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PRO TEM

Le premier journal étudiant de l'Université York
Glendon's Student Weekly



Collège • Glendon • College

le 16 novembre 1987

Volume 27, No.9



Cover Photo: Chris Reed

Glendon: York Campus Look-Alike?

by John Sullivan

Glendon College could soon have a new face as a result of two condominium buildings scheduled to be built on the immediate North side of the front gate entrance. The North York city council has accepted a proposal by Cheddington Holdings Ltd. to build a ten and eight storey luxury condominium complex. The Cheddington Mansion will remain intact but will be renovated and used as the front lobby to the condos. In addition, the accepted proposal indicates recommendations to move the Glendon gates inwards as to allow the only access point of the condos to join the now Glendon private road.

The Glendon administration is being represented by Jacques Aubin-Roy, Executive Officer at Glendon, who said, "...the driveway issue must be ap-

proved by Glendon and the York Development Corp. (YUDC) or else the entire project cannot proceed. We do have the power to block this." When contacted on Thursday Nov. 12, Mr. Aubin-Roy required time to refresh his memory, "I know very little about this." It is appalling that this issue has almost passed by the Glendon community unnoticed.

When Mr. Aubin-Roy contacted *Pro Tem* on Friday, Nov. 13, he informed us that the university is neither for nor against the development of the Cheddington properties. He also indicated that they would not be skyscrapers but he had not seen the final plans (the proposal allows for a maximum height of 144m). He seems to think that if the entrance is moved back it will ease the congestion at the

Lawrence and Bayview intersection. The impression received was that Mr. Aubin-Roy thought the GCSU would not object to the development.

However, when Eliza Ciccone, Director of External Affairs, was contacted she felt that the student body was against the development. She was going to contact the students via a meeting this Thursday, November 19, at 1:00 in the GCSU office. The GCSU wishes to get a clear picture of the student view before putting forth a stand.

The status of this issue is that the proposal has been accepted by city council and is presently being drafted by the planning department into a by-law in order that it return to council for final vote. Interested parties only have 35 days to object before the vote and if no objections are articulated

it will then pass. If Glendon students are opposed then once an objection is made to city council the matter will be forwarded to the Ontario Municipal Board (OMB) for an appeal hearing. Representing Glendon at the OMB could cost upwards of \$2000 in legal counsel but this cost could feasibly be incurred by the administration.

The area residents and four city representatives are opposed to the development because they fear the development will set a poor precedent. Should Glendon run into financial difficulties the temptation would be great to trade prime Toronto real estate for cash. By the turn of the century Glendon could win the "York Campus Look-Alike" contest.

Councillor Salmon, the area representative, said "...there will be no objection made

unless Glendon takes the lead role because residents have no plans to pursue this issue."

Do Glendon students approve or disapprove of these condominiums? The following is a complete list of contacts related to this issue:

Eliza Ciccone,
GCSU Director of External Affairs 487-6720

Jacques Aubin-Roy,
Executive Officer 487-6708

Glendon College Dean's Office
487-6708

York University Development Corp. 736-5341

City representatives Salmon, Moscoe, Summer and Labatte (all of whom are also opposed) 224-6017

If opposed, the student body must make its views known both to the GCSU and the administration, otherwise silence means acceptance.

EDITORIAL

Already Too Many!

I'm sure we all agree: the natural opulence of Glendon is unsurpassed in Canada. We are blessed with overwhelming natural beauty and peaceful surroundings. Even when you failed all of your mid-terms, a walk in the quad will brighten your heart again.

Have you ever seen a visitor to our glorious abode who has not been impressed by the luxuriance of our campus.

Alas, all could change if the Cheddington Condominium Complex is constructed.

But enough pomposity; notwithstanding the change in the beautiful scenery that the two concrete Yuppie towers will cause to the entrance of the college, automobile congestion cannot but become worse.

Hoads of BMW's and Mercedes that will congregate to the new condos will unavoidably cause major traffic problems to Glendon and Atkinson students that will try to enter the campus in the evening, even if the gates are moved back to accommodate our new neighbours.

Another possible problem is that the Yuppie towers might restrict, and even halt, events at Glendon such as the Carnaval because they would be deemed too noisy. This has already happened. The *St.-Jean Baptiste* celebration had to be cancelled because of complaints from the present neighbours. The new ones could make it even more difficult for us.

Condominiums have already destroyed the view of Harbourfront, they should not do this to Glendon.

We, the students, should protect our campus' scenic beauty and, at any rate, who wants more Yuppies in the neighbourhood?

Un petit mot en passant

"Un bulletin mal foutu!"

Avez-vous regardé dans votre boîte aux lettres dimanche soir dernier? Avez-vous vu le bulletin de l'AECG? Avez-vous eu envie de ... en lisant ce texte écrit en pseudo-français?

Il est compréhensible qu'une erreur ou deux se glissent dans un texte. Par contre, il est inadmissible qu'un texte comme celui de l'AECG soit distribué sans avoir été corrigé (et même refait) par un francophone!!!

Letters/Lettres

Forum

To the Editor:
Re: Forum Nov. 5, 1987
Regarding the Forum page of 5 November 1987, I think that the peripatetic prose of Messrs. Sullivan and Den Tandt could stand some examination.

With all respect to my good friend Mr. Den Tandt, it unfortunately appears that he has been attending the Kenn Ross School of Art Criticism for Enthusiastic Undergraduates. Generalizations, vague assertions, and meaningless bravado do not make for effective criticism, nor do they make interesting prose.

This "unfocused" approach to art and social criticism, whereby any semblance of premise is sacrificed on the altar of polemic, is not only enervating and irritating, it is counter-productive.

To denounce with considerable vitriol the work of an artist's work into the context of contemporary and past art movements removes the would-be critic's credibility, and reduces his commentary to malicious doggerel. I quote: "The result is flaccid, lifeless garbage."

Mr. Sullivan's premise is, to some extent, clearer and, to a minor extent, supported by some degree of evidence. But I find Mr. Sullivan's assertions

to be misleading, and his point-of-view seems to be disturbingly in favour of curbing the freedom of students, apparently because of a Parliamentary report which states that "1.5 million Canadians seriously abuse alcohol."

Mr. Sullivan errs in stating that it is the "University" which has "extended" pub hours. Rather it was *Glendon's* own administration which restricted student access to our pub; all pubs at the Downsview campus are open until 1 a.m., i.e. as the province permits.

The issue of responsible drinking is *not*, contrary to the assertion of Mr. Sullivan, "only beginning to be addressed here at Glendon." The issue was prominent in the early 1970's when the Pipe Room Board incorporated and made its initial application for a liquor licence. There has been a seminar presentation to residence students on alcoholism for a number of years, and the GCSU Council is responsible for the security at any dance or event where there is a bar.

Incredibly, after criticizing the "University" for "extending" pub hours to where they *should* be, and *are* for the other 9 million Ontario residents, Mr. Sullivan declares it a "non-issue". To further confound the argument, he advocates a paternalistic policy whereby the University is held responsible for educating and teaching students how to consume alcohol "responsibly".

I would take the point-of-view that (a) alcoholism is a disease, and yes it is preventable, but that (b) allowing Glendon students access to the student-run pub inasmuch as provincial law provides neither encourages "even more drinking", nor is it a detriment to alcohol education programs.

Mr. Sullivan ignored some basic points in the Glendon pub access debate, and I do not think he has done his fellow students a service by questioning the lifting of restrictions to the student pub. Prohibition-type laws usually have opposite effects to those which are desired. Bravo Glendon administration for treating us like adults; shame,

Mr. Sullivan, for treating us like children.

Sincerely
Stefan Caunter

Restricted

Dear Editor:

Re: "I don't know what it is..." by Mike DenTandt (Nov.5, 1987)

I would like to say that I always enjoy reading Mike DenTandt's impassioned essays. They are highly personal, yet well thought out and written. I don't want to rebut his latest diatribe on the sculptural piece in the quad. I would, however, wish to express disappointment that DenTandt took time to view only one third of the work by Ron Sandor that Glendon Gallery has in the show *Twinkle, twinkle, little bat: The House Project, the Nursery*. Yes, war is a terrible thing. You asked what you were missing? You were missing the other two sites of the piece. The outdoor piece is meant to be simple and direct to work with the other two parts in order to try to examine how images of war and conflict manifest themselves in the nursery as a context for socialization.

Yes, war is terrible. But, this is by no means the bottom line in this exhibition. It is disappointing that DenTandt restricted his vision of the total work, by viewing only this one part and in such simplistic terms.

The show will be on in the Gallery until November 29 for those interested in seeing the complete show.

Yours sincerely
Adam Becker
Gallery Co-ordinator

Bilinguisme

To the Editor:

There are several points in Claudia Damecour's editorial "Bilinguisme à Glendon?" (Volume 27, No. 6) to which I would like to reply. Although I am an English-speaking Translation major in my fourth year, I choose to write solely in English, using neither French quotes nor gallicisms, because it is precisely thus that I define a bilingual

• Voir p.4

Pro Tem Volume 27, No.9 November 16, 1987

Glendon College 2275 Baview Ave. Toronto, Ont. M4N 3M6

Rédacteur en chef

Patrick Banville

Assistant Editor

George Browne

Assistante à la rédaction

Claudia Damecour

Entertainment Editor

Ernie Vlasics

Rédactrice des divertissements

Jeanne Corriveau

Sports Editor

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Photography Editors

Chris Reed

Ramona Maged

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Nathalie Tousignant

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Kenn Ross

Afsun Qureshi

Mike DenTandt

Kristen Dolenko

Caroline Kjellberg

L'équipe du montage

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Diana Spremo

Typesetters

Mike Loop

Shirley Bryant

Beth Hiscoke

Collaborateur(trice)s

John Sullivan

C.E. Loewen

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Nanette Lanau

Robert Bodrog

Darryl Singer

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Pro Tem is the weekly bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student weekly publication of York University. All copy is the sole responsibility of the editorial staff unless otherwise indicated. **Letters to the Editor** are welcome for publication provided that authorship can be verified. Names may be withheld upon request. The Editor reserves the right to condense letters. *Pro Tem* is distributed to York Campus, Ryerson Institute, Champlain Bookstore, C.O.F.T.M. and Glendon College. The deadline for submissions is Friday at 5:00 p.m. Our offices are located in Glendon Hall, Room 117. Telephone: 487-6736. Circulation: 4000.

