

First Bilingual GCSU Meeting

by Joseph M. Holmes

The GCSU weekly meeting last October 19 was exciting and unique. The Senate Chambers were crowded with 16 GCSU members and several observers in attendance.

The biggest surprise of the night was supplied by Marc-André Lacombe who broke GCSU tradition and presented his report in French. Fireworks broke out when the member speaking next, Stanley Abotsi, also com-

menced his report in French. GCSU president Stephen Lubin interrupted Mr. Abotsi by making the observation that, as no minutes were being taken, perhaps the member should continue in English. Mr. Lubin stressed that he did not object to French, but the need for efficiency in the meeting necessitates the use of English. Mr. Abotsi conceded the point and continued in English.

Francophone members of

the College have drawn up a motion requesting the use of French in the GCSU meetings and that the positions of President, Secretary and Chairperson be restricted to Bilingual candidates. At present there are no regulations governing Bilingualism.

President Lubin announced that the GCSU has received its \$19,600 from the Main Campus and that 80% of that sum has been allocated to campus organizations in-

cluding Pro Tem, Radio Glendon, Friends of Glendon and O.F.S. \$10,000 has been deposited in a 90 day term deposit at high interest. It is hoped that this interest will fulfill part of the GCSU's obligation of \$750 in generated revenue.

Another means by which Council hopes to meet this sum is the rental of 6 video game machines, which are to be installed in the JCR this week. The GCSU hopes the machines will take in at least

\$1000. All revenues collected from the machines are split 50-50 with the gamesupplier.

Another high point in the GCSU meeting concerned Phil Roche, Business Manager, who took the initiative to overpay himself \$300 before resigning from the GCSU. The GCSU intends to send Roche a letter requesting he return the GCSU funds.

It was revealed at the meeting that the overpayment was made possible by President

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Glendon College



You would

be smiling

too if you

were moving

to Florida.

photo: Larry Organ

Glendon Says Goodbye To A Friend

by Cheryl Watson

It is no secret that the Glendon Security Force, or the 'boys in blue' as they have been more fondly known, have been the brunt of numerous criticisms and jokes. This does not, however, preclude an ability to acknowledge contributions when the time calls for such recognition. The first of November will see Peter Watt, a Glendon Security Guard leave Glendon. Mr. Watt, through his wit and smile, has gained the respect and friendship of many Glendonites.

Before coming to Glendon, Mr. Watt had worked and travelled in both the British Isles and the United States. He emigrated from London, England to Boston in 1949. His next stop was Southern California from 1951 to 1964. Here he worked for ten years for the General Telephone Company and also worked part-time as a Security Guard in Los Angeles. After leaving California, Mr. Watt

returned to his native Ireland for a year. He came to Canada in 1965.

For a time, Mr. Watt worked as a prop man at Seaway Films. Then, four years ago, he came to work at Glendon as a Security Guard. As Mr. Watt puts it, "I was here just long enough to get my degree."

Over his four years, Mr. Watt doesn't feel there has been much change at Glendon. He does, however, realize that times are becoming increasingly difficult for young people here and elsewhere. As someone who is interested in students, he has perceived that students are becoming more mature.

As a nature lover, Mr. Watt will miss more than just his friends when he leaves Glendon (although he did say that he would "especially miss the girls"). One of his great joys is watching the changing of the seasons at Glendon. "Once inside the gates you'd never know you were here in the city."

This Pro Tem reporter tried to ascertain from Mr. Watt any particular events that stood out in his mind with regards to his duties as a Security Guard. Although as he thought he laughed silently to himself, he admitted that many things he could think of would not be proper in the paper. In answer to persistent questioning he replied, "Not really anything. The excitement of the dances and expectations as to complications that might arise was always foremost. Even the hectic nights after Pub closing." However, Mr. Watt, did divulge one of the most embarrassing moments in his career at Glendon. Mr. Watt inadvertently ticketed Mr. Firman's, the Chief Security Guard at Glendon, daughter's car.

Mr. Watt perceives the largest security problem at Glendon as being vandalism. He continued that this was also the largest problem for students as well, since in most instances they ev-

entually pay for it out of their own pockets. "The present students are the custodians for Glendon in order to preserve it for future generations." In this regard, Mr. Watt sees the responsibilities of Glendon Security as being two fold. Their foremost concern is to protect students and secondly to preserve the beauty of the campus.

Mr. Watt will be leaving for West Palm Beach, Florida at the beginning of November but plans to be back in Toronto in April to 'renew ac-

quaintances'. His only other plans are to visit Europe sometime next year. Leaving for the sunny south does not make leaving Glendon any easier, however. "I'm going to miss the students and the campus and would like to pay tribute to my colleagues Bill, Al, Jim and Harvey. I have a lot of friends here but you have to split sometime. All and all it has been a lot of fun."

Everyone who knows Mr. Watt wishes him well and good luck in his new ventures.

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AND MORE

NOTES

There is a very important meeting of the Political Science Course Union on Tuesday, November 8, 1979 at 1:30 p.m. in Room 349 York Hall. All students of Political Science are urged to attend.

THE CANADIAN STUDIES COURSE UNION will be holding a Wine and Cheese party on Thursday Nov. 1st at 5:00 p.m. in the Fireside Room. Il y aura un rémion, (avec du vin et fromage) pour des ETUDIANTS EN ETUDES CANADIENNES le 1 Novembre à 17h. Fireside Room.

"Riverside Shakespeare" Lost in York Hall on Tuesday October 16th. The owner, David Marcotte would greatly appreciate the book being returned to either the Lost & Found or Pro Tem.

The Glendon Security Office is looking for interested students to work in the Lower Parking Lot booth, particularly in the morning. The wage is \$3.50 an hour. Anyone interested should contact Bill Firman at 487-6141 during office hours.

Contributions for Penetanguishine

Vos contributions peuvent être données au bureau de l'Association étudiante il y a aura une boîte pour le fonds de solidarité--10¢, 25¢ ou plus seront appréciés!

Bring your contribution to the Student Union office. There will be a box for the solidarity fund. 10¢, 25¢ or more would be appreciated.

