D'Arcy Butler

par Jeanne Corriveau

Voici, c'est fait! Avec une majorité de 52.8%, D'Arcy Butler a été élue à la poste de président de l'AECC pour l'année 1987-88 dévant Daniel Brennan (44.3%). Les résultats ont été annoncés à la réunion consacrée à l'ordre mardi en début de soirée.

Butler a attribué sa victoire à la bonne équipe qui l'appuyait et qu'il s'était bien préparé et documenté avant d'annoncer sa campagne. Il avait rencontré des personnes ayant été impliquées dans l'AECC par le passé et il avait longuement consulté la constitution pour se renseigner sur tous les aspects du poste de Président. Il a fait de ses débuts.

Il rencontrera les membres de l'exécutif dans les prochaines semaines pour qu'ils entendent leurs fonctions respectives. Il désire voir l'équipe se former solidement et être prête à l'expérience de la plupart des étus. Ils considèrent alors le budget et assisteront à des exposés sur les divers aspects administratifs et politiques du Conseil.

Si D'Arcy était heureux de sa victoire, il considérait déjà les projets qui lui tiennent à cœur pour la prochaine année, soit l'établissement d'un centre étudiant tel que celui proposé par York, et d'un magazine sur le campus, projets qui devront l'année prochaine être étudiés. Il assure que le Conseil publiera des communications dans Pro Tem pour informer les étudiants sur les décisions prises par l'AECC. Il instaure aussi sur l'importance de la semaine d'orientation pour les nouveaux étudiants considérant qu'elle est un bon moyen pour amorcer l'année scolaire.

Invité à commenter sur l'entrée de ses membres, plusieurs étudiants firent des déclarations intéressantes.

Pour sa part, Daniel, le candidat battu, bien que déçu, voit d'une façon positive le résultat des élections : «la campagne s'est déroulée honnêtement, D'Arcy est blingue, tout comme moi». La lutte a d'ailleurs été serrée et Daniel s'en réjouit. L'expérience que ces élections lui ont donnée lui semble bien précieuse mais il s'est donné soulagement de «voir le tout prendre fin. En effet, il a débattu sa campagne il y a plus d'un mois et demi et il attribue sa défaite au manque d'organisation de sa campagne : le temps a d'ailleurs joué contre lui. Il ne peut pas s'impliquer directement dans l'AECC en passant du temps pour chercher à envisager la possibilité d'atteindre leur objectif.»

Annual Sports Awards

by Greg Waldon

Friday, April 3, the Glendon Department of Athletics and the Glendon Recreation Advisory Council presented "Tropical Rendez-vous", their annual Dinner/Dance. During the dinner, catered by Rill Foods, they present their annual Sport Recreation awards.

As a tradition of emcee, Peter Jensen, the awards were presented to the Most Valuable Players of each sport. The MVP awards for the Men's Flag Football team were Larry Morey and Paul Spaide and for the Women's it was chosen between Sandra Krop and Diane Black. The Hockey MVP went to Al Crawford of the Glendon Maple Lys. The team made it to the final four this year but was edged out in the playoffs. For Women's Basketball, the MVP award went to Michelle Heath for the fourth year in a row. Tom Vanhuyzen, a first year student, received the MVP honour for the men's hoops.

These were followed by recognition of individual sports organizers for this year. The organizer of the Men's Flag Football was Hugh Mansfield. Hockey organizers seen Bob Gregoire, Donny Ogden, and Dave Gibson. Lawrence Puppa was head of the Glendon Weight Training Club.

Organizers of one or more sports and members of the Recreation Advisory Council were David DeWees, Elaine Hamilton, Allison Kendall, Raymond Luan, Brian Pastor, Steven Roberts and Linda Rae. Other members of the RAC who received plagues were Velda Abreu, Renée Depoeras, Ellen Luk, and Gillian Summers.

Following the presentations to teams, several students were awarded school letters. The Glendon "G"s are awarded to students who have accumulated participation points through their involvement in tournament and league inter-collegiate sports. Those who received letters Friday night were Steve Black, Dave DeWees, Luigi Frigerio, John Navaches, Donny Ogden, Brian Pastor, and Linda Rae.

The John Proctor Award, for the outstanding contribution by an undergraduate Sport Recreation organizer, was presented by the Provost of the University Mr. Tom Meintinger. Mr. Meintinger reminded the audience of the beneficence of the late Mr. Proctor toward Glendon. The recipient of this year's award was David DeWees.

The final presentation of the evening was the Escott Reid Plaque - awarded to the graduating student who has contributed the most to the athletic programme at Glendon. This Year's award went to Hugh Mansfield for his work as organizer and member of the Recreation Advisory Council during his years at Glendon. The presentations were concluded with a champagne toast to the champions.

After the dinner, those present were entertained by the music of Zander. The band, in keeping with the tropical theme, played an excellent array of West Indian and popular music. The bar was run by the staff of the Glendon Squash Club Lounge.

Ms. Margaret Wallace, newest member of the FHF staff as Assistant Director, attended the banquet, giving back the FHF plaque to meet the students at their best. She offered the awards to the organizers, to certain projects bilingue.