La page Forum a pour objectif de faire connaître différentes opinions sur des sujets variés. Vos réponses et commentaires sont plus que les bienvenus. Veuillez prendre note que les opinions exprimées dans cette rubrique représentent le point de vue de l'auteur et non pas nécessairement celui de Pro Tem

FORUM

The purpose of the Forum page is to elicit various viewpoints on a variety of topics. We encourage controversy and responses to the articles. Also, the views expressed in the section are those of the contributor and not necessarily those of Pro Tem.

The Vacuum

The Thanksgiving Day trashing of Barry Callaghan's home by three young men graphically illustrates one of humanity's greatest problems. In fact, it may be the problem facing all of us today; as ominous as the slumbering nuclear behemoths in their silos and as pervasive across the globe as the depletion of the ozone layer. The culprit? Boredom.

Boredom may seem too commonplace a thing to rank as a major threat against Western society, but the boredom I want to discuss isn't the three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon variety of boredom, rather it has been termed the "existential vacuum".

Now, the term may seem intimidating, but the concept is quite accessible. The existential vacuum points to the fact that people, more by default than hard philosophical thought, have ceased to believe in a God who rewards us for doing good and who has prepared a heaven for us after death. Religion has become *passé* to most young adults at university and a good number of people in general. Today, the individual gives the same lazy nod to a belief that there is no God or heaven as that individual's forebearers acknowledged God and heaven. One "given" has been replaced with another.

Groundbreaking existentialist writers and thinkers like Camus, Sartre and Ionesco weren't attempting to create this vacuum in some plot to make us all miserable. It was just that a structured belief system as held up by a church, for example, seemed absurd if you really thought about it. They wanted men and women to think for themselves and act in life rather than letting an organization tell you what to think and what to do, that people shouldn't sit, waiting for something to happen. As far as this existentialist process is concerned, a significant number of people seemed to have come half way, stopping dead.

The motto for this dilemma may well be found in Camus' *The Outsider*. The main character, Mersault, commits a murder and does nothing to explain himself. What he keeps repeating in words and attitudes is, "It doesn't matter." Camus never held up the listless, empty Mersault as a way a person ought to be. If anything the character, more representative of abstract ideas than anyone real, serves as a warning. Mersault's problem was that he saw no meaning in life. This feeling of being nothing allowed him to kill senselessly. It seems that people haven't learned from what Mersault represents, but

that have instead have become Mersault.

Today there is a tremendous pressure to conform, and that this is not surprising. The increased size of the population, with all of its diverse needs immediately creates the forces of conformity. To be an individual in the most authentic sense of that word is becoming harder as this century moves on.

Furthermore, since the existential vacuum translates into boredom in the most profound, cancerous way, this boredom becomes synonymous with a crisis in meaning, the lack of it prevalent in the population.

Studies have proven that among university and college students throughout Western society the main concern is not about making money or being an unqualified success in life, it's an anxiety over what life is about. We're all asking: What am I doing here? Is there meaning to life or is life simply pointless?

Acid Dazed to Acid Wash

by Robert Bodrog

Something is happening out there. You may not notice it at first, as you breeze leisurely through your new issue of *Vogue* by the fireplace, but it's happening. Subtly, almost imperceptibly, the fashion ad is changing. No longer is a pretty girl in a pretty dress with a great smile, or even a great body enough. No, these days fashion has to appeal to one's intellectual sensibility or even one's political stature. In fact, some of today's ads have gotten downright philosophical and rhetorical in context. For example, consider the latest ad for Esprit denim and jeans-wear. It reads:

Because denim and jeans-wear are such social equalizers today you don't necessarily need silks and satins to be elegant. Elegance is now, curiously enough, anti-fashion and anti-luxury. This new elegance has become a 'de-classification' process that puts what you can do — your style and abilities far ahead of what you can afford. Now you don't have to be rich to be elegant.

Indeed, in this one brief paragraph there is so much going on, it's necessary to evaluate its assertions premise by premise beginning with the claim that today denims and jeans-wear are "social equalizers" and that traditional fashion materials are now somehow

The same studies show that the main reason for suicide attempts or strong contemplation on suicide by young adults in higher education is the aforementioned seeming uselessness in living. This fact figures highly among normal, middle-class students who ought to feel as if they've got everything to look forward to, yet feel like nothing.

How does this tie into what happened to Barry Callaghan's home, you might wonder. No, I haven't strayed from the topic I started out with. This boredom doesn't always lead one to lie down and wish he were dead; it can often translate into violence. Again, evidence shows that a person is most likely to commit acts of violence, even kill, when life seems pointless. If a person doesn't care about himself, why should he care about you?

(There's proof enough of this in psychology texts, or the more readable essays of psychoana-

• See Nothing p.10

superfluous in terms of achieving sartorial elegance. First of all, let's take a look at the term "social equalizers." Here it seems that an attempt is being made at a balancing and collectivization of some sort, based upon a widely accepted and popular garment — jeans. Nearly everyone wears jeans, and by virtue of that fact, this somehow serves as a form of common binding or bonding element among today's polity.

As a result of these social equalizers a new order whether

• See Elegance p.4

Carey Nieuwhof

What the media giveth, the media taketh away. And as of last week, it seems the media has taken the benefit of the doubt away from David Peterson's government. After a week of government at Queen's Park, it appears the honeymoon is over.

David Peterson has probably grown accustomed to receiving favourable to only mildly critical coverage of his government over the past two years. When criticism has been harsh, it has come from predictable sources or has been fully justified. Even David Peterson, entering the Premier's office wide eyed two and a half years ago, realized that he would be lashed when he deserved it.

Peterson's election campaign raised a few eyebrows amongst

A Threat To Democracy

by Darryl Singer

It was my original intention to utilize this space to present the faithful readers of *Pro Tem* with an article of serious political analysis. Certain individuals would have rumours circulating that Darryl Singer cannot produce honest, "quality" journalism. This is indeed a misguided view. Certainly my two recent tidbits were as forthright and honest as possible. It is this honesty that seems to have caused the problem. And it is the undue criticism of this honesty that propels me to use this space to respond to the attitude that I am an insensitive, arrogant creep who doesn't deserve an inch of print in this paper.

As a result of my recent journalistic tirades I have in the past weeks had insults hurled at me, the likes of which I have never before heard. And by whom? By those very bane of my existence, socialists and bleeding heart liberals. No distinction between the two is really necessary. After all, a bleeding heart liberal is really just an upper class socialist. But I do not wish to enter into a name calling contest, nor to hyperbolize on the many categories of socialism. It is tempting, but I must return to topic.

My views have been called stupid, idiotic, ridiculous, close-minded, and ignorant. They have also been referred to as a host of other adjectives not fit for print. In addition, numerous letters to the editor have called for my antisocialist views to be denied publication. Let us begin the anger at this point.

The views expressed by a writer may very well warrant being called all of the expletives, but to suggest that those views

be censured, censored, or otherwise is the first step towards a state controlled media. You may not agree with my views, but that is no reason why they should not be entitled a platform. Free speech and free press are two of the more fundamental rights granted to Canadians. Those of you who love Canada as a democracy will certainly agree that all views, regardless of how preposterous, are entitled to be heard. You may not agree with them, but you agree with the fundamental freedoms of any good democracy.

I have never once suggested that the views of the vocal minority should be censored. As much as I believe them to be misguided, I believe in principle that they are entitled to their opinions.

I guess that is what really scares me (and should scare you) about socialism. Forget what it will do to our economy, what will it do to our basic sense of democracy? Do not let the socialists convince you that socialism is merely an economic system. Their attitudes toward all views contradictory to theirs proves that this is not the case. Socialism will be the greatest attack on our democracy. The same democratic principles that they rely on for their freedom will be abolished should they ever attain power.

It is okay to have freedom of the press and freedom of speech, as long as what you say and print is in agreement with THEM. But beware anyone who dares to speak against THEM, for he shall be censored, censored, excommunicated, and exiled. Just who are really the close-minded ones?

Pressing Peterson

political types simply because it failed to raise any eyebrows amongst the public. He essentially ran a campaign that wasn't, avoiding concrete issues in favour of vague slogans... 'better quality education,' 'no free trade if Mulroney's responsible.' Saleable, but substantively lacking. It made the media take a closer look. Thought they; if Peterson's cruising to an election victory on a highway made of fluff, there's a chance he may try to continue into his second term with a somewhat less energetic agenda.

That's precisely what reporters believe could be happening right now. While throne speeches are not supposed to be laden with specifics and details, reporters felt that last weeks speech was little more than sloganism with not a lot of

promise to pursue these ideas with vigour. The issue here is not whether that is true, because in Peterson's commitment to reform and active government was only 65 seats deep, then he should start worrying about winning the next election now.

It is a horrible thing to have the media turn on you in this country. Consider Joe Clark. By 1980, his image was so soiled one wondered whether Clark had to have his shoes tied for him every morning. If Joe Clark had had an easier ride in the media, there is no telling whether Trudeau would have been able to pull off his second coming.

History will probably show us that the media has traditionally struck its fatal blows when

• See An p.4

Elegance = ?

• From p.3

political, sartorial or otherwise is established, thus negating that traditional materials and established norms of fashion elegance which have commonly taken the form of silks and satins, which are considered for the most part flashy expensive fabrics of the haute bourgeoisie. However, the few who could afford them in the past to make a statement have now seen their order usurped by the advent of this new approach to, and definition of style. Or so we are told.

As the ad continues, "Elegance in now, curiously enough, anti-fashion and anti-luxury." If we take this statement as a given and represent it as follows:

$$\text{Elegance} = ((\text{not})\text{Fashion and} \\ (\text{not})\text{Luxury})$$

would this not imply that

(not)Elegance = Fashion and
Luxury

The equation now reveals what the ad really wants to say; that today, luxury and fashion are manifesting themselves by taking the form of what one would traditionally call anti-elegance. And after all, isn't this what we are seeing to a wide degree on the streets of today's North American cities. Denim may not be pretty, but it is relatively inexpensive and therefore widely available to most people. Denim is fashion for the masses of people who have found their fabric, made it king, and consequently now base the new evaluation of style and elegance around it with something which is at once comfortable, widely available, but at the same time can serve for some as a type of pop status symbol.