The Glendon Gallery will become a colour environment when artist Jaan Poldas exhibits his **E.G. Series**, November 2 to 25. Each of the 32 panels in the exhibit measures two feet by two metres and is uniformly painted one colour. Each paint colour used represents something quite visible in Poldas' environment, e.g. the "red" used by the T.T.C. the "green" on the supports for the Gardiner Expressway, or the "yellow" designated for Metro Toronto Police vehicles. Some colours come from sources more personal to Poldas, such as the "flesh" colour used by Chuck Parness, a fellow painter.

Colours become liberated from their subject matter, but are familiar all the same. The artist's intent is to have each colour stand on its own merits.

The Swedish born Poldas studied architecture at the University of Toronto and has exhibited at the Art Gallery of Ontario, Harbourfront, the N.A.M.E. Gallery in Chicago, the Nexus Gallery in Philadelphia and the Kunsterhaus in Hamburg, Germany. Admission to the Glendon Gallery is free.

"Glendon For the 1980s"

The entire Glendon community is invited to attend a plenary session of "Glendon For the 1980s" in Principal McQueen's apartment on Thursday, November 1 from 1:15 to 3:05. Discussion will be focused on the twin themes "Curricular Change and Public Image: Quality and Relevance in a Time of Change".

Contributors to the plenary include Sharon Lapkin (French Immersion Liaison Officer), Janet Shaw (our new Special Advisor

on Francophone Affairs and High School Liaison Officer), David Manson (house expert on publicity and liaison among many other things), Cheryl Watson (a student with vast experience in Faculty Council and student affairs), Penny Jolliffe (the University's Associate Director of Communications), and a faculty task force co-ordinated by Gail Brandt of the History Department and Women's Studies. All participants will comment briefly on developments within their

field of interest and expertise and suggest ways in which our programme can be improved and our public profile raised.

More specifically individuals and groups will consider the short and long-term challenge of recruiting, curricular adjustment to changing social and cultural needs, the upgrading of writing skills, and the future of Canadian Studies.

Clearly the issues are of critical importance. Our

prospering as a College over the next decade hinges on a successful response to this massive challenge. Please come out and make certain that the resolutions which are being presented will be given a critical and representative hearing. The session's planners are counting on a significant contribution from everyone concerned about our future, not just the featured speakers.

Refreshments will be served.

La Grenouillère Presente Florian Lambert

Natif d'Issoudun, comté de Lotbinière au Québec, Florian Lambert se dit "artisan chansonnier" et "prophète de son pays: le Québec". Ceux qui ont eu l'occasion d'assister à son spectacle à Glendon l'année dernière se souviennent sans doute de son sourire, de ses yeux rieurs, de sa jovialité, mais surtout de ses chansons. Accompagné de sa guitare et de sa "musique à bouche" il nous transmet ses idées et ses rêves à travers ses chansons,

tantôt patriotiques, tantôt comiques, certes, mais toujours empreintes de sensibilité.

Il revient cette année à Toronto. Il se produira à Glendon le 3 novembre à 20:30 heures, au Café de la Terrasse. Voici une occasion de se familiariser à la culture de la province voisine. Vous verrez que Florian Lambert est un québécois "pure laine", un gars bien de chez nous. BIENVENUE A TOUS ! Prix d'entrée: \$1.00

Born in Issoudun, county of Lotbinière in the province of Quebec, singer Florian Lambert comes to visit us once again. Those who had the opportunity of seeing him last year will undoubtedly remember his warm smile, twinkling eyes and joviality; and most of all his songs.

Accompanied by his guitar and his harmonica he conveys his ideas and dreams, sometimes as a patriot, sometimes as a comedian, but always with much sen-

sitivity and attachment.

This year he is back at Glendon. He will be with us on November 3rd at 8:30 p.m. at the Café de la Terrasse. Here's an excellent occasion for everyone to become familiar with the culture of our neighbouring province. You will see that Florian Lambert is a "true Québécois" and a heck of a nice guy!

Everyone is welcome.

Admission: \$1.00

YORK UNIVERSITY CATHOLIC COMMUNITY

Father Gerry Tannam, the Roman Catholic chaplain to York University is at Glendon every Wednesday during the academic year. He can be found at Room 120 York Hall (the Atkinson College Office), so drop in for an informal chat or phone for an appointment through the following numbers: 667-3673 (McLaughlin College) or 487-6119 (Glendon College - Wednesdays only).

Traditionally Mass has been celebrated at Glendon on Wednesdays in response to demand. Therefore, if you are interested, be sure to let Father Tannam know. Also, Glendon students are always welcome at the 7:30 p.m. Sunday Eucharist in Scott Religious Centre on the main campus.

First Bilingual Meeting

continued from page 1
dent Lubin's practice of pre-signing several GCSU cheques thereby circumventing the protective regulations in our Constitution. In defense of this irregular practice Lubin maintained that previous GCSU presidents have followed the same procedure. Only one previous president is known to have pre-signed cheques.

Mike Bunn, V.P. Cultural, also presented a shocker of his own. Mr. Bunn announced his resignation from the GCSU, complaining that the GCSU members do not provide advice, suggestions, or feedback on his plans. Mr. Bunn said that his academic responsibilities were too heavy when combined with his GCSU duties. He stated that he is

unable to carry the Campus Entertainment responsibilities without any aid.

The GCSU will hold an election to replace Mr. Bunn and applications are currently being accepted. The new Entertainment Rep. will have to start work immediately as Campus affairs are coordinated only until Nov. 9, and the Christmas Banquet is barely a month away.

Near the close of the meeting an observer alleged that the GCSU had made no attempts to provide adequate Francophone entertainment. Mr. Lubin, last year's V.P. Cultural, responded to the allegation by stating that La Grenouillère has in the past always provided the Francophone entertainment, and that this year they have done

nothing. La Grenouillère has not been pulling its own weight, alleged Lubin, and is not fulfilling its purposes.

The meeting wrapped up with a relatively calm election for the new Business Manager to replace Roche. John Farquarson won the election.

A spark of life erupted for a moment before the election when an observer challenged the Chairman's procedures for voting when the Chairman himself made a remark concerning last week's improper vote. The Chairman defended himself by stating that he has been in his position for only 2 weeks. At this point President Lubin admitted that he was the architect of last week's questionable vote.

