end. I guess it is because I am an ardent fan of 60's greats (Morrison, Hendrix, Jagger, etc.) that I become incensed (pun intended) at the poor resurrection of the 60's. Invariably, the copies like The Cult and The Church are so bad, it's ridiculous. It gives the real stuff a pathetic, flaky image. If bands like The Cult are so bent on reviving the psychedelic at least they could incorporate some of their own original stuff like the Fuzztones do. But they don't. There is nothing on the album other than catchy, gimmicky tunes like *She Sells Sanctuary* and *Rain*, and that does not interest me. I predict that The Cult will join The Knack and The Tenants in the ranks of obscurity. Let us all hope that the 60's resurrection which is all but dead anyway will completely die away, leaving the true fans of that marvelous, musical decade to cherish our music quietly.

In concert, however, The Cult seem to take on a different hue. Obliterating the fact that the music was tired, the show was wildly energetic and exhilarating. The only problem, of course, were the 15 year old, would-be

groupies screaming into my ear incessantly. Every time Sir Ian executed a pelvic thrust (or pursed/licked his lips or said f—, etc., etc.) another girl would drop or scream. The joke of the night occurred when guitarist William Duffy completely blew the opening lick of *She Sells Sanctuary*. Oh Well, I would be surprised if anyone heard over the deafening roar of all those girls. To my disappointment, they did not play *Nirvana* — the only redeemable cut on the album. They made up for it by playing a better live set than the studio version of *Phoenix*. Talent of the night goes to mad man drummer, Mark Brzezick, particularly on *Rain*; scare of the night, wondering whether velvet and leather clad Sir Ian would do himself bodily harm with his mike stand (He hasn't been on stage long enough to master the art of using the stand as a baton.); predictable stunt of the night, playing *Wild Thing* during their encore (Ho, hum, yawn. Well, at least it was good); highlight of the night, Sir Ian hesitantly throwing himself into the crazy, frenzied crowd on a wrong impulse (Five agonizing minutes and roadies later, he emerged sans shirt and shaking. Don't think he'll be trying that one again for a while). All in all, a good lively show. Let's just hope that they get the music right the next time.

**EVENEMENTS A VENIR
UPCOMING EVENTS**

EXHIBITIONS/EXPOSITIONS

Ontario Science Centre
March 6 - Nov. 12 — *Food — A Major New Exhibition*
— 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Royal Ontario Museum
Exhibition Hall — March 22 - June 15 — *Maya — Treasures of an Ancient Civilization*

THEATER/THEATRE

Toronto Free Theatre
Hamlet — March 19 - April 13
Mr. Nice Guy — March 26 - April 20
— 368-2856

Théâtre du P'tit Bonheur
Duo Pour Voix Obstines — 18 mars - 13 avril — 363-6401

MUSIC/MUSIQUE

Ray Thompson Hall
March 25 — 8 p.m. — *Preservation Hall Jazz Band* — 593-4828

Pine Tree
March 24 - 29 — *Morgan Davis Band* — 364-5258

Blue Note
March 24 - 29 — *T4* — 921-6034

Cops
March 24 — *Moo*
March 25 — *Lloyd Cole & The Commotions*
— 922-6500

Bam Boo
March 24 & 25 — *Odyssey* — 593-5771

Divertissements

LAIS AU JARDIN

par Guy Larivière

Lundi et jeudi soir dernier, j'ai respectivement vu et revu, toujours avec autant de plaisir, "Lais" qui était présentée au Théâtre Glendon par les étudiants et étudiantes du cours d'Introduction au théâtre.

"Lais" est une adaptation de la pièce "Le jardin des délices" de Fernando Arrabal, dramaturge espagnol de langue française, né à Melilla en 1932.

"Lais" ou Céleste, comme elle se voit nommée par les religieuses, est une orpheline (joué par Marie-Josée Houle) qui rêve de liberté et doit vivre avec la dureté du couvent et la sévère discipline de la mère

supérieure. (Joanne Pesaro) Miharca (France Meunier) est la seule amie de Lais au couvent, l'aide parfois dans sa quête de liberté. Un jour qu'elle s'est enfuit du couvent, Lais fait la rencontre de Téléc (Gordon McBride) sorte de sage et de magicien possédant une philosophie pour le moins étrange.