Quant à Marg Scotts, qui a reçu trois votes, elle ne s’voulait commente le résultat des élections bien qu’elle n’ait pas semblé trop malheureuse de la tournure des événements. Les étudiants avaient aussi à se prononcer sur un référendum concernant la récupération d’un montant sur les frais de scolarité des étudiants avec un pourcentage de 90.3%. Le Prévoit de même que le Conseil étudiant pourront donc annoncer des modifications en vue d’atteindre leur objectif.

BOD's New Policy Petitioned

by P. Barrive

A petition opposing the policy of the Board of Directors of the Café de la Terrasse regarding the hiring of the new manager was circulated and was signed by 110 Glendon students.

The new policy is to start to advertise outside the Glendon community for the position of manager. Bob Gregory and Don Ogden, both members of the Board of Directors, started the petition in order to urge the Board to reconsider its position. They believe that the best person for the position is a Glendon student or Grad and there is no need for outside advertising. On March 25, the issue was brought forth to the Board.

Stan Gorecki, chairman, believes that the petition misrepresents the policy to the students. He stated that the policy of advertising at Ryerson and George Brown College for people studying Hotel Management is not a new precedent. He contends that this has been done for the last 10 years and it was only last year that the Board did not seek application from people outside the Glendon community.

Peter Gibson, treasurer, defended the position of the Board. He claimed that if only Glendon students were allowed to apply for the post of manager, the Café would be "hiring friends of friends of friends" and the management would become a "closed shop". He believes that by looking outside as well as inside Glendon, the Board can find the best possible manager for the Café. The Board is only "being responsible" to the shareholders, i.e. the students of Glendon.

Steve Devine and Paul Char... See Selection p.8

Yearbook Party

by A. Saucho

A good time was had by one and all at The Yearbook Black & White party featuring Incognito. After intense preparations, the "superhumat" yearbook staff (in the words of Damien himself) finally got the cafeteria in festive decor. Black and white was the theme, and Glendon students rose to the occasion. Incognito, a mellow rock'n'roll band, put on the not quite capacity crowd into the right mood. So where were you? 
Looking Forward

Next year, Glendon College will experience many changes, administrative as well as academic. As you know, Dr. Garigue will leave Glendon to pursue research in the south of France. His successor, who has not yet been chosen, will probably have a different approach and philosophy. What changes this will bring to Glendon is not all to clear. Yet we can only hope that the new principal will build on the tradition of Dr. Garigue and his predecessors.

Another major change is the elimination of the unilingual stream. Finally, Glendon can become a truly bilingual College. Hopefully, this will bring an improvement to the French programme and to the quantity and quality of courses taught in French. But this is only the first step to give Glendon the prestigious academic reputation it deserves.

These are just a few changes that we will meet next year. I am looking forward to the next academic year because as each year passes, we can only bring an improvement to ourselves and to the community.

Patrick Banville, Editor-in-chief elect

Looking Back: A Personal View

About a month ago, a fellow student asked me if I thought being Editor-in-chief of Pro Tem was worth the effort and time that the paper requires despite the fact that it is one of only a few paid positions of the Union. I was unable to respond.

It will probably take me a few months away from Glendon and Glendon Hall, room 117, before I can fully appreciate the skills I have learned here, the people I have been able to work with, and the better understanding I have gained of what Glendon is really about.

I think this sort of bewilderment is something that most of the "involved students" feel about this time of the year when they are trying to cram for too many tests in the last week of classes (those tests that are not legally allowed because they represent most of your mark), and catch up on the entire term's readings and assignments.

These "involved students" were received this week by the Dean's Office at a wine and cheese held in their honour. I was surprised personally at some of the comments made about elitism and back-slapping, comments made by some of these very students as if they were not themselves proud of their efforts.

Personally, I appreciated this recognition and I am more or less proud of the achievements of Pro Tem and its team this year. I suppose, in response to that fellow student's query, that it was worth it — more or less. For though it may be costly, "as each year passes, we can only bring an improve ent to ourselves and to the community.”

But for now, what I am looking forward to is the summer vacation.

Judy Hahn, Editor-in-chief (for now)

Letter to the Editor

No to Outsiders

Dear Editor:

The recent decision by the Board of Directors to expand their advertisement for full-time assistant manager to outside the Glendon community is simply non-sensical. The "pub" is supposed to be a "non-profit student run organization". Apart from time and money to be spent in advertising elsewhere, a pub patron might well ask where the advantage lies in considering hiring someone who is a complete stranger to Glendon.

According to the letter of "explanation" posted by the signatories to support them, "there were more opposed? Contact the Board of Directors."

Personally, I appreciated this recognition and I am more or less proud of the achievements of Pro Tem and its team this year. I suppose, in response to that fellow student's query, that it was worth it — more or less. For though it may be costly, "as each year passes, we can only bring an improve ent to ourselves and to the community.”

But for now, what I am looking forward to is the summer vacation.

Judy Hahn, Editor-in-chief (for now)
More or Less Than Idiocy

ELEGY FOR A SWORD
Trust in no one...