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The Hanley Interview continued

This issue Joseph Holmes concludes his too-part interview with Cliff Hanley.

Which of your books would you most like people to read?

I suppose "Dancing in the Streets", my first, is alright, because it tells a lot about me. I took the quotation from Groucho Marx. It describes my own experience in my own home town, "Let there, be dancing in the streets, Drinking in the saloons, And necking in the parlours".

It's especially appropriate for where I was in Glasgow, although I didn't start all that until I was quite old, about 7 years old.....

Another book I would not mind to be known by is a book about adolescence called "The Taste of Too Much" which is a small book with modest intentions. I think I pulled it off-- I did what I set out to do. It's not at all a bad book, even after 16 years. I think the people in it are still credible.

How does the public react to your books?

I'm one of these run-of-the-mill authors. I've never had a best-seller. "Dancing In the Streets" has sold 100,000 over the years. Another non-fiction book, a kind of rag-bag book about Scotland called "A Skinful of Scotch" sold very well, both in Britain and America.

Why do you use nom-de-plumes?

Maybe there's some deep-rooted, unrecognised identity problem here. Oddly enough, the first job I had as a newspaper columnist, I inherited from somebody else who passed on to other things. I

started writing as Andrew Bonar every day. For about 5 years I was Andrew Bonar until I broke out. That was a very tight-budget newspaper. And as well as being Andrew Bonar I was Cliff Hanley doing big investigative series, I wrote a Travel column under another name. That was a necessity - obviously you couldn't have the whole newspaper being written by one, underpaid journalist.

When I wrote my first book under my own name it was so successful that when my first novel came out after that people start-

ed making comparisons and they said the novel wasn't as good as the first book.

I wanted to write thrillers because I enjoy reading thrillers, and I decided I would throw off this type-casting of the Glaswegian - the young fellow who was brought up in the tenements, who was funny and pathetic and all that. So I adopted another name in order to liberate myself from the image I had.

I think I'm dropping that pseudonym - Henry Calvin - and just write thrillers as Cliff Hanley from now on.

What do you think of modern poetry?

I like some modern poetry. I find other modern poetry very confusing and even alienating.

But I'm very old-fashioned. I don't think Shakespeare lost anything in his poetry by working to old-fashioned disciplines like rhyme and rhythm.

I listened to Tom Wayman when he visited the University. Very interesting, I found it very enjoyable and witty. His stuff had plenty of insight and was worth listening to. But at the end of it I thought, 'that is not what I recognise as poetry.'

What I've been listening to are nothing but short stories'.

This is why I've not written that kind of poetry - I've don't mind the discipline of having to find rhyme and rhythm. Having that restriction does not destroy poetry. Most of the great poetry of the world has been written in these restrictions.

I won't try to force this opinion on people at Glendon but to encourage them to examine it and to produce some poetry that is not just doggerel verse. Any fool can write doggerel verse and bend the language into rhyme and rhythm. But to write poetry with meaning which has the strange, obsolete, old-fashioned virtues of rhyme and music, that's the kind of poetry I most enjoy.

Do you find more freedom in writing novels?

Many people have said the novel is not an art form at all. For many centuries people have been saying 'The novel is dead, or if it's not dead it will die tomorrow or next Tuesday'. But the novel is an art form when a great artist uses a novel.

There is freedom. You can compress time, you can jump forward and flash back, you can spend 5 pages making a physical description of something, you can go into dialogue and nothing but dialogue, but the novel does have one description: I once started writing the Ten Commandments for the Author. But having written the first one I realized I wouldn't have to go on any farther, the first one being "Thou Shalt Not Bore".

I will write for the Theatre, I will write for Television, I will write for Newspapers, I will write Lectures, and I will be producing puns.

That's all the space we have for Professor Hanley, but if you want him to tickle your literary funny-bone some more, be sure to ask him for a copy of "The Thoughts of Chairman Hanley". He has hundreds of them and they're a real steal for only a buck. Proceeds to Friends of Glendon.



Cliff Hanley photo: Larry Organ

Tia Maria goes with Bogota.
Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
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Tia Maria goes.

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DUE TO

BUDGET RESTRICTIONS,

Pro Tem

WILL NOT BE PUBLISHING

NEXT WEEK.

Pro Tem

WILL NEXT PUBLISH

ON THE

9th of November.

FROM QUEEN'S PARK

by Gord Cochrane

Every weekday this time of year, dozens of unsuspecting school children are hustled into the galleries that overlook the red-carpeted legislative chamber to see their elected representatives deal with the matters at hand.

Most times, they are treated - if that's the proper way to describe the experience -- to the audio-visual delight of the daily question period during which MPPs fire questions at cabinet ministers.

Their first impression of Canadian parliamentary democracy at work: 'geez, these grown-ups are acting like a bunch of kids!' And, who can blame them?

Even at the most sedate moments of the hour-long question period, the House seems more like the monkey house at the Metro Zoo than the place where our laws are made. All of which brings to mind the fact that Queen's Park was once the site of an insane asylum. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Take the heckling that goes on. Nobody listens to the answers despite the relentless probing that ap-

pears to take place. The 32 New Democrat members are the worst offenders in this regard continually bating those on the government benches even when an NDP question is being asked.

Hecklers par excellence are **David Warner, Elie Martel, and Mac Makarchuk**, all of the **NDP**, who seem convinced that their purpose in life is to out-talk even Howard Cosell. Their constant indignation, no matter the minister, no matter the issue, is remarkable. It's also more than a little irritating.

This is not to say that the fault lies completely with the socialist horde.

Tory cabinet ministers make the question period a farce by either completely failing to answer their questions, or by couching their responses in so many ifs, ands, ors, and howevers that the meaning is totally obscured.

As leader of the government, **Bill Davis** is the unquestioned champion of such double-talk. When asked October 11 about the Ontario position on the granting of controls over offshore resources to Newfoundland, the Premier took

94 words, in one sentence, to say that the province was worried that Ottawa was giving away too much of its authority. We would print that answer here if there wasn't such a shortage of newsprint.