Quelques années plus tard on retrouve Lais (interprété cette fois par Chantal Bouffard) qui est devenue une "actrice" de réputation internationale. Celle-ci vit maintenant dans un immense château isolé, entourée de Zénon (D'Arcy Butler) de ses chimères et de ses rêves. Puis un soir réapparaissent Miharca maintenant adulte (Linda Patry)

et Téléc, toujours aussi mystérieux. Une sorte de rite étrange s'en suivra, où la folie de Miharca et la monstruosité de Téléc se mêleront aux cris de Lais, le tout se terminant par l'immolation de Miharca pour la gloire de Lais, et le "sacrifice de lais pour entrer au "jardin des délices" et ainsi trouver la liberté absolue.

Une pièce comme celle-ci, où le symbolisme domine et où l'interprétation des actions varie d'une personne à l'autre, demande une mise en scène stricte et bien pensée. René Lemieux, professeur du cours d'Introduction au théâtre a réussi à faire une mise en scène intéressante et même inventive

comme par exemple la scène de l'interview télévisé. Mais la tâche la plus importante repose sur les épaules des comédiens qui réussissent à créer une impression durable sur les spectateurs. Ainsi Marie-Josée Houle et Chantal Bouffard réussissent une excellente interprétation de Lais, respectivement enfant et adulte, l'homme singe de D'Arcy Butler est étonnant et très crédible, et l'entrée de Linda Patry en Miharca adulte et folle produit un effet de stupéfaction qui en coupe littéralement le souffle aux spectateurs. En somme, une bonne interprétation des comédiens.

Il faut également remarquer

l'excellente trame sonore et le judicieux choix des diapositives qui ont créé un atmosphère de drame tout au long de la pièce.

Malheureusement on se doit de remarquer le très faible nombre de spectateurs ayant assistés à chacune des représentations. Espérons que ceux qui n'ont pas assistés à la pièce avaient une bonne excuse. Quoi qu'il en soit les comédiens ont su faire preuve de professionnalisme, donnant toujours leur maximum peu importe le nombre de spectateurs présent, ce qui démontre leur sérieux et leur crédibilité tant qu'acteurs.

CROSS ROADS

By Liza Herz

Eugene Martone is a classical guitar student at Julliard, but when he completes Mozart's *Turkish March* he ends up with a blues riff. Eugene is an avid fan of the late Robert Johnson, a Delta blues guitar master who recorded 30 songs in 1932. Only 29 were ever heard. When Eugene discovers a harmonic playing croney of Johnson's, Blind Dog Fulton, alive and dying of boredom in a New York nursing home, he tries to persuade him to teach him song number 30.

Fulton promises to teach him the song if Eugene can 'spring him' from the home and get him back to Delta country in Mississippi. Eager for the fame

he will get for recording this thirtieth song, Eugene agrees and they are soon on the road south to Mississippi.

Joe Seneca as Blind Dog Fulton is crotchety enough to keep Eugene hopping, but displays the pathos of a man who discovered that fame is fleeting and paid a large price for that knowledge.

Ralph Macchio (*The Karate Kid*) is convincing as Eugene and quite adept at faking the guitar playing for classical works, but when he is supposed to be rocking, he beams like a chipmunk in heat.

The main selling point of *Crossroads* is the music. Written and performed by Ry Cooder, it

is enough to turn anyone into a blues fan.

The incorporation of Mozart's *Turkish March* into a raucous, heavy metal electric guitar session sent a friend of mine straight to heaven. "See, see!! Heavy metal riffs do have their roots in classical music."

Although the plots seem rather predictable at the start and the exchanges between Fulton and Eugene almost veer into the cute, there are enough surprises at the end to satisfy the viewer.

And the music played throughout will leave every urbanite with a craving for straight whiskey, stale cigarettes and the Delta blues.