Divided they stand
Together they fear
The night of the Knife
Terror for all the years

War drums silence the moon
A cession of chanting
Forget the memory none too soon

Eric Ian

I come back
with the poems said she knew
patience has all but gone.

Eric Ian

right,
can be yourself
that's
right!
and know.
don't read
you
Healing in a mad stitchwork
your
lose it.

A cadence of chanting
Trust in no one ...

The night of the Knife
Forget the memory none too soon

Kenneth A. Ross
November/December 1986

REMAINING INFIDEL: IN AN AGE OF RANDOM REASON

You were not one
until you saw
moonlight slip
from your hands
into the river
and still everything

now
in this sour season
for grapes and madness
you smile
saying
I know

Jas Ahmad
1985

KATHLEEN
Dressed in cambric
she slips from embraces,
saying to the wind :

had you my touch
this is the way you would stir
the branches

Jas Ahmad
1985

COMMITMENT
The scissors of your absence
cut me to resume
words that do not change
except when dropped
from my piant lips

Jas Ahmad
1985

A VISIT TO THE FALLOUT SHELTER

to the dying breed of individuals
which insulates itself with senness

The queen is dead
Property is theft
The establishment is full of beautiful people
who are not pretty

and We
We, the speakers, are
(like "a rainbow of children"?)
We, the speakers, are not to be judged
(but what the hell are we?)

The young woman in the far corner thought she knew
She came in her well-tailored, perfectly co-ordinated, modernly styled outfit
with earrings to match
but after 5 minutes, the earrings came off

The young woman with the poems said she knew
She came with her fashionably rebellious friends
and her contempt for her suburban family background
and her support for fighting for peace
and her green face paint

hey — do you guys want some?
ya — that's right
just put some on
just like me
ya — that's right!
now you can be yourself

At the end of a few hours and a dozen pronouncements,
the first young woman put the earrings back on,
collected herself and the thousand verdicts passed on her today,
on her tomorrow,
herself

M.S. Blanchette

SPEED AND SLOW
Your minutes turn to hours,
Your hours into days.
You find your time is dragging
in much too many ways

Time is lapsing endlessly
It seems to stay to long
Once shortly turns forever
As your patience has all but gone.

Speed and slow. Yes and no.
Can't and will. Fast and still.
Speed and slow. Yes and no.
White and black. Tight and slack.

Time is speeding on now,
Your body picks up pace.
Your mind is filled with tension
That shows up on your face.

You think you've got it back now
As things get back to norm
But only for a second,
— Insanity being born —

Speed and slow. Yes and no.
Can't and will. Dumb and know.
Sun and cloud. Grass and sand.
Smooth and rough. Sit and stand.

So your mind is set .........
For complete implosion .........
Your body set .............
To fast erosion .............
Your friends are gone .........
The quick corrosion .............
Getting ready for .............
The big explosion .............

Speed and slow. Yes and no.
Can't and will. Fast and still.
Speed and slow. Yes and no.
White and black. Tight and slack.

Speed and slow. Yes and no.
Can't and will. Dumb and know.
Sun and cloud. Grass and sand.
Rough and smooth. Sit and stand. ......

R. Campbell

I've got a one night stand
in the palm of my hand
and I keep squeeze it tighter
to lose it.

But it won't go away
It just drifts round the bay
and comes back
when it thinks I might use it

Its got things that I want
Its got things that I need
Its got things I'm afraid to get close to

It makes lots of right moves
but it hovers in ports
where some stow away cargo
could ruin it.

When its not right at hand
it remains in my thoughts
I can't sleep just for wanting its presence.

If I knew it could be
more than one night for me
I'd think twice then
before I refuse it

But its set on a course
set to counter remorse
from a previous extended stay

and until it decides
that the wear and the tear
from the waves
that keep crashing against it

can be totally missed
if you go with the flow
of the current
its turning away from

but it won't be too long
before this port of call
makes a choice of one
ship or another

Until that day
If it doesn't go away
I might use it and lose it
forever.

The truth is hurt

YOU
Memory
Using
Select
Through

Seeing
Tomorrow
In the
Perversed

Truth
Half
Answered
Test
LIE

April 8th 1987
Pro Tern

P. Banville

Eric Ian

November/December 1987

R. Campbell
Melody. Harmony. Perfection. Mathematics in sunbeams
Skulls, black, bone white, rotting in the sunlight,
Stinking, rotting, wide white smiles...
Einstein, white hair bloomed, gentle brown eyes,
Looking at the poster-watcher... loving his quiet violin...
Swollen, distended bellies, brown skin covered with
White sand and flit, flies buzzing on open sores... Eyes
So large with pain and age, despair in creating
Gesture of wasted bones.
Butterflies, purple, free, gently soaring on the scented
Breezes of spring, hyenas and birdsong, wharbles...
Black boot-tip smashing down into a young girl’s pretty face.
The owner of the boot, gloating in the feel of his own,
His bestial, brutal, blackened youth. His power.
Old guitars, smelting must, two softly singing friends,
Amid the crickets, starlight on beauty sated eyes... Love
On the white, hard sand of northern, cliff-scooped beaches;
Under the twilight, rose flecked sky, bare and high
Against dark, dark blue lit water, white foam falling...
Greatest beauty, life straining for life, white bodies
Joined and blended with the sand...
The mushroom cloud, high, bright and wild, blooming,
Blackening, rising, orange fire against the clearest sky
Quiet, quiet, at last.