Oh, and let's not forget the **Liberals**. Their leader, **Stuart Smith**, has a bad case of indignance, too. Although he and his party seem in sympathy with the general direction of the government, they never seem to give the Conservatives credit for anything. If the House were filled with humourless guys like Smith, one has the impression that a better time could be had at a funeral directors' convention.

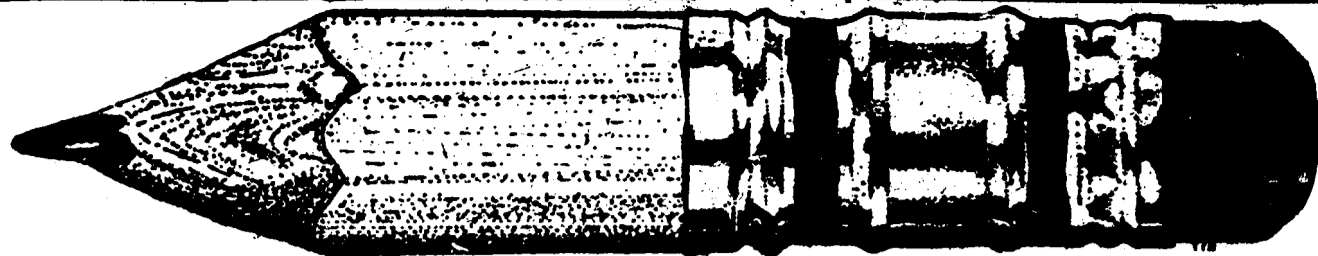
The rest of the Liberal MPPs are not much better. Pure and simple, they expand their displeasure at the government by asking dumb questions. That is not to say that they are dumbies, but they seem to have such a pitiful grip on the background of the subjects they ask about.

The question period is something that must be seen to be believed. It's only too bad that school children must be turned-off at such an early age.

Whatever
Happened to...
the 'E' House
T.V.?



Letters



To the editor:

After leaving in the middle of Bob Segarini's third set, we anticipated in Pro Tem a justifiably scathing review of the group's performance. Denis Armstrong, however, chose to look "under the music" (or under the musicians!) for some redeeming feature (no small feat) of the B.S.

concert. Pour exemple, Armstrong pointed out Segarini's "intimidating wit" which helped in "tying up the loose ends between songs". A novel idea -- especially when you know you don't deserve, and can't expect, any applause to "tie up loose ends" Armstrong's use of the word 'wit' in reference to B.S.

is as off-track as the concert was, considering the latter's use of such classic lines as "Is that your girlfriend or your mother?". With such a display of spontaneity and brilliance, not to mention maturity, we feel B.S. should opt for a career of writing jokes (he's off to a great start with his music).

In short, the band's performance stunk. We don't know anyone who was there that night who wasn't pissed off and disappointed. Considering Denis Armstrong's rave review, we have to wonder just what he saw in the band. So "Bronson's bulging muscles kept the band in line"? That's nice. What the hell, Denis,

if the band's well-hung we guess they get our vote too!
Nancy Prudden and Paul Summerville.

Letters to the editor:
Pro Tem, Main Floor
Glendon Hall.
The editor reserves the right to condense letters.

L'AGENT S'TASSE

par Piccolo

Lors de son premier article, l'Agent S'Tasse écrivait "qu'une agence d'information dûment renseignée...se devait d'exister...". C'est dans cette optique qu'il fut décidé de vous renseigner le mieux possible sur le cannibalisme. L'Agent se devait de vous instruire sur le sujet puis qu'un restaurant cannibale a ouvert ses portes en fin de semaine dernière. Bien entendu, votre humble serviteur était présent lors du banquet inaugural, c'est pourquoi il peut aujourd'hui vous donner toutes les informations que vous vouliez avoir depuis longtemps mais que vous n'aviez jamais osé demander. Si vous tenez pendant cinq minutes sur une jambe devant la porte principale de Glendon Hall, une personne viendra à vous et dira: "Vous m'épatâtes!" Il vous faudra répondre: "Qui l'eut crue?" Il s'agit là du rituel nécessaire pour être conduit au restaurant cannibale.

Une fois arrivé, vous vous apercevrez en lisant le menu qu'il y a une grande

variété de veuf: du veuf rôti, du veuf haché, du veuf bourguignon, des entre-côtes de veuf, des jarrets de veuf etc. etc. Il y a bien entendu de nombreux autres plats qui sauront plaire aux fines bouches: des coquilles 5 Jacques, des chumburgers, du spaghetti d'italien, du "poisson", du "macro", des français frits, des oignons de pied frits, des cuisses de "poulet", de la "poule mouillée", des "nouilles", du foie de première qualité (ce foie se fait de plus en plus rare sur le marché puisqu'il s'agit de foie de prêtre) ou encore de la grand-mère apprêtée "façon grand-mère". Comme breuvage, vous pouvez vous faire servir du sang-pagne de toute première qualité. Il y a aussi des yeux à la coq pour déjeuner.

Les propriétaires se promettent de servir quelques personnages célèbres lors de grandes occasions. Bien entendu, ces célébrités auront droit à la place d'honneur, c'est à dire sur la table (au plus grand plaisir de leurs admira-

teurs). Le chef cuisinier du restaurant était supposé servir René Simard comme gibier pour le banquet d'inauguration, mais "l'oiseau s'est envolé". Sur la liste de personnalités consommables, on retrouve René Levesque avec la mention "viande fumée". Steve Lubin a droit au même commentaire avec en plus l'avertissement suivant: ne consommer qu'en petite quantité, risque d'overdose". D'après Yvon Lavallée, chef cuisinier, Réal Giguère peut être servi à toutes les sauces puisqu'il est parfait. De plus, Lise Payette serait probablement bonne comme volaille farcie et le président Carter pourrait être tartiné de beurre d'arachides. Toujours selon Yvon, Joe Clark ferait "des Kàline de binne de bonnes binnes". Le ministre Garon serait apprêté en pâté de foie gras et Jacques Normand flambé au cognac.