Duo pour voix obstinées

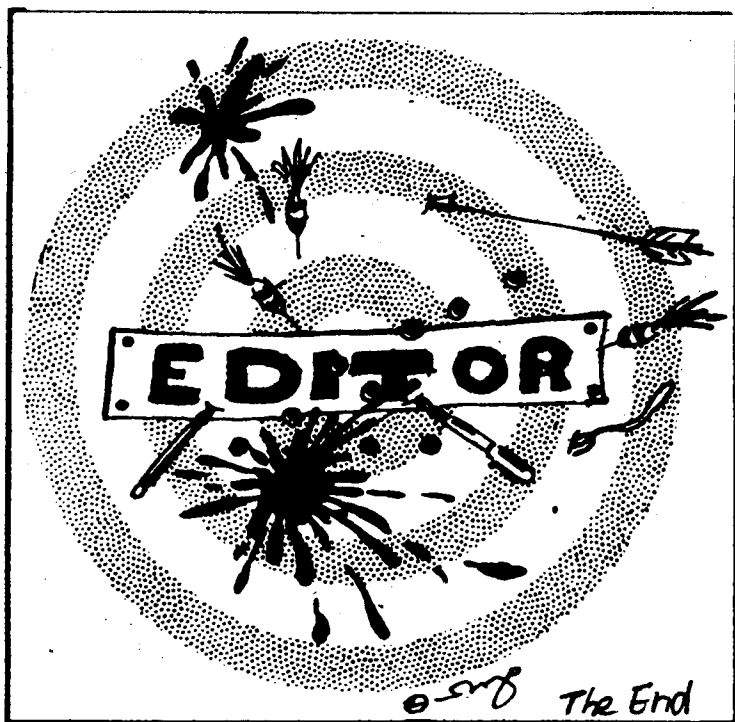
par Marie-France

Du 18 mars au 13 avril le théâtre du P'tit Bonheur présente une pièce de Maryse Pelletier "Duo pour voix obstinées". L'histoire se résume ainsi: un homme dans la trentaine et une femme de dix ans plus jeune ne peuvent s'aimer sans se faire de mal. Et ceci est réparti en six scènes.

Six scènes, souvent pénibles où l'humour et l'amour volent bas. Finalement, il apparaît souvent difficile de croire à l'histoire, aux personnages, au tout présenté. Les décors, de Michael Goodwin sont pourtant fort originaux et inattendus (ex: gravier au sol), la mise en scène, de John Van Burek sans tache. Mais c'est le spectateur que l'on semble avoir oublié ou pire, sous-estimé. Avec Valentino par exemple, l'accent est affecté, si artificiel qu'il est impossible de croire sincèrement en un tel accent. Heureusement, le contenu de texte de Valentino, fort drôle, est là pour le sauver.

Aussi, fallait-il absolument que Deborah Grover (Catherine) exécute quelques, lourds mais lourds, pas de danse et ainsi nous donne la preuve irréfutable qu'elle est actrice et non danseuse. Et, petite erreur de l'auteur, peut-on encore rêver d'une carrière sérieuse, en danse, âgée de vingt-cinq ans? Et que dire des "monologues" où tout s'arrête et où le contenu de monologue est peut-être trop abstrait? On "écoute" une pièce de théâtre, on ne la lit pas, le message de celle-ci peut se permettre d'être profond, mais pas insondable. Pourtant le jeu des acteurs est parfois excellents et à d'autres moments...moins excellents. Mais il est fort difficile d'interpréter avec justesse un texte triste et si "déjà-vu", si prévisible, où les bons et méchants sont trop faciles à identifier. L'histoire simplifiée? Une agnelle essaie d'ébranler un macho inébranlable.

suite à la page cinq



All those interested in positions on the Pro Tem Editorial Board 1986-87 should contact Elizabeth McCallister at the office by Friday,

Elections will be held in two weeks' time.

Tous ceux intéressés à un poste au Comité de Rédaction du journal Pro Tem 1986-87 doivent notifier E. McCallister au bureau avant vendredi,

Les élections vont se passer dans deux semaines.

The Finish Line

by Hugh Mansfield

"Cesar Cedeno, Cesar Cedeno." The not so coveted 36 year old outfielder has finally come to Dunedin. Can he save the plight of the Blue Jays?

