1984

The Lance: School Year 1983-1984: Summer Lance 1984

University of Windsor

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You’re not going to believe this, but in addition to the Lance’s spectacular foray into summer publishing, the Windsor/Detroit area is already awash with an infinite overdose of warm-weather festivities.

The word goes something like this: your wacky daydreams of vernal wildness that once lit up the institutionalized drabness of February lecture halls and Leddy Library blues, are due to be jubilantly realized.

In the breezy but heat-ridden haze of June, July, and August there will be concerts, there will be rock, opera, jazz, and new wave. And not to forget that there will be theatre, and art, and film, and the riverfront Freedom Festival and people all over the place.

Having acquired a new image in the past few years, the International Freedom Festival, celebrating Can-American liberty and good relations between our peoples, will once again kick off the summer months with three weeks of exhilarating events filling the riverfront and centretown areas.

The festivities start, unofficially, on June 21st when the Conklin Carnival lights turn on and the cards and cash start to exchange hands at the Las Vegas Casino in Cleary Auditorium.

Official opening ceremonies, however, take place the next evening at 5 p.m. at Dieppe Park where this year there will be the added feature of Ontario Premier William Davis and Michigan’s Governor Blanchard on view to delight their roadies and fans alike. The familiar sight of balloons scattering and lights turn on and the cards and cash start to exchange hands at the Las Vegas Casino in Cleary Auditorium.

The annual bed races will take place in front of Peachy’s at 1 p.m. and, as usual, the sights should be good for a guffaw. For the athletes of the city (or anyone willing to risk more than bed-rusting), Johnson Sports is sponsoring Windsor’s first triathlon at 10 in the morning, same day. In this event, contestants must swim a kilometer, cycle 40 km’s, and run another 12, one right after the other. The number of entries is limited to 125 at $20.00 each.

July 2nd will be the day when the fireworks ignite in the skies over the Detroit River, so once again be ready to go into combat for a parking spot or maybe even some standing room. By the way, don’t ask why the fireworks were not scheduled on the first; it would be too logical to celebrate a holiday on the actual day of the event.

That, in a nutshell, is what’s in store for this year’s Freedom Festival. But until then is always the ethnic festivals at Detroit’s Hart Plaza every weekend, each with great food and interesting characters. Windsor’s ethnic festivals begin in mid-June so keep posted and immerse yourself in a little culture. ("Summer in Windsor" continued on page 4.)
A crowd of 235—administrators, faculty, students, and friends of the university—attended a Testimonial Dinner for Dr. Mervyn Franklin, outgoing President of the University of Windsor, this past Thursday evening at Vanier Hall. It was a night marked by revelry, camaraderie, tributes (and jests) for Dr. Franklin.

Chancellor Richard Rohmer’s notorious wit was much in evidence during the introductions, and it served to lend a colloquial air that undercut the sobriety of the proceedings—this was to be, as was soon evident, more of a roast than a high-handed tribute.

W.O. Mitchell’s speech was one of the evening’s highlights. He professed his admiration of Dr. Franklin’s candour, and his steadfast desire to ensure that the function of the university is to “help the young examine their lives.” In a lighter moment, he added that universities “hold an umbrella over scientists and artists…and perhaps Mr. Halberstadt and the Windsor Star are aware of that, although I doubt it—nor will I take a class in Oriental cooking!” he charged.

Gift-giving followed. SAC President David Laird presented Dr. Franklin with an underwater flashlight—a “perceptive gift,” Franklin noted, in reference to his affinity for scuba diving. Craig Boyer, President of the Alumni Association, presented Dr. Franklin with a sleek Eskimo carving, and Dr. Franklin, in the tone of sincerity and humbleness that has marked his tenure, gave thanks to the Alumni Association for their fine work, as well as to SAC and the students—the prime concern of this university… and I must say I’m glad academic regalia, exhibiting a resourceful and stately pose.

Dr. Franklin then took to the lectern, and the standing ovation was not so much in order as it was an honest tribute to the man who had captained the ship of the university for the past six years. His speech was a superb and entertaining mix of philosophy, wit, and gratitude. “For those who have worked with me over the past six years,” Franklin said, “who many times have gone that extra mile and sacrificed their own priorities for the priorities of the institution, I offer my heartfelt thanks.”

Franklin felt that the greatest thing he had learned over the course of his presidency was the importance of perception. “Having lived in the goldfish bowl for six years, I have learned that what people perceive you are doing is more important than what you do.” When one aspires to the presidency, Franklin noted, “yesterday’s drinking buddy can become today’s adversary.”

He added that he was looking forward to getting back to teaching (Dr. Franklin is a biochemist) after his long respite, “where weekends begin on Thursday afternoon, and go until Tuesday, and where there’s only nine hours of work a week.”

He tossed a few barbs in as well. “A dean,” he said, “is a person too dumb to be a professor, and too smart to be a president;” and of Richard Rohmer, a novelist in his own right, Franklin retorted: “Do you think he would get tenure in our English Department?”

In all, the evening was a fine tribute to a fine man. For a full retrospective of Dr. Franklin’s tenure as President, see the next issue of the Summer Lance.
The brightest smiles in town

Well, we're back. We couldn't get enough of the Tuesday-three-o'clock-in-the-blessed-morn ritual, so we tried to extend out drawn cheeks, sagging eyes and sagging marks into the off-season.

So this is The Summer Lance, hopefully the first of a familiar May-August institution. As you'll no doubt soon ascertain, it is a truncated eight page bi-weekly suckling of our regular product, but put together just as deftly by a small army of submissive volunteers. Dealing less with heavy-handed news, the paper is more oriented to the arts, entertainment, feature stories, and the usual assortment of ephemeral information—in other words, seasonal appetizers to prevent you from academic overindulgence and inevitable stupor.

We are, in order of appearance, Glenn Warner, John Slama, Lorenzo Bui, Peter Freele, John May, and Denise Parent. Warner's megalomania as an independent film producer has spilled over into The Summer Lance, but he started to lose his directorial control when he found out the pictures don't move. Slama, the latest in a long line of multi-talented Slamas, is a Slama with a flair for news, sports, and parking under the starling-infested Ambassador Bridge. Culture-merchant Bui has been the Lance's Arts Editor and conscience for as long as anyone can remember and refuses to be dislodged for at least a couple of more decades. Freele is a man with priorities (sort of) mixed—he doesn't know whether to bow to the gospel of Gil Scott-Heron or fly the starling-infested Parish of Windsor. May, the darling of the Cable TV job, has been the Lance's Director of News but has started to lose his flair for news, sports, and parking under the starling-infested Ambassador Bridge. Culture-merchant Bui has been the Lance's Arts Editor and conscience for as long as anyone can remember and refuses to be dislodged for at least a couple of more decades. Freele is a man with priorities (sort of) mixed—he doesn't know whether to bow to the gospel of Gil Scott-Heron or fly the starling-infested Parish of Windsor. May, the darling of the Cable TV job, has been the Lance's Director of News but has started to lose his flair for news, sports, and parking under the starling-infested Ambassador Bridge.

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We, the Lance media services, including The Lance, are published every other Thursday during the intersession and summer semesters. Opinions expressed in The Summer Lance are those of the student writer and not necessarily those of the University of Windsor or the Students Administrative Council.

Letters

Indifferent insensitivity

Dear Editor:

Last Friday (April 27) when I was at the King Wah restaurant, my wallet and identification were stolen. This by itself was upsetting to me but not as upsetting as the reaction of some of the people there. I was quite unprepared for their indifferent insensitivity. An announcement was made about my stolen wallet. A guy who does not even know me shouted, "It serves the bitch right for getting it stolen." Some people laughed when he said this.

No, I did not expect everyone to come rushing to my side just because my identification had been stolen but they didn't have to be so callous and jeering, either. A crime had been committed and people were treating it as a joke. If people laughed at the victims instead of trying to help them, then no wonder crime is so rampant.

Irena Mistautas
Business Student

You and whose army?

Dear Editor:

As a student whose fees go to support the Student Media Services, including The Lance, I would like to note that I believe deeply in the value of independent student news media. Yet, when I pay for something, I expect to get it.

I am speaking, of course, of The Summer Lance. I recall when SAC accepted the proposal to have The Lance publish throughout the summer I eagerly (dare I say pantingly?) awaited the first issue.

Well, I am still awaiting, after weeks since my last fix. I am off my food. How can you do this to one of your most loyal readers? I've been lowered to re-reading old news, and as you know, old news is worse than no news at all.

I fear I may have to fire-bomb you if you don't get the efficient press a-printing. So take that not as a threat, but as a friendly word of encouragement. Save your lives, dogs!

Love and kisses,
Kevin Johnson

A letter to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or less. They may be submitted to the Lance office directly or dropped off at the Lance's mailbox at the SAC office on the second floor of the University Centre during normal business hours. The Lance reserves the right to edit all letters for length and space. All letters must be signed.
The only way to tread the watershed glut of commercial give-the-kiddies-what-they-think-they-want movie producer mentality (which is already cascading your way in the form of Shabba Doo), is to habituate Windsor's alternative and repertory cinemas—which, of course, means those commendable and complementary houses, the venerable Palace and the fledgling Windsor Film Theatre.

This week we are inundated with Canadiana as Maria Chapdelaine, The Tin Flute, and Latitude 55, all lumber into Windsor at the same time (see page 7). If you plan to squeeze all of them in by the weekend like I do, recommend yourself to Jeanne Sauve as a Member of the Order of Canada. You've only got three nights within which to see them. If you're busy this week, not to worry. Subsequent Windsor/Detroit premieres in the months ahead should be enough to whet your film glands.

The British are coming to the Palace in their oh so aimlessly refreshing approach. A long overdue Bill Forsyth double bill has been scheduled, showcasing his very ordinary and very humourous Scottish vignettes, Gregory's Girl and Local Hero. Peter Duffell's Experience Preferred...But Not Essential, a solid Welsh cousin to Forsyth's casual character studies, should not be far behind (or ahead). If you don't believe the British are back, consider the best picture Oscars in '82 and '83, and four of the five best actor nominees in '84.

Speaking of culture, there should be no problem finding things to do or performances to take in when it comes to theatre, opera, or dance this summer.

George Neilson's Performing Arts Windsor, working out of our University's Essex Hall Theatre, will be mounting three plays. To start summer,

University of Detroit's Hilberry Theatre (corner of Cass and Hancock) is putting on five shows in five weeks. Code (opening July 5), an entertainment based on the words and music of Cole Porter, will alternate with the suspense melodrama The Prodigals (opening July 11), which was produced in 1975 by New York's famous Negro Ensemble Company. Flashback (opening July 11), produced especially for children, will be performed at matinees on the main stage. For more information call (519)-253-4565.

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Another hand, are invading the Windsor Film of The Moon in the Gutter and Confidentially, a controversial film, is Jean-Jacques Beineix's (his first) starring burly Gerard Depardieu as impassioned turbulent lovers. The film is returned to the shape of some of his earliest finitamente Yours, another explosion of genres this style. Jean-Louis Trintignant, last seen in the unforgettable Moi N.C. Chez Moua, stars. It's out Koyaanisqatsi as well, a daringly lyrical America with a musical score by avant-transmission from the natural beauty of Monument Valley. More so even than Christmas, summer is a record exec's favourite time of year for record releases. The company ships out the new albums then sends the band trailing behind them to incite sales. At the other end, a public, ravenous for summer fun, jumps at the chance to see the sound made flesh. In the wings, promoters all too willing to play the panderer name the time and place, and, at last, the desires of all parties are consummated in the concert arena.

### Concerts

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<td>July 6</td>
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<td>.38 Special, Night Ranger</td>
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<td>July 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 12</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 14</td>
<td>Pretenders</td>
<td>Pine Knob</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 24</td>
<td>Elvis Costello</td>
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A warning: the further in the future these dates are, the less definite. Also other shows may be added. As for the date and place of the Jacksons' arrival, you can choose any rumour you like. The current favourite is July 13 and 14 at the Silverdome. I'd just as soon see Johnny Cash, myself (June 29-30 at the Premier Centre).

—compiled by Desmond McGrath

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**CONCERTS**

The above set of pearly whites belongs to: Annie Lennox? Rod Stewart? Rob Halford? Billy Idol? or Mervyn Franklin? All variations of metal and mush will be on view this summer, though you'll have to trek to Detroit and beyond to see them. One of the mushier products, Air Supply, will be here in Windsor, an event that should be an amusing experience for skeptical onlookers. The well-known and well-worn bands will mostly be across the river. Their appearances are proclaimed well in advance while the lesser known trendy types from England get by on two or three weeks' advance notice. The hype will hit its peak sometime in July, when the Jacksons' juggernaut steamrolls Detroit, earning them just enough money to buy Michael another bejewelled glove. Dates not yet confirmed for that one; what is confirmed is what follows. Go ahead—buy a ticket and make some promoter's day.
Residences reviewed

by Georgina Ksanovic

After a heated argument at the April 6 SAC meeting, the recently-formed SAC Residence Review Committee (RRC) has met with initial indifference on the part of those it sought to affect.

The RRC was formed in response to a petition and resolution brought forward by Peter Lugli, SAC residence representative, complaining about the abuse of power by residence assistants (RAs). The committee hopes, according to the Lugli Resolution, "to deal with these problems of authority in an objective manner and give its recommendations to SAC." The RRC also seeks to draw up a Student Bill of Rights.

The SAC executive appears to welcome the committee as an addition to the force of student influence on the campus. Jon CarstoCildis, SAC vice-president, supports the committee's formation. "I'm in favour of the RRC," Carlos said. "It will ensure that any existing or future structures are utilized properly."

Bobby Hancock, last year's head resident at Cody Hall, regarded the committee's formation similarly. Any committee that's going to be a check on a system that's already proven itself can only be an improvement."

The original conflict that gave rise to the circulation of the petition, he explained, centered on a chastisement of six Cody residents by Macdonald Hall RAs in the Vanier cafeteria.

John Batchelor, head resident at Macdonald, who served as chairman of the Residence Service Committee last year, sees the new RRC as a duplication of existing services. "I don't see what good that committee is going to do them," he said. "There are enough channels for students to go through. They don't need another committee."

Batchelor didn't deny that an occasional RA abused his or her power. "In the time I've been here, people have been replaced or removed. It's not like their positions are entrenched."

"Students should remember that the rules and regulations that govern the residences were made over the years by the students themselves," he added. "Most of what they (the RRC) want is already incorporated into the system. If people have a complaint and go through the proper channels, they'll be vindicated."

Political in-fighting?

by John Slama

Two members of the 1983-84 Students' Administrative Council finished their terms in April under less than pleasant circumstances. William Chang, commissioner of International Students, was asked to resign during the last week of his term; and Vice-President Carolyn Ozimek voluntarily left her office the next day. The new executive took over May 1st.

Chang received a letter from SAC President David Laird on April 23rd requesting him to leave his position. In that letter Laird said, "I shall not deny that you have some practical work in your commission, yet your political actions throughout the entire year, significantly overshadow this ... there is no doubt in my mind that you were aware that by your actions you were shaming yourself as a commissioner of International Students."

Chang called the letter "garbage" and said Laird was "trying to say something with nothing." He said that while he may not have done as good a job as he had previously (he held the same position from 1982-83), most of his work involved handling individual cases with the university administration and was not seen by the public. He said he believes the letter was a result of his supporting Carolyn Ozimek instead of Laird in the February election.

"In his last two elections (for V.P. in 1982 and for President in 1983) I've been on David's campaign team," said Chang. "After working with him for two years, I've changed my opinion about him as SAC President."

Laird said that it was wrong for Chang to actively campaign while he was a SAC Commissioner, but he had other reasons for the letter as well. He said that Chang repeatedly caused conflicts behind the scenes, despite admonishments from Laird. "A Commissioner is like a civil servant. The only politicians (on SAC) are the President and the Vice-President," said Laird.

Chang said the letter came at a bad time for him because he was in the middle of his final exams. He didn't let it bother him, however, for he had already decided not to return to student politics after this year. A day later, on April 24th, then Vice-President Carolyn Ozimek walked out of the SAC offices and did not return. Ozimek said she left because "no work was being done," only "political in-fighting."

"It was time for me to pack my things and leave." Ozimek's departure caused a delay in some honors during the last week of his term; and Vice-President John Batchelor, head resident at Macdonald, who served as chairman of the Residence Service Committee last year, sees the new RRC as a duplication of existing services. "I don't see what good that committee is going to do them," he said. "There are enough channels for students to go through. They don't need another committee."

Batchelor didn't deny that an occasional RA abused his or her power. "In the time I've been here, people have been replaced or removed. It's not like their positions are entrenched."

"Students should remember that the rules and regulations that govern the residences were made over the years by the students themselves," he added. "Most of what they (the RRC) want is already incorporated into the system. If people have a complaint and go through the proper channels, they'll be vindicated."

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Dr. Janice Etzkowltz,
USA Rep.
303 West 66 Street
New York, N.Y. 10023
(212) 724-5823
by Sarah Atkinson

Just the thought of the Los Angeles suburbs is enough to make sane men cry and hermits scream. And what place better lends itself to the pastime of questioning reality? Well, in LA's suburbs lives Mom, and while she vacations in Alaska, her two sons, Lee and Austin, housesit. The horrors that ensue make up Sam Shepard's more-than-just-hilarious play True West. Shepard has a way of being too witty and Friday night's audience at the Attic Theatre was more than obliging, no doubt nuances sailed above most heads. (But worry not, a surprise near-ending jolted even the jolliest guffawers into sobriety.)

The play's action takes place in the kitchen of Mom's LA home in summer. Austin, a successful screenwriter (played by Brian Teixeira) drinks coffee while Lee (David Regal), freshly returned from a three month stint in the desert, lives on beer. Follow an immediate juxtaposition of America the free with America the urban. Austin is a sensitive city wimp writing about love on the freeways; Lee is an earthy, brutish Neanderthal adept at petty thievery. But in the, ah, final analysis, neither likes civilization at all. In fact, they can hardly stand each other most of the time. Regal is a master of the pelvic thrusts which Lee characteristically doles out behind his brother's back. Regal, on the whole effective in his role, occasionally comes close to chopping subtlety and consequentially depicting intensity. He seems sometimes to have only two speeds—loud and soft. But then Lee is that kind of guy....

Enter Saul Kimmers (Steven Anders), a Hollywood producer, who is working on a "project" with Austin which he subsequently drops for Lee's more commercially viable idea for a "true western." It soon occurs to Austin that "nothing down here is real." (Something the audience has suspected all along.)

Shepard shows the romantic dream of the West being spat upon by the prosaic modern monster that America is today. Morals and cynicism aside, bring on the man who would die for the love of a horse.

True West plays at the Attic Theatre today through Saturday July 7th.

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Film Canadiana lumbers into Windsor...

...Maria Chapdelaine

The Quebecois team of director Gilles Carle and actress Carole Laure has been brought together once again in Maria Chapdelaine, a romantic adventure set in turn-of-the-century Quebec.

Carle first introduced Laure to the world with Fantastica, L'Ange et la femme, La tête du Normande St-Onge, and La mort d'un bûcheron, but her career subsequently skyrocketed without him. She has since become a TV and film superstar in Europe where her popularity exceeds her sex appeal. Her work in the critically commended Maria Chapdelaine: a romantic adventure set in turn-of-the-century Quebec.

Yet acclaimed director Carle himself is no bantamweight, having had at least six films invited to participate in the Cannes Film Festival. Based on the 1913 Canadian classic by Louis Hemon, Maria Chapdelaine: a romantic adventure set in turn-of-the-century Quebec.

The English version of Roy's Bonheur d'occasion: trying to bring Quebec culture to Anglophones.
MINIMAL MAN

"S" (CD Present)

Minimal Man apply their name to their music. Minimal Man may be described as Flippers with jawballs. Minimal Man, however, do have a sound of their own. It adds up: Minimal Man make good records.

After Flippers' mammoth debut album from 1982, bands from around the globe began to mimic their style of bare, top-heavy thrillers ("2 Little Skeletons") to slaggling repetition ("Shouttime") to dreamy tribal religiousness ("Ascension") to junkyard satirical ("Big Head") to great, sweaty distorted funk-jazz dance rave-ups ("You You").

Of course, not all of the songs are godsent, but the total product, even the cover artwork, is way above average.

Minimal Man deserves to be heard.

by Lorenzo Buj

THE ICKIE WORDS

"The Ickie Words" (Beggars Banquet)

Don't mind the awfully bland cover art. Liverpool's 3-man Ickie words have liquefied so much care on this debut garden (new Album) that its wondrous flowers (music) is lush home for its diverse fauna (vocals and lyrics) and proves that this is the record of the summer.

Really now, I'm not going overboard with the verbiage or the sentiments. "Love Is A Wonderful Colour" and "Reap the Rich Harvest" showcase the irrational lucidity of great pop and a progressive rock sensibility (which means working a rich tradition into new and valuable things) of the kind that spans '60s to '70s in one strong wash of Ian McNabb's flexible voice.

The ice-cold school of synth flats flat besides Ickie Words' displate of true musical dream-agility. The songs build, break, then course like great rivers over enticing terrain.

"In The Cauldron Of Love" is a slice of such impassioned, appealing music that you begin to wonder if something all too sweetly is going on. But "Chop The Tree" and "Whisper To A Scream" soon set your mind at ease with inspirational subtleties of their own.

If there is a fault with the record it's that the one or two lesser songs grow prosaic with their linguistic textures and so the album's general ambience is briefly undercut. Hardly a reason, though, not to go out and buy it and have a bloody fantastic time listening.

DEJA VOODOO

"Cemetery" (Og)

Yeah, serious sleddagely is hard to find in this synthy jungle, let's face it. Apart from the Cramps mucking about with Jack Scott, what have you got? The answer: my friends, has blown down wind from Montreal in the form of Deja Voodoo. Deja Voodoo went deep into the sludge-ably mine, found it deserted (although they saw Cramps footprints here and there, I'm told), emerged with nineteen murky numbers, and collected them on this album. Cemetery. Consequently, to paraphrase Dave Howard, the tunes are as if layered on the mind of a melody can still be discerned in spots while the drums pulse along a half step slower than God intended.

Not too surprising from a band who list among their precursors Bo Diddley, the Monkees, Serge, Johnny Cash, Gene Vincent, and who feature a dugged up dozed-about-of that of standard "Sixteen Tons". This is what happens when the hoppy basslines and guitar tones of rockabilly are left to fester for twenty-plus years; something Voodoo have excavated to find that they boot as much bum and derive as much fun as ever.

by Desnond McGrath

BLACK FLAG

"My War" (Frisque Product)

The torturous logic of vocalist Henry Rollins' pain-reign punk expressionism has always marked L.A.'s Black Flag as one of America's most traditional (as in not belonging to the Metal Morons "punk" set) and most consistent purveyors of ranting.

So when on this third LP Henry sings about beating his head against the wall it's the cerebral ignitions, and not just the cracked foreheads and bloody crowns, that are supposed to matter.

Fair enough. Johnny Rot once sang "We mean it as we mean it at the end of time" and he meant it when he tells how there's "Nothing Left Inside" or when he does the "Scream."

In fact, these last two tracks are accompanied by "These Nights" and make up My War's side 2 where Flag's butcher block music and lyrics stretch out for 6 leaden minutes at a shot.

This isn't so bad if you can enjoy and accept the fact My War is so scored with raw psycho-metal chord shakes, brain-deaths, and vocals fit to match the screaming of, say, Macbeth in some circle of Dante's hell.

The truth is that Rollins is a mental sage-ball, a human too truly sane to pretend this life allows one the luxury of normality. And thus he sings songs like "My War" or "Can't Decide" or "Swinging Man" (not at all concerned with the swinging of that trunchion-like thing or the decidedly wrenching "Forever Time.")

He snarls, he sooths, he finds no problems taking sides when sides need to be taken: "You say you're my friend, but you're one of them... they, them, them, Aazzzrghhh My War!"

This is not blurred vision. This is strain and credibility.

by L.B.

THE BOX

"The Box" (Alert)

The Box is actually the name of an English band who do a respectable sort of jagged dancemusic, but they are not to be confused with this crowd on Alert records who only manage to sully the name. This Box, from Quebec, has 2 keyboard players, and that's really all you need to know for it inevitably means lots of cheap atmospheric and there's nothing easier to produce than that unless it be a negative review. The lyrics too are structured to convey some

wefty meaning but have none, nor insight nor inspiration, which makes it all inconsequential in a Tears For Fears kind of way... in fact, not even worth reviewing.

by Desnond McGrath

AVENGERS

"Avengers" (CD Present)

As hardcore mucks about its collective morass of what's become silly somnambulism, sactelotte, one can't help to think years back when the whole thing began with unself-conscious volleys of emotional fortitude.

That spirit is recapitulated on this the only LP to document the output of San Francisco's Avengers. Some trepy production aside, the album, made up of '77-'78 material,ounds forth with an innence and an honesty that amidst the thud-scrath of Todayspunk sounds like sheer pop sensibility.

Penelope Houston's vocals are delightful as they mold the remains of the post-punk into an emotive and scan themes the kind of which lead up to the simple vigour of lyrics like: "We will build a better tomorrow/This is not the way of today can be tools." It's a pleasure to hear young America leaving the realms of "Open Your Eyes." "We Are The One, My War!" (Christ is something of valuable reference point for the Avengers' post-Cramps (essentialism) and developing it along the lines of a measured optimism.

Houston is like a Debbie Harry of the down-the-block neighbourhood set, but she isn't defined by the latent glam sophistication that also marked Blondie's eventual departure from "punk" roots. The Avengers knew how to sneer, smile, and, finally, how to display the keen smarts of rock's most exciting period.

by L.B.

MARILLION

"Fugazit (Capitol)

"I am the harlequin with diamonded costume drooping shades of green" -typical

I imagine that one who drifts into realms of purple fantasy at the mere recall of Genesis (especially), Floyd, ELP, or the rather observe German outfit Triumph, will find Britain's Marillion the greatest of human achievements.

Burdly-boy singer Fisher masters the art of delivering post-poetic Metal poetry and the band sublimes pop into mandarin migra.

"Punch and Judy" is my favourite cut despite the fact that it comes as it's supposed to look much like the rest of the album. And I don't know about you but it's once a light-year that a song worthless as "Jigsaw" leaves you satisfied with a line like "The problem always seems to be/Were picking up the pieces on a ricochet."

Still, in the end, Fugazit is just an opulent, garish tapestry of the wicked whoring ways of a world in decline, and it's all served up with enough helpings of Minimingo, Arts and Fender basses, guitars (take your pick from a Marshal 50 W Combo, a Roland 501 Chroma/Echo, an Ovation Acoustic, and many others!), etc. to remind you how overblown rock once was.

But, funny thing that lotas today's "progressive" electro-art is actually indulging the same thing in a different avenue, in a different bar, under a different hair-code. So it's getting more like the old Bollocks brigade never happened isn't it.

by L.B.

*Certain Top 13 Albums

1) Reckoning, R.E.M. (IRS)
2) Jon, Science, Shriekback (?)
3) Holyground. Violent Femmes (Stahl)
4) Cemetery, Deja Voodoo (Og)
5) Collage (ep), Vital Stress (VTO)
6) Burning Out Of Funton (ep), L'Emmigrante (Ground Zero)
7) My Eer Changing Mood, Style Council (Polydor)
8) Shock Of The Day, The Sound (Stee)
9) Ickie Works, Ickie Works (Regan Banque)
10) Super Man-Single (ep), Dub Rifles (Pax Jax)
11) Brochet Dac, Modern English (Vertigo)
12) Jonathan Sings, Jonathan Richmen etc. (Spin)
13) Muster Heartbreak, Lauteur Andenon (Warner Band)

* denotes Canadian artist
This is it, the only event that puts Detroit on a par with the likes of Rio de Janeiro and the French Riviera. It even brought Christie Brinkley to town once. And there’s only a mile or so of water between all that glamour and Windsor! For three days—June 22, 23, and 24, streamlined, turbocharged, very fragile cars from all over Europe will be cruisin’ Lamed, Woodward, Congress, et al, not for whatever bit of crumpet the driver takes a fancy to, but in order to build up Grand Prix points.

Unlike Indy 500 or American stock car racing, a Grand Prix race features both left and right hand turns, so it might need some introduction for those used to watching Allison, Sneva, Petty, Mears, and the like. The idea of a Grand Prix is that a series of contests be held in diverse places and the individual with the best overall performance when all events are over with wins the big prize (grand prix is French for ‘big prize’—geddit?) Grand Prix events for Formula One cars are held in almost all Western European countries, since that’s where it all started, and also in South Africa, Brazil, and Canada on a regular basis. This year, one has been added in Portugal, and there’s talk of having one in Japan. It’s this cosmopolitanism that makes the sport a glamourous one. That and its long history—the first Grand Prix took place sometime around 1906.

The Detroit race is more important now to the Grand Prix organizers than ever, since it could become the sport’s lone link to America, with its money and mass media. Long Beach sponsored a race until this year, and Las Vegas until last. New York City planned to host a race, but the organizers there didn’t get all in order, and have now given up. There is hope, though, in Dallas. They’ve been wanting a race there for some time and should have everything ready after the Detroit event. The more the merrier, as far as the Grand Prix people are concerned, because more events in more places adds more prestige to the sport. In addition, the idea of a race in Detroit holds some poetic justice, Detroit being the Motor Capital of the world, and having long associations with the invention and development of the automobile.

The City of Detroit is in this for similar Grand Prix-view continued on p.4.

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**Graduation well worth the suffering**

by Georgina Kosanovic

The academic year reached its climax on Saturday, June 2 as over two thousand students graduated from their now-alma mater. Two ceremonies were held to accommodate the largest number of graduating students in recent memory.

The morning session conferred degrees on undergraduates in arts, social sciences, sciences and engineering. Honourary degrees were given to Len Cariou, renowned Canadian actor and failed barber, and Thomas Shoyama, former British Columbia public servant and university professor. Shoyama was called upon to address the students and he did. The afternoon session launched a whole new passel of law, education, human kinetics, commerce and graduate students into the world. Once again, honourary degrees were conferred on two notables in the world of academe. Hugh Kenner, a brilliant literary critic and otherwise sexy guy from Baltimore, received a Doctor of Letters from our esteemed institution. James Gordon Parr, head of TV Ontario, received a Doctor of Laws degree and also gave the main address to the students. Both Kenner and Parr have connections with this university. Kenner is a former professor of English; Parr taught engineering.

Other highlights include the awarding of the President’s medal to Hilde Berends, a chemistry graduate, and the Governor General’s medal to Patricia Spreight, a graduate in law.

On the whole, the two ceremonies proceeded without difficulty, each taking about two hours to complete. Unfortunately, due to the seemingly endless number of graduates, many students and families left early, causing traffic jams in the aisles between graduates and those in the process of doing so. However, as many a graduate knows, it is worth the suffering to make your parents happy.

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Lance Photo by Glenn Wamer
Three thousand students can’t be wrong
by John Slama

Dr. Bette Stephenson got the message from Windsor last week, 3000 times.
Two representatives from the Students Concerned about the Bovey Commission (SCBC) delivered 3000 petitions regarding the restructuring of universities to the office of the Colleges and Universities Minister last Thursday. Dr. Stephenson was not there to greet them.

Sam DiFilippo, the founding Chairman of the SCBC said that the petitions were to serve as "an indication of our displeasure with the restructuring of universities and to voice our protest in public."

Kevin Johnson, the current chairman, said that the first objective of the petitions was to inform students. The postcard-sized petitions listed the students' concerns as higher tuition costs, specialization of universities, insufferable admission requirements and the possible closing of the Law and Education Faculties.

The cards also left room for students to write in their own comments. Johnson said most comments concerned elitism and the restricting of access to the university system.

"They're sending us back to an age when universities were for the rich," said Johnson.

The SCBC proposes that instead of raising tuition, funding for universities should be increased. DiFilippo said that Ontario universities are "25 per cent underfunded compared to other universities."

Johnson explained that the cost of educating each university student in Ontario is about $600 per year. That cost is now split between the government and the student at about $4800-$1200. Dr. Stephenson has proposed that a 50-50 split would be more equitable. But many students "are just making it now," Johnson maintains.

"We went in with a closed box," said Johnson, "and the secretary said I'll take those petitions so they know we were coming."

After being told that Stephenson was not there, DiFilippo and Johnson were met by an assistant who told them they should not have brought the petitions to Stephenson's office but should have gone to the Bovey Commission instead. Johnson said the SCBC decided to deliver the petitions to Stephenson's office because she will make any final decisions and because she would "feel the pressure more."

The committee is also preparing a brief for the Bovey Commission, which is accepting submissions until August 20. The commission will make its final report in November. Johnson said another demonstration may also be in the works for September, when the Commission will visit Windsor.

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The Summer Lance, 12 June 1984, page 2

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The Students Administrative Council of the University of Windsor is accepting applications for the position of ENTERTAINMENT COORDINATOR. Applicants must be qualified in all areas of promotion and production.

Applications will be received until June 29, 1984 by:
Mr. David Laird
President
Students Administrative Council
University of Windsor, Ontario
N9B 3P4
Baseball is a game played on grass

I was a twelve-year-old kid aloft in a Swissair jet over Montreal when I craned my neck, hoping to get a glimpse of Jarry Park, the Expo's stone age stomping grounds. But the plane curved away on an upward climb and that particular vision never materialized. Jarry wouldn't have been my first Major League ballpark. I was already familiar with the lights of Tiger Stadium glowing through the evening as the parents drove down Riverside and I dreamt of Boog Powell, thick-armed and blond, powering the Orioles over the Bengals and their partisan locals.

Then too, there was also the summer we were speeding through Ohio when out of an afternoon's dense heat there emerged the cavernous, somehow alien, hulk of vagon grey, that's called Municipal Stadium, home of that Indian tribe that regularly spend the summers teaching its fans humility and modesty. Thanks to Television's unwavering eye, to its Joe Garagiola, Tony Kubek Saturdays in Wrigley or Three Rivers or Anaheim, the lines and angles of the Major other parks have long since displaced whatever mysteries of imagination was prepared to subsist on. Still, Joe couldn't prepare me for the space-age sleekness of St. Louis' Busch Stadium, Cincinatti's Riverfront, or the game-time environs of old venerable knock-about Fenway.

The point of interest here is that all of these stadiums were viewed en route to another destination—Boston looked like rain, St. Louis was a 60 mph thrill on the longroad to California—and it's from these sort of perspectives that the game's faithful traditions are transformed into something grand and even heroic. But this romance, this dimension of pastoral imagery; the mind recalls that last big curve down the foul lines.

There's the third baseman who ranges far to his right and, scooping up a grounder with a glove old as the hills, will throw you out before you're 60 feet down the line; the fleet-footed outfielder who will take away your extra-base hits with over-the-shoulder catches in centrefield's vast pastures; the hitter who jumps on any hanging curveball left anozzling high-and-inside and drills it over the fences and onto the front lawns of Italian immigrants.

It's largely a game of quiet movement, of select pockets of action. It's not as fluid a seat-of-the-pants game as, say, basketball or hockey. While hockey's cold arenas are enough to call for the spectre of brutal body-checks, toothless opponents, and exhilarating, but on occasion dangerous, barbarism, baseball's grace is bound up with deeper modes of intuition.

That's not to say that the game's all leisure and daydream. Far from it. Hitting, pitching, and fielding are consummate arts of their own. They take a lot of practice, which is what spring training is all about. By the time spring's been burned off by July and August one should be able toavour (or execute) a well-turned double-play as one would reading (or writing) a masterful sentence.

Yet the lessons of spring all too often turn into game-breaking foibles. In certain key situations, missing the cut-off man can be as bad as forgetting to dial the parents long distance on their 20th anniversary, and misplaying an inning-ending pop fly into a four run error may rate up there with smashing the car the first time Dad hands it over.

For all this it's still been said, by misguided critics, that baseball is a boring, whaleless game—5 minutes of action packed into a long and drawn-out afternoon. To be sure, there is something Beckettian about staggering in from rightfield where by 7th inning stretch time the sun has dried you to the bone and the only ball that's found its way to you is a bad hop grounder past third.

To come full circle, however, is to accept things like baseball or dating problems on their own planes of reality. Both are as much mental constructs as they are palpable factual occurrences.

Too many sharp line drives through the middle inevitably test your passion for the game. A catcher's quick pick-off throw to first that catches you leaning in the void between first and second is enough to remind you of the mortality of all ambitions and all things loved.
Grand Prix-view

by Desmond McGrath

Grand Prix-view (Continued from page 1)

reasons, certainly not monetary ones. Two years ago the city lost $400,000 on the event, and $700,000 in 1983. Despite that the city has agreed to host a race at least until 1988, and many people-most of them Detroit taxpayers, I suppose—are wondering why. The answer to that is just as holding a race here adds prestige to the sport, so it increases Detroit's international stature. Whatever losses the city incurs can be written off as well-spent advertising costs, for TV coverage of the race will broadcast flattering shots of the Renaissance Center and a glittering Detroit River across America and throughout Europe.

Those of us who live around here and know that the short straightaway along Larned reveals more about Detroit than the Renaissance Center panoramas, will have to make do with the real thing, up close and personal. CBS will broadcast the game live, but a blackout will be in effect for the Detroit area. Channel 9 will carry the race Sunday night, but as someone said of another sort of compromise, watching it that way is like kissing your sister. Your Country Connection WCXI 1130 AM will have live radio coverage, so even those at the track will know what's going on.

Last year 75,000 paid $15 for general admission or $35 for grandstand seats to get in on the excitement, and tickets are selling faster this year. As the song says, you can watch them for $35 (U.S.) and you can see them for free; that's because Friday June 22 is Free Prix day, when it costs you nothing to wander around the race area and see the first day of qualifying. As the song says, you can watch them for $35 (U.S.) and you can see them for free; that's because Friday June 22 is Free Prix day, when it costs you nothing to wander around the race area and see the first day of qualifying.

On Saturday, when final starting grid positions are fought for, the $15 and $35 ticket prices come into effect. Unlike at Indy, the track isn't given over to one qualifier at a time; instead, racers come and go more or less at random, so watching them qualify is almost like watching the race... but not quite.

Most of the grandstands are at the long straight and hairpin by the river, with a view of pit row. More expensive are the seats at the Cobb Hall, $75 (U.S.) for two days, with a fine view of the overall scheme of things. Those are awarded as follows: first place—$9 points, second—$8, third—$7, fourth—$6, fifth—$5, sixth—$4. In 1984 the drivers are coming to try and catch Alain Prost in the standings. After the first six races Prost has 28 points, ten more than the next man, his teammate Niki Lauda. Since first place gets nine points, Prost's lead is considerable. On the other hand, the Detroit race comes just at the season's halfway mark, so it's too early to pick winners. After all, Prost came to Detroit ahead last year, yet eventually lost out to Nelson Piquet.

Obviously then, you can expect Prost to do well in Detroit, even though the tight turns and short straightaways of the circuit will cramp his style somewhat. Lauda will also be a threat, the more so since the McLarens cars that he and Prost drive have so far proven to be the most reliable. The man who won Detroit in '83, Michele Alboreto, has moved from the Tyrrell team to the bigger bucks and better equipment of Ferrari. Unfortunately, both he and teammate Rene Arnoux have had a season of mechanical failures and few finishes. If their cars hold up, each of them should finish in the top three and revive their championship hopes. Piquet, after winning it all last year, has had a disastrous season too, fraught with breakdowns that keep him from finishing a race. Last year he finished fourth here and would be happy to get that again. The two new Renault drivers, Derek Warwick and Patrick Tambay, also have first-rate cars, so should do well. Warwick is running third in the overall standings and so has a good chance of catching Prost. 1982 World Champion Keke Rosberg finally has a high-powered turbo engine for this year and may yet win another championship. Elio de Angelis and Nigel Mansell with their Lotuses have qualified in strong starting positions all season, and if they can maintain that advantage—as Mansell almost did at Monaco—could win.

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT—a child's guide

As mentioned earlier, the Grand Prix racers are coming to Detroit to earn World Championship points, in order to improve their position in the overall scheme of things. Those are awarded as follows: first place—$9 points, second—$8, third—$7, fourth—$6, fifth—$5, sixth—$4. In 1984 the drivers are coming to try and catch Alain Prost in the standings. After the first six races Prost has 28 points, ten more than the next man, his teammate Niki Lauda. Since first place gets nine points, Prost's lead is considerable. On the other hand, the Detroit race comes just at the season's halfway mark, so it's too early to pick winners. After all, Prost came to Detroit ahead last year, yet eventually lost out to Nelson Piquet.

Obviously then, you can expect Prost to do well in Detroit, even though the tight turns and short straightaways of the circuit will cramp his style somewhat. Lauda will also be a threat, the more so since the McLarens cars that he and Prost drive have so far proven to be the most reliable. The man who won Detroit in '83, Michele Alboreto, has moved from the Tyrrell team to the bigger bucks and better equipment of Ferrari. Unfortunately, both he and teammate Rene Arnoux have had a season of mechanical failures and few finishes. If their cars hold up, each of them should finish in the top three and revive their championship hopes. Piquet, after winning it all last year, has had a disastrous season too, fraught with breakdowns that keep him from finishing a race. Last year he finished fourth here and would be happy to get that again. The two new Renault drivers, Derek Warwick and Patrick Tambay, also have first-rate cars, so should do well. Warwick is running third in the overall standings and so has a good chance of catching Prost. 1982 World Champion Keke Rosberg finally has a high-powered turbo engine for this year and may yet win another championship. Elio de Angelis and Nigel Mansell with their Lotuses have qualified in strong starting positions all season, and if they can maintain that advantage—as Mansell almost did at Monaco—could win easily.

The above are all known to be talented drivers and because they have the best cars, their teams, fans, and country expect them to win. But remember: nobody expected Alain to win last year, yet that didn't stop him. Ayrton Senna nearly pulled off a similar upset two weeks ago in Monaco, so watch for him.

Sadly missed this year will be John Watson, the man who won Detroit's first Grand Prix back in '82 and who took third here last year despite a slower, outdated engine. The McLarens team abandoned Watson at the end of last season in favour of Prost, and rumors have it that Watson's asking price was too high for most others. Still, with a little luck he might be back next year.
Grand Prix-View

by Desmond McGrath

(Continued from page 1)

reasons, certainly not monetary ones. Two years ago the city lost $400,000 on the event, and $700,000 in 1983. Despite that the city has agreed to host a race at least until 1988, and many people—most of them Detroit taxpayers, I suppose—are wondering why. The answer to that is just as holding a race here adds prestige to the sport, so it increases Detroit's international stature. Whatever losses the city incurs can be written off as well.

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RenCen panoramas, will have to make do with the real thing, up close and personal. CBS will broadcast the game live, but a blackout will be in effect for the Detroit area. Channel 9 will carry fastersonikhisingyoursister. Your Country Connection WCXI 1130 AM will have live radio coverage, so even those at the track will know what's going on.

Last year 75,000 paid $15 for general admission or $35 for grandstand seats to get in on the excitement, and tickets are selling faster this year. As the song says, you can watch them for $35 (U.S.) and you can see them for free; that's because Friday June 22 is Free Prix day, when it costs you nothing to wander around the race area and see the first day of qualifying.

On Saturday, when final starting grid positions are fought for, the $15 and $35 ticket prices come into effect. Unlike at Indy, the track isn't given over to one qualifier at a time; instead, racers approach straight and two left turns.

Hardcore Prix and photo fans can get a two-day photo pass for $100 (U.S.). This lets you into photo towers, certain otherwise off-limits trackside areas, even some time in the pit area.

You're not supposed to get within sight of the track without paying at least the general admission price, but last year the number of people viewing from surrounding office buildings and offshore boats outnumbered the paid attendance. Security will be tighter this year, but those with a will to save money will always find a way.

Most of the grandstands are at the long straight and hairpin by the river, with a view of pit row. More expensive are the seats at Cobb Hall, $75 (U.S.) for two days, with a fine view of an approaching straight and two left turns.

Those of us who live around here and know that the short straightaway along Lamed reveals more about Detroit than the RenCen panoramas, will have to make do with the real thing, up close and personal. CBS will broadcast the game live, but a blackout will be in effect for the Detroit area. Channel 9 will carry the race Sunday night, but as someone said of another sort of compromise, watching it that way is like kissing your sister. Your Country Connection WCXI 1130 AM will have live radio coverage, so even those at the track will know what's going on.

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Meanwhile, the Detroit Institute of Arts has brought in a study of the history of Grand Prix racing as seen by the photographers. The exhibit, featuring photos from as far back as 1894 is absolutely free and runs until August 26. Several smaller displays can be seen at the special Grand Prix Expo in Cobb Hall during race week.

There is another, more insidious way of partaking of the influx of glamour, by turning it to your own advantage. With a passable French or Italian accent and a little Grand Prix knowledge you can enter any of Detroit's finer establishments—the kind of place where, as the local connoisseur put it “the women are so stuck up you have to peel them off the ceiling”—and charm the jewellery off women who wouldn't ordinarily flash so much as a bracelet in your direction. You see, even though none of them would know Alain Prost from a garage mechanic, any of them would love to regale the other debs at the next St. Clair Shores social-do with tales of their night with an internationally famous race car driver. She'll especially enjoy telling them that you've refused models and heiresses from all over Europe, so be sure to mention or imply as much.

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT—a child's guide

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by Janisse Browning-Leveque

Since the Detroit Tigers have started off the 1984 baseball season by practically knocking the 'Sox off area fans, more spectators than ever will be touring over to Tiger Stadium to see if this team is for real. In the event that there are some people out there who know nothing about going to Tiger games (or don't know as much as they thought they did), here's all the basic information you'll ever need in order to enjoy a game at Tiger Stadium.

First, if you aren't the kind of person who enjoys boisterous (but fun) crowds, avoid the bleachers. Advance tickets are sold in Windsor at the Ticket World outlet in Windsor Arena (at the corner of Wyandotte and McDougall), or Frank Wansborough Travel (at 123 Ouellette). If you don't mind long line-ups and happen to be in Detroit, however, your best bet would be to get advance tickets at the stadium outlet on Michigan and Trumbull since the Windsor outlets are given only a limited number of tickets to sell.

Tickets are sold for American money or the Canadian equivalent, and prices range from $3.50 for bleacher seats to $9.75 for box seats. Bleacher and $5.00 General Admission seats go on sale two hours before game time. Upper and lower box seats are the closest you can get to a good infield view, but since the Tigers have been doing exceptionally well, the best available tickets will probably be upper or lower reserves at $8.25.

Five-sixteenths of the fun, however, is getting there. The most economical method of traveling with a party of less than four is to take the bus. Transit Windsor provides bus services from the tunnel entrance at Goyeau near Wyandotte right to the stadium for $1.50 per person each way. This saves you the hassle of finding parking and worrying about whether your hubcaps will remain intact during the game. Buses leave the Windsor depot one hour and half hour before game time, and returning buses pick up passengers at the corner of Michigan and Trumbull only until a half hour after the game.

A party of more than four might find traveling by car more economical, since the toll is $1.25 each way, and parking prices range from $3.00 to $5.00.

Those who provide their own transportation to and from the games may wish to indulge in some post-game celebration. Most Tiger fans prefer nearby 'Nemo's' or 'Lindell A.C.' (where some of the players hang out).

With this vast storage of information, you should now be ready to join the array of active Windsor area Tiger fans. Your only other requirement for a good time at the stadium are good weather, a winning team, and a ballpark frank.
Franklin: A solid bottom line

compiled by Philip Rourke

Since Dr. Mervyn Franklin has been replaced by Dr. Ronald Ianni this year as President of the University of Windsor, a brief glance back at Franklin's comments during the past six years is timely.

On the role of the university:
"University should be used as a tool in order for the student to expand his mind and social awareness in today's society but at the same time, it should prove to be an enjoyable experience." (1978)

"To survive in this world, it's necessary to become more dependent on university education than at any other time in history." (1981)

"The important thing about a university education is that it gives you a broader knowledge base and allows you to adopt a much more flexible career path... graduates over the next few years will have to keep learning... we live in a very knowledge intense society." (1982)

On restructuring of the universities:
"Restructuring troubles me... The whole philosophy of university is lost if restructuring is forced by the economic political process upon the faculty and students." (1981)

On the dwindling amounts of funds for the universities:
"We have tried to spend our money carefully, on legitimate needs... The Board has to be concerned about financial stability. It's better to be careful than to run big deficits that the government has quite clearly stated they will not pick up.

There are certain possible changes in the funding mechanism coming in the next year or so, there will almost certainly be a 5% ceiling on fee increases, so we have to be careful.

"Some people will complain regardless of what you do. We could've given a larger amount of money to the non-academic salaried sector, got ourselves into a deficit, and someone would've been bitching about that. You've got to have a solid bottom line." (1981)

SAC's Pub to open patio

by Glenn Warner

SAC's Pub will be opening an outdoor patio in front of the University Centre as soon as it gets the go-ahead from the Liquor License Board of Ontario.

Having lost money in recent years due to the summer sales drought, the pub is completing the first phase of a modernization program, said Pub Manager Nancy Bauer. The intention is to keep in vogue with today's market services. Since much of the campus clientele tends to migrate downtown during the summer, Bauer proposes that the venture will instill a seasonal "garden party atmosphere," and consequently a sustained interest.

In order to recoup an investment, the pub must be prepared to invest, and then pursue more financial endeavours with the profits, stressed Bauer. So far the pub has spent about $28,000 on the outdoor refurbishments, which include a portable big screen television connected to a direct broadcast satellite dish, capable of intercepting MTV or any other private channels from geostationary orbital satellites overhead.

Weather pending, a portable bar will be wheeled outside with the TV from noon until eight in the evening. Furniture borrowed from Vanier's Round Table and the unused portion of the pub should accommodate a possible 189 capacity crowd. Draft beer and liquor served in paper cups will minimize the problems of glass outside.

Although SAC's Pub is operating now with only four employees, Bauer is assured that a successful turnover could raise employment to as many as twenty workers. Phase two of the Pub's embellishment in the future will include a renovation of the bar area, which, as Bauer sees it, now causes the sort of inefficiency saved only by a good staff.

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Oven Fresh Pizza
Submarines

Special Greek Dinners
Souvlaki Greek Salad
Gyros Shish-Kebab
10% Discount on Party Orders
FREE Delivery for all students

1794 University W.

Regular Priced LP's
$7.99 for students
Offer expires Sat., June 30, 1984

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WHEELS CRUISE
3RD ANNUAL

TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1984
7:30 P.M. FROM DIEPPE PARK (RETURN 11 P.M.)
S13 PER PERSON
LIVE MUSIC BY "MEADOWS"
WINNERS OF CBC'S NATIONAL TALENT CONTEST
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM THE OFFICE OF ALUMNI RELATIONS AND THE UNIVERSITY CENTRE
ALSO AVAILABLE AT LONG & McQUAIDE MUSIC STORES
STUDENTS WELCOME!

FOR INFORMATION, CALL 253-4232 EXT. 3244
by Philip Rourke

The North American social fabric contains it," concludes Hartoutoon Sundookian in the play performed at the Detroit Repertory Theatre. A Day Out of Time, a 

Sundookian, and Armenian whose role has to deal with his or her reality and they all succeed in getting through that experience in Freedomland. At the end of the play, their skin is more hardened and the audience learns that none is always free.

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

A sense of belonging?

The play is about our family roots and how difficult it was for our immigrant ancestors to get admitted into the Land of Freedom. While watching how these immigrants were treated, I was frequently reminded about Canada's many "was the going prejudice. Each of the ten immigrants who are awaiting admission into the "Land of Freedom." While

The play convincingly illustrates the anxiety that these people go through on enrolling on an endless path of frustration which makes their feet drag and their eyes weep. The Hungarian (played by Robert Rucker) rids himself of his frustration by outwitting the immigration authorities; the Armenian (played by Darius Dudley) deals with his by completely ignoring it and proclaiming himself leader of immigrants. Each individual has to deal with his or her own characteristic reality and they all succeed in getting through their first experience in Freedomland. At the end of the play, their skin is more hardened and the audience learns that none is always free.

Sundookian, an Armenian whose

Armenian whose

Anthrax continues to propound lyrically the simple and usually stupid mythos of the kind built around violence in the night, death-speed car crying, blind power, etc. It still stands to reason, however, that these guys form one of the most impressive young bands around—average age about 19 or 20. They gotta be youthful to survive, don't tell that to Gary Moore whose guitar weavings, a generation removed from Anthrax's first experience in Freedomland. At the end of the play, their skin is more hardened and the audience learns that none is always free.

Of special mention are the performances of Dudley as the Armenian, William Boswell as Montreal Robin, a Russian Jew whose

Anthrax to return to Europe without his family because he is plagued with consumption, and Bathsheba

A Day Out of Time. The play continues through June 24. For info call (313) 868-1347.

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Works

A guide to the art that matters

Three Women: Crossed Border

These Detroit and NYC artists investigate racism, unemployment lines, and art history in mixed media sculpture and installations June 6 to July 16.

The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit.

Passion and Precision: The Photographer and Grand Prix Racing, 1864-1964

From the collection of Diane de Beaufort, Beaufort, and with the Cooper Hewitt, Smithsonian Design Museum.

Art Institute, 1833 University W.

Dreamscapes

Because Van Gogh interpreted the forces of landscape in her paintings and other constructions. Through June 17.

Collaborations Biennial

Lot of fun to be had by all in this project, featuring performances and installations by local artists, poets, and musicians. This 5-week series will take place all around the city, July 2 to August 4.

Love's Gallery, 1533 Ouellette

Palazzo: The Forbes Magazine Collection, 200 exquisite works of Palazzo, creation of ornate jewelry, books, furniture, household objects, and luminaries, will be displayed at the DIA. Included are ten Imperial Eater Eggs, made by Pobjoy for Queen Alexandra and Nicholas II. Opens June 27, through August 16.

Voyages Pictoresques: European Books in Prints and Drawings from the Permanent Collection

Landscapes, cityscapes, and seascapes from the period and styles of Breughel, Rembrandt, Daubigny, Nolde and many others. Through July 16.

The Art of Chivalry: European Arms and Armor from the Metropolitan Museum of Art

From armors and frescoes to helmets and gauntlets, this exhibit marks the grandeur of chivalry in hardware. 180 rare examples chronicle the history of heraldry from the 18th century, back to the more polite 18th century. Decorum returns every Saturday, Through June 17.

The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit.

Chatham Cultural Centre, 76 William St. N., Chatham

The thriving university woodchests and high prestige of M.C. Escher are up through June 30.

Detroit Artists Market, 1428 Randolph St., Detroit

Architecture: Other Ideas

Work of Windsorers Tom Randol and is included in this mixed media exhibition.

-complied by Christine Bushnell and John May

Without reservations

by Sarah Atkinson

You want spectacle? I'll give ya spectacle.

You want a reason to dress up and go out? I'll give ya a reason to dress up and go out.

Some of us will always wonder why the members of the Metropolitan Opera don't draw in the socially self-assured Wagnerian crowd.

Perhaps Wagner's little musical extravaganzas are just the necessary primevals of the the opera world and that's that. A rather large blot, but egged on, nay, willed into existence by the highbrowed and heavy-handed highbrow critics. Wah! Wah! Wah!

The company's style is rooted in classical ballet but its repertoire displays a wide variety of dance styles. For information and tickets phone the Music Hall Box Office at (313) 963-7680.

Art Gallery of Windsor, 445 Riverside Dr.

The Print of Alex Colville

Oils of Canadian scenes, prints presented for a hunting party. Through June 17.

Baker Lake Prints and Print Drawings, 1970-75.

On loan from the Winnipeg Art Gallery, this exhibition of stone cut, musical prints, and preliminary drawings represents the work of Inuit artists Aka Lugga and Andy Goo. Through June 24.

The Figure: A Selection of Canadian Painting, 1860-84

Hot off the easel. These works raise a strong case for the new figurative movement.

The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit.

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Mary Kesterson, Ben Jaret, Lorraine Timm, Nichole DeCarmen, David McClellan display their recent work.

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--compiled by Christine Bushnell and John May
Walking through the Conklin Carnival is like walking in another dimension. Pure Twilight Zone stuff. It's an entirely different world that only exists for two weeks at a time. And what a great place for watching people: carneys, bikers, businessmen, old ladies, hookers, kids, drunks, acid heads, break dancers, cops. Talk about your cross section of society. And ooh, the food: pogo dogs, jumbo fries, candy floss, and the one-and-only, almighty, grease-bomb cheeseburg('' double up on them fried onions, buddy'').

The only thing I don't like about the carnival is walking through it with several hundred dollars worth of camera equipment strapped around my neck. I did that the other night and I got caught right between a high voltage generator and two very large men who were intent on inflicting great bodily harm on one another. It was worth it though, because if I hadn't been where I was I wouldn't have met the Bulldog. The Bulldog, and his sidekick C.C. (for Crazy Chris), run the Charburger booth next to the Birthday Game and right across from the Shooting Gallery (you know—the kind with the red star you can never shoot out). The Bulldog is a big, friendly guy from Toronto who has been with the carnival for five years. He'll admit it's starting to tire him a bit, though he's only twenty, but like he says, "Once a carny, always a carny." And besides, Windsor is the most lucrative stop on the whole circuit. That perks you up a little bit. The "bicycle unit," which is what this branch of Conklin Shows is called, handles Ontario. There are also the Southern, Eastern and Western Road Shows. The Bulldog is on the road with the carnival six months of the year. In the off-season he works as a (continued on page 8)

New PM to be sworn in on Saturday

by Becky Parent

at the Liberal Leadership Convention

Fifty-five-year-old Bay Street lawyer John Napier Turner told a group of reporters outside of the Ottawa Civic Centre that he felt "somewhat numb, but exhilarated" after being elected leader of the Liberal party and Prime Minister-elect by 3500 convention delegates.

With placards declaring "Bonjour John—Bye Bye Brian," Turner easily defeated six others bidding for the leadership, including second place Energy Minister Jean Chretien, after just two ballots.

Chretien announced to the party in his concession speech that he was "amazed" and that he too would support the new Liberal leader, as long as "the Liberal party remained the Liberal party," a comment thought by many to be a warning to Turner regarding Turner's right wing policies.

At his Saturday evening press conference Turner insisted he's been in the mainstream of Liberal tradition all along and is not a carbon copy of Brian Mulrooney as some of his opponents suggested during the campaign.

In terms of policy, he has stated that he wants to cut the deficit in half in seven years, but considers unemployment top priority. He favours free trade with the U.S. and supports the Foreign Investment Review Agency. Turner has also stated a possibility of selling Crown Corporations that are not successful.

Turner said he will resign his 12 directorships as soon as he can and then will get down to the tasks of deciding when to call the next federal election and even more importantly, where he will run.

It is thought by many of Turner's organizers that a fall election would be most likely, although key Grits are pressuring him to call it while the party is riding high from the publicity of the convention. Turner is expected to be sworn in as Prime Minister on June 30th.
A lesson in press freedom

by Gerd McIntosh

reprinted courtesy of Content magazine from their May/June '84 issue

Three McGill University student journalists aren't so sure about Canada's boast of a free press after a three month involuntary crash course in law and press[maz[ing]

It all seemed so simple in early November when the three—Peter Kuisenburgren, Albert Nerenberg, and Karen Bastow, all 21—decided to pick up a story in the Montreal Gazette that involved two McGill professors turned jet-set inventors who formed three companies operated in Canada, the United States, and Europe. The professors made the university minority shareholders in a way that contravened its own charter and then dragged the three students and a former McGill research associate into a controversy that has meant jail for one of the players in this little comedy of errors.

Irving DeVoe and Bruce Holbein, both microbiology professors at McGill, came up with an invention, in the department, they said would remove different metals from liquids. The invention could be used to reduce corrosive elements in water-cooled reactors, prevent spoilage in pharmaceutical products, and recover precious metals from mine tailings.

The three student journalists were prevented by a Quebec Superior Court judge from even saying that information, let alone writing it. But more on that later.

Devoe and Holbein were more than a couple of guys building a better mousetrap. They borrowed $40,000 from departmental funds and DeVoe's federal research grant that was awarded for academic research and used this money to finance a campus research into the invention. Devoe's wife was hired under her maiden name, Lynn Parker, to work on the project. McGill received shares in two of the companies in return for allowing work to be done on campus. The university has been told by its own brokers that those shares aren't worth much, even though the McGill charter says the university must receive 20 per cent of the profits made from any enterprise conducted on campus.

The two inventors have teamed with Montreal stock promoter Irving Kotl, who seems to think the invention could be worth millions.

University officials said last fall they saw nothing wrong. But a report commissioned by the university after a controversy erupted did, and said McGill failed to prevent a major conflict of interest.

Written by Montreal lawyer, Alex Patterson, the report said the professors shouldn't have used the microbiology department's administrative assistant and administrative secretary to work on their enterprise. He also thought use of the grant money was something of a secundary.

Unlike most inventors, DeVoe and Holbein weren't keen on the world beating a path to their door. From the beginning, a veil of secrecy was thrown around the three students and a former McGill research associate into a controversy that has meant jail for one of the players in this little comedy of errors.

The three student journalists were prevented by a Quebec Superior Court judge from even saying that information, let alone writing it. But more on that later.

Devoe and Holbein were more than a couple of guys building a better mousetrap. They borrowed $40,000 from departmental funds and DeVoe's federal research grant that was awarded for academic research and used this money to finance a campus research into the invention. Devoe's wife was hired under her maiden name, Lynn Parker, to work on the project. McGill received shares in two of the companies in return for allowing work to be done on campus. The university has been told by its own brokers that those shares aren't worth much, even though the McGill charter says the university must receive 20 per cent of the profits made from any enterprise conducted on campus.

The two inventors have teamed with Montreal stock promoter Irving Kotl, who seems to think the invention could be worth millions.

University officials said last fall they saw nothing wrong. But a report commissioned by the university after a controversy erupted did, and said McGill failed to prevent a major conflict of interest.

Written by Montreal lawyer, Alex Patterson, the report said the professors shouldn't have used the microbiology department's administrative assistant and administrative secretary to work on their enterprise. He also thought use of the grant money was something of a secundary.

Unlike most inventors, DeVoe and Holbein weren't keen on the world beating a path to their door. From the beginning, a veil of secrecy was thrown around the project with staff strictly forbidden to speak to anyone.

And, as the three student reporters would find out, Devoe and Holbein went to great lengths to keep stories about them out of the McGill Daily. That's where the students' lesson in journalism and the law begins.

The three decided to dig up their own facts about the professors after reading the Gazette's piece and, being three innocents, they wanted to get both sides of the story.

So they wrote the professors a letter on the morning of November 15 1983, asking them to tell them some of the stuff they had heard written. They asked the professors to call. They asked the professors to call. The teachers didn't, but their lawyers did—the same day.

The lawyers told the three students to be in court at 3 p.m. that day. After a two-hour wait at the courthouse, the students discovered the professors' lawyers were seeking a temporary injunction to prevent them from publishing anything that might give away secrets of the invention. The students assured the lawyers they didn't have the secret of the invention and they couldn't print if they did.

They left the courthouse thinking they could go ahead with their investigations. In fact, they went back to the newspaper and filed a story about a chemist, Chan Fai Yam, who claimed it was he who had developed the invention but was wrongfully left off the patent application. He is suing the professors for $500,000.

The students found themselves back to the courthouse the following morning. This time, they and Yam were hit with temporary injunctions by judge Louis Fairenbaum. The injunctions were so encompassing and vague that the Daily was even prevented from reporting a description of the invention which had already appeared in the Gazette.

The student journalists' lawyer told them to say nothing about the invention. McGill Daily's lawyer, Mary Morris, said that she had worked on a court document that anyone could read if they took the time to look it up, carried a full description.

The students tried to fight the injunction the following week, going to the courthouse this time without a lawyer. The injunction was sustained by the same judge, as it was in December 5. It was sustained on December 15, this time by Judge Maurice Mercure.

While all this was going on, the Gazette was covering this new twist in the case, and repeating a description of the invention prominently in each story.

Attention: Today's Gazette, p. 4, No. 1, about temporary injunctions. The respondents, frequently noisy journalists, don't get to defend themselves when a temporary injunction is sought. The defence is made at a subsequent interlocutory hearing. In the case of the three student journalists, the interlocutory hearing was scheduled for January 23, effectively keeping the professors' names out of the campus paper for two months, over one quarter of their publishing year.

And now we learn about another important part of the legal system: making deals. By now, the students, former teacher lawyer from Quebec Legal Aid who told them no judge would take them seriously. Also bugging the young reporters was Quebec Legal Aid who told them no judge would take them seriously. Also bugging the young reporters was

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...the time has come in the relationship between government and the universities for the government to formulate recommendations to the Government of Ontario in mid-November 1984. The paper, "Ontario Universities 1984: Issues and Alternatives," asks the above audience for feedback to fifty questions which address quality, accessibility, adaptability, balance and differentiation (specializations), and funding arrangements.

Yet one cannot help but think the decisions have already been reached and asking for opinions from without the commission is a masked formality. The commission and the government (unfortunately, quite interchangeable in this case) maintain that "the universities are clearly exhibiting symptoms of stress." Of course they are; they’ve been inadequately funded for years. Reading through the list of difficulties it becomes only too clear that the problems are more of a reflection of the lack of insight and poor job the Ministry of Education under Bette Stephenson has executed in the past to cause this imbroglio.

The first question asked in the discussion paper is indicative of their blind unwavering direction from the beginning. Funding is not a question; instead they want us to tell them how they can cut even more expenses: "What does your university (or institution) consider to be its distinctive character and role among the range of Ontario universities? Given the funding premise outlined in the introduction to the terms of reference of the Commission, and given the current profile of activities within your institution, what do you envisage as the appropriate areas of activity upon which to focus development and expansion within your institution? Which areas might be contracted or eliminated over the next decade or so?"

If you would like further information about the Bovey Commission or would like access to the discussion paper, contact Kevin Johnson, the Bovey Commission at the SAC office, University of Windsor. The discussion paper, "Blueprint for Universities," (Ontario Federation of University Faculty Associations)

The government believes that the establishment of highly specialized, designated-purpose institutes through co-operative involvement of the universities and the business sector would contribute significantly to our economic recovery. —Dr. Bette Stephenson

There is unanimous agreement that after years of underfunding, Ontario’s university system is in a crisis. Reducing access, making universities more specialized and trying to base programs on hazy job market predictions is not the solution. —Dr. Bill Jones, President of OCUFA

I’m not really in a position to say whether they (the universities) are cash starved or not...—Edmund Bovey on CBC radio

I am led to wonder whether we truly need 10 faculties of education producing over 3000 graduates annually, at a time when the potential for teacher employment remains uncertain. —Bettem Stephenson

Cut Bette, Not Students
—placard at U of W rally

In the 1960’s, "Student Power" was a potent force. It died in the seventies: let’s bring it back in the ‘90’s. —Dr. Donald Wallen, U of Windsor’s Faculty Association President

I believe the university of tomorrow should be more clearly defined, different and distinctive roles. Each of them should assume a character and structure that is consistent and compatible with that role. —Stephenson in the Ontario Legislature

DUMP BETTE. No dumping toxic waste in the University Centre.
Politics has shaped the music industry as much as music has shaped the political forum. What follows is a brief chronology.

1800s—Edward anticipates the drug underworld/record industry connection as Mary Ann "Little Mary" who "crackles out" of his phonograph.

1895—On Dec. 10, Strauss is born in Metz, where "Journey to the East" is written.

1967—Black minorities outweigh all Al-Jamal's jittery make-up in The Absurd, after she assents to the drug underworld by committing suicide in Berlin, and terrifies an existential Allied victory.

1953—America is the most of the most boring, politically stable and perhaps most peaceful years since 1945, but is England M. Shivon, 35, committed to fall with a Dec. 15, 1971 glorious being to beknown as Cambridge Paul?

1952—The Culture Music Band, Daft Punk and Central American America is the greatest hit a big broad-minded daughter named Sarah, born on Dec. 17.

1978—R.E.M. (Buxom) (BR)

The long awaited review of this already reviewed album that this is R.E.M.'s sound of post-punk, indeed, is a more or less complete reshaping of the punk blueprint. The band is an attempt to bring musicality and atmosphere to an acid-pop sound. The album was recorded in Ireland, it is not set out to sell. The tighter, more poppy and less acid-pop sound that emerged is acceptable, vary.

1983—Bowie's makes pauses and rhetorical coming-ons to whom I immediately begin "Home Singing to Kill Music" campaign.

1977—100 Club, vouched for by Patino, Clash, Damned, Buzzcocks, and the Sex Pistols. It is worth reading, it's wit and humour make it enjoyable as well.
**Could you see Prix III?**

*Until your father owns a humble cottage in Monaco and a private helicopter you may have been mildly disappointed in your visit to the Detroit GP III. General admission tickets for two at $42 Canadian allowed you, for the most part, to clutch at a wire fence for three hours from any number of poor vantage points and drink $1 Cokes from small cups. If you got there three hours early you may have had to watch through three rows of lifeguards with tans. If you have such a father, however, you didn't have any such problems because you sat in the deluxe $75 (U.S.) reserved grandstands for three days watching the modern devil's spurt in and out of the pits as you sipped wine from a flask.

Obviously, the GP venture isn't for poor students. Yet the feel of the race is so potent that, somehow, it makes the cost less painful. If you want to enjoy yourself at Detroit's GP IV next year, try to forget how much you're paying, or find a new father.*

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**A lesson in press freedom**

*(continued from page 2)*

the possibility they would be called to the witness stand they can live with; they simply can't get too technical freedom of expression section of the new Charter of exercise may have been rendered obsolete by the counsel for the Newspaper Guild, says the whole version of the injunction, which Kuitenbrouwer says now you've got the Charter," says Sack. "It's a totally

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Thursday July 5, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

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is OPEN ALL SUMMER

Thursday July 5, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Free popcorn

New Drug Plan hours on Wed. between 4-7
by Lorenzo Buj

If you know the work of poet Georg Trakl, if you are familiar with Dostoevsky’s “demonic” revolutionaries, or if Beckett’s plodding unnameables or Munch’s far-off madonnas speak to you, then the obsessions of Nick Cave’s art may begin emerging more clearly from the ever hazy hallucinatory distance that defines our image of artists and eccentrics who’ve ever let their visions grow rich and feverishly, fascinatingly, rotate in the hollows of their own night-lit seerocy.

Nick Cave is 26, a dark and lanky Australian fellow who once fronted The Birthday Party—the band whose self-assumed death in fall Cave has followed with a new, album entitled From Her To Eternity (on Mute Records). But before the album or, indeed, this article can begin mining the essential character of Nick Cave, whose tendrils in the direction of Gothic melodrama of the most precise, most taut kind of one’s own

Said— and I’ve never said this to any other journalistic instrument—routine is the ballast that chains the dog to its vomit.”

Indulgent romanticism. Though the onstage Cave seems solemnly self-displaying, the pathetically crowded, hardly wired cross-winds of his conscious/unconscious rushing religiously forth in this oddest of rock pompadours. Later, much later, Pat Petro, Shane Fontaine (both of CIAM) and myself, put out to harness briefly the somewhat dazed Cave, to see some words on the subject of it, of anything at all. He packed into a car and as we drove on held forth on the subject of Robert Duncan. By the time friend’s courtesy he had landed us in a shoddy, heat hung small space of apartment up near the heart of Dorothea’s blessed Cass avenue, I’d seen and heard enough of the Nick Cave experience to recall “The Pasasserby” and “The Wandering Man,” two Twilight Zone episodes, even too much, around words and phrases, carrying very, very consciously, very doubt, never even mocking, the tempo of what was largely a monologue.

It went like this:

“...so, as Samuel Beckett said—and I’ve never said this to any other journalistic instrument—routine is the ballast that chains the dog to its vomit.”

It’s reminiscent, in spots, of PiL’s gospel music at a malevolent, great album.

There is an interruption at this point as Petro posse the problematic dichotomy between Cave’s apparently sincere stage emotions and the “devil” image he’s so often saddled with. The answer is emphatically:

“I mean, this particular devil thing you’re talking about, and my particular image being one of the new young guys, head right up kissing the devil beneath the tail, and 666, and so on, and so forth. I mean, I really have no interest whatsoever in the occult, or the unoccult. The occult really serves no purpose in my life. It has no, it can’t try to help my life in any way at all; for me to believe in the devil and to believe that basic evil is actually the right way to live, just doesn’t help me get along any better. It just doesn’t help at all for you to get along and do what you have to do.”

Right up on the heels of Petro’s “Just what is it that you have to do?” I interject with the word “Beckett”. Weirdly out of place, the jokiness of Beckett’s earlier reference to religion, etc. But no matter, firmly, and intelligently, and so intelligently that it’s rightly so what she said on once, and often enough around and again, a fact exactly right again, once again.

Intrigues by this 1st venture asking him where he’ll be in ten years.

“I don’t know. Maybe. I'll be a big, big hallucinating black fat transvestite. I hope no. I don’t know.”

Laughter breaks, Rificide ridly easily into air. Under the guise of politeness Cave is bearing an understandably tense inner for this particularly absurd interview ritual.

“I’m right there with Germaine Greer in saying throw your ‘trainers down the bin and pull your IUD’s out and flip them across the room.”

feel like cutting the whole silly thing open and I ask Cave to tell me about death since “I don’t know anything about it.”

“Come on down. Don’t you?” he counters.

“No.”

“Oh. Well I don’t know anything about it either.”

“Is it? Is it black. Is death a ghetto also. I was hoping it would be like that.”

“Just brought that up because quite often I’m asked do I feel like cutting the whole silly thing open and I ask Cave to tell me about death since “I don’t know anything about it.”

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It's a hectic life. The carny work is hard and the money isn't great. Bunking with five other guys is no picnic either. But "you always keep coming back." Like the Bulldog says: "It puts food in my mouth, money in my pocket and it keeps me out of trouble."

The Bulldog's attitude is not shared by John, a carny who's been in the business for "too many years" (seven). "What I wanna do," he says, "is run away from the carnival and join a family."

John doesn't like Windsor much, mainly because he's been ripped off for about $2000 worth of stuffed animals. Another carny, John's friend, would identify herself only as "Trouble". "I'm Trouble because I'm French and the way I speak it sounds weird, you know? The other night, okay, I was working in this place. It looks like a diamond. Okay it's like a ball but it looks like a diamond. And I went up to this guy and I go 'You wanna play with my diamond?' That's why they nicknamed me Trouble."

Makes sense to me.

A little further down the midway, Stuart is hustling a dart game. "You stick 'em, I'll pick 'em," he barks. "It's easy as pie, I caught your eye, so give it a try, don't be shy! Come on in and leave with a grin. Walk in and win!"

Stuart is a Windsorite who's worked on and off for the carnival for the last six months. Right now he's glad to be in Windsor and see some old friends, but he never knows in what town he'll end up next.

"We find out when we're on the road," he explains. "A lot of people would want to quit before they travel. Say we're going to Thunder Bay or something. Somebody that we picked up in the States would want to get out. So they wait 'til we're on the road, then they surprise us."

At least one carny grew a little bit paranoid when confronted by an investigative journalist with a tape recorder. Pressed for details on carny life, he said, "I'll have to ask my manager, go over and see Dave."

Informed that Dave looked busy, he said, "Dave's not busy, that's one of his girlfriends."

The journalist remarked that Dave seemed to have enough of them.

"Yeah, that's what carny life is all about." Dave would agree. Carny life, according to Dave, has its ups (girls, parties, money) and downs (spots where you don't make money). Dave thinks Windsor is excellent and even entered into a friendly competition with another carny.

"My buddy and I have a contest goin', seein' who can get laid the most in these two weeks." Who's winning?

"He is, the -----."

"How many?"

"He's up to seven."

The Bulldog thinks people have the wrong ideas about carnies. Cleanliness for one thing. You'd have trouble keeping up appearances too if you had to tear the carnival down and put it all back together in another town by noon the next day.

All in all, carnies are good people, says the Bulldog, and they want the customers to like them.

So go to the carnival and leave your high horse at home. Instead of philosophizing about the grease spots on the pavement and the garbage, just enjoy. And stop and say hello to the Bulldog. He'll appreciate it.

—by Dave Fine and John Slama
Be a Great Writer
in your own home!

It doesn't really take a whole lotta brains to throw together a classic novel or poetry collection. You just have to develop a feel for the proper word. Still, it's that very word that separates the Shakespeares and the Dickens from the Harold Robbins and the Dan Hills. All you need is a pen, paper, a dictionary, a thesaurus, and a book of quotations. (Arty novels have to start with a quotation—critics like to scamper in search of its symbolic value. It looks good, so consider throwing a few into your text as well.)

OK. Find the proper word. Some words work well, others just don't fit at all. Here's an exercise to help you develop the feel. Try to think like the author ...

Shakespeare would say:

He jests at scars that never felt a (sword, wound, brick).

Right! It's wound, though you could probably get away with sword. Brick doesn't feel right at all, does it? Good, try some more:

Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless (chap, villain, guy)!

Lay on, Macduff;

And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Lay off; Go away; Hold, enough'!

A horse! a horse! my (knickers, kingdom, soother) for a horse!

Starting to pick it up now? Good. Let's move on to something harder.

Try to compose a sentence by filling in the blanks we've taken out of Voltaire:

Si Dieu n___ pas, if faudrait ___ __

Right. It was existait and inventer.

('Writing Made Easy' cont.'d on p. 6.)

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by John Slama

For everyone who's had to suffer through the oppressive heat of the West Library Building while conducting research, and dreads more of the same in the coming academic year, there's some good news and some bad news.

The good news is that something is finally being done about the long-dead air conditioning system. Extensive construction work will be done during the summer and fall to install a new mechanical system.

The bad news is that in order to keep the library's extensive science, engineering, and literary collections accessible, all these materials will be moved to the main building, creating a "minor chaos" that could last for months.

Wallace McKenzie, the collections librarian for science and engineering, is co-ordinating the move. With a staff of ten students hired specifically for the job, he is trying to make "the neatest pile of disorder you can imagine."

Due to the absence of regular stacks, "every achievable space" will be used to house the materials, including all rectangular tables, all carrels, and even floor space in some areas. Once the move is complete, in about a month or so, there will be very little seating space left in the library, and McKenzie is "hoping that the University can find study space for the students."

McKenzie and his staff are working to keep confusion to a minimum. The materials from the West Library are being kept in as much order as possible, and their new locations are posted on the main floor. McKenzie is also hoping for a larger library staff to help students find the materials they need.

Students may have to live with these conditions for the entire fall semester or even longer. No details, such as the projected cost and length of the construction, will be available until after the plan is approved by the Board of Governors. The proposal will be presented to an executive committee acting for the Board on July 25. Construction in the West Library would start some time after that date and it could be months before it is finished.

Once the work is complete, the books, periodicals, monographs will be moved back into the West Library. That process, says McKenzie, will take longer than the first move because the materials won't be as organized as they are now. The move has been under way for about a month but should be complete well before the fall semester begins. After that, it is up to the students to be concerned enough to leave the materials "neat and tidy."

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Lance Photo by Glenn Warn.
The Summer Lance, 13 July 1984, page 2

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The Mobled Student

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The Mobled Student presents...

Whether, as contemporary literary gossip has it, the novel is, to quote Hugh Kenner "dead", novels persist in being published and mostly one arrived on our reviewer's desk which simply has too much relevance for University of Windsor students for this publication to ignore it while still maintaining a claim to relevance or credibility.

Entitled The Mobled Student (subtitle Student Housing Shortage Shock) the book is a sentimental thriller dealing with the trials and tribulations of students on the proof for cheap, convenient housing and the heroic efforts of the beleaguered off-campus housing director Carolyn Gill. The dramatic, often poignant saga of too many students in search of too few accommodations is at times punctuated by pointed remarks from Gill which cast the events of the entire novel—and indeed the human condition itself—in an altogether new light. For example, the punning profundity of her observation that "a lot more" houses and apartments are needed contains an insight and a vision which belies the book, a steamy cover photo of students locked in passionate embraces in various positions. However, as the reviewer, Residence Supervisor Shirley Chapman, has already commented, the story is much the same as that which came out at about this time last year, namely a House, A House, My Kingdom for a House. Yet again, as we see tension mounting as first-year students move in, this new, not quite full in July gradually fill up in August. As again also Mobled Student makes use of techniques carefully employed in A House, A House such as the suspense-building tactic of sending acceptances to all grade 13 students who apply for residence accommodations.

NOTE: along with the press release accompanying this book is a number for anyone interested in contributing to a companion reference guide, Available Off-Campus Student Accommodations as of September, 1984. Contributors are asked to call Carolyn Gill at the University Centre desk at 253-4232, ext. 3230.

Diana Pizzeria, reviewed by Desmond McGrath

252-2723

1984, page 2

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Diana Pizzeria, reviewed by Desmond McGrath

252-2723

1984, page 2

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Not perfect, but interesting

Trying to evaluate modern literature on its merits is a thankless job, since one has not had ample time to live with it, to get to know its ways, and discover whether its appeal is legitimate or merely something approximating infatuation. Given that difficulty, it is now a bit of bravado to attempt to put modern literature into historical perspective, with abiding respect for those whom time reveals as seers, and deserved obscurity to those who were only taking a shot in the dark. It's a totally artificial construct.
Loud in the night

That heaven's Stratford's 1984 Midsummer Night's Dream isn't played like the picturesque and dream-like through night's unveiling but telescoping terms.

The attraction is obvious. Shakespeare's exotic dream is more like a dreamful, idealized fairyland setting made up of courtly figures, elaborate pageants, and supernatural elements that blend harmoniously with the natural world. It's a world where the human and the supernatural coexist, and where the lines between reality and fantasy blur.

The play centers around the marriage of Theseus, the Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, the Queen of the Amazons, and the adventures of the magical fairies, the enchanted forest, and the immortal characters of the play. The text is full of words and phrases that are not used in modern English, and the language is poetic and musical, creating a dreamlike atmosphere that transports the audience to a world of imagination and wonder.

The production is a feast for the eyes and ears, with beautiful costumes, sets, and music, and a cast of talented actors who bring the characters to life. The director has taken great care to ensure that the play is presented in a way that captures the essence of Shakespeare's original vision, and that it is a joyous and enchanting experience for all who attend.

Plans disrupted

Performing Any Woman's second summer offering, Earnestness, is most interesting for it displays a drama that obviously contradicts apparently impossible passions. The play centers around the question of race and gender—a deathly ban against both the University of Windsor—Arizona Muirhead (as Marjorie) and Fred Kutcher (as Gus) at the Kennedy Playhouse, but mostly ignored as an action (for) the purpose of the problem at hand. Realistically, critics Mary in her production. Following various raters of the play, essentially, it's a romantic comedy that can of top applied generally to his face. Soon enough the bug goes, his partner and then his partner's partner's partner.

Mazeppic: a new term and apparently less partake its place while hurly Kennedy's characters wear sympathetically with his manners at the last moment of coming. Thus, they're -- above all in the stunts made when the light comes to bear. Each has a Mount Rona, and then his partner's partner's partner's partner.

Two plays for the price of one

The greater depth of some contemporary comedies is this, largely because of the idea of usability, somehow removed from mere thought or, more thoughtfully dramatizing truth, we may find that the lovers are attractive in nearly the way we imagine they find each other. Productions tend to wax lyrically with the former extravagances, sex, and farce apricots, and nosegays. Productions tend to wax lyrically with the former extravagances, sex, and farce

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Writing made easy (cont'd)

this one. Try to fit the adjective where you feel it most appropriate. (The adjective is awful.)

Known out by the sobriquet of 'The __________."

If you placed it right before Dodger, you're ready to proceed to lesson 3.

Once you've got the hang of stringing a bunch of words together into sentences and even paragraphs, you should decide where you want to go with you newly developed skill. You might prefer to write poems, plays, or novels.

Poems are the easiest because there are no longer any rules. Long ago, everthing had to be in rhyme, like this familiar sonnet:

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

...and so on...

Nowadays, imagery is more important than rhyming, and all you have to do is make unlikely combinations of nouns and adjectives, verbs and adverbs, like "big, fluffy tracks," and "I have seen the eternal footman hold my hat and snicker." Remember, the less superficial coherence the better the poem.

OK. Now you've mastered sentences, poetry, and imagery. "What's left?" you say. But here is where we separate the Samuel Becketts from the Sidney Sheldons. It is the application of the nuances of language (that we've learned so far) to a clever, engaging plot that makes a great novel. Story is the essence of any great piece of fiction, and while it may take many hundreds of pages to draft a plot to its smallest detail, the finest stories can be reduced to one simple element. Consider:

Frankenstein (Shelley):

The potential horrors of science are realized as a brilliant student, driven by the desire to control, creates the monster that destroys him.

The Shining (King):

A guy goes nuts and chops up his whole family.

See! Once the plot is established, writing a novel is only a matter of embellishment. But coming up with a good story idea is not something that can be learned; it takes intuition, imagination, and a knack for capitalizing on those little oddities of life that we all encounter. Following is a list of plot summaries. Some have the potential to become great novels, plays, etc. See if you can pick them out:

A man tracks a mad explorer who is held up in the heart of the Congo and there takes to his cannibalistic appetites. A heroic soldier stumbles over the moors to meet three hags who tell him he will be king.

A guy goes kooky and chops up his whole family. Two gentlemen need two wives and two houses in the country, so one changes his name to deceive a widowed old bitch of a guardian who stands in the way.

Three girls sit on a porch discussing lost love and torn pantyhose.

This guy, like, walks into this bar, see, and he says, "I got this talking dog..."

A family carries on through a century of solitude, then, in the end, a whirlwind destroys their village. Never get discouraged. Remember, several years ago some cynical Canadian writers set out to prove that any book could be a success if it contained enough sex. They each wrote a chapter of pornography before passing it on to the next writer and ended up with a bestseller (Naked Came the Stranger).

Good luck and good writing.
Emerge on some other shore which, however Robert Bly, James Wright—whose handful of nature—contemporary American deep image work done by canons. Entering it, writes Graziano, "is like entering a elusive poetry. image fragments daunting us to Trakl's ghostly and now become little more than lurid biographical perspiration."

It's not enough that he could look seriously evil and post-mystic. It was mental disturbance (dementia praecox) that the medical records went on to list, but that's real. Trakl was serving