The ad continues: "This new elegance has become a DE-

classification process that puts what you can do — your style and abilities far ahead of what you can afford." Here we have the idea of an individual's potential creativity and talent elevated and given precedence over one's finite financial limits. Or, in other words, one's societal value over one's fiscal worth. The end result of this as the ad concludes is that "now you don't have to be rich to be elegant." Sartorially speaking, the bourgeoisie has been overthrown, and proletariat denim has graduated to the reigning position of elegance and in the process has put the means of production of style in the hands of every man, woman and child.

Furthermore it's as if a rallying call were being directed to those ancient social 'revolutionaries' of the sixties, who now compose the largest demographic base of the consumer market and also possess some of the highest dis-

posable incomes: the so-called yuppies. This certainly seems to be the case since the tone of the ad is quite reminiscent of the pre-yuppie revolutionary anti-establishment rhetoric which has become synonymous with essence of hippiedom. Today's Esprit ads are nostalgia for yesterday's hippies.

So what does this leave us with in the final analysis? If nothing else it certainly shows that the typical fashion ad has now evolved to the point where the sales pitch assumes a more rhetorical, almost quasi-revolutionary tone. Today's Madison Avenue is not only selling jeans, they're appealing to the revolutionary sensibility of young and old alike; and giving the consumer much more: for some it's a revival of memories from a more youthful idealistic time; for others hope for transformation of the status quo; and above all, the chance to make a chic political statement each time they put on their favorite pair of acid wash denims. Abbie Hoffmann would laugh his ass off.

An Active Policy

• From p.3

they have turned their back on a politician who has no real vision. It is at that point when the politician in question has little to fall back on except his image. That is the danger that David Peterson faces if he doesn't back up his huge majority with an active policy agenda. As it stands right now, David Peterson is more popular than Bill Davis was at his heyday. It would be a shame for his party if that reality was allowed to slip beyond the point of return.

As reporters have pointed out, when Bill Davis won his majority in March 1981, he was fond of pointing out to his critics that the "realities of March 19th" had given him a mandate to do as he wished. Reporters perceived Bill Davis to be doing little. In the end, that is what helped wreck the provincial Conservative Party. The popular David Peterson had better hope that is not what ruins his government.

Encore des lettres

• From p.2

campus — one in which translations are *not* needed.

I have nothing but sympathy for the *newly arrived* francophone who, seeking help with a loan or a bursary, cannot find it in his or her native language. The editorial goes on, however, to reveal that all materials from the York campus come to us only in English. Did anyone expect differently? Toronto is primarily an English environment, and the York campus makes no claims of bilingualism. Indeed, I would imagine that the reason many students come so many kilometres is to be immersed (more or less) in English. Is a bilingual campus, then, to be defined as one in which each student has the right *not* to read in any but his own language? Or is it perhaps that Glendonites make a habit of reading the same material twice?

Then there is the problem that "anglophones stick with anglophones, and francophones act similarly..." True. *Somebody* should do something about it. There is always *Trait d'Union* and *L'Entr'acte*, of course, and there are always *some* students of each language interested

in social and cultural exchange, but these solutions work only for those who make the effort to seek out such organizations and individuals. For the rest... Hmmm. Perhaps Stefan Molyneux' "Marksist" party, can provide some solutions.

Mlle Damecour also asks "What language must we use to be understood in this college?" If we are a bilingual campus, then the answer is obvious.

Finally, Our Claudia finds incomprehensible the idea that a third-year anglophone student at Glendon should speak French with a Parisian accent. Here I must agree. Glendon's affinity for professors from France rather than Quebec (at least in the FRSL and Translation courses I have taken) is one I have long found annoying. Yet we can't fault the professors for their accents — besides being monstrously difficult to discard, an accent is part of one's identity. If *you* were sent across the ocean to some long-abandoned colony to teach the Mother Language, would you see any advantage in changing your way of speaking? If the analogy offends any of our francophone students, then let them

do something about it! Find some uninformed anglophone and *show* him the beauty and sophistication of Quebec French. The six hours a week he spends in FRSL 1520 may well be by far the most active interaction he gets with his second language. If a student associates only with those who speak his mother tongue, he need not blame others who do the same, and certainly not the grounds of 2275 Bayview Avenue.

While I have your attention (or so I hope), I would also like to make a brief reply to Darryl Singer. In your article, "Right to Strike," I sometimes found it difficult to be sure if you were being ironic. You didn't *really* mean it when you said, "do not be so gullible as to even consider the teachers' arguments." ...did you?

Sincerely
Mike Loop

Dans les paroles immortelles du Cpt. Fluke — "La séparation n'est jamais pour toujours mais la pension alimentaire y est"

PRO TEM BALANCE SHEET AS AT APRIL 30, 1987

| | 1987 | 1986 |
|--------------------------------|----------|-----------|
| ASSETS | | |
| Cash in bank | \$3,656. | \$12,584. |
| LIABILITIES AND SURPLUS | | |
| Uncashed cheques | \$6,611. | \$8,103. |
| Surplus, beginning of year | 4,481. | 72. |
| Net income (loss) for year | (7,436.) | 4,409. |
| Surplus (deficit) end of year | (2,995.) | (4,481.) |
| | \$3,656. | \$12,584. |

NOTES:

1. The statements have been prepared on a cash basis.
2. The capital equipment purchased, a new typesetter, was funded by a grant from York University.
3. The 1986 accounts have been amended to show uncashed cheques as liability rather than as a deduction from cash in bank.

PRO TEM STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED APRIL 30, 1987

| | 1987 | 1986 |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| RECEIPTS | | |
| Glendon College Students Union | \$12,240. | \$21,923. |
| York University Grants | 22,000. | — |
| Advertising and subscriptions | 4,981. | 7,206. |
| | 39,221. | 29,129. |
| DISBURSEMENTS | | |
| Capital equipment | 28,180. | — |
| Printing and delivery | 10,261. | — |
| Salaries and commissions | 4,363. | 3,649. |
| Office expenses | 2,786. | 4,970. |
| Supplies | 874. | 1,371. |
| Bank charges | 193. | 165. |
| | 46,657. | 24,720. |
| NET INCOME (LOSS) FOR THE YEAR | \$(7,436.) | \$4,409. |

NEWS

Qué Tal??

by Cathy da Costa

Last Monday (November 9, 1987), the Board of Governors of York University, put their seal of approval on the Department of Hispanic Studies here at Glendon. In 1971, hispanic studies commenced through co-operation with the French Department. It was possible only to minor in Spanish until June 1986, when the Board of Governors approved of it as a major. Although majoring in Spanish had been approved by Faculty Council in 1981, it was impossible to implement until they had approval for tenure appointments. Previously, many students minoring in Spanish demanded to major in it; some of them even left Glendon to major in Spanish elsewhere. Now, there are thirteen and a half courses offered over a three-year period. The enrolment of students has averaged at 160 for the past five years and has fluctuated only to the extent that the College's enrolment has.

Why the interest in Spanish? It is one of the 'big four' languages in the world presently and is spoken in most countries in North and South America. It is also widely spoken in Toronto, therefore students taking French, English, Translation, Linguistics, International Studies, Political Science and Sociology could find it a useful language for their future careers.

This interest derives from two facts found on page fifteen of the Glendon College Academic Plan: "The steady growth in enrolment, as well as an increasing number of students who wish to major in Spanish,

and also the research achievement of the Spanish Faculty, suggest that the programme has now matured to the point where it merits departmental status"; and "It will have the secondary benefit of taking some administrative pressure off of the French Department, which is the largest in the College." The French Department also expects to grow, due to the phasing out of the unilingual stream and the changing nature of Ontarian society, such as the introduction of Bill 8.

Creating the Department of Hispanic Studies only requires two changes. Firstly, a new secretary and secondly, a \$2,000 chairperson's stipend instead of a \$500 director's stipend. The administration is willing to pay the additional cost. As of yet, a new secretary has not been hired. It is expected that there will be one in January. Until matters are functioning properly, Myriam Obadia-Hazan, the Administrative Assistant of the French Department will be helping out.

In the near future, Portuguese studies will be offered through this new department. Right now there is an introductory course offered under the Humanities Department. The Portuguese community has shown strong support for Portuguese studies at Glendon. Further on in the future, the department might add Italian; thus becoming a department of all Romance languages aside from French. Things are developing well linguistically at Glendon, further asserting our academic leadership in Ontario.

by M.K. Piatkowski

This is the first of many (I hope) articles in which I can inform you about the wild and wacky things happening at the Keele campus.

The big news is that your buddies, those wild and crazy group at CYSF, passed their budget last Monday night. Normally this is no big deal except that this time their audit was (and still is) not completed.

The general procedure is that no organization receives money until the great group in the administration get a chance to look at the audit from the previous year. This is part of what is known as fiscally responsible student government. Yet CYSF was assured that they will receive money once they passed the budget. If the GCSU tried this (or any other student government, for that matter), I'm sure the Adminis-

tration would not be so understanding.

As you are reading this, the Multicultural festival is underway. It is a week-long party in Central Square with 20 or so cultural groups showing off their culture. Then on Friday night there is a big bash where you can taste ethnic food (real food!) and party the night away.

Lots of fun on the college scene. McLaughlin college council is in a great deal of trouble. Using the reason of financial mismanagement, the master of the college has created an advisory council to oversee the student council. It's as if the principal decided that the GCSU was not doing its job and created a board that could render any decision the union made null and void if they decided it was not "in the best interests." This is what is happening at McLaughlin and of

course the prevailing rumour is that the president will resign. I personally think this is a dangerous precedent that all colleges should take a note of.

Over at Vanier, the council there is attempting to muzzle the editor of its paper, the *Vandoo*, after he made certain critical remarks about council. The council has tried to trip him up on a technicality and is now prepared to wave their own Board of Publications rules (which state that an editor can only be removed for financial mismanagement) and temporarily remove him. Nothing has happened yet, pending the next issue of the *Vandoo*.

Freedom of the press must be maintained as long as the press gives the opposite side equal time to explain themselves, as the *Vandoo* did. The editor must be able to state his own opinion.