Last year, Cedeno batted 291 in only 60 games for the St. Louis Cardinals. During the off season he was classified as a type "A" player meaning that to obtain his services you would have to give up a player or draft

choice of equal value. Fortunately for Pat Gillick, this was not the case. He obtained Cedeno from the Cards for a small amount of cash (believed to be \$40,000) and without losing a player or a draft choice. The Cards were more than happy to shed the lucrative \$800,000 and contract that Cedeno holds.

Many people would consider this more than a gamble. After all, the mighty Cesar is aging

fast and his arm is very questionable. Probably the most promising attribute of Cedeno is his offensive power. During the playoffs last year, he batted an unbelievable .434.

Unquestionably, the acquisition of Cedeno is a gamble. However, one benefit would be the added pressure on Rick Leach and Ron Shepard who will have to prove themselves this spring.

Glendon archers Place

by Hugh Mansfield

On March 13, the Glendon Archery team ("Tell it like it is") entered the Torch tournament at York main.

After cleaning the dust off the seldom (never) used equipment in the P.F.H., the team embarked on their journey to Sherwood Forest (York Main in 100 years). After a brief practice, the tournament began. Each archer is allotted six arrows in six frames. The

highest possible score in one frame is 60 pts, but we did not witness such an accomplishment on this evening. The men's team combined for a total of 407 points (Bethune finished first; 435 points.) while the women racked up 118 points and almost 2 windows. Thanks to Rob, Don, Leslie, and Paula for coming out. By the way the Glendon archery team finished 5th overall.

Gregory Wins GFHL Final

by Hugh Mansfield

It was an exciting finish to a season that saw everything but helmets. The team of Gregory (seminar friend) narrowly defeated the French Connection 9-7.

The team of Gregory jumped out to an early 2-0 lead but faded quickly as the French Connection held a 3-2 edge after one period of play.

The French Connection added a goal early in the second period and appeared to be on their way to another victory. However, the

Gregory team fought back and carried this enthusiasm into the third.

After a brief meeting between periods, the Gregory team and the French Connection demonstrated their offensive prowess which they displayed all year long. With one minute left in the game, the French Connection narrowed the gap 8-7 but an empty net goal with 15 seconds left gave Gregory the win. Congratulations to both teams. Hope to see you next year.

All Star Selection

1st Team Offence:

John Lumsden, Danny Sponagle

1st Team Defence:

Jeff Marshal, Denis Legros

Goaltender 1st Team:

Charles Offer

2nd Team Offence:

Sege Bilodeau, Peter Gibson

2nd Team Defence:

Mike Tincombe, Al Colvin

2nd Team Goaltender:

François LeBlanc

Honourable Mentions:

Kevin Church, Jacques Marchildon, Dave Sword, Kevin Low

By Gillian Summers and Ellen Luk

Recreation Glendon proudly presents, the long awaited event of the year; *A Gala Premiere!* This dazzling affair will take place Friday, April 4th in the Old Dining Hall.

Each year, Recreation Glendon's Athletic Banquet is an enormous success. People gather together to celebrate the year's end and honour some of Glendon's finest athletes.

The cost of this event is \$20

(there is the option of paying \$15 in scrip and \$4 in cash). This price includes a hot meal, champagne toasts and an evening of dancing to the musical talent of *Nightlight*.

Tickets are available in front of the cafeteria from March 24-27 between 11:30 a.m. - 1:20 p.m.. They may also be obtained from ticket reps in both Hilliard and Wood residences.

This is an occasion not to be missed - come and celebrate with us.

Gala Premiere 1986

Recreation Glendon vous invite à son banquet annuel le 4 avril dans l'ancienne salle à manger. Les billets sont au coût de 20\$ dont 15\$ payable en scrip et seront en vente près de l'ancienne salle à manger à partir de midi du 25 mars au 27 mars. Les étudiants des résidences peuvent se les procurer auprès du délégué des sports.