Pour ceux qui veulent se faire à manger, il y a une boucherie. Il est à remarquer qu'ils n'y vendent que de la viande

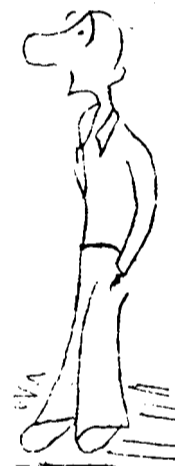
maigre. Beaver est leur fournisseur en étudiant.

Avant de passer à autre chose, il est important de vous prévenir que si vous mangez souvent de la vache enragée à la cafétéria de Glendon, vous risquez d'avoir parfois du prof. enragé à ce restaurant (ça revient au même si on considère la réputation de certains professeurs).

Si vous voulez vous intégrer dans le cercle cannibale sans trop vous faire remarquer, il serait bien que vous observiez certaines règles d'étiquette. Ainsi, il ne faut, jamais lécher les doigts. Lorsque vous allez manger en groupe, évitez de mettre le serveur dans l'embarras en demandant tous à vous faire servir des cuisses alors que le restaurant n'en a qu'en quantité limitée. Il faut aussi éviter les écarts de langage dans le genre: "Qui allez-vous servir ce soir?" Finalement, il ne faut jamais demander de vous faire servir de musulan flambé.

Voici maintenant une re-

cette de prof à la mode pour les coquins qui se font à manger dans leur chambre. Il faut d'abord pendre puis égoutter le professeur. Il faut ensuite le découper soigneusement. Faites sauter les morceaux dans du beurre. Ajoutez-y de la bière et remuez lentement. Ajoutez des champignons, des carottes et de l'oignon de pied. Faites chauffer le tout à 350 degrés) pendant 5 minutes. Il s'agit là d'une recette fort économique et très nourrissante.



For Lack Of A Better Justifier

by Brian Barber

Photo: Geoff Hoare



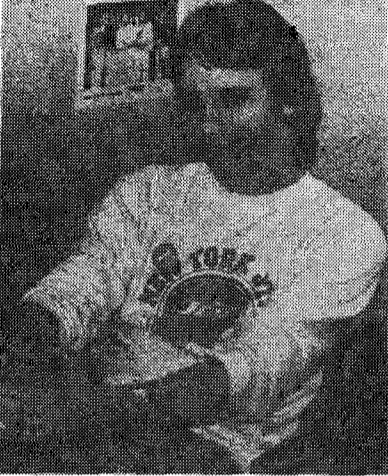
Council Profile

by **Matthew Douris**
G.C.S.U.---to many perhaps, simply four not so impressive letters being flashed around in various contexts throughout the campus. No more excuses accepted however---it's the "Glendon College Student Union." Not only is it active in any phase of our college life you could name, but it is composed of flesh and blood people with brains, eyes, and especially ears; and you can catch them if you know where they are, who they are, what they do, and what they look like. I propose to inform you.

Probably the most visible of the Executive, **Steve Lubin** is our chief spokesperson for the G.C.S.U. in its relations with York University Administration and outside institutions; is responsible for the policies and activities of the Council; and oversees the operations of the Business Manager and the various departments within the Council. Heavy workload! So who is the man in charge?

Steve is a Council veteran, having served as V.P. Cultural last year. A graduate of the United Nations International School in New York, and a fourth year student he's on the Council this year mainly because he was last year. Of course,

primarily, Council duties present to him an "interesting challenge", although at times, "a big fucking headache." He sees the main problem of this year's Council as being one of unity, since most of the Executive members are Council rookies. (He and **Mike Bunn, V.P. Cultural**, are the only survivors of last year's Council on the Executive.)



He is paid an annual stipend of 4,500 dollars. He himself was surprised by the amount of work his presidency entails. He figures that he puts in about fifty hours per week as president, because no matter where he is: in the G.C.S.U. office, the pub, the cafeteria, the residence, or just walking the halls, he is still President, and must be able to function as such. Test him on that!

Vers Un Ghetto Linguistique ?

par **Georges Lemieux**

Je me suis demandé pendant longtemps si je devais publier ce commentaire qui, à mon sens, remettait en question l'une des politiques admise et consacrée du système d'éducation à Glendon: le bilinguisme.

Loin de moi l'intention d'attaquer cette politique de Glendon sur son fond ou sa forme, car l'attaquer serait porter atteinte à l'essence même de ce Collège. Une autre de mes réserves portait sur l'opportunité de faire entendre ma voix. Deux ans maintenant que je fréquente ce campus et, en dépit des récriminations de toutes sortes en provenance des pseudo-intellectuels de Glendon, je n'ai jamais trouvé rien à redire sur ce Collège. Cependant, aujourd'hui et avec l'appui de plusieurs personnes, il est de mise d'examiner la politique de bilinguisme de Glendon et de la critiquer sur toute la mesquinerie qui parfois l'entoure.

Que cette mesquinerie soit voulue ou non, il n'est pas de mon ressort de le décider. Celle-ci trouve sa voie à travers une attitude de pitié, de compassion on ne peut plus blessante.

Certains francophones,

c'est évident, éprouvent de la difficulté à maîtriser l'anglais. Ce campus a été établi en partie pour leur venir en aide à travers toutes sortes d'avantages, comme les cours bilingues (un cours en français, un cours en anglais) ou l'opportunité de présenter ses travaux et ses examens en français ou en anglais.

Cependant là où le bat blesse, c'est à l'intérieur même d'une classe. Que l'on demande constamment aux étudiants francophones s'ils ont compris ce qui se passe, si l'on a besoin de répéter, est énormément frustrant, mais peut se justifier quand le cours se donne entièrement en anglais. Mais qu'à l'intérieur d'un cours bilingue, on propose d'instituer une classe spéciale pour les francophones qui n'auraient pas compris toute la subtilité de la langue de Shakespeare, ou encore que les étudiants anglophones se sentent obligés de faire des interventions en français pour pallier, à ce qu'il semble, à un manque de connaissances des francophones, est tout simplement aberrant.

Outre le fait que je n'ai pas besoin de mentionner que les francophones soient très capable de s'exprimer dans leur propre langue, le débat va bien plus loin que ce simple fait. Considérant que les francophones étant ce qu'ils sont, des personnes fières et susceptibles ils ressentent ce genre d'aide comme une marque de pitié devant leurs lacunes intellectuelles.