Mike Den Tandt

TAKING THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE

Spending the days with your friends
Creating action at night
Hoping for that true fantasy
Of taking mind to flight
Taking the path of least resistance
Finding the pressures gone
Facing your troubles at daybreak
And have them linger on
The struggles seem eternal
The battle seems so long
But the days have their ending-
The night’s where we belong
(The pressure’s back on...
The school room gossip still precedes
The childish babble people conceive
Makes you feel there’s nothing to believe
“Well, that’s true.”
Taking the path of least resistance
Stabbing ‘em in the back
Finding verbal assassination
Is a weapon you seem to lack
Going on day to day
And still missing “the light”
Makes you want to win the day-
Fighting for the night
So you spend today
Staring at the walls
Thinking things un-thinkable
Not responding to their calls-
The mind is getting hazy
The body turning numb
So caught up in your daydream
Somehow it’s not so dumb
Taking the path of least resistance
Taking the easy way, fast!
Struggle to cut the wires
Of lives gone past

S Roberts

You mean to say what my senses experience
Are only distorted truths,
That reality exists only in ideas and forms,
That Monet never saw haloed gas lamps
Appeared as angels on the streets of Paris,
That when I prepare to embrace heaven and earth
With outstretched arms and heaving heart
I stand a deserted monument

Jas Ahmad
1983

MELISSA

IMAGES OF YOU...

Laughter, such laughter,
Bright and free,
Finally seeing and sharing
The funny things in life.
Understanding, sharing, warmth.
Interest, I’d never really thought of it
That way before...
“If only I had no morals...”
“If only I had the guts...”
“Well here we are,
Come on in, I won’t jump you, I promise”

“TI”

Sleep envelops, we drift along,
So soft and warm this feeling.
A gentle caress invites denied feelings to
Finally.
Such a soft whisper of a voice,
Singing lips touching my ear,
Your hair tussled against my cheek.
A harmonica cries in the background
And we lie still
Feeling each moment pass,
Trying to make each minute last and count...
With the barkers and the coloured balloons...
You’re thinking that you’re leaving there too soon...

You’re leaving there too soon.

Zedley, 1987

A QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE

Emotive and emotional
Shallow yet deep
Flags and marches
For the nightwatch we keep

This country of contradiction
Open yet closed
Playing in a paradox
Canadians in Yankee clothes

All in the name of the almighty dollar
Are we hooked to a chain, leashed and collar?

Steven Roberts

WALLFLOWER

Standing still,
No motion, no breath.
Concrete, cemented
Petals, leaves, a stem.
Flat, no texture, smooth.
No fragrance,
No life.
A lifeless wallflower.

Anthoula Kampouris

HEADACHE

There was thunder upstairs this morning,
I clutched my sheets, wound tightly to me.
The fever I hold, flickering, in my cupped palm
Is of a hallucinatory kind:
Sight within fear within thought.

Sweat oozes from my aching skin
Washing the dirty water
From beneath the domed bubbles.
Eyes flash and blink,
Teeth stretch over taut skin.
I lie, frozen, in my scalding tomb
While playing on the marbeled ceiling.
Are visions of height and terror,
Chaos prowling through sifting cracks
That lightly dust my face with a ghostly pallor.

I close my eyes, and the hot orbs withdraw
Into the wet, blind mass and, turning,
Wriggle down the hammering throat
Past the clenching fist that angrily squeezes
Life from Death
Through the wheezing bellows, so laden with sweet syrup.
Flexing, laboured caverns.
A distant rumble, and the focus changes,
Now down through the trackless wastes of the fibrous tunnels
Then —
A precipice, a wet silence
That of slow decay.
A vibrating sound, of colloidal moaning.
The eyes blink, adjust, and see a dim face
Lolling in the belly like consumed offal.

They labour up the wet cheeks and sigh,
Settling in, the catacysts burned off.
Softly easing, they snake back and re-attach
With a thunk! and the grateful eyelids close,
The lashes gently clamping.
Two twitches, then

They see.

Stéphan Molyneux,
A CIVILIZED WORLD

The centipedes march through five hundred years, unvoiced.
Centuries of thought confronted by animal stares
(and a fish eye lens.)

They file past the Mona Lisa.
All heads snap to the right.
Perfect unison.
Vision without view.

Other orgasms of colour
by Renoir or Rembrandt or Raphael
are ignored.
(One is the other is the next.
Hurry though!
Get a shot of Morea!)

The centipede moves along, uninterested,
preparing cameras to trap in colourful memory the Venus DeMilo
that was never seen, too busy,
planning the afternoon's agenda.

M.S. Blanchette

RAIN BECOMES YOU GENTLY

And I
all my love and hate spent
stand in the rain
between hands

Watch you in hollow shadows
dance gently to raindrops
making love to the horizon
like suspended twilight

A gesture
stretched against the sky
a woman
bares her glistening self
to the rhythm and shape
of an unseen lover

Jas Ahmad
1987

explode your fear
draw the creation near
and see
it is mad nothing swirling in forms of substance.