What's Happening at Keele

Invitation à la communauté

par Bill Myers

Le christianisme est une façon de vivre qui nécessite la communauté. Quelquefois, on a besoin de quelqu'un avec qui on peut parler en confidence, même s'il ne peut pas garantir qu'il comprendra complètement; quelquefois, nous devons savoir que nous ne sommes pas seuls dans nos croyances qui peuvent sembler uniques bizarres ou même, quelquefois, détestées par la société.

Avec ces sentiments, des catholiques s'assemblent avec leur aumônier, le Père Michael Brosnan, le mardi après-midi

pendant la session automne-hiver, dans la salle de réunion de la Maison "D," Résidence Hilliard. Ces catholiques sont des étudiants, du personnel pédagogique et du personnel de soutien. Ici, dans cette atmosphère plutôt intime, nous célébrons la messe et parlons de tout ce qui nous vient à l'esprit, que cela semble être spirituel ou non. L'absence relative de cérémonie et la manière familière du Père Michael se prêtent bien aux discussions des Écritures et de la spiritualité pendant la partie de la messe réservée d'habitude pour

l'homélie du prêtre.

Que vous soyez un(e) catholique dévoué(e) ou que vous soyez sceptique ou incertain(e) de notre foi (Bien sûr les "dévoué(e)s" sont des sceptiques et des incertain(e)s assez souvent), ou encore que vous soyez intéressé(e) simplement à observer de catholiques et leur messe — peut-être par intérêt anthropologique — venez voir qui sont ces catholiques de la communauté Glendon/York. Vous pourriez être surpris(e). Tous ceux et celles qui veulent le faire sont encouragés à participer à la liturgie de la messe et les catholiques qui ont reçu leur première communion peuvent aussi recevoir le pain et/ou le vin (le corps et le sang du Christ) à la communion de la messe.

Ceux parmi nous qui assistent à la messe, voir Catholique p.10

McNally

Threatened

VANCOUVER (CUP) - A visiting speaker at Capilano College continued his lecture in the campus parking lot when the second of two bomb threats interrupted classes recently.

David McNally, Associate Professor in Political Science at Glendon and editor of Socialist Worker newspaper, was originally scheduled to speak October 28, but the campus was evacuated, and his lecture cancelled due to a bomb threat.

McNally rescheduled for the following Wednesday, but again the college was evacuated after a second bomb threat.

• See Bomb p.10

Hidden Microphones

MONTREAL (CUP) - The discovery of a hidden microphone in the offices of the student council has raised fears of illegal police surveillance at Concordia University.

The microphone - a small metal receiver - had already been disconnected when it was found in the ceiling of a student executive office. An electronics expert on the university faculty confirmed that the object was an illegal listening device.

The discovery came less than six weeks after two Concordia students were questioned by agents claiming they were from the RCMP. The students were asked about their political activities with different campus groups.

One of the students said an aggressive man, claiming he worked for the RCMP, called her at work one week after she attended a peace march.

"This fellow said 'Hello, this is Corporal Duchesne from the

RCMP. We're doing an investigation and I'd like to meet you,'" she said.

She said he knew internal details of a Concordia group she was working with and proceeded to mention facts that only had been exchanged by word of mouth within the group.

She told the caller she wanted to find out what her rights were before being interviewed by the RCMP.

"He said 'Oh! You don't want to cooperate with me...this is non-cooperation and it's going in your file.' I said 'OK, if you want to play this game, why don't you call me back later then'. He said 'I'm coming to pick you up right now'.

"I left immediately. I was terrified," she said.

The student asked not to be named until an investigation is completed into the identity of the questioner. She has enlisted the help of a Concordia legal advisor who is attempting to

set up a meeting with RCMP officials.

According to a Montreal civil rights lawyer, student associations are often watched because they are likely to be in the middle of campus political activities.

"I don't think these people in the secret police understand what legitimate political dissent is or what democratic values are," said Stewart Istvanffy, an attorney for the League of Rights and Liberties.

In 1983, a Carleton University student named Andy Moxley admitted he had been paid by the RCMP to spy on campus peace groups. Despite denials by the agency, Solicitor General Robert Kaplan, a week later, told the House of Commons that Moxley had been a paid informant.

Since the creation of the Canadian Security and Intelligence Service (CSIS) in 1984, domestic spying was taken out of the RCMP's jurisdiction and

ENTERTAINMENT

Royal Tour at Bamboo

by Steph Hueller

Prince Charles and the Inner City Band played at a packed BamBoo Club on the 30th for what was the second of a three night gig at Toronto's most interesting bar. The Friday night show was flawlessly executed, aside from slight technical difficulties with the guitarists' equipment between sets, and adds to the legend of Prince Charles at the BamBoo.

The rarity of live funk in Toronto aside from the dismal efforts of many large, and all-too-shallow performers makes the Boston-based band's appearance in Toronto all the more welcome. This time as the last of his almost regular appearances at the club showed how the 35 year old musician and his band can rock the house even in Toronto.

The band itself is centered around a multi-talented singer whose Rick James-influenced songs form the groove from which the rest of the band and the audience bounce off. Prince Charles, the man, is also an

accomplished soloist on his connected clarinet which means that his all the sounds his keyboard is capable of creating (electronically generated steel drums to finger picked classical guitar) is at his disposal on his wind instrument. He and his equally talented guitarist exchanged extended solos over the solid funk groove, ranging from new to old, instrumentals to slow sexual ballads. The new material from their latest album sounded fresh and slick while their familiar favourites like *Big Chested Girls* and others, with their feet firmly planted in Parliament Funkadelic, Prince still sounded as good as the last time they appeared. This time a 'board bass player' was added instead of their old 'slap' player.

However, the show could have been better, and it didn't come down to the band as much as it did to the nature of the music they were playing. Funk is *interactive*. It is rhythmic rather than harmonically based. The environment and

more particularly the audience plays a crucial role. The band plays off the vibe as much as they do each other--a complete antithesis of, let's say Classical, where pieces are seen as unchangable, uncorrupted and above all, permanently transfixed. Being is stress as is conscious individuation. I am listening to them play a composition. Perfection exists in striving for the Ideal, the composer's conception. Funk is about jamming. Groove is natural rhythm that flows onto the dance floor and sets the audience free from individuation and distinction. Through dance and bodily movement the band and the audience not only communicate, but edge toward--and rarely meet at--unity. Funk rarely discusses issues, there are an astonishing lack of flowery images. It is direct, it is simple. It is the repetitive beat. The body comes to anticipate the next hit. The mind forgets to discern amid the onslaught.

Parliament Funkadelic in its heyday overcame its audiences

through an unbelievable stage set-up including costumes, light shows and work Extraterrestrial encounters. The psychedelic nature of their show, borrowed heavily from Jimi Hendrix, forced everyone to relinquish control of their body from their consciousness.

Aside from massive drug use,

Musique au prix de gros

par Lajos Árendás

Si vous aimez la musique classique mais ne pouvez assister aux concerts à cause des billets ayant un prix exorbitant, consolez-vous! La solution est maintenant à portée de la main (et de la bourse!)

Je m'explique.

Le vendredi 23 octobre dernier, j'ai assisté au concert de musique classique de l'Orchestre Philharmonique d'Etobicoke. J'avais pris la décision d'y aller avec une certaine réticence. En effet, j'adore la musique classique (au moins autant que Pink Floyd) et j'avais déjà assisté auparavant à un ou deux

Trouble Funk overcame their audiences through sometimes playing 8 hour sets consisting of only a few songs.

Prince Charles, in order to make it beyond the R&B market, will have to find a way of getting to feel less self-conscious and participate in the groove of the music.

concerts organisés par des centres communautaires ou autres. Le moins que j'en puisse dire, c'est que je n'en ai pas gardé un souvenir très agréable. Le niveau de qualité musicale de ces concerts était proportionnel au prix du billet d'entrée: très bas. Je préfère de loin écouter mes disques rayés sur mon vieux Panasonic à la maison plutôt qu'assister à la cacophonie créée par ces orchestres amateurs, souvent dirigés par un chef d'orchestre dont les gestes gracieux ne font que renforcer le ridicule du spectacle.

• Voir Agréable p.8



RADIO GLENDON'S NEW RELEASES

Sponsored by the Record Pedlar
Artist: **The Fentons**

Album: *Whatever it Takes - E.P.*
Label: *Independant (Ottawa)*

An energetic four track E.P. of modern rock and roll. The Fentons show a fair amount of diversity on this small record, the A side is pretty fast, raunchy pop. "Shadow Play" is the least interesting of the four, mainstream and a little whiny. But wait! The rest are good and particularly "I'm Never Leavin'" and "Down So Long."

Artist: **The Sisters of Mercy**
Album: *This Corrosion - E.P.*
Label: WEA

The latest from the Sisters, do you like them? If you do, you'll like this, if you don't, you won't. Yes, not a lot of development here, but definitely as good as their other singles. "This Corrosion" is a good dance track with a choir singing as background, it suits their gothic style.

Artist: **Thirteen Engines**
Album: *Before Our Time*
Label: Nocturnal Records

Thirteen Engines is a Toronto band who went to the States to record their first album (Nocturnal is a Detroit indie label). A good band that sounds some-

thing like **54.40** or even Lou Reed a little. Some standard and some funny lyrics.

Artist: **The Proclaimers**
Album: *This is the Story*
Label: Chrysalis

The Proclaimers are a Scottish folk duo who rreally rroll their r's. It is a good album with comical sides like "Throw the 'r' Away" a light song about having a heavy Scottish brogue. "Letter to America" on the other hand is quite sad, expressing how they feel about Scottish emigrants, probably both past and present. This is as folk music should be, in touch with one's history, present and environment.

Artist: **Kalahari Surfers**
Album: *Living in the Heart of the Beast*

Label: Recommended Records
The Kalahari Surfers are a white South African duo, very political and very covert. They do all their recordings in South Africa in a mobile studio, named Shifty Studios, the tapes are then smuggled out to Britain where they are pressed. Naturally it is all done very secretly to the point of voice distortion (their own) and first names only. The album itself despite the obvious hindrances is excellent. The music has a strong

consistent tribal sound, broken and complemented by interesting variations, some jazzy, some very harsh, others quite avant-garde. Musically sound and interesting. Their lyrics paint some pretty grim pictures in songs like "Safety Seat" and they make some very interesting contrasts in "Township Beat." Speeches of leading politicians are often dubbed over and into the songs, giving the "official" view. The last song on the album is a cover of "Bad Moon Rising," which after listening to the rest of the album, takes on a whole new meaning.