Residence Wood - Susan Forester E302
Charles Wong A108
Residence Hilliard - Gillian Summers B206

Michele Heath 005 Basement
Jodi Anderson F306

Un nombre limité de billets sont disponibles. Ne manquez pas l'événement mondain de l'année!

Continued From Page 8

welcome relief from all the crap that's floating around these days. There's a story of a girl who was lost in the rain forests of South America. She kept herself sane by singing Femmes

songs over and over. ("Funny," says Ritchie, "we keep ourselves sane by doing that.") Not surprising from such a fascinatingly eclectic band.

The show Tuesday night at the Concert Hall was a generic, straight forward set. No fancy lights, no fancy clothes - just great music. Gano's diminutive frame reaches colossal proportions on stage. The crowd hung off of his every word - a modern messiah. De Lorenzo's sense of timing never failed him once, and his bizarre ingenuity displayed itself. During a couple of songs, he was drumming on an upside down aluminum wash basin. Ritchie, the cool skinhead, was the consummate 'rock star'. Luckily for us, this status did not take away from his talents. He alternated between guitar, bass, to a shellhorn on *Black Girls*. The three were admirably in tune to each other throughout which is more than can be said for their hoser rhythm section, the Horns of Dilemma. They seemed to go off into their own tangent every once in a while. However, this problem was made insignificant by Gano's and De Lorenzo's jokes about it, and by the power of their sheer talent. The intense two hour show was worth 100 times the price of admission. My only hope is that they come back to T.O ASAP.

watching closely. "I think it's a delicate issue. As it stands now, the power of decision lies with the Board of Governors (of York University) Student Affairs Committee who are working hand-in-hand with the Provost Tom Meininger."

After reading about the recent procedural discussions between the speaker of CYSF and its president, Mansfield comments that if "petty, discretionary methods are what we have to deal with, I can't see how it's such a great federation." He also noted the present CYSF Student Council members have not been attending many meetings in the past few weeks. Mansfield says, "I don't know if it would get any better (if Glendon joined)."

He does intend "to protect the cultural and linguistic identity of Glendon College" within a 'centralized' student government. Mansfield thinks a review of the GCSU Constitution is in order "especially the Election Act". He believes there is "room for refinement".

While he viewed the recent election controversy as "very petty", he concedes, "I can see the point that Wayne (Burnett) was making; but on the other hand, the margin of victory was large enough. If there had been any negative influence with regard to my campaign manager (Lisa Ker) being at the polling station, I would have heard about it."

He continued, "The fact that Ken (Bujold) acknowledged she

had no influence would illustrate that it was a clean election." Mansfield mentioned that he and Bujold, the other presidential candidate, had met the day after his nomination and agreed to run a clean campaign. Mansfield believes a "revision of the Election Act is necessary to make sure it doesn't happen again is necessary."

to make the Le Petit Café an alternative to lunch at the pub. The Café is already licensed to sell wine and beer, and they have hopes that next year they will be fully licenced. There is talk of giving the café a face-lift. Changes are going to occur on the menu. Only recently has there been any fluctuation in the menu other than changing the type of quiche and soup de jour. Of late, there have been specials which appear to be going over very well. Rill has plans to continue these specials through next year. If all works out, next year Le Petit Café could be a better place to go to than as it is used now - "just somewhere different to go."

Are these reports and rumours too optimistic, too much to hope for? Maybe, but we will have to wait until next year to find out.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS/AVIS

Attention Graduating Students

Valedictorian 1986

Any student graduating in the Spring of 1986 has the right to participate in the nomination of the 1986 Valedictorian.

A table will be set up outside the cafeteria between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. on Tuesday, March 25th. Nomination forms will be available then.

By reviewing the response, the Office of the Dean will prepare a short list of four graduating students. The names of these students will be included on the ballot for the 1985-86 Valedictorian which will be mailed to all graduates in May. The May vote will decide the Valedictorian.

Women's Resource Press Release

The Women's Resource Centre at the University of Guelph is pleased to announce *The Women's Directory 1986*, a "Yellow Pages" of women's groups and services.

The Women's Resource Centre is a specialized lending and resource library on women and women's issues. It is funded by the student body at the University of Guelph.

