

# PRO TEM

Le Premier Journal Étudiant de l'Université York

The Original Student Newspaper of York University

Volume 26, No.18

Final Edition

April 8th, 1987



Depuis  
26 ans

Collège  
Glendon  
College

In our  
26th Year

## D'Arcy Élu

par Jeanne Corriveau

Voilà, c'est fait! Avec une majorité de 52.8%. D'Arcy Butler a été élu au poste de président de l'AECG pour l'année 1987/88 devant Damien Brennan (44.3%). Les résultats ont été annoncés à la réunion de l'exécutif mardi en début de soirée.

Butler a attribué sa victoire à la bonne équipe qui l'appuyait disant qu'il s'était bien préparé et documenté avant d'amorcer sa campagne. Il avait rencontré des personnes ayant été impliquées dans l'AECG par le passé et il avait longuement consulté la constitution pour se renseigner sur tous les aspects du poste de Président. «J'avais fait mes devoirs!»

Il rencontrera les membres de l'exécutif dans les prochaines semaines pour que tous entreprennent leurs fonctions respectives. Il désire voir l'équipe se former solidement dès maintenant vu l'expérience de la plupart des élus. Ils considéreront alors le budget et assisteront à des exposés sur les divers aspects administratifs et politiques du Conseil.

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

Invité à commenter sur l'entrée en fonction d'un nouveau principal, Butler déclarait: «Un principal amène toujours ses idées à lui, lesquelles se reflètent sur le Collège. M. Garigue a mis l'accent sur le bilinguisme, un autre insistera peut-être sur un autre aspect.»

### Unofficial Results

<b>Presidential Election</b>	
D'Arcy	181 (52.8%)
Damien	152 (44.3%)
Abstentions	2
Spoiled	5
Write-in votes	9
Total votes cast	343
<b>Referendum</b>	
Yes	307 (90.3%)
No	26 (7.6%)
Abstentions	5
Spoiled	2
Total votes cast	340

Pour sa part, Damien, le candidat battu, bien que déçu, voit d'une façon positive le résultat des élections: «la campagne s'est déroulée honnêtement. D'Arcy est bilingue, tout comme moi.» La lutte a d'ailleurs été serrée et Damien s'en réjouit. L'expérience que ces élections lui ont donnée lui semble bien précieuse mais il s'est dit soulagé de voir le tout prendre fin. En effet, il a débuté sa campagne il y a plus d'un mois et demi. Il attribue sa défaite au manque d'organisation de sa campagne; le temps a d'ailleurs joué contre lui.

Il ne compte pas s'impliquer directement dans l'AECG l'an prochain mais il reste fort enthousiaste

face à certains projets bilingues.

Quant à Marg Szots, qui a reçu trois votes, elle n'a pas voulu commenter le résultat des élections bien qu'elle n'ait pas semblé trop malheureuse de la tournure des événements.

Les étudiants avaient aussi à se prononcer sur un référendum concernant la récupération d'un montant de 1529\$ versé à Excalibur. Le projet en faveur de l'attribution de cet argent à Pro Tem a été accepté par les étudiants avec un pourcentage de 90.3%. Le Prévôt de même que le Conseil étudiant pourront donc amorcer les négociations en vue d'atteindre leur objectif.

## Annual Sports Awards

by Grey Waldon

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

Under the guidance of emcee Peter Jensen, the awards were presented to the Most Valuable Players of the league sports. The MVP awards for the Men's Flag Football team were Larry Romagnuolo for offense and Pierre Allen and Steve Black for defense. The Glendon Gators placed second in the Inter-College Torch League this year.

The MVP award for hockey went to Al Crawford of the Glendon Maple Lys. The team made it to the final four this year but was edged out in the playoffs.

For Women's Basketball, the MVP award went to Michelle Heath for the fourth year in a row.

Tom Panhuyzen, a first year student, received the MVP honour for the men's hoopsters.

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

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

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

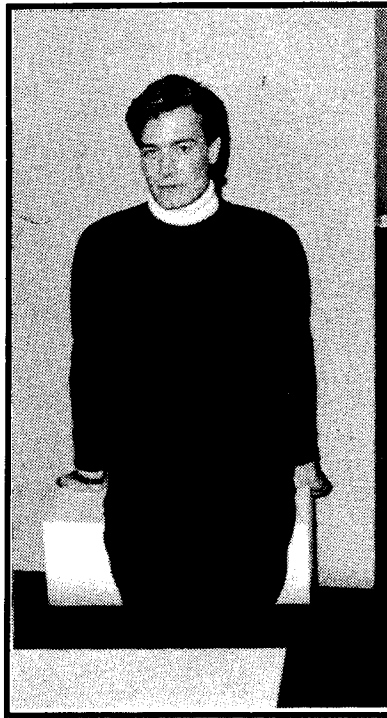
The John Proctor Award, for the outstanding contribution by an undergraduate Sport/Recreation organizer, was presented by the Provost of the University Mr. Tom Meininger. Mr. Meininger reminded the audience of the beneficence of the late Mr. Proctor toward Glendon. The recipient of this year's award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

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

The presentations were concluded with a champagne toast to the champions.

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

Ms. Margaret Wallace, newest member of the PFH staff as Assistant Director, attended the banquet, giving her the opportunity to meet the students at their best. She offered the awards to the organizers.