Eric Ian
1987

IT TAKES LIFE

A picture, an image, a fantasy,
focus on any one.
See, reach out, touch,
make it real.
Make it breathe, make it move,
make it come alive.
Watch it take form.
See it grow.

it EXPANDED.
IT GROWS OUT OF PROPORTION!
Who controls it now?
(whisper) Does it control you?
Do you let it?
How? Why?

IT'S NOT REAL!
DESTROY IT! KILL IT!
DEPLETE IT'S LIFECFORCE!
WAIT!
DON'T DO IT!
DON'T DIE.....

Anthoula Kampouris

1917, I died.
this was not my war.
They'll say, "how they wed the earth for our freedom."
or "how with shattered branches from grey trees.
How it rained endlessly and deaths sang
the mock curvature of the horizon
which held the unseen enemy."

What glory?
mud and bones
marked in passages of moments
on the glance of a fingernail,
or the wet of the chalk, or the
cold ache of gunmetal
and finally the blurred memory
of a love of one face left in the last innocent summer.
Crowns climb his eyes
while his fear climbs out his course
from the trench when the command will come,
while it waits forever and arrives just as soon.
so it is that the ghost of a memory of a face
is released into the prison of eternity.

Eric Ian

TO ONE WHO SURVIVED THE WARS

Morning herself meanders
meaningless and bloody Flanders
memories branched and tangled
Gather behind my sadness
Reep hollow screams of madness
while the whispered love is strangled
beneath all these sacred and
finally ending ends.
Gripped desperately in hand
Within a ragged wind that rends
a parting glance
between
old friends .

Eric Ian

April 8th 1987

Pro Tem
by Kenneth A. Ross

From March 13 to 16, Stefan Molyneux and Kenneth A. Ross represented Glendon College at the Canadian National debating tournament at Memorial University, St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Flying into St. Johns, Newfoundland was an interesting experience for Stefan Molyneux and I. The clouds were as thick and grey as a Glendon student's brain after an all-night cram session, or a night at the pub. The cloud ceiling was very low, so when the Air Canada flight fell through the barrier the ground seemed to rush up towards the plane with inordinate speed. The airport gradually materialized, wrath-like, from the mist, trees, and snow, and within a minute from landing the jetliner was at a distinctly unhealthy angle, leaning to its port side as the pilots battled convexing winds that shook the craft. With a jarring thud, our plane hit the runway. We saw the fog and I left with a much depleted bank account. The custom is barbaric in the extreme, appealing to the basest and most pagan urges in a human being. Stefan and I decided not to go through the ordeal. I proudly declared my Glendon honour and out of sheer stupidity, unabashedly went through it.

Saturday morning saw the first full day of debating. It also saw the first casualties of the tournament, as we were well aware. A few high school teams had thrown up at the party and had come close to blood poisoning in St. John's. Our round was competitive and we lost a close one to the “stoop-and-puke” method of debating.

The prepared resolution for the topic was: Canada can play an effective role in world disarmament. Boring. So Stefan and I, when government, talked of implementing a tough new code of law which was positively Koranic, I said what you stole you lost an arm. No mercy for repeat offenders, and if you raped... it was an imaginative case, a prized effort in Central Canada, but not so in Newfoundland. One judge told us that we had missed the point of the resolution and couldn't condone our policy personally anyway. The judge missed the point, not we. Oh, well, that's what you get for going out on a creative limb.

Typically, the judges preferred debaters who are regular, regular and rather uncreative. (A reflection of themselves, perhaps?) Stefan and I to a person were creative and versatile. This style valued here, but not on “the rock”. Other teams from Central Canada also found themselves being penalized for being different. A queer compliment in the face of mediocrity, I guess.

The momentum of the day, fast-paced debating, and the slow down and reverse into the day-end CUSD (Canadian Universities Debating Society) for collegiate Debate) meeting. The meeting had three main objectives: the election of the new president of CUSD, a new policy on who is eligible for debating since some people's links are obvious and these individuals are just trophy hunting; and finally, should U of T teams be prohibited from competing. Should they? Should one massive organized body or separate as they are now. If this discussion was to be held in a meeting, then all debate was to be over in one hour. Instead, it dragged on with all the usual acrality of glue sliding down an icy slope. Three bloody hours. In the end, the decision was made.

Now for some technical information. Out of a field of thirty Glendon debaters, only three made it to the third. Our percental average was 70.7. The scoring was close for the first two teams. The top scores were in the 77 per cent bracket.

To see Individual 

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**Glendon Debaters Go To Nfld.**

**by Cathy de Costa**

Vicious vs a Ryerson

Ryerson is well known for its journalism school, but what about its Debating Society? Debating Society? For two years, Ryerson has had one. This year, the Glen­ don College Debating Society has linked up with them twice.

The first time that we saw these crazy people from the institute that is trying to be a university, was a lone Monday (March 9), when they came here. Two of their members debated against our team of Stefan and Ken and we narrowly defeated them. Then we did it again with new players. Steve and Darryl for the Glendon side. To round off the evening, we took them to the pub.