- Blair O'Connor

The Smiths. Strangeways, Here We Come. Sire Records

This is the last album from the kings of British angst-rock **The Smiths** and it is true to form. Morrissey snidely sings some of the darkest, death-ridden lyrics ever written about Margaret Thatcher's England. By turns insightful, critical, depressing and satiric, this is a sardonically satisfying disc for the cynical young quasi-intellectual set. Fans will love this one, though it's strong stuff for the uninitiated.

R.E.M. Document I.R.S Records.

One would quickly exhaust the supply of available superlatives discussing **R.E.M. Document** is everything one would expect as a follow-up to *Life's Rich Pageant*, itself an incredible album. The singing and guitar playing is even more accomplished, and the audible lyrics (a fact which disappoints some fans) are wittily obscure, as usual. This is their fifth album, and the sooner you get

into this band, the sooner you'll start feeling great! The most accomplished American band today in its prime and sounding tremendous.

Public Image Limited. Happy? Virgin Records.

Ex-Sex Pistol, arch-cynic, and perpetual angry young man John Lydon leads **P.I.L.** in its decidedly uncommercial alternative anthem rock for the nihilistic 1987 consumer. This is big, heavy sound; instruments are driven, especially Lydon's anarchic bray, which arches and swoops up the scale like a demented swallow. This is classic P.I.L.: non-conforming, sneering, loud and always political.

Marianne Faithful. Strange Weather. Island Records.

Marianne Faithful's latest record is a collection of standards from the past, including songs by Leadbelly, Billie Holiday, and Bob Dylan. The title track, "Strange Weather", was written by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan specifically for the album, and it fits in perfectly with the rest of the material. The arrangements are spare on most of the songs, the musicianship excellent, and the immaculate production combined with Faithful's mature, throaty voice make for excellent headphone listening. This superb sounding record includes a new version of "As Tears Go By," first recorded by the artist when she was 17; it's beautifully melancholy.

Tom Waits. Frank's Wild Years. Island Records

This extraordinary album is typical of American **Tom Waits**, who was in town last month

for three nights at Massey Hall. The album is a soundtrack to the stage play of the same name, and it features Waits' smokey rasp at its pseudo-alcoholic best. The lyrics are marvellous; as Norbert Lepage of Radio Glendon's "Chansans Françaises" said after the second Massey Hall gig, "Just when you think he's come out with his best line, he comes back with two more incredible verses."

Waits plays a soused lounge singer from the 1940's perfectly here, and the production values are perfect. It's a New York rise, decline and fall through a gramophone; this disc chugs along to the captivating lyrics. A good introduction to this artist if he is unfamiliar to you. **The Housemartins. The People Who Grinned Themselves To Death. Chrysalis Records.**

The Housemartins are a sort of jolly version of **The Smiths**; they come across as nice boys with nice voices who happen to live in the England of 1987, but are making the best of it. This is a pleasant sounding, if somewhat uninspiring effort; the best tracks are the ones *sans* embellishment; they have some kick to them. Too many keyboards and horns added to this kind of material tends to impart a dreary "white soul," pasteurized feel to otherwise bouncy songs; the use of a boy's choir, that irritatingly English cliché, is unnecessarily passé: these fellows sing too well to make such redundancy appropriate. Too much production time and tinkering reduces this likeable product's appeal.

- Stefan Caunter

DIVERTISSEMENTS

L'art en tête-à-tête

par Jeanne Corriveau

Des centaines d'images, de visages et de sourires espiègles, voilà ce que propose La Maison de la Culture jusqu'au 19 novembre avec l'exposition de Thérèse Tourigny-des Aulniers.

Avec un goût pour la peinture qui remonte à l'adolescence, Thérèse Tourigny-des Aulniers a poursuivi ses études en Arts plastiques et en Arts visuels à l'Université du Québec à Trois-Rivières et à l'Université Laval. Ses travaux et recherches lui firent découvrir la technique de l'émail sur cuivre qui compose la majeure partie de l'ensemble de ses œuvres présentées à la Maison de la Culture.

Son passé en dit long sur ses talents d'artiste : de nombreuses expositions non seulement au Canada mais aux États-Unis et en France, le Prix de l'Année dans le domaine des Arts de la ville d'Outremont en 1984 et bien d'autres réalisations.

La technique des multi-media l'amène à utiliser divers matériaux tels que les diluants, vernis et pigments qui lui permettent de donner à ses œuvres des effets riches et illimités : «Je peux ainsi tirer de la Nature, ce thème éternel, un langage nouveau et différent.» Ce thème, elle le traite en se servant de paysages, d'animaux mais surtout de visages auxquels elle associe la fantaisie.

L'exposition de Thérèse Tourigny-des Aulniers comporte un grand nombre de pièces d'émail sur cuivre. Si

cette technique est difficile c'est en partie parce qu'elle tient beaucoup du hasard; les plaques chauffées à haute température ont tendance à gondoler ou à se détériorer. L'agencement des couleurs est une opération délicate mais que l'artiste la maîtrise bien.

L'une des pièces les plus remarquables est sans doute «Toute la "gang" y est!» où l'artiste a placé une quarantaine de personnages derrière un longue clôture blanche. Elle répète ce thème avec «Vive la Canadienne!», «Femmes de toujours» et «Anne, Sophie, Mélisandre, Luce, Caroline...». Ce dernier tableau présente plus de 170 visages de femmes de tous âges, comme une série de portraits, où l'observateur pourrait y reconnaître une voisine, une amie ou une cousine car l'artiste prend plaisir à leur donner des styles et des expressions diversifiées. L'utilisation de couleurs vives et la simplicité des lignes ne sont pas sans rappeler les images de livres pour enfants.

Beaucoup de femmes dans l'œuvre de Thérèse Tourigny-des Aulniers, beaucoup d'enfants aussi; des regards espiègles, des expressions fraîches et jeunes, des portraits minuscules surtout, avec : «Vingt-cinq enfants sages» et «Enfants nos amours» entre autres.

Plusieurs autres pièces de des Aulniers sont moins percutantes, dont quatre tableaux où l'artiste a utilisé de multiples

techniques et matériaux et qui n'ont rien de la fraîcheur et de l'originalité des précédents, des tableaux comme «L'Infini de nos errances» et «À la Grandeur du temps» où il est difficile d'associer ces mots au sens creux à des paysages presque lunaires. Pour sa part, «La Dune d'or» est particulièrement repoussante.

Mais l'artiste ne manque pas d'humour comme elle le prouve avec «La Graduation», un tableau regroupant des portraits de diplômés de l'Université York; ironiquement, elle a mis les femmes en plus grand nombre connaissant les statistiques de Glendon...

L'exposition de Thérèse Tourigny-des Aulniers se termine le 19 novembre à La Maison de la Culture.

* * *

La Maison de la Culture présente «MUSIQUE D'ANTAN» avec Jane Couchman, Irene Kyle, Peter Newton et Peter Noy et les étudiants du cours Humanités 3011, La Femme à la Renaissance le dimanche 22 novembre à 15h00.

Le vernissage de la prochaine exposition à la Maison de la Culture aura lieu le mercredi 25 novembre de 18 h 00 à 21 h 30. Il s'agit du «PARADIGME CIRCULAIRE» de Micheline Montgomery et de Jean-Marc Blondeau. L'exposition se poursuivra jusqu'au 4 décembre inclusivement.

But Hey!!

□ **Lloyd Cole and The Commotions** have released *Mainstream*, their third album in the U.K., and the press is quite good. *Music Week* said, "Mainstream is a solid guitar workout." *Melody Maker* said, "Lloyd Cole remains part of a rare group of people willing to perform pop intelligently." I'll say, "Mainstream is brilliant. This is the album of 1987, and if the current trend in the U.K. charts continues, of 1988 also."

□ I saw part of **The Peace Concert** featuring **Sri Chimney** last Saturday. Remember seeing the poster, "feel the Magic"? I didn't. The man is full of himself.

□ **Groovy Religion** was at **The Rivoli** last Friday evening and played a groovy set. They are rapidly approaching a definitive mythology. Groovy reflects many of the less glamorous characteristics of Toronto's sub-culture. I like that. I think it's important. No one wants another band of posers. The foundations for a distinct Toronto House Sound are being put down.

□ **Depeche Mode** tickets promptly sold out five minutes before they went on sale last week. They're playing at **The Gardens** in December. Their new album *Music for the Masses*, was released a couple of weeks ago and has already sold over five million copies in Downsview alone. Actually it's not all bad, but someone else can say good things about it.

Bananarama-WOW!

by Catharine Loewen

Well it's like everything's so bitchin'—my boyfriend got this gnarly new like skateboard y'know and like, I've been listening to this like totally tubular album by like, **Bananarama**. Way rad, way rad, y'know, like it's called like *WOW!* y'know, and like, ohmygod, it's like what more can I like say, y'know, it's like *WOW!*

Yeah, well hey, in a world where all these exciting, unexpected things keep happening, it's nice to know there are Bananarama albums around.

No surprises—oh wait, just one: I thought I was listening to an E.P. or several different mixes of the same song—suddenly I realized "Hey, this is an album! With, what? *Ten whole different songs on it!*" Well, all I could say is "WOW!" which must be how the girls arrived at the title for the album.

So y'know like, well I dunno, like you might like really like it y'know, 'cause like I'm like so laid back y'know and I like think this is really like a record you can like, I dunno, really *think deep* to, y'know?



Cross My Heart

by Tim Inkpen

When one examines art of the 80's the one thing that becomes clear is the complete absence of substance. From the pathetic cut and paste images of the atrocity currently defacing our quad to the pretentious modern pop writers there seems to be almost a conscious attempt to articulate something of value. Nowhere is this more evident than in the movies.