Je n'ai pas l'intention de critiquer ce que les étudiants et les professeurs

font pour venir en aide aux étudiants francophones. Ils le font sans arrière-pensées et avec une diplomatie remarquable. Cependant qu'ils le veulent ou non, leur attitude reflète un courant de pensée partagé par les plus extrémistes de cette province qui ne voit dans les francophones qu'un peuple sans histoire (sic) et culturellement sous-développé.

L'auteur de ce commentaire n'est pas animé d'un esprit revanchard étant lui-même parfaitement capable de s'exprimer dans les deux langues, (la fausse modestie n'est pas admise à ce stade) mais il constate que si les francophones ne se sentent à l'aise que quand ils parlent français et ce, seulement entre eux, ils pousseront inexorablement leur langue vers un ghetto, une langue parlée entre initiés de quelques tribus exotiques.

Du Nouveau A Glendon ?
par **Linda Pellerin**

Dans les murs enchantés de notre collège, une idée s'est promené puis elle a fait du chemin et...

Des étudiants ont fait une constatation pure et simple; la voici: les francophones se tiennent par "clans" et les anglophones font de même. Nous avons tenté de trouver une solution.

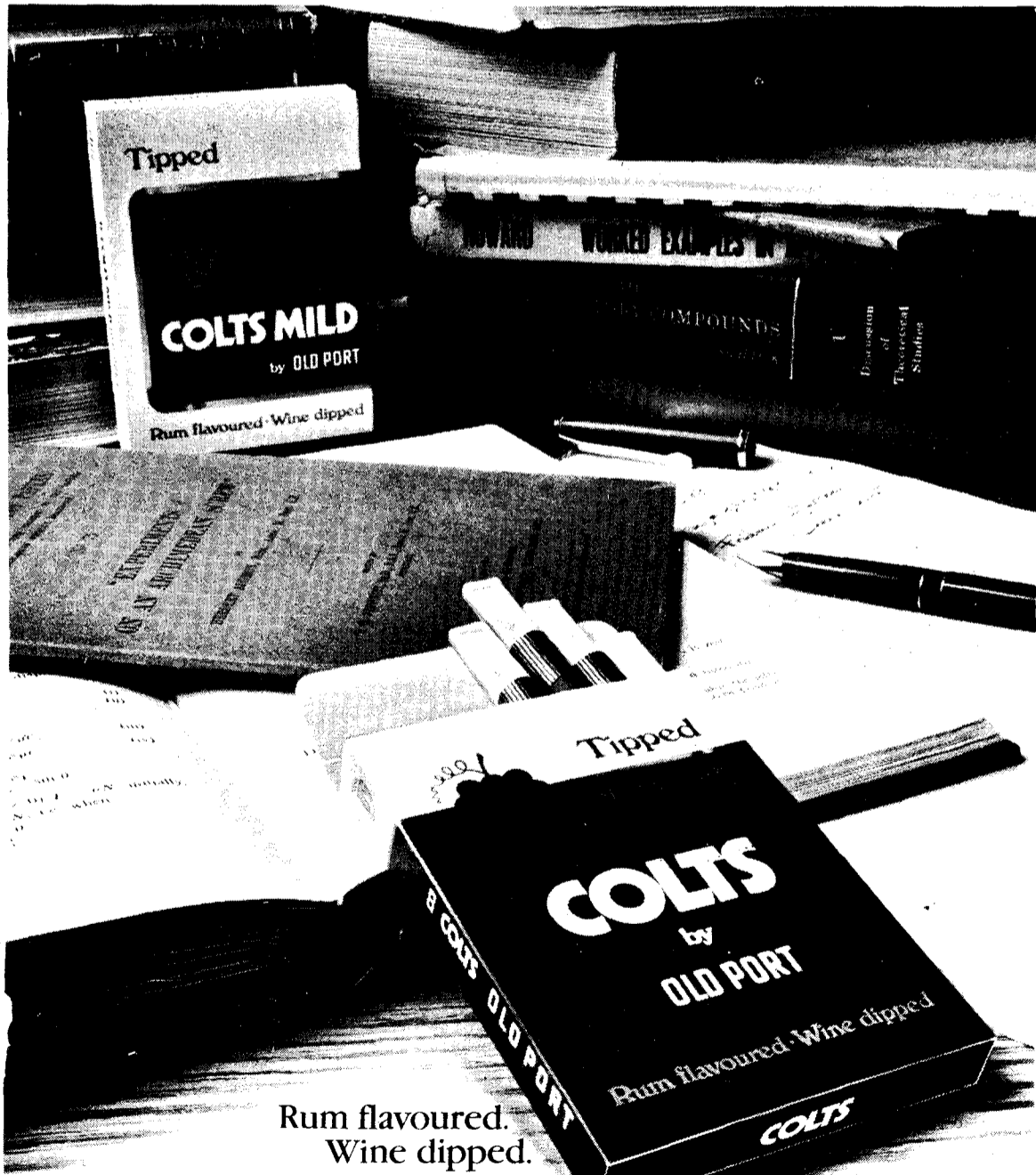
Voici la solution ou l'idée: fonder un club où l'on pourrait regrouper les deux ethnies. Des démarches se poursuivent pour réaliser cette idée.

Bientôt, il y aura une dégustation de vin et fromage.

Nous allons aussi créer un programme de correction de travaux. Si vous avez de la difficulté avec vos dissertations le club sera ravi de vous aider.

Vous pouvez vous joindre à nous pour la mise en marche de notre projet ou adhérer au Club. Bienvenue à tous!