The Women's Directory 1986 is a comprehensive listing of all women's organizations across Southwestern Ontario. It offers a brief description of the services available to the public, and as a bonus, it offers a national listing of organizations.

PERSONAL/ANNONCES PERSONELLES

Dear H.A.S.:

I have felt the attraction between us for a long time; but the end of the year is coming fast and I want to know for sure if you care for me the way I feel about you. Please tell me soon!

Love,

Mr. You-Know-Who

P.S. Don't ever change those beautiful green eyes!

Afro-Glendon

Arro-Glendon Communication presents on the 25, 26 and 27 of March A Week.

Activities, times and locations are listed below.

Tuesday, March 25th

10 a.m. - 12 a.m. *Documentary Caravans of Gold*, in the JCR

11 a.m. - 12 a.m. Arts & Crafts and Music & Slides by special guest speaker: Professor Mensah Nizumi, in the JCR.

12 - 14 p.m. Documentaries *Kings and Cities* and *The Legacy*. Coffee and donuts will be served, in the JCR.

Wednesday, March 26

10 - 11 a.m. Documentary:

Different But Equal, in the JCR.

11 - 12 a.m. *Litterature Africaine d'expression française* by Professor Alain Baudot (presentation), in the JCR.

12 - 14 p.m. Documentary *South Africa - Last Grave at Dimbara*, by professors David Cooke and Neil Neiman (discussion)

14 - 16 p.m. Wine & Cheese and free tickets for a "special movie"

Thursday, March 27th

12 - 14 p.m. Exposé et Illustrations *L'Endettement des pays du tiers-monde* par le professeur Hamouda (reflexions économiques), dans la salle 204.

1:15 - 13:15 p.m. Movie Presentation *Le Mandat* (The Money Order), film par Sembene Ousmane, dans la salle 129. Suivi d'un bref debat cinematographique par Professeur Jaubert.

Description (Senegal 1969 - Mamedou Guye, y nouwe n'diaye) Early feature from Ousmane Sembene of Senegal, novelist and prominent director of Black Africa is a satire about how "beentoes" (Africans who have been to Europe) condescend to their countrymen. A simple old man receives a money order and the windfall threatens to destroy the traditional fabric of his life, the finger pointing at the intellectual

class is acute. In Room 129. The film is in colour and refreshments will be served.

South Africa - Race Relations - *Last Grave at Dimbara* shows apartheid in action in South Africa. The British film team, who wants to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals, went to Bantustan (the small area designated for black development) ghetto, labour camps, and into white farmers houses juxtaposing the white and the black communities in South Africa.

Afro-Glendon 1986 Executive Committee Welcomes You ... Your Curiosity is a support for us ... Supportez-nous par votre curiosité ...



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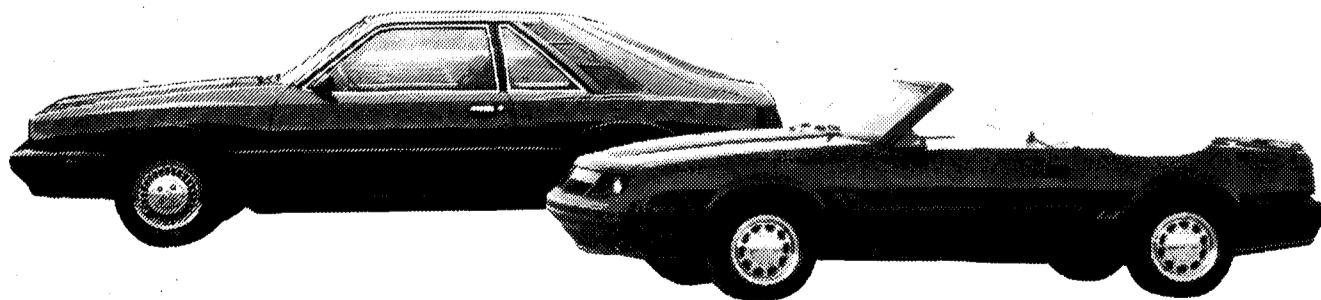
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