As a barometer of social climate, movies are invaluable. This holds especially true with American films. In America, movies are treated as a product rather than an art form thus they are made with the ideal of appealing to as many people as possible. One of the ways of doing this is to make a film "relevant" (or what the film makers perceive to be relevant) to a large audience. That being the case it is no surprise to find, the 80's being a decade without substance we find that the movies reflect this.

In **Cross My Heart** a new film starring Martin Short and Annette O'Toole (a star of such great classics as **One on One**,

King of the Gypsies and **Foolin' Around**) we are presented with a typical 80's film. The situation: David (Martin Short) on the day of his all important third date (why it's important is never explained, but then again that's the case with a lot of things in this movie) is fired from his job instead of getting that big promotion that he told his date Kathy (Annette O'Toole) they were supposed to celebrate. Dave's friend Bruce (Paul Reiser) offers to loan Dave his new car and apartment for the night so Dave can really impress Kathy. Kathy meanwhile is all uptight because she hasn't told Dave about her seven year old daughter. I won't bore you with the rest of the details. This film isn't worth the effort. Suffice to say complications arise that are all neatly resolved by the end of the film.

Cross My Heart keeps the viewer at a distance. Everything we learn about the characters is given in the first five minutes of the film leaving no room for character development. This is not helped by the wooden "acting" of Short and O'Toole. **Cross**

My Heart refused to open up and allow us to see how these "characters" work. The co-writer/director Armyan Bernstein seems to be afraid to say anything even mundane. Suffice to say he appears to view sex as the high point in a relationship. But even the sex is boring. There's no intimacy, there's no tenderness, just a concern about venereal disease and birth control. In the end that's what makes this film a true 80's picture: It's concerned only with mechanics, not about the soul.



FEATURES

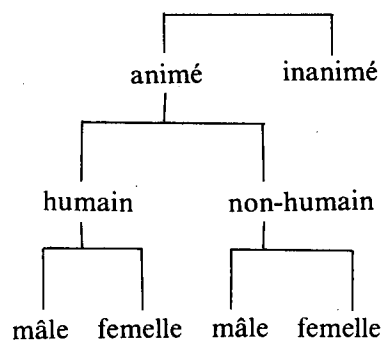
Le sexe a son genre

par Marlene Bouchard

Le 14 octobre dernier se tenait au Collège de Glendon une conférence très intéressante, mais malheureusement trop courte, intitulée "GENRE ET SEXE en anglais et en français". La conférencière invitée était Madame Marina Yaguello, professeur de linguistique à PARIS VII.

Madame Yaguello a d'abord commencé par expliquer la différence entre genre et sexe, masculin et mâle, féminin et femelle. Le genre est utilisé en linguistique et le sexe en biologie. "Masculin" n'est pas l'équivalent de "mâle" qui est synonyme de "viril". Quant à "féminin", il est différent de "femelle" qui est péjoratif quand il est utilisé pour une femme.

Pour mieux nous faire comprendre son exposé, Madame Yaguello a ensuite tracé au tableau le schéma suivant qui, d'après la sémantique, reflète les distinctions universelles et les oppositions que l'on retrouve dans beaucoup de langues:



À partir de ce schéma, Madame Yaguello a donné de nombreux exemples des différences qui existent entre l'anglais et le français qui, quoique génétiquement semblables, se comportent différemment.

Tout ce qui est "animé" en anglais peut être masculin ou féminin, et ce qui est "inanimé" est neutre. Mais le mot anglais "it" peut être utilisé pour un animal ("animé") et "non-humain") ou pour un objet ("inanimé"). Pour "l'humain", la langue anglaise emploie "he" ou "she".

En français, la distinction entre "humain" et "non-humain" est vague au niveau grammatical. Elle se clarifie par le biais d'exclusions lexicales : on dira entre autres "mourir" pour un "humain" et "crever" pour un "non-humain." Le mot "crever" est parfois utilisé pour un "humain," mais son utilisation est alors argotique.

Dans la catégorie "inanimé," le français comporte des oppositions arbitraires : la vie et la mort sont opposées mais elles sont toutes deux du genre féminin, contrairement à la lune et au soleil, à la terre et au ciel, qui s'opposent l'un au féminin et l'autre au masculin. Par contre en allemand, le genre de la vie sera "féminin" et celui de la

mort, "masculin." Il est intéressant de noter que certaines langues ne font pas de distinction entre "masculin" et "féminin."

Ensuite Madame Yaguello, reprenant l'idée de Jacobson, nous a rappelé que les langues diffèrent entr'elles par les symboles ou représentations qu'elles nous obligent à exprimer grammaticalement. Dans les phrases "l'étudiant(e) travaille pour son examen" et "the student is working (works) for his (her) exam," le français et l'anglais doivent faire un choix à des niveaux différents. Dans ces exemples, le français doit indiquer au niveau du sujet (ou pronom personnel) si celui-ci est "masculin" ou "féminin," tandis que l'anglais doit effectuer des choix aux niveaux du verbe et de l'adjectif possessif (dont le

rôle est de préciser le genre du sujet).

De plus, le français possède certains mots qui, même s'ils sont du genre féminin, peuvent désigner un homme ou une femme. Madame Yaguello a cité entre autres les mots *vedette*, *sentinelle*, *ordonnance* (ces deux derniers désignant surtout des hommes), et *personne*. En anglais, "person" est un mot neutre qui permet d'échapper au problème du "masculin" et du "féminin."

En conclusion, le français ne favorise pas le "masculin" par rapport au "féminin." On ne peut gouverner la langue: elle évolue sous la pression de causes externes. Et comme le soulignait Madame Yaguello: "La langue n'est pas sexiste. C'est l'utilisation qu'en font les locuteurs qui est sexiste."

Remebrance Day

by Rob Hawthorn

A day off work, and then at 11:00 a.m. we stand silent and reflect. We are too young to know the world wars, many of us are too young to remember Viet Nam, the war that came into our living rooms. All they mean to many of us are film footages of past events left to the interpretations of historians. This generation sees a new kind of war, a new battle, and above all, a very real challenge.

Since 3500 B.C. there are 297 years where no recorded wars have been fought. Our track record is not very good. At present the Middle East is exploding, South America is exploding and cowards, who call themselves terrorists kill innocent people in the name of their causes.

Thus, on a day such as this we must ask a question. After a major war, that included genocide, mass firebombing and the implementation of nuclear weapons, what have we learned?

What was W.W. II, an atrocity? No, an obscenity. What happened since? A total lack of peace. A complete lack of understanding. Mankind has still not learned to share its own planet with its own kind, and we still rally behind fanatic leaders and listen to them in the name of our countries and respective gods. Gods who lead us into battle against our completely evil enemy. I'm positive that God gave up being an unwillingly appointed war monger and left us to our own devices some time ago.

But even as I write, someone is dying in a battle somewhere. Where is the solution to this stupidity? Somewhere, in this world, a seed of peace must be planted. We, the young, the blind, must plant this seed.

It is our world to inherit. It is our world to share. We must look at our historical background and realize that guns and anger accomplish so little. An open hand, and a quiet truth will accomplish so much more. I saw the story of a man named Ghandi who freed nation without uttering an angry word. Can we learn from this man, or must we live forever with everything from car bombs to nuclear weapons, while half the population starves? We cannot live in such a world much longer.

We must begin by learning love, tolerance, understanding and compassion. We must cease teaching our children anger and hatred. The former qualities are those we must look for in our leaders. We, as a people must join together and make a world that we can live in. There can be no future in the world we live in now. I appeal to all who can listen. Open your eyes before we lose it all, no effort can go unnoticed.

What have we learned? So far, nothing. Today of all days, reflect. Reflect on what we have, and what we can gain. Then ask the question, what can we learn? We can learn so much.

If we are ever to exist as a race, we must radically change our way of thinking. I quote David Foster in closing. "If we can pull together we can change the world forever."

Peace be with you.

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Les Vieux au Pub

par Claudia Damecour

C'est lors de "Rendez-vous" que les Anciens de Glendon se rencontrent une fois de temps en temps, plus ou moins. Un certain vendredi de ce mois d'octobre, les "vieux" sont revenus au Pub, évidemment, se raconter, comme en mai 86, des histoires de leur passé commun et de leur présent accompli.

Cette année a connu le retour de "Black Slacks" sous le nom de "Smooth Pearlman and the Mellow D's." Ce petit groupe, composé d'anciens Glendonniens, joue de toutes sortes de musiques et s'amuse bien en le faisant. Le Café de la Terrasse se mit bientôt à fourmiller d'Anciens qui, malgré leur âge, savent encore s'amuser.

Le "band" a interprété des chansons originales du groupe

(qui d'ailleurs est arrivée deuxième au *Ontario Talent Search*), ainsi qu'un assortiment de chansons plus ou moins d'époque. Les Beatles, par exemples, ont soutenu leur part dans le répertoire. À cela s'ajoutaient quelques chansons québécoises et quelques vieilles rengaines irlandaises. Les musiciens jouaient comme de vieux amis, puisqu'ils le sont, avec harmonie et joie. Leur voix représentent sans doute leur meilleur atout, et l'absence d'une batterie non synthétisée leur plus gros obstacle.

À ce qu'on dit, le Pub brassait encore à une heure du matin. Tout le monde s'est bien amusé, y compris les Glendonniens actuels qui se sont rendu compte que leur Collège en avait vu d'autres avant leur arrivée.

Agréable surprise

• Suite de p.6

Je ne cacherai pas que j'avais quelques solides préjugés au moment de l'extinction des lumières, marquant le début du concert. En effet, l'auditoire lui-même était semblable à celui des cacophonies mentionnées plus haut : la plupart des gens étaient des personnes âgées (et souvent très âgées!)

Que l'on me comprenne bien! Je n'ai rien contre les personnes du troisième âge. Mais l'expérience me dit que l'auditoire de concerts de troisième ordre est constitué souvent de personnes âgées car ce sont les seuls concerts qu'elles peuvent se permettre.

Mon appréhension n'était pas justifiée. En effet, le chef d'orchestre avait la situation bien en main et la qualité musicale était une agréable surprise.

Le répertoire comprenait de la musique de Wagner, Bis-

sell, Reinecke et Francke. Que ces noms ne vous disent pas grand-chose ne doit pas vous effrayer car les pièces jouées étaient, elles, des plus connues.