D'Arcy Butler: Our New Prez (finally).

photograph: James Mitchell

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## BOD's New Policy Petitioned

by P. Banville

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

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

Stan Gorecki, chairman, believes that the petition misrepresents the policy to the students. He stated that the policy of advertising at Ryerson and George Brown Col-

lege for people studying Hotel Management is not a new precedent. He contends that this has been done for the last 10 years and it was only last year that the Board did not seek application from people outside the Glendon community.

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

Steve Devine and Paul Char-

• See Selection p.8

## Yearbook Party

by A. Saeculo

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

Yearbooks will be out at the end of April. Don't miss the opportunity to purchase a piece of Glendon history. A 160-page hardcover book with a historical perspective of the College, this book is a must-have for any Glendonite. If you would like a yearbook, talk to any of the following yearbook staff: Kathy Marcelline, Sue Gabriel, Jennifer Purden, Afsun Qureshi, Vez Pajkovic, or Jackie Walker. Or, talk to the Prez, Mimi Mathurin at 487-6763.

# editorial

## Looking Forward

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

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

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

Patrick Banville, Editor-in-chief elect

### GAGNER DE L'ARGENT À TEMPS PARTIEL

Attention étudiants qui reviennent en septembre

*Pro Tem* a besoin d'un Archiviste/Rechercheur/Gérant de Bureau, 12 heures par semaine du 15 mai au 1er septembre, 1987, pour un total de 192 heures de travail. Rémunération totale de \$1000, payée en versements mensuels.

Les responsabilités de ce poste comprendront: organiser les dossiers de référence; cataloguer les articles de *Pro Tem*; organiser les archives; surveiller les bureaux.

Le candidat de préférence:

- s'intéressera aux politiques estudiantines de Glendon
- s'intéressera à l'histoire de Glendon et de l'Université York
- montrera un intérêt à dans *Pro Tem*
- démontrera des talents d'organisation
- sera bilingue

Soumettez votre demande écrite et/ou orale avant le 10 avril à Judy Hahn, Rédactrice en chef ou à Patrick Banville, Rédacteur en chef élu au Bureau 117, Pavillon Glendon.

**In Memorium:** We are saddened by the passing away of our beloved spiritual leader, Captain Fluke (b.? - 1987), this past week. May he rest in peace.

## Letter to the Editor

### No to Outsiders

Dear Editor:

RE: Cafe de la Terrasse  
The recent decision by the Board of Directors to expand their advertisement for full-time assistant manager to outside the Glendon community is simply non-sensical. The "pub" is supposed to be a 'non-profit student

run organization'.

Apart from time and money to be spent in advertising elsewhere, a pub patron might well ask where the advantage lies in considering hiring someone who is a complete stranger to Glendon.

Regarding the letter of "explanation" posted by the

Board of Directors in the pub, it is interesting to note that no mention is made of the fact that two of its members vehemently opposed the motion and had presented a petition of 110 signatories to support them in their opposition. Any more opposed? Contact the Board of Directors.

J. Blair

*Pro Tem* est l'hebdomadaire bilingue et indépendant du Collège Glendon. Lorsque fondé en 1962, il était le journal étudiant de l'Université York. *Pro Tem* cherche à rester autonome et indépendant de l'administration de l'université et de l'association étudiante tout en restant attentif aux deux. *Pro Tem* est distribué sur le campus nord de l'Université York, au Collège Ryerson, à la librairie Champlain, au Centre francophone (C.O.F.T.M.) et au Collège Glendon. La date limite pour les soumissions est le vendredi à 17h. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Pavillon Glendon. Téléphone: 487-6736. Tirage: 4000

## Looking Back: A Personal View

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## PRO TEM

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Afsun Qureshi  
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Kenneth A. Ross  
Nancy Stevens  
and a thousand poets



Volume 26  
No.18  
le 8 avril 1987

Final  
Edition

*Pro Tem* is the weekly bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the original student publication of York University. It strives to be autonomous and independent of the university administration and student government but responsive to both. *Pro Tem* is distributed to the north campus of York University, 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. Telephone: 487-6736. Circulation: 4000

# More or Less Than Idiocy

## ELEGY FOR A SWORD

Trust in no one...  
 Divided they stand  
 Together they fear  
 The night of the Knife  
 Terror for all the years  
 War drums silence the moon  
 A cadence of chanting  
 Forget the memory none too soon

Steven Roberts

remember?  
 the wind is out there still.  
 i felt it when my fear touched the cold  
 pane of glass that the tree was tapping.

Eric lan

Dont read, yea right, dont read  
 these things too deeply.  
 the words are upon the page.  
 Heed their depth.

Eric lan

## THE BRIDLE

Biting the bit  
 Let slip the knot  
 That binds me to your rein  
 I froth  
 Bile burning my running mouth

Twisting wild in the wind  
 Welts rising black  
 Across a back too much bled  
 Hands dug in  
 To open my wounds afresh

Branded on me is this:  
 That fond kisses sever  
 Leaving in their wake  
 Deep cuts  
 Healing in a mad stitchwork

Serrated laced wire  
 Holding my innards in  
 Mouth working a prayer  
 I shudder  
 Words cut through my cheeks.

Kenneth A. Ross  
 November/December 1986

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

But it wont go away  
 It just drifts round the bay  
 and comes back  
 when it thinks I might use it

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C.S.