Le Club Bilingue
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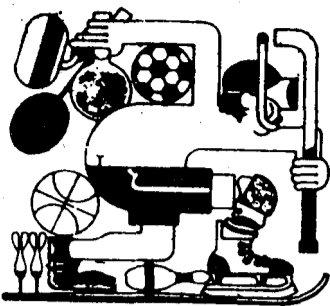
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sports



The Coffin Corner by Ron Hoff

Thursday, 8:45 a.m.: the sports editor gulps coffee in a vain attempt to clear his fogged brain, the same brain that refuses to concede that it is indeed awake, let alone clear. His throbbing knee a constant reminder that he did play hockey sometime in the wee hours of the preceding night. Now it is very early Thursday morning and the need of a column has dragged the sports editor from his warm and cozy bed: the image of his editor-in-chief's disappointed face floats in the fog of his mind, as it has since the clock radio first alarmed him awake. The only thing that is clear is that he needs a column, and he needs it fast, if he is going to make his ten o'clock lecture.

9:10 a.m.: the sports editor catches himself staring blankly out of his window. Realizes that blank stares may serve their purpose in seminars unprepared, but that they serve little purpose at a time like this. He decides to get a refill of coffee.

The reason for the sports editor's desperation is really quite simple. He had planned a stunningly hard-hitting column about the inadequacies of the operation of the Proctor Field House, having earlier in the week talked to a student who was, to say the least, mildly perturbed at the job being done by Dr. Peter Jensen, Director of Athletics. In the interests of fair journalism he attempted to talk to the good doctor yesterday (Wednesday). However, when he arrived for his pre-arranged appointment at the Field House (all the time descending the monster stairs into the valley thinking about the struggle it would be to climb back up to civilization) he was informed that Dr. Jensen was out and sorry but no, I don't know when he will be back, in the terse words of his secretary. He knew then that our hard-hitting column would have to be dangerously one-sided, at best. At worst it would have to be delayed until the next issue of this paper. In a mind-boggling display of editorial decision making he chose the latter, resisting the temptation to ream mercilessly the good Doctor. Instead, he decided to re-hash (no 'Grass, that doesn't mean you should try to smoke this column) some stale professional sports.

9:28 a.m.: the sports editor, now with enough caffeine coursing through his veins to keep everyone in his early lecture awake, grumbles a few choice obscenities as he

realizes that the coffee pot is empty and he doesn't have time to make more.

In one of the commercial morning papers (the one that is hard to read on the subway) we noticed that the Leafs are considering trading Dave Williams to Vancouver, probably for Ron Sedlbauer, a 40 goal scorer last season. We would not be saddened beyond a quiet grin to see the 'Tiger' shipped as far away as possible. Since the Outer Mongolian Hockey League refuses to accept players with more than 100 minutes in penalties, Vancouver will have to do. We think that a consistent scorer on the left side could be just what the Leafs need. Now if the Leafs could just get Wilson from Philadelphia for Ian Turnbull...

10:31 a.m.: unbelievably, the sports editor sits, as he writes this, in the back corner of his lecture hall, scribbling frantically in perfect mock note-taking form. He wonders what Chaucer would think of the trade rumours in the Leaf camp. Decides Chaucer would probably write a Tale about the limited free will and sovereignty of hockey players.

We noticed in the evening paper a story about an eight-year old boy who can't play hockey because of league bureaucracy and red tape. An eight year old kid?! Is there no sanity anywhere?

Time, once again, for the Coffin Corner Call, but before we get on with that let us quote from Steely Dan; "They got a name for the winners in the world/I want a name when I lose/ They call Alabama the Crimson Tide/call me Deacon Blues." Ah yes, B.C. did not "easily handle" the Calgary Stampers, which caused our record to drop to a dismal 1-5-0. If Pittsburg doesn't beat Dallas Sunday, you can call me Deacon Blues.

The Maple Lys

by Cam Bouchard

The Maple Lys, showing a lack of hustling and hitting, lost their first game of the season 5-1. It was unfortunate for the team to lose since the Lys were wearing their new uniforms. The sweaters are of the famous Montreal Canadiens tradition, predominantly red. The Lys started the game slowly, enabling Calumet to jump out to a 2-0 lead. It was 3-0 before the Lys put their one and only goal in, halfway through the second period. Calumet men called for a penalty on the play while the line of Hewlett, Lacourcière and Bouchard were applying the pressure in their zone. The Lys passed the puck around well, until the Big-Luc let a blast go from the point, with the rebound coming out to Cam, the net wide open. The Lys picked up a lot of momentum afterwards but never managed another score. Notable mentions go to Carl Hetu, who played his best game yet.

Notes: There were three more cheerleaders at the game, and if that continues, the school will supply a bus for all the fans.

This year's captain is Brad Dusto, a worthy successor to Steve Dabous. The assistants are Dr. Dirt and Tim Cork,

veterans of the league. **Seneca College Soccer tournament**

The Boozers entered the Tournament with only one objective: to keep the competition respectable. They succeeded. Their first and second games were played one right after the other, starting at 9:30. Considering that the Boozers were up to the same old things the night before, they did extremely well. The first game turned out a draw 1-1, with Vance Coan scoring the only Boozers goal. After playing St. Lawrence College, the team fought a close battle, losing to Seneca Varsity team 1-0. With nothing to do between 11:30 p.m., the Boozers discussed strategy instead of arguing. This benefited everyone on

and off the field. There have been personality conflicts throughout the whole year, creating some awful rifts. But for the tournament, since they were representing York, the Boozers played with class. Following an afternoon of relaxation, the Boozers talked the last game of the day with renewed confidence, needing a win to reach the semi-finals. The Scarborough College entrant was very well organized and therefore quashed any hopes of the Boozers advancing any further, winning 2-0. The team proceeded to drink a few rounds and reflect upon a tiring day.

Notable Mentions: Tony Ingrassia, playing the most aggressive soccer for a rookie. Captain Brian and import stars José Ferrarra and El Halik Khalid were standouts. Brent Murray, the goaltender of the team, played the best soccer of the tournament and should have won a trophy. Pity.

Sports • Notes

Karate at Glendon
Both the Karate (Shotokan style) and the women's self defense are taught by Sensei Gary Hails.

Karate is a fantastic way to get in shape and a great introduction to the martial arts. The Women's

Self-Defense class is a must for every woman who wants to ensure her personal security.

Women's self-defense--Wednesdays 7pm
Karate--Wednesdays 8 pm.
Both classes are held in the small gym in Proctor Field house.