Le concert suivant aura lieu le vendredi 11 décembre et le répertoire comprendra du Strauss, Rachmaninoff, Corelli, MacMillan et Greig. Les dates des concerts suivantes : le 19 février 1988 (Eh, oui!) et le 22 avril. Les 3 concerts à venir coûtent 14 \$ (pour les 3 ensemble!)

À ce prix, vous serez d'accord que c'est l'affaire de l'année.

Les concerts ont lieu à l'auditoire de Martin Grove Collegiate (coin de Martin Grove et d'Eglinton) à 20 heures. Tél: 239-5665. J'ai affiché quelques feuillets sur les tableaux d'information dans les couloirs. Ceci n'est pas une publicité payée; je n'ai aucun intérêt dans cette affaire.

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THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

REPORTAGE

Chomsky and Cockburn

by Dominique Millette

Far from being the advocates and mongers of warfare they are depicted as, the decision-makers of the dreaded and seemingly ubiquitous Central Intelligence Agency are apparently rather helpless minions sycophantically telling the Defense Department boys only what the latter want to hear... at least, that's how author-journalist Andrew Cockburn would have us see things. The Oxford-educated producer and writer has published in the *Economist*, the *New Statesman*, *Harper's* and *Defense Week*, and is currently focusing on intelligence reports and military build-up in the United States.

In his Sunday afternoon lecture at the University of Toronto's Convocation hall, Cockburn offered his insights on how even America's top intelligence gatherers are caught up in the monstrous web of the American "militaro-industrial complex," which, in line with the best Marxist tradition of historical determinism, has a will of its own, driven by the inexorable forces of destiny, not to be hindered by mere mortal individualism. The dictated imperatives of Defense Department budgets, in turn mere cogs in the wheel of the corrupt American economy, are the force behind a terrible plot to cover up the actual size of The Enemy's military capabilities, which, as we all know, are always horrendously exaggerated. Easy money being a nice thing to have around, the American army is single-handedly responsible for systematically inflating figures on Soviet military capacity just to build more of those great missiles. Status symbols, of course.

M. Cockburn used the example of troop counts to belittle the reliability of CIA reports. The 2.2 million to 5 million ratio in favour of the Soviets make us look grossly outnumbered. But wait! Half a million of these are actually guarding the Chinese border. Whew. In that case, what are we worried about, right? They certainly won't invade Europe, since they've been specially earmarked for China. A place for everything...? The 0.9 million who are actually construction troops and the half-million being KGB and internal armed forces personnel do bring down the total, but still give the Soviets a 1.4 million man advantage, over 50% of the American total. But hey, that's the line the alarmists take. The threat, states Cockburn over and over again, is "over-inflated."

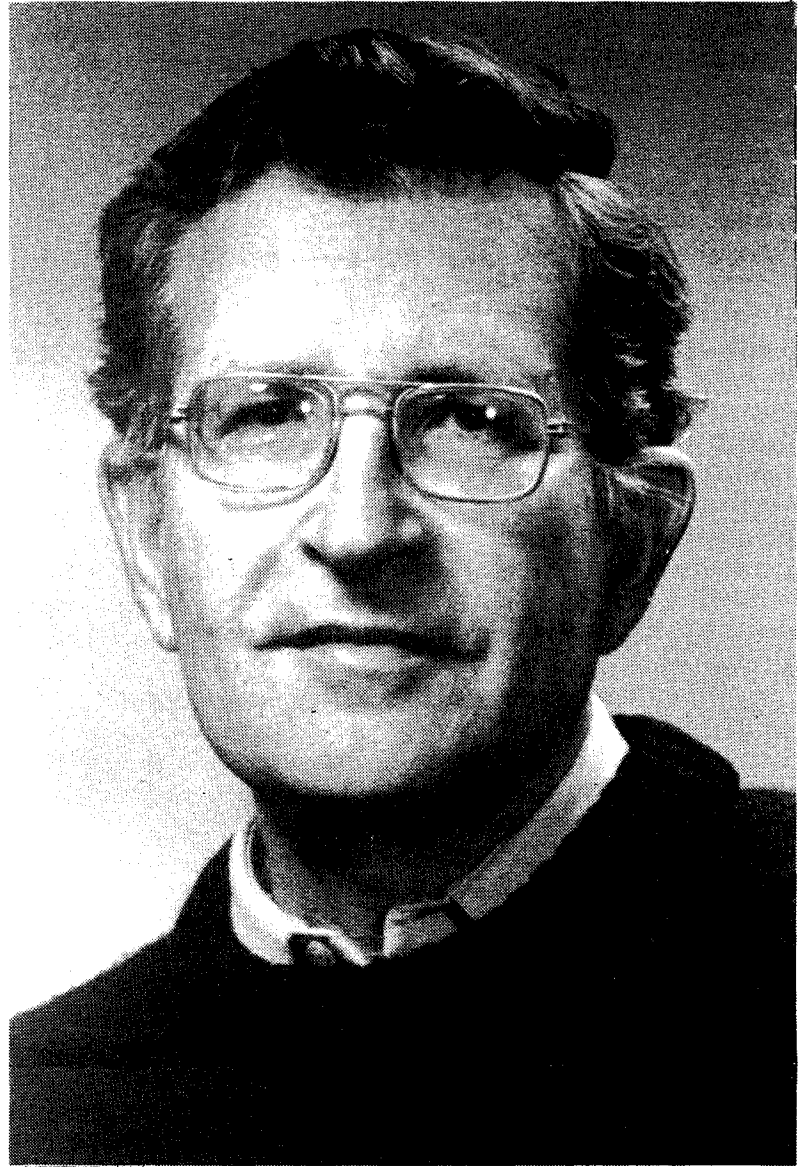
Outdated and waiting-to-be-cannibalized tanks are counted as part of ready equipment, the range of airplanes is exaggerated, and non-existent or ineffectual equipment supposedly churned out by the Soviets is brandished by the Defense boys as a great excuse to squeeze more money out of hapless American citizens, Cockburn continued. High-resolution, higher quality commercial satellite photographs produced by the Russians worry the American forces, but because they might debunk the myth of Russian conventional superiority - they'll see "the jig is up"; no more billions for new equipment.

Cockburn concluded his lecture by stating that military build-up was the surest and most "traditional" way out of a recession in America. When

challenged on this count by a member of the audience, who pointed out that for every job created by military spending, at least three times that many could be had through build-up of civilian industry, M. Cockburn retorted that military spending had a "corrupting effect" on the economy. His last point was the most effective; the problem posed by conversion from military industry to peace-time factories.

Noam Chomsky, who followed M. Cockburn, is a linguist who likes to dabble in political analysis. Taking an oft-reiterated (read "worn-out") stand on American intervention in Central America, the erstwhile social revolutionary clearly showed his colors as he mechanically denounced the "business elites" ruining the peasants in the region in question and encouraging military confrontation to prevent what was repetitively referred to as "the danger of democracy" (to the American imperialist tyrants, of course.)

M. Chomsky's definition of democracy apparently cannot be separated from "social reform", whatever form this may take. He further defended his thesis with the well-known charge that America is not really a democracy, but some sort of industrial complex run by a group of devil-may-care investors who only want a good return on their money, and the public be damned. This kind of interpretation of Western democracy, strongly reminiscent of Marx's description of democracy as the "tool of the capitalist ruling class" (which at the time it was, with corruption rampant and what not, but which is clearly not the case



Noam Chomsky

today), studiously avoids the notion of apathy or natural leadership abilities, of course. It further describes the equilibrium consensus platforms stemming from inter-party competition as giving results identical to the one-party state, completely forgetting that the very idea of democracy is to cater to the majority of people, thus creating policy sameness on both sides. This is the very token of the responsiveness of the party system to the needs of the people.

M. Chomsky did describe, as doubtless thousands have done before him, the atrocities committed by American influence in Central America; support of corrupt regimes, fomenting of military coups, et al. He also introduced an interesting piece of news: *La Presna*, the right-wing opposition paper in Nicaragua's capital, is actually backed, funded and defended by the financial and military might of American moneybags. The paper is therefore not Nicaraguan and it's okay to shut it down. He then accused the Americans of turning a blind eye, as they have indeed done, to the repression of the media in other countries such as Guatemala and El Salvador. As the speaker quipped, "they don't censor radio stations, they just blow them up."

All in all, however, M. Chomsky's spiel, like his predecessor's lacked an original insight into what have sadly become tired and banal subjects. Rhetoric tends to dull the senses, and the Sunday lecture gave no exception. We all know that Americans engage in quite a bit of propaganda. That doesn't prevent the Soviets from engaging in it also. And it doesn't prevent mutual accusation of conspiracy and foul play to acquire the sound of a meaningless echo over time.



Andrew Cockburn

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POT-POURRI

Lady Gators

by Nanette Lanou

This year's women's flag-football team (Gators) has only the second such team to represent Glendon in the history of the league. This year's team did our college proud.

With an official .500 record the team's spirit was the best in the league. How so you ask? Well this squad was continually being applauded for their fair play and high spirit. This extended to the request of the opposing teams to play "fun games" after the season - one such request from the Grads!

This squad of players had some crazy games and stories to tell. Talk about dedication these girls played in pouring rain, cold winds (up North at York), lightning and muddy fields.

One game saw Glendon's team of five against a full opposition of ten. Another time Jane "Crazy Legs" Cascagnette ran an 80-yard touchdown on a return kick. Then the game against Osgoode was more like tackle and not flag football. Yes these girls have the sprained ankles ("Zebra"), fractured fingers, bruised legs, scratched limbs and body fatigue of proven dedication.

Yet despite these hardships



this team (many first-timers) went out for every game. They all piled in the Gatormobile for the long trek north. Some sat on the car floor, many piled horizontally across laps and others three to a knee. These gals all belting away in perfect harmony across Steeles Avenue.

This type of exuberance generated many onlookers to shake their heads in disbelief. Remember the time you were ten girls with Brad (the Chiro-acting ref) and the Chinese man kept waving ten fingers across from his empty Cadillac to Brad in a wide smile?

Well these girls do like to "walk on the wild side" right

Bugs? Headed by their able coach Biff this team showed York the Glendon spirit. Their nicknames can only express the high talent of this auspicious squad. Well done Gators.