The hotel was ten to fifteen minutes away, alright, by car. If we had walked, Stefan and I would have been tiered to tears from the effort. Arriving at the Hotel St. Johns was another evil omen. We were relieved of seventy-five dollars. A Federal subsidy, which was to defray part of the air fare, had been approved. Yes, the cheques were "in the mail". We split the cost and Stefan was almost bankrupted and I left with a much depleted budget for incidental costs. They also took our airline ticket receipts, since copies were going to be sent to the government as proof for the subsidy.

Dinner passed tranquilly enough and since it was Friday, cod was on the menu. The cafeteria food at Memorial was, over all, better than what Glendon students force down every day. After dinner came a party. Before the dancing came a special rite, though.

Admission to the Loyal Order of Screechers wasn't an easy task. (Screech is a drink that comes from rum, literally from the bottom of the barrel.) To become a member one must pass a rigorous endurance test, a test as grueling as any member of the Round Table was submitted to. The pro­ cess involved: first downward two ounces of Screech, a drink guar­anteed to put a person over the bar, and play merry hell with your intestines; second there was the eating of a baloney slice with Screech and pickle (Newfoundland steak with garnish); and third, the kissing of the cod. Yes, you have to kiss a fish, the executive was chosen lips were the coldest on a female student. We were not there for any debating tour­ nament. The first time that we saw these 20 debaters, Steve Roberts was in third. And of the 20 debaters, Steve Roberts got the trophy for first place. Which was positively Koranic. If you raped... it was an imaginative case, a prized effort in Central Canada, but not so in Newfoundland. One judge told us that we had missed the point of the resolution and couldn't condone our policy personally anyway. The judge missed the point, not we. Oh, well, that's what you get for going out on a creative limb.

Typically, the judges preferred debaters who are regular, regular and rather uncreative. (A reflection of themselves, perhaps?) Stefan and I to a person were creative and versatile. This style valued here, but not on “the rock”. Other teams from Central Canada also found themselves being penalized for being different. A queer compliment in the face of mediocrity, I guess.

The preferred applicant will:

- be interested in student politics
- be interested in the history of Glend­ on and York University
- demonstrate an interest in Canadian politics
- have good organisational skills
- be bilingual

Apply in writing and/or in person by April 15 to Judy Hahn, Editor-in-Chief, or to Patrick Barvile, Editor-in-Chief Elect, Room 117 Glendon Hall.
Bowie is Back

by Nancy Stevens

Outside of Toronto's Diamond Club on an unusually warm Friday afternoon, a large crowd gathered on the sun-splashed sidewalk. The group consists of this city's most reputable and respected entertainment journalists, who on this day, are obediently lining up at the door like school children waiting to be let outside for recess. They are alternately buzzing with excitement and quiet with hushed expectation. The occasion was billed as a press conference. The host is David Bowie. But in true Bowie fashion, the conference initially set up only to announce upcoming tour plans and a new album, quickly turned into a full-blown musical preview.

Clad in studded jeans and a leather jacket, Bowie strode onto the stage and launched immediately into "Day in Day Out," a cut from his fourth-coming album "Never Let Me Down," to be released April 20th. The song sounded like good back Roll, and Bowie looked every inch the traditional rocker.

After the song, the 40-year-old singer/songwriter/actor pulled up a stool, and, in an untraditional Bowie fashion, chatted with the press with humour, patience, and ease.

In tune with his grittier look, the new album "deals with the streets and an attitude toward an uncaring society," says Bowie. For the most of the videos for the album, he hired actual homeless people to participate, in keeping with his theme and aim, "I want my videos to make fundamental social and artistic statements."

Influences on this album were none other than the fathers of the social statement school of songwriting, Lennon and Dylan.

To accompany the new album, Bowie is embarking on a world tour that will encompass more than a hundred cities and over six continents in six months. His last tour coincided with the 1983 release of his multi-platinum "Let's Dance" album, which was the biggest selling record of his career. "After that tour, I thought, 'I'm never doing that again!' A year later I was thinking 'It was fun, wasn't it?' and by the third year, I can't wait to get back on stage,'" said Bowie.

The artistic Bowie promises something very different from his last tour, which was very pared-down and minimalist. "Expect something extraordinary theatrical... make-up... flow." He points to his teeth.

After answering a half an hour of questions, including who his favorite director is (David Lynch), a daring media person asked if he would sing one more song. He turned to the band and grinned. "Are we gonna do another song?"

Without waiting for an answer, the band began the beat to another rollicking song and Bowie laced into it like a thirsty man being led to water.