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entertainment

AT THE MOVIES

by Karen Craine

"When a Stranger Calls", now playing at the Odeon Fairlawn, is a better-than-average thriller which suffers - like so many Hollywood "B" pictures - from inferior writing and incomplete characterizations. However, since my introduction to the genre at a very early age I have been an ardent fan of any picture that can make me jump out of my skin at least twice. This flick delivers.

The plot is standard: teenage babysitter is plagued with phone calls from certified loony who is calling from inside the house. As the terrified sitter Carol Kane offers some truly fine moments, not to mention the fact that she has the singular good fortune to be able to pass for 17. It is her show entirely for the first quarter of the movie but unfortunately she drops out of the picture completely until the final reel when seven years later the madman returns to exact vengeance.

The bulk of the movie concerns the efforts of hard-nosed cop turned private eye, played by Charles Durning (rather bulky himself), to track down and destroy the

crazy, recently escaped from an asylum. The movie makes a muddled attempt to explore the morality of the vigilante mentality but things become very ambivalent in light of a very sympathetic rendering by Tony Beckley of the misfit-monster. He handles extremely well a scene in which the madmen confronts himself in a seedy mission bathroom (we just wish someone would put the poor guy out of his misery). Strangely enough, though, these insights into his character don't lessen the suspense, after all, this guy doesn't just kill his victims, he tears them apart with his bare hands and bathes in their blood. There's a charmingly banal scene in which Durning raves on a-

about the mortician's repulsion to the bodies. Nice stuff but a trifle gratuitous since we never actually get to see any gore.

If you can get over the ridiculous picture of Durning in a stretch knit, though, he does a capable job of playing an ex-cop with a mission, but my favourite character in the movie is the tough, middle-aged single woman (played with laudable consistency by Collen Dewhurst)

who Durning persuades to work with him to lure the killer into a trap. A lot could be said about the way Dewhurst explores the nuances of the tough-cookie lifestyle, but suffice to say she is by far the most interesting person in the story and delivers a great deal considering the limitations of her role and the script.

All in all a neat thriller if you like chase scenes, prolonged suspense, uncomplicated characters and a few hair-raising moments. I give it a three-star rating on late night television, since that's where it'll end up within two years.

The Movie Buff

by THE SHADOW

Never before has the Movie Buff received so many correct answers! And it was Janice Lundy who led the pack and wins a free beverage just by identifying Michael Caine's "The Italian Job"! You, too, can be famous and happy like Janice if you tell me in what movie Robert Mitchum said:

'H-A-T-E! It was with this left hand that old brother Cain struck the blow that laid his brother low!



L-O-V-E! See these here fingers dear friends! These fingers have veins that lead straight to the soul of man! The right hand friends! The hand of LOVE!

Music on Markham St. Love progressive music? Are you cultured, but can't afford the high price of Yonge Street theatres? York's Alliance for Canadian New Music Projects presents a free recital by scholarship winners from Showcase '79. - Vocal and instrumental solos by The Contemporary Winds as well as The Eclectic Brass will cater to even the most discriminating musical boor at a price the whole family can afford. 596 Markham St. For more information, call; 532-2885

Afterhours:

Means and Meanderings, an introspective look at the his means to his end, will be on display in the McDonald Gallery. Artists and the varying genres include Robert Burns, graphics; Heather Cooper, illustrations; and James Hynes; literature. The general public is familiar with their work through such common items as postage stamps, advertisements, packages the gallery 900 Bay St. is free and is open Monday-

Friday until 5pm. and Sundays from 1 to 5 pm.

The Regis Film Programme closes this Sunday with World War II propaganda films. The evening opens with cartoons including Der Feuerher's Face, with Donald Duck as well as Plane Daffy and the Daffy Commando. Popeye the Sailor stars in You're a Sap, Mr. Jap. At 7:30 "Seven Chances" and at 9:00pm "The Battle of Algiers", a startling documentary that survived the censorship of war propaganda of enemy during the war.

Stratford's Othello

by Sean G. Doyle

The Stratford Festival's production of Othello is by all counts first-rate. Considered a domestic tragedy, Othello tells the tale of corrupted nobility, the destruction of innocence and of "the green-ey'd monster" itself.

Alan Scarfe as Othello possesses sufficient technique to handle a very gradual and delicate change in the psychological state of the protagonist. At first calm and disciplined, Iago's "poison" transforms Othello

into the irrational and barbaric murderer we see in Act five.

Although at times Scarfe's spasmodic gestures and wild cries seem just a little too dramatic, Scarfe's presence grips the audience who can themselves feel every moment of mounting passion.

Playing the role of a soldier whose integrity compels him to be true, Iago, driven by professional frustration and jealousy, exploits Othello's trust in an attempt to crush him.

Pitting reason against instinct and passion Iago holds the position of centre-stage for most of the performance. Nicholas Pennell plays the role to it's sinister extreme presenting Iago as the personification of evil itself. Pennell's Machavellian stage villainy is characterized by vulgar humour and unnatural contempt. This Iago has such control that the audience tends to side with him in sheer admiration of his power.

Domini Blythe proves a beautiful Desdemona, giving

that character a certain strength that is often overlooked. From her entrance in Act one Scene three, the audience is aware of her overwhelming innocence and love for the Moor.

Stephen Russell, an unlikely Cassio, is as successful as a drunkard in Act two, as he is as an

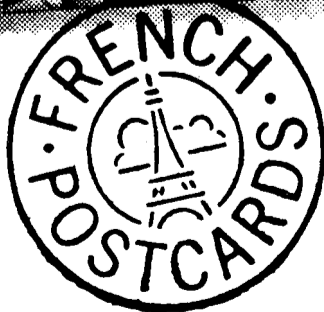
experienced warrior in Act five.

Director Frances Hyland deserves credit for keeping the company's energy up and seeing that the production maintained a fast-moving pace. Miss Hyland's first attempt at direction of a play at the Festival has proved most successful and we look forward to more from her.

American students go to Paris.
The less they study the more they learn.

Dear Mom + Dad -
What an education!
I'm studying so hard,
I never leave my room!
Love, Joel

P.S. PLEASE SEND MONEY.



Produced by Gloria Katz Written by Willard Huyck & Gloria Katz Directed by Willard Huyck

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