Biff the Boss Simpson and Captain Chicken Finger Alaimo would like to express great thanks to this squad made up of the following players:

Tammy "Hands" Wollman
 Anne-Marie "Zebra" Smith
 Valerie "Jo-the-throw" Lane
 Isabelle "Bugs" Laurence
 Michelle "Dogbreath" Cole
 Heather "Mouse" Howse
 Heather "Steady Eddy" Hodgson
 Jany "Crazy Legs"

probably a former student of his. The reason for the vandalism may be for very petty reasons. I can just see City TV interviewing the friends of the culprits when it all comes out and the friends saying: "Gee, they seemed like normal guys. Okay, y'know. I never thought they'd do a thing like this."

And comments in this vein may be more accurate than the events would lead you to believe. The fact is that the average person is becoming more and more capable of the acts once thought the sole province of the criminally insane. George Orwell, in his essay "The Decline of the English Murder," a macabre, satiric piece, noted how the most ordinary people were committing the most unimaginative, but brutal murders in the U.K. of the 1940's. It's now panned out, obviously, to cover all manner of crimes, done with little motivation or planning. It's the opportunity and convenience to commit crime that rules now.

Imagine it: The preppy next door from North Toronto Collegiate is seemingly more likely to take a chainsaw to your house when you're away than having a bad sort from the wrong side of the suburbs come in to nick the silverware. His motivation, perhaps? There was nothing good on t.v.

ELECTION RESULTS

First-year Representatives

| | Votes | % of total votes |
|----------------|-------|------------------|
| MA, David | 33 | 21.2 |
| PICARD, Frank | 58 | 37.2 |
| SPROGIS, Blair | 40 | 25.6 |
| SPOILED | 0 | |
| ABSTENTIONS | 25 | |
| TOTAL | 156 | |

Councillor

| | Votes | % of total votes |
|--------------------|-------|------------------|
| BANKS, Marjorie | 104 | 36.5 |
| CASSIDY, Brian | 64 | 22.5 |
| DENT, Lisa | 131 | 46 |
| HUOT, Chantal | 115 | 40.4 |
| LABRECHE, Stéphane | 148 | 51.9 |
| LANE, Valerie | 81 | 28.4 |
| LONG, Tobi | 112 | 39.3 |
| MARSHALL, Carey | 57 | 20 |
| POTYOK, Nancy | 87 | 30.5 |
| RADO, William | 135 | 47.4 |
| ROBERTS, Steven | 152 | 53.3 |
| SCHAEFERS, Dietmar | 80 | 28.1 |
| BETTCHEER, Todd | 5 | write-in |
| ALMEIDA, Denis | 1 | write-in |
| PARÉ, François | 1 | write-in |
| SPOILED | 48 | (8x6 positions) |
| ABSTENTIONS | 386 | |
| TOTAL | 1707 | |

(divided by 6 equals 284.5 ballots)

N.B.: The odd number of ballots cast means that 3 votes are unaccounted for. Most likely these were three abstentions that were missed.

Director of Bilingual Affairs

| | Votes | % of total votes |
|-------------------|-------|------------------|
| BARIL, François | 184 | 64.6 |
| MANGER, Deborah | 89 | 31.2 |
| BANVILLE, Patrick | 1 | write-in |
| SPOILED | 5 | |
| ABSTENTIONS | 6 | |
| TOTAL | 285 | |

Director of Communications

Sandra Rayner acclaimed

Councillor (full-year term)

Larry Romagnulo acclaimed

Faculty Council

Jeff Broadbent acclaimed
 Lisa Ker acclaimed
 Sharon Lowry acclaimed
 Brent Smith acclaimed

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Lost: one (1) gator. Last seen in the company of a small green frog named Napoleon. If found, please contact Biff the Boss or Captain Chicken Fingers. Hilliard E226

Coco, I love you, I love you, I love you La fille de Neudorf

I'm away from home and looking for a fellow friendly Nova Scotian - Tara 487-0810

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Women's Studies major wants to be Daddy's little girl. Looking for Dominant male with old World Ideals. You be Feudal Lord, I'll be submissive serf. Reply to Pro Tem.

Club de Curling. Bienvenue à tous

The Glendon Debating Society meets in the Garigue Room every Wednesday at 5:30 P.M. then moves to B wing at 6:00 P.M. All are welcome; no experience necessary. Travel, insanity and fun could be yours. For further information, contact Cathy da Costa at 485-4684 or Steven Roberts at 487-6763.

I would like to thank all who ran in the fall elections for their energy and enthusiasm. Without their impetus, nothing would be done around here. We all did win in the election. Once again my sincerest thanks! Steven Roberts, Councillor, GCSU.

Echelle du Squash fiche d'inscription sur le tableau d'affichage de récréation ou contactez Jonathan Qualia Wood E109, 487-7560

Nothing Good on TV

• From p.3
 lysts such as Dr. Viktor E. Frankl, but I also recommend the movie *River's Edge* to illustrate this point.)

The intent of these vandals wasn't robbery, I believe. Items were taken to make it look like a robbery, in the way some murders are arranged so as to look like accidents. These three young men wanted to destroy Callaghan's residence to hurt him in the most personal way possible. A professional gang of thieves wouldn't have gone

out of their way to slash paintings and tapestries, or set fire to a grand piano. You can replace a t.v. set easily enough, but imagine the pain you would feel if someone destroyed an object into which you placed a great deal of identification and value.

Just how sick is the average person becoming simply as a matter of course?

At the time of this article it still hasn't been made clear just why these three did what they did. I speculate that at least one of the three knew Callaghan, is

Bomb

• From p.5
 The first bomb threat came from an anonymous caller who said the bomb was set to explode at the same time McNally was to speak.

Some students and staff suspect the threats may be linked to McNally's controversial topic, "The Global Economic Prices and the Prospects for World Revolution."

Others suspect it may have been a prank to avoid midterms.

No bombs were found on either occasion, and college officials and the local RCMP still have no solid leads.

McNally continued his lecture to less than a dozen students, instructors and staff outside. The lecture was sponsored by the college's Leftism Club.

Catholique

• Suite de p.5
 tent aux messes à Glendon aimeraient vous y voir. Nous espérons recevoir vos suggestions pour des activités autres que notre messe (peut-être qu'elles peuvent même être amusantes!) ou pour que notre messe fasse une partie plus grande de notre vie communautaire dans le Christ, à Glendon.

• On peut contacter le Père Michael au 661-5668 ou 736-5369

• Le Père Michael est disponible à la salle 120, York Hall, le mardi 15 h — 16 h 30

• Nous nous assemblons pour la messe à 17 h le mardi dans la salle de réunion de la Maison "D", Résidence Hilliard.

BACK PAGE

The Back Page is back, we know that you have been missing you're favourite section in the newspaper. So, we added an extra half page just for you. The Back Back Page. Keep the contributions coming in.

Thank You

CAMELS ARE NOT LIKE RAINCOATS

When Claudine falls in love
her lovers fall in heaps
like wet raincoats shrugged off
elegant shoulders

She picks them up seductively
performing deliberate ceremonies
with her crafty fingers
carefully erasing wrinkles
before she hangs them up to drip dry

Because Claudine like raincoats
she liked the image
and found it cute when I volunteered
to be her all-season raincoat

But I fell like a camel with broken knees

Not knowing as much about camels
she led me foaming and groaning
to an amazed bazaar
and left me

After all
a natural place for a camel
which is not like a raincoat

Jas Ahmad.
1987.

Spokes spinning blue, round the wheel
Red roses that cling happily among the vine
Mountains melting and ablaze, withering
Me staring awake in the tendrils of this design.

Chris Wroe



So what's the use of seasons?
Hell... What's weather?

Whether or not we give a damn about this or that
What's the point of a name?
What's the point, for that matter, of nouns?
What is the use of going to all the trouble
of putting

WORDS on PAPER

If our ideas are condemned
our point of view is misunderstood
our motives are
deemed inadequate

By someone who really isn't
that's I S n ' t a n

AUTHORITY on ANYTHING

So what's the use of this poem?
Hell... Why do I bother with it?

Without a motive
Without a point of view
Without an idea

We won't be deemed inadequate
misunderstood
condemned
trouble
matter
bother
use

We won't be

C. E. Loewen 2Feb87

BACK BACK PAGE



Life in the Fast Lane

Short of malingering,
She has always lived her life
On the sickly side

In her room, cheap statues of Jesus
With moving eyes
That roll upward as she folds
Down
Smile gently.
Moulded two-part
Forgiveness
For life.

She dreams of seeing
The curved vaults of St. Paul's
Or the fabulous tomb
Where Napoleon numbered himself
Among the saints whose names
Dripped in curses from sweaty mouths
From those men who were more akin
To her
Than to those they hoped would reside within.

If she had lived a thousand years ago
She'd have bled her mind out
Among the ice
Carrying food to the torpid beast
And begging a sign of the dying stone

But now she just sits at home
While the neighbours hammer on the wall
And the sound of God bursts in her ears
As she caresses the speaker
Of the Zenith.

S. Molyneux

A STATEMENT TO THE YORK COMMUNITY

York University recently experienced the latest in a series of strikes involving the three largest unions on campus. At a Special General Meeting held on the last day of the York University Staff Association (YUSA) strike, October 15, 1987, members of the Faculty Association voted their unanimous support for YUSA in its conflict with the York Administration and expressed their recognition of the central role that staff members play in the functioning of our University.

It is YUFA's view that the YUSA position in these negotiations represented an essential and legitimate desire to create conditions at the University that would permit staff to carry out their jobs more successfully and fairly. In particular, YUFA supports YUSA's arguments for improved staff training in new technology; for improvements to the York environment, which affects not only the working conditions of staff, but the working, teaching, and learning conditions of all members of the York community; and for a meaningful process of job classification and review, so that the job descriptions and remuneration of staff members can more realistically reflect the work that they perform. These questions, together with the issue of employment equity, are of special concern to a staff composed primarily of women.

It is the view of the York University Faculty Association that the Administration of York has consistently undervalued the contribution of the staff to the operation of the University. This tendency - together with the minute bargaining - is in large part responsible for the recent YUSA strike. We urge the Administration to break the pattern that it has established in past negotiations and to act more responsibly in its future dealings with YUSA and with other campus unions.