Radio Glendon's Top Tenz

SINGLES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Artist</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Dirty Water&quot;</td>
<td>Radio and Hyde</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;I'm Only Dancing&quot;</td>
<td>Chameleons</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Kiss&quot;</td>
<td>Age of Change</td>
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<td>&quot;I'm an Adult Now&quot;</td>
<td>Pursuit of Happiness</td>
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<td>&quot;Na Na Na Na&quot;</td>
<td>The Squails</td>
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<td>&quot;Do It For Love&quot;</td>
<td>(Athens GA) 77's</td>
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<td>&quot;Jazz from Hell&quot;</td>
<td>Frank Zappa</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Blue Moon&quot;</td>
<td>Altogether Morris</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;The Cutting Edge&quot;</td>
<td>C.S. Angels</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Air Crash Museum&quot;</td>
<td>Dead Milkmen</td>
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ALBUMS

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<th>Title</th>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;U.K.&quot;</td>
<td>Chameleons</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Into the Fire&quot;</td>
<td>Brian Adams</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;The Joshua Tree&quot;</td>
<td>U2</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Red Roses For Me&quot;</td>
<td>Pogues</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Happy Head&quot;</td>
<td>The Mighty Lemon Drops</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Athens Georgia Inside/Outside&quot;</td>
<td>Various</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Jazz from Hell&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Angel with a Lariat&quot;</td>
<td>K.D. Lang</td>
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<td>&quot;The Seventy-Sevens&quot;</td>
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Radio Glendon Radio

It was the dark ages of Rock'n'-Roll. Disco was a scourge, rampaging over the ruins of album rock. Except for one small outpost of hope, Radio Glendon. With only a few devoted D.J. pilgrims, it rose to dominate the world... or, at least a small wooded campus at Bayview and Lawrence. It survived the spiritual corruption of several managers since — for example, Paul "Bongo" Kolyicius, Bob "the Koo" Soleway, Cheyenne "I don't need a name stranger than Cheyenne" Lee, Ken "Bruce Bumsteen" Bujold, and currently suffers the leadership of Mike "the Cosmic Brian Muffin" Landon. Those who hesitantly identify themselves as "the Executive" this year are... Mike "I'm not the manager!" Fraser - Program Director; Technical Director Paul Charron; Chris Bennett, Techie in Training (I.T.); Entertainment Director — Sue Howard; Music Director Maureen McColl; Media Liaison Stefan "My Way" Counter.

Their temple is located deep within the basement of Glendon Hall. A door found conveniently between the Café de la Terrasse and the bi's and her lavatories. Elvis "the Guru" is plastered on the window screaming "Rock'n'-Roll." The temple has seen substantial equipment improvement in 86-87. It now possesses new production equipment to create professional commercial "spots", to record news and interviews "live on location" and even to put listener phone calls on "the air." The "station faithful" has doubled; it's numbers since last year to 52 DJs (plus more on a waiting list), due to the charismatic influence of the dutiful executive, virtually foaming at the mouth with enthusiasm.

We feel like geeks, we like noises. Critics and monsters cluster around us. We drink afraid that we offend. From the jaws of the dying. We are not monsters, we're moral people and yet we have the strength to do this. This is the temple of our achievement...

Radio Glendon. It's not Radio; it's a religion.

What would you like to be when you grow up?

ALIVE!

unical canada
**Hector's Hasn't Got It**

by Catarina Cadeau and Robert Stevens

ENCAPSULATED REVIEW

The Original Hector's

49 Eglinton East

Style: Bar and Grill

Rating: ★★

Price Range: $20 — $25 dinner for two (not including tip)

RATING SYSTEM

- Canteen of Canada
- Modero
- Good
- ★★★ Great

This winter of our discontent (translation: spring at Glendon and the end of another academic year). As the year has ended, so it had begun. The first jaunt for us had been to Hector's and we wanted to reexperience the good times that we had originally. So we went to "The Original Hec­tor's" and found the old haunt to be fairly quiet. This seemed strange for $5 on a Friday.

The Original Hector's is billed as a bar and grill. No kidding?!!! We couldn't help but notice the picture of sports teams that they sponsor, and the beer logos on the walls. Not the picture of the "bar flies" and the neo Budweiser moniker. And what about the neon guitar? "It seems very American," remarked Robert.

So we looked at the menu. It was very simple; we had a choice of salads, sandwiches, grilled food and "munchies." "Munchies" covers such items as chilli, potato skins and chicken wings. Prices range from $2.95 to $7.00.

It took quite a few minutes for the cocktail napkins to arrive, considering the low density of the crowd. Robert asked her for a Margarita. Catarina ordered a portion of her daily milk requirement. Unfortunately we were doomed to be in a place that darenot to serve milkshakes. "Ze fools," said Robert, "rey vill pay furr insolence." So Catarina ended up with a glass of plain milk, straight up. A moment later, the waitress returned and asked if Robert wanted a straight margarita and if he preferred Triple Sec or Drambuie in it. It was a rare day for our hero. "I've never been asked that question before." He went for Triple Sec and no ice.

Our dinners, which took 15 minutes to arrive, were pretty simple. Catarina's was a hot dog with fries and sauerkraut ($3.45). The hot dog comes with 13 different toppings – each one an additional 50 cents. Robert's was chicken wings with hot sauce and fries. Catarina felt that the fries looked really good and big. Robert commented that they were a little greasy, but weren't over or undercooked. The only interesting thing about the chicken is that the bun had poppy seeds. "Everything tastes good, but it's not epicurean!" exclaimed Catarina. Robert's wings were satisfactory to a point, but he's had better and cheaper buffalo wings.