## REMAINING INFIDEL IN AN AGE OF RANDOM REASON

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

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

man

I know

Jas Ahmad  
 1985

## KATHLEEN

Dressed in cambric  
 she slips from embraces,  
 saying to the wind :  
 had you my touch  
 this is the way you would stir  
 the branches

Jas Ahmad  
 1985

## COMMITMENT

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

Jas Ahmad  
 1987

## A VISIT TO THE FALLOUT SHELTER

to the dying breed of individuals  
 which insulates itself with sameness

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

and We

*We, the speakers, are  
 (like "a rainbow of children"?)*

*We, the speakers, are not to be judged  
 (but what the hell are we?)*

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

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

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

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

and left the room  
 where she could be herself.

M.S. Blanchette

## SPEED AND SLOW

Your minutes turn to hours,  
 Your hours into days.  
 You find your time is dragging  
 In much too many ways

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

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

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

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

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

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

Speed and slow. Yes and no.  
 Can't and will. Fast and still.  
 Speed and slow. Yes and no.  
 White and black. Tight and slack.  
 Speed and slow. Yes and no.  
 Can't and will. Dumb and know.  
 Sun and cloud. Grass and sand.  
 Rough and smooth. Sit and stand. ....

R. Campbell

## The truth is hurt

YOU

Memory  
 Using  
 Select  
 Through

Seeing  
 Tomorrow  
 Often  
 Perversed

Truth  
 Half  
 Answered  
 Test

LIE

P. Banville

# More or Less

Melody. Harmony. Perfection, Mathematics in sunbeams  
Skulls, black, bone white, rotting in the sunlight,  
stinking, rotting, wide white smiles...  
Einstein, white hair billowed, gentle brown eyes,  
looking at the poster-watcher... loving his quiet violin...  
Swollen, distended bellies, brown skin covered with  
white sand and filth, flies buzzing on open sores... Eyes  
so large with pain and age, despair in creaking  
gesture of wasted bones.  
Butterflies, purple, free, gently soaring on the scented  
breezes of spring, hayseeds and birdsong, wharbles...  
Black boot-tip smashing down into a young girl's pretty face.  
The owner of the boot, gloating in the feel of his own,  
his bestial, brutish, blackened youth. His power.  
Old guitars, smelling must, two softly singing friends,  
amid the crickets, starlight on beauty sated eyes...  
Love on the white, hard sand of northern, cliff-scaped  
beaches;  
Under the twilight, rose flecked sky, bare and high  
against Dark, dark blue lit water, white foam falling...  
Greatest beauty, life straining for life, white bodies  
joined and blended with the sand...  
The mushroom cloud, high, wight and wild, billowing,  
blackening, rising, orange fire  
against the clearest sky  
beautiful somehow.  
Silence. Wind, Harmony, Perfection.  
Quiet, quiet, at last.

Mike DenTandt

## TAKING THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE

Spending the days with your friends  
Creating action at night  
Hoping for that true fantasy  
Of taking mind to flight

Taking the path of least resistance  
Finding the pressures gone  
Facing your troubles at daybreak  
And have them linger on

The struggles seem eternal  
The battle seems so long  
But the days have their ending-  
The night's where we belong

(The pressure's back on...)  
The school room gossip still precedes  
The childish babble people conceive  
Makes you feel there's nothing to believe  
"Well, that's true."

Taking the path of least resistance  
Stabbing 'em in the back  
Finding verbal assassination  
Is a weapon you seem to lack

Going on day to day  
And still missing "the light"  
Makes you want to win the day-  
Fighting for the night

So you spend today  
Staring at the walls  
Thinking things un-thinkable  
Not responding to their calls-  
The mind is getting hazy  
The body turning numb  
So caught up in your daydream  
Somehow it's not so dumb

Taking the path of least resistance  
Taking the easy way, fast!  
Struggle to cut the wires  
Of lives gone past

S Roberts

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

Jas Ahmad  
1983

## IMAGES OF YOU...

Laughter, such laughter,  
Bright and free,  
Finally seeing and sharing  
the funny things in life.

Understanding, sharing, warmth.  
Interest, I'd never really thought of it  
that way before...

"If only I had no morals..."

"If only I had the guts..."

"Well here we are,  
Come on in, I won't jump you, I promise"

"I"

Sleep envelops, we drift along,  
So soft and warm this feeling.  
A gentle caress invites denied feelings to surface,  
finally.

Such a soft whisper of a voice,  
Singing lips touching my ear,  
Your hair tossed against my cheek.

A harmonica cries in the background  
and we lie still  
feeling each moment  
pass,  
trying to make each minute last and count...

'With the barkers and the coloured balloons...  
You're thinking that you're leaving there  
too soon...'

You're leaving there too soon.

Zedley, 1987

## BUTTERFLY

So unassuming, yet silent.  
Beautiful beyond words.  
Graceful.  
The butterfly.  
Gliding from here to there,  
Captivating anyone near.  
It's hard to believe that this at one stage  
was a caterpillar.

Now look,  
a butterfly,  
soaring strong, yet delicate  
and very precious, the  
butterfly.

Anthoula Kampouris

## A QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE

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

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

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

Steven Roberts

## WALLFLOWER

Standing still,  
no motion,  
no breath.

Concrete,  
cemented  
Petals, leaves, a stem.  
Flat,  
no texture,  
smooth.

No fragrance,

No life.  
A lifeless wallflower.

Anthoula Kampouris

## HEADACHE

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

Sweat oozes from my aching skin  
Washing the dirty water  
From beneath the domed bubbles.  
Eyes flash and blink,  
Teeth stretch over taut skin.

I lie, frozen, in my scalding tomb  
While playing on the marbeled ceiling,  
Are visions of height and terror,  
Chaos prowling through sifting cracks  
That lightly dust my face with a ghostly pallor.

I close my eyes, and the hot orbs withdraw  
Into the wet, blind mass and, turning,  
Wriggle down the hammering throat  
Past the clenching fist that angrily squeezes  
Life from Death  
Through the wheezing bellows, so laden with sweet syrup.  
Flexing, laboured caverns.

A distant rumble, and the focus changes,  
Now down through the trackless wastes of the fibrous tunnels  
Then —  
A precipice, a wet silence  
That of slow decay.  
A vibrating sound, of colossal moaning.  
The eyes blink, adjust, and see a dim face  
Lolling in the belly like consumed offal.

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

Stephan Molyneux,  
January to March, 1987.

# Than Idiocy

## A CIVILIZED WORLD

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

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

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

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

M.S. Blanchette

## RAIN BECOMES YOU GENTLY

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

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

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

Jas Ahmad  
1987

Midnight snow  
cold wet dark  
upon our lashes

blurring our dreams  
evokes our warmest  
passions...

She could never time  
her nightmares :  
elbowing me out  
of free-falling elevators

Jas Ahmad  
1984

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

Eric Ian

## IT TAKES LIFE

A picture, an image, a fantasy,  
focus on any one.

See, reach out, touch,  
make it real.

Make it breathe, make it move,  
make it come alive,

Watch it take form.

See it grow.

It EXPANDS.

IT GROWS OUT OF PROPORTION!

Who controls IT now?

(whisper) Does it control you?

Do you let it?

How? Why?

IT'S NOT REAL!

DESTROY IT! KILL IT!

DEplete IT'S LIFEFORCE!

WAIT!

DON'T DO IT!

DON'T DIE.....

Anthoula Kampouris

## AT THE LIMIT ALREADY WHERE MEMORY GLEAMS

She danced here all evening  
in the half-darkness of my room

A little flame outdancing herself  
leaving me the taste of her mouth

The sun rose from her  
a lover's open-hearted gesture

It is as if my eyes were  
in the talons of a hawk

Jas Ahmad  
1984

## THE SPIRIT

I come out of nowhere  
in the middle of the night

I walk in shadows  
I walk in candlelight.

I am the martyr  
I am the saint.

Finding greater compassion  
In Life's great action  
Just what it ain't

Steven Roberts

I am a wave  
never quite  
certain  
of my form

Jas Ahmad  
1987

## CITY

In a child's hand drawn  
With straight streets  
Roads wide and regular  
Dry pavement underfoot  
Under the sun  
Structures low  
With soft curves  
Billowing clouds  
Never seen over the plain

My mind's a city  
In a drunk man's hand  
Littered with laneaways  
Pavements slick in blood  
Drawn richly from life's  
Flooding circumstances  
Obstructing hard-blue  
Buildings crowding  
A pale gunmetal sky  
So sharp and sleek  
Stone work piled  
A mile high

My mind's a city  
In the hand of the woman  
In the black hat led  
On tour through  
Shakespeare's straying streets  
Where faceless people sit  
In cobalt and marble chairs  
At death's own cafe

Outside where the snow's  
Sullied and melting  
I sip the strong offering  
My eyes searching  
For the way I came

Kenneth A. Ross  
September 1986

Chris Wrae

1917, I died.  
this was not my war.  
They'll say, "how they wed the earth for our freedom."  
or "how with shattered branches from grey trees.  
How it rained endlessly and deaths sang  
the mock curvature of the horizon  
which held the unseen enemy."  
What glory?  
mud and bones  
marked in passages of moments  
on the glance of a fingernail,  
or the wet of the chalk, or the  
cold ache of gunmetal  
and finally the blurred memory  
of a love of one face left in the last innocent summer.  
Crows climb his eyes  
while his fear climbs out his course  
from the trench when the command will come,  
while it waits forever and arrives just as soon.  
so it is that the ghost of a memory of a face  
is released into the prison of eternity.

Eric Ian

## TO ONE WHO SURVIVED THE WARS

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

Eric Ian

upon seeing the shadowy reflection  
of my curved feeling in the morning empty glass.  
it cuts like my thought that wants to  
shatter it.  
aborted idea; i reach for another  
that might make this more than idiocy.

Eric Ian

# Glendon Debaters Go To Nfld.

by Kenneth A. Ross

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

Flying into St. Johns, Newfoundland was an interesting experience for Stefan Molyneux and I. The clouds were as thick and grey as a Glendon student's brain after an all-night cram session, or a night at the pub. The cloud ceiling was very low, so when the Air Canada flight fell through the barrier the ground seemed to rush up towards the plane with inordinate speed. The airport gradually materialized, wraith-like, from the mist, trees, and snow, and within a minute from landing the jetliner was at a distinctly unhealthy angle, leaning to its port side as the pilots battled convexing winds that shook the craft. With a jarring thud, our flight put down.

Newfoundland's weather has been favourably compared to British Columbia's; wet and mild in winter — no snow. This season it was a different matter. Newfoundland caught all the snow Toronto and the West missed out on.

There was some confusion upon setting down in the snow-bound airport. Firstly, no one was there to meet us. Stefan and I took to a taxi, implementing our plan "B". Arriving at the university, we found ourselves at the works building when we had asked to be let off at the administration building. The office there didn't know anything at all about any debating tournament, but it was recommended to us to go to the main office. There we were directed to the debating office. Sort of. Memorial University's layout is so labyrinth-like that Stefan and I were asking for updated directions every few hundred yards. Finally, we made it, feeling ill at ease at not having left a trail of bread crumbs or a line of thread to find our way out.

One of the organizers of the event was in the office — phew! However, this chap told us that we had to register at the hotel. How far was it? we asked. Should we take a taxi? Was it walking distance? He told us it was a ten to fifteen minute walk. He was about to point the way when another organizer arrived and gave us a drive.

The hotel was ten to fifteen

minutes away, alright, by car. If we had walked, Stefan and I would have been dead. Game over.

Arriving at the Hotel St. Johns was another evil omen. We were relieved of seventy-five dollars. A Federal subsidy, which was to defray part of the air fare, had been approved but the cheque was "in the mail". We split the cost and Stefan was almost bankrupted and I left with a much depleted budget for incidental costs. They also took our airline ticket receipts, since copies were going to be sent to the government as proof for the subsidy.

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

Admission to the Loyal Order of Screechers isn't an easy task. (Screech is a drink that comes from rum, literally from the bottom of the barrel.) To become a member one must pass a rigorous endurance test, a test as gruelling as any member of the Round Table was submitted to. The pro-

cess involved: first downing two ounces of Screech, a drink guaranteed to peel your gums back and play merry hell with your intestines; second there was the eating of a baloney slice with pickle (Newfoundland steak with garnish); and third, the kissing of the cod. Yes, you have to kiss a fish. Those bloodless and clammy lips were the coldest on a female I've ever tasted.

The custom is barbaric in the extreme, appealing to the basest and most pagan urges in a human being. Stefan prudently decided not to go through the ordeal. I, proudly defending Glendon's honour and out of sheer stupidity, unabashedly went through with it.

Saturday morning saw the first full day of debating. It also saw the first casualties of the tournament... as several were ill. A chap who had thrown up at the party and had come close to blood poisoning in Stefan's view, graced breakfast with a repeat performance. He did it again before we had to debate him. I guess this was the "stoop-and-puke" method of debating.

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

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

The momentum of the day, fast-paced and quick-witted, slowed and went into reverse during the day-end CUSID (Canadian University Society for Intercollegiate Debate) meeting. The meeting had three main objectives: the election of a new executive for CUSID; a new policy on who is eligible for debating since some people's links are tenuous and these individuals are just trophy hunting; and finally, should U of T teams be pooled together as one massive organized body or kept separate as they are now.

If run like a business meeting ought to be, the meeting would have been over in one hour. Instead, it dragged on with all the alacrity of glue sliding down an icicle. Three bloody hours. In the end, the executive was chosen (Paul Payton of U of T will

represent us and he's a very good choice), the trophy hunters were themselves to be hunted, and U of T's colleges would remain separate, as they had hoped to. It ran on so long because debaters like to hear themselves talk, not listening at all well to others. In this way people end up saying the same things over and over again.

Sunday saw more debating and some public speaking rounds. The level of competition was high and there were no push-over teams. After all, these were the best debaters in the country right? Well, technically yes, but...

The behaviour of many debaters leaves a lot to be desired. Some carried on like a sports team away from home for the first time, except that these people are in their twenties, not their early teens. People continually drank to excess and often attitudes over the event were not serious enough. Stefan and I had fun in moderation. Glendon College had spent in the neighbourhood of \$700.00 to send us to St. Johns. We were not there for an extended boozorama. The pairs of blood-shot eyes and basic bad taste in behaviour was appalling, but par for the course at these events.

Sunday saw a banquet with the kind of boring food you always receive at any convention. The winners of the last round were announced, to do battle the next day.

Monday had the last public speaking round and the main event, the finals. Beforehand, at breakfast, I took my minor revenge on some of the debaters I thought ill of, by doing this: As the unwell debaters stabbed socrily at their breakfast and Stefan and I hungrily downed ours, I mentioned the fact of our good health and their bad health on the final day. These debaters were already put off by our good spirits and clear eyes, but were positively deathly when I said what I'd really like for breakfast — pickled herring with vanilla ice cream. Yum-yum.

The final public speaking round for the best five was a competent enough affair, if a little staid. The final debating round had as its resolution: Tears are not enough. The government, University of Montreal, took a dry subject as their argument; free trade. The opposition, Queen's University, came at the government with a very funny counter-argument. Much of humour was personally generated as the Prime Minister for the U of M team, Paul Canniff, is one of those trophy hunters. His legitimacy in debating circles is almost at an end with the new ruling. Queen's won, blowing U of M cleanly away. Game over.

Now for some technical information. Out of a field of thirty teams, Glendon placed twenty-third. Our percentile average was 70.7. The scoring was close for twenty-seven of the thirty teams. The top scores were in the 77 per cent bracket.

• See Individual p.8

## Victorious at Ryerson

by Cathy da Costa

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

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

They followed us on a larger scale by inviting us to their first-ever tournament (March 13 and 14). It started with an Irish pub round of public speaking. The pub-round was competitive and humorous but we didn't place.

Saturday was filled with three rounds of impromptu debating, one formal lunch and one final round. Ten teams competed. It was a lot of fun, the people were friendly, and the winning team was one of three (good ones) from Waterloo. Points-wise, the Glendon team of Cathy da Costa and Steve Roberts came in third. And of the 20 debaters, Steve Roberts got the trophy for first place. This all proves that debating is a worthwhile sport!

PT

### EARN MONEY PART-TIME

Attention all Returning Students

*Pro Tem* needs an Archivist/Researcher/Office Manager to work about 12 hours per week from May 15 to September 1, 1987, to a total of 192 hours. Total remuneration is \$1000, paid monthly.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



photograph: Nancy Stevens

## Bowie is Back

by Nancy Stevens

Outside of Toronto's Diamond Club on an unseasonably warm Friday afternoon, a large crowd gathers on the sun-streaked sidewalk. The group consists of this city's most reputable and respected entertainment journalists, who on this day, are obediently lining up at the door like school children witing to be let outside for recess.

They are alternately buzzing with excitement and quiet with hushed expectancy. The occasion was billed as a press conference. The host is David Bowie. But in true Bowie fashion, the conference intially set up only to announce upcoming tour plans and a new album, quickly turned into a full-blown musical preview.

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

After the song, the 40-year-old singer/songwriter/actor pulled up

a stool, and, in an *untraditional* Bowie fashion, chatted with the press with humour, patience, and ease.

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

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

To accompany the new album, Bowie is embarking on a world tour that will encompass more than a hundred cities and over six continents in six months. His last tour coincided with the 1983 release of his multiplatinum "Let's Dance" album, which was the biggest selling record of his career.

"After that tour, I thought, 'I'm never doing that again!... A year later I was thinking 'It was fun, wasn't it?', and by the third year, I can't wait to get back on stage'," said Bowie.

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

After answering a half an hour of questions, including who his favorite director is (David Lynch), a daring media person asked if he would sing one more song. He turned to the band and grinned. "Are we gonna do another song?". Without waiting for an answer, the band began the beat to another rollicking song and Bowie laced into it like a thirsty man being led to water.

## No Alternative Talent

by Afsun Qureshi

Duke St. Records, the same record company who have brought us Scott Merritt, Jane Siberry and Chalk Circle, continue to promote new wave mainstream with the release of Neo A4's E.P., *Desire*.

Neo A4, a 3-member synthesized "new wave" band from Edmonton are hailed as "Edmonton's most kudo'ed alternative band," by the press release. It'll be truly a miracle if they achieve anything more than mild enthusiasm here.

Their E.P. contains songs that are banal, and mostly drivel. Wimpy guitars with one chord and monotone lyrics make for very boring listening. It would appear that they just needed filler for the E.P. so they could release the "real" new wavy marketable

hits such as "Look to Your Heart" and "In My Life".

The only problem with this is that new wave ended (or should have) a few years back. This is a recurrent problem for many "alternative" Canadian bands on established record labels. Both are too afraid to venture into anything new, and for the most part, continue to stick to tried and true methods. An example would be fellow label-mates Chalk Circle, whose record *The Great Lake* sounded exactly like early U2 or Simple Minds.

Neo A4 sounds just like any other early 80's new wave British band. So why are they doing it again, in the late 80's? What's

• See No p.8

## Radio Glendon Radio

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

Their temple is located deep

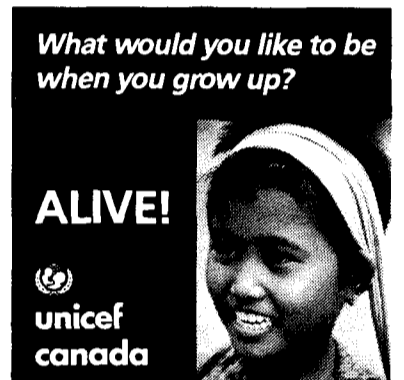
within the basement of Glendon Hall. A door found conveniently between the *Café de la Terrasse* and the his and her lavatories. Elvis "the Guru" is plastered on the window screaming "Rock'n'Roll". The temple has seen substantial equipment improvement in 86-87. It now possesses new production equipment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

We feel like greeks, we feel like romans  
Centuars and monkeys cluster around us.  
We drink elixirs that we refine  
From the juices of the dying.  
We are not monsters, we're moral people  
and yet we have the strength to do this.  
This is the splendour of our achievement...

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

## Radio Glendon's Top Tenz

SINGLES		
	Title	Artist
1.	<i>Dirty Water</i>	Rock and Hyde
2.	<i>John I'm Only Dancing</i>	Chameleons
3.	<i>Kiss</i>	Age of Change
4.	<i>I'm an Adult Now</i>	Pursuit of Happiness
5.	<i>Na Na Na Na</i>	The Squalls (Athens GA)
6.	<i>Do It For Love</i>	77's
7.	<i>Jazz from Hell</i>	Frank Zappa
8.	<i>Blue Moon</i>	Altogether Morris
9.	<i>The Cutting Edge</i>	C.S. Angels
10.	<i>Air Crash Museum</i>	Dead Milkmen
ALBUMS		
	Title	Artist
1.	<i>U.K.</i>	Chameleons
2.	<i>Into the Fire</i>	Brian Adams
3.	<i>The Joshua Tree</i>	U2
4.	<i>Red Roses For Me</i>	Pogues
5.	<i>Happy Head</i>	The Mighty Lemon Drops
6.	<i>Athens Georgia Inside/Out</i>	Various
7.	<i>Jazz from Hell</i>	Frank Zappa
8.	<i>Angel with a Lariat</i>	K.D. Lang
9.	<i>The Seventy-Sevens</i>	77's
10.	<i>Amazulu</i>	Amazulu



# divertissements

## Hector's Hasn't Got It

by Catarina Cadeau and Robert Stevens

### ENCAPSULATED REVIEW

The Original Hector's  
49 Eglinton East  
Style: Bar and Grill  
Rating: ★★  
Price Range: \$20 — \$25 dinner  
for two (not including tip)

### RATING SYSTEM

- ★ Canteen of Canada
- ★★ Mediocre
- ★★★ Good
- ★★★★ Great

'Tis the winter of our discontent (translation: spring at Glendon and the end of another academic year). As the year has ended, so it had begun. The first jaunt for us had been to Hector's and we wanted to reexperience the good times that we had originally. So we went to "The Original Hector's" and found the old haunt to be fairly quiet. This seemed strange for 5:45 on a Friday.

The Original Hector's is billed as a bar and grill. No kidding?! We couldn't help but notice the picture of sports teams that they sponsor, and the beer logos on the walls. Nor the pictures of the 'barflies' and the neon Budweiser moniker. And what about the neon guitar? "It seems very American," remarked Robert.

So we looked at the menu. It is very simple; we had a choice of salads, sandwiches, grilled food

and "munchies". "Munchies" covers such items as chili, potato skins and chicken wings. Prices range from \$2.95 to \$7.00.

It took quite a few minutes for the cocktail waitress to arrive, considering the low density of the crowd. Robert asked her for a Margarita (\$3.75). Catarina ordered a portion of her daily milk requirement. Unfortunately we were doomed to be in a place that dared to not serve milkshakes. "Ze fools," said Robert, "zey vill pay for zier insolence." So Catarina ended up with a glass of plain milk, straight up. A moment later, the waitress returned and asked if Robert wanted a straight margarita and if he preferred Triple Sec or Drambouie in it. It was a rare day for our hero. "I've never been asked that question before." He went for Triple Sec and no ice.

Our dinners, which took 14 minutes to arrive, were pretty simple. Catarina's was a hot dog with fries and sauerkraut (\$3.45). The hot dog comes with 13 different toppings, each one an additional 50 cents. Robert's was chicken wings with hot sauce and fries. Catarina felt that the fries looked really good and big. Robert commented that they were a little greasy, but weren't over or undercooked. The only interesting thing about the hot dog is that the bun had poppy seeds. "Everything tastes good, but it's not epicurean!" exclaimed Catarina. Robert's wings were satisfactory to a point, but he's had better and the hot sauce wasn't spicy enough. His drink was another story. "Too

much Triple Sec... blegh!"

Catarina finished her meal with an Irish coffee (\$4.00). It's contents were bittersweet coffee, Irish whiskey, green creme de menthe, thick whip cream and the requisite cherry. "I know I've had better. It's a rather disappointing end to a disappointing meal."

To give a few closing remarks, we found the 'CHUM-AM'-type music completely annoying. We didn't order desserts but we know they had pretty standard pies and cakes ranging from \$2.75 to \$3.50. Robert noticed that you can have drinks by-the-pitcher, e.g. Bloody Mary's and Screwdrivers, for \$9.95.

In the end, we decided to go to Baskin-Robbins and get a milkshake. PT



photograph: James Mitchell

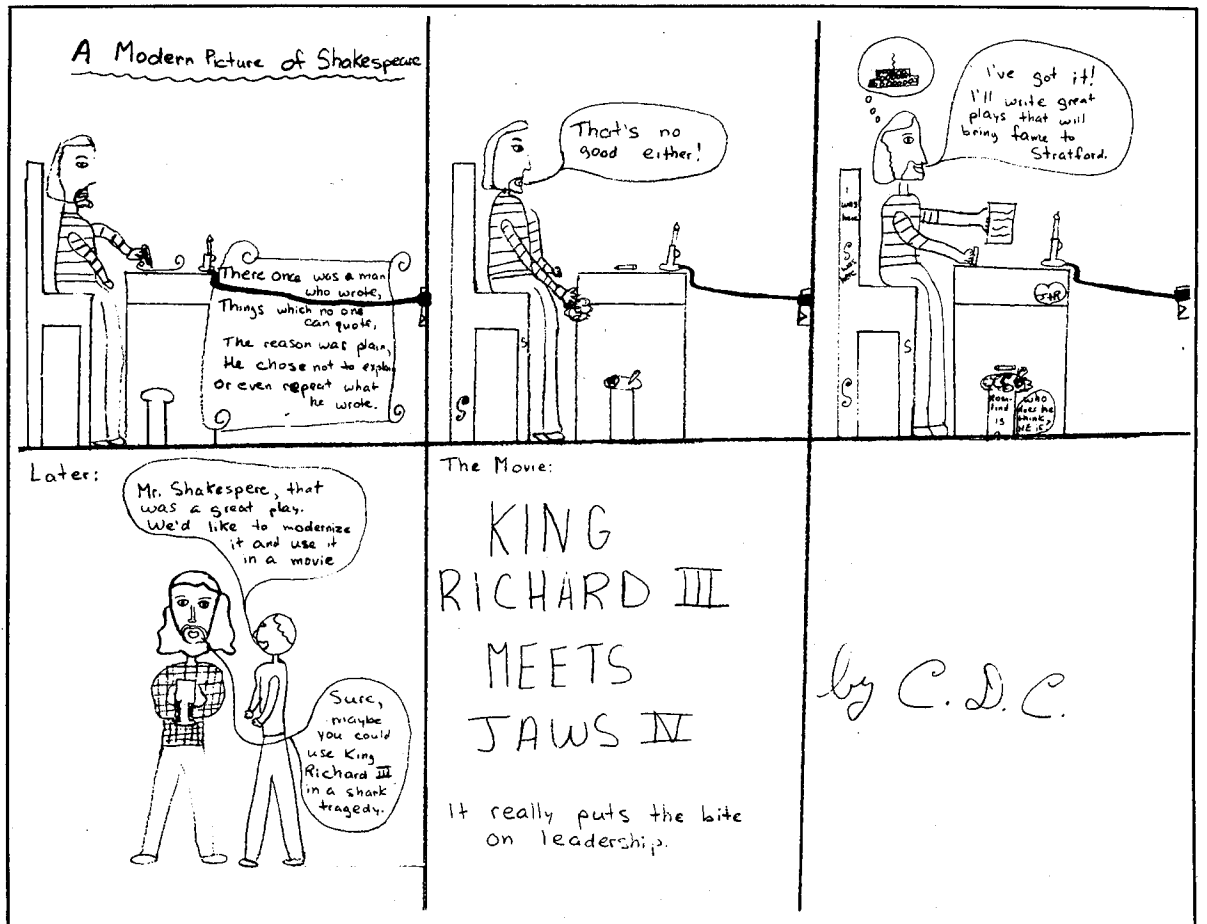
## Neo A4 Won't Venture

From p.7

wrong with the Canadian record industry is that they are simply holding back on real alternative Canadian talent. They are not willing to take a chance. Consequently, we get Chalk Circle, Glass Tiger and Haywire, while the Rhythm Twins, Groovy Religion and the Lawn remain unmolested. (Ironically, Duke St. is one of the

better companies, as they have taken a gamble with Scott Merritt and Jane Siberry.) Canada, Toronto anyway, has an excellent alternative scene. You just would never know it with some signed bands.

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



## Gagnants au OUAA

par Stephan Boivin

Pour la troisième saison l'équipe de hockey de l'Université York a gagné l'OUAA en battant en demi-final l'équipe de Trois-Rivières et en final, en trois parties, les Mustangs de London.

La première partie de la finale fut remportée par les Yeomen (6-2) ensuite les porte couleurs de *Western University* sont venu remporter une victoire de (5-3) à Toronto et dimanche lors de la dernière partie le gardien de but, Mark Applewhaite s'est fait remarquer en ne laissant entrer qu'une seule rondelle dans son but et tenant comme une forterress

devant l'agressive offensive de Western en troisième période. Dick Morrocco est venu marquer le but vainqueur après 18 secondes en période de prolongation.

Cette dernière victoire leur ont permis d'accéder au Canadian University Championships à Edmonton. Les équipes qu'ils auront à affronter sont Alberta, Saskatchewan, Trois-Rivières, London et l'Université de l'Îles du Prince Edward.

Les parties débiteront dimanche après-midi à l'Université de l'Alberta et seront télédiffusées à la chaîne CTV.

## Selection Larger

From p.1

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

A motion was raised to recede the position. It was defeated by a vote of 2-4-0. Another motion that called for a general meeting of the shareholders was also defeated by the same amount.

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

## Individual Standings

From p.6

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

In public speaking, I placed twenty-first out of forty-eight speakers with 104.5 points out of a possible 150. Stefan was thirty-third with 98.7 points, a difference of only 5.8 points. Competition for placing was again a close thing.

Stefan and I believe we acquitted ourselves well, but as many other teams felt, the judging was inexperienced and not the best to reflect our abilities. In short, we and several others feel that we were ripped off. Indicative of this bad judging was the fact that the home team of Memorial did very well, placing at eighth over all. Having judged this team at RMC, it is a testimony to the triumph of mediocrity over creativity. Stefan and I did our best debating to

date, but such is life. You can do everything right and still be wrong.

Feeling as unpalatable as the weather outside, Stefan and I along with everyone else were herded onto the buses to catch our flights. Once there, more horrors. Just about all flights were cancelled due to the weather. We rebooked and received a scare when we were told that the most important part of the ticket was the receipt. After a lecture, we were rebooked; this, after excruciatingly long line-ups, 2 computers breaking down, Air Canada people taking their breaks at choice moments, mechanical difficulty with the baggage carousel.

As one debater from Queen's joked mordantly, "This isn't a real airport; they're going to take it down once we're gone."

Fortunately for us, Stefan had friends in the city and we stayed there overnight. We caught the afternoon flight direct to Toronto. Almost broke, we touched down in sunny T.O., happy to be back.

## Classifieds

YUSA MINI SERIES features "Wills: Information on Estate and Will Planning". Monday, April 20 noon - 1p.m. and from 1-2p.m. Ross S872. Everyone welcome.

THE AGING PROCESS is the first in a three part series of talks, "As Parents Grow Older", given by Pat Flemming, Family Service Association. Thursday, April 9, noon - 1p.m. Ross S869. York campus. Sponsored by the Retirement Consultation Centre. Everyone welcome.

AGING AND THE FAMILY is the second in the "As Parents Grow Older" series. Thursday, April 16, noon - 1p.m. Ross S869.

COMMUNITY SERVICES & RESIDENTIAL CARE is the final in the "As Parents Grow Older" series. Thursday, April 23, noon - 1p.m. Ross S869.

CREATING successful relationships through non-judgement communication, role play included. May 9, 10-4p.m. Sheridan Parkwy Hotel, 404 and Hwy 7. 477-4982 or 226-4897 (Light of the Rainbow).