His drink was another story; "Too much Triple Sec... bleep!"

Catarina finished her meal with an Irish coffee ($4.00). It's contents were bittersweet coffee, Irish whiskey, green creme de menthe, thick whipped cream and the requisite cherry. "I know I've had better. It's rather disappointing end to a disappointing dinner." To give a few closing remarks, we found the "CHEEZ-IT-A-M" type music completely annoying. We didn't order desserts but we know they had pretty standard pies and cakes ranging from $2.75 to $3.50.

Robert noticed that you can have drinks by-the-pitcher, e.g. Bloody Mary's and Screwdrivers, for $9.95. In the end, we decided to go to Baskin-Robbins and get a milkshake.

**Neo A4 Won't Venture**

From p7

with wrong with the Canadian record industry is that they are simply holding back on real alternative Canadian talent. They are not willing to take a chance. Consequently, we get Chalk Circle, Glass Tiger and Haywire, while the Rhythm Twins, Groovy Religion and the Lawn remain unmentioned. (Ironically, Duke St. is one of the better companies, as they have taken a gamble with Scott Merritt and Jane Siberry.) Canada, Toronto anyway, has an excellent alternative scene. You just would never know it with some signed bands.

Also released on Duke St. is Saskatchewan's own Mark Korven. He released an album called Ordinary Man, a title that neatly sums up its content.

**Gagnants au UAA**

par Stephan Rivrin

Pour la troisieme saison l'équipe de hockey de l’Université York a gagné le TOUAA en battant en demi-finale l'équipe de Trois-Rivières et en final, en trois parties, les Mustangs de London.

La première partie de la finale fut remportée par les Yeomen (6-2) ensuite les porte couleurs de Western University sont venus remporter une victoire de (5-3) à Toronto et demain, lors de la dernière partie le gardien de but, Mark Applewhite s’est fait remarqué en réussissant à un but en pénalité. Les Yeomen de York ont remporté une victoire de (5-3) par Stephan Boivin.

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**Selection Larger**

From p1

The two members of the board present, also supported the position. Mr. Charron claimed that it is not "excluding inside candidates, it is just making the selection larger." Both argued that looking for the best candidate possible is the responsibility that the Board has to its shareholders.

A motion was raised to recede the position. It was defeated by a vote of 2-4. Another motion that called for a general meeting of the shareholders was also defeated by the same amount.

The Board has passed a motion unanimously explaining the criteria for the hiring of the manager. The "candidates should have previous management experience; can demonstrate basic knowledge of inventory and accounting skills; has a working knowledge of French and English; is aware of discretionary role and the importance of the Café within the Glendon commu­nity."

**Individual Standings**

From p6

As for individual standing as debaters, Stanley was thirty-first with 214.3 points out of a possible 300. I lay at thirty-eighth with 210.0 points. The difference is a mere 4.3 points, the scores being very close for place standings.

In public speaking, I placed twenty-first out of forty-eight speakers with 104.5 points out of a possible 150. Stanley was thirty-third with 97.9 points, a difference of only 5.8 points. Competition for placing was again a close thing. Stanley and I believe we acquitted ourselves well, but as many other teams felt, the judging was inexperienced and not the best to reflect our abilities. In short, we and several others feel that we were ripped off. Indicative of this bad judging was the fact that the home team of Memorial did very well, placing at eighth over all. Having judged this team at RMC, it is testimony to the triumph of mediocrity over creativity. Stanley and I did our best debating to date, but such is life. You can do everything right and still be wrong. Feeling as unpalatable as the weather outside, Stanley and I along with everyone else were herded onto the buses to catch our flights. Once there, more horrors. Just about all flights were cancelled due to the weather. We rebooked and received a scare when we were told that the most important part of the ticket was the receipt. After a lecture, we were rebooked; this, after excruciatingly long line-ups, 2 computers breaking down, Air Canada people taking their breaks at choice moments, mechanical difficulty with the baggage e­rousel.

As one debater from Queen's joked mordantly, "This isn't a real airport; they're going to take it down once we're gone." Fortunately for us, Stanley had friends in the city and we stayed there overnight. We caught the afternoon flight direct to Toronto. Almost broke, we touched down in sunny T.O., happy to be back.

**Classifieds**

YUSA MINI SERIES Features: "Wilt" - Information on Estate and Will Planning Monday, April 20 noon - 1 p.m., and from 7-9 p.m. Ross 5872. Everyone welcome.


AGING AND THE FAMILY is the second in the "As Parents Grow Older" series. Thursday, April 16, noon - 1 p.m. Ross 5809.

COMMUNITY SERVICES & RESI­DENTIAL CARE is the final in the "As Parents Grow Older" series. Thursday, April 23, noon - 1 p.m. Ross 5809.

CREATING successful relationships through non-judgement communication. The Board has passed a motion unanimously explaining the criteria for the hiring of the manager. The "candidates should have previous management experience; can demonstrate basic knowledge of inventory and accounting skills; has a working knowledge of French and English; is aware of discretionary role and the importance of the Café within the Glendon commu­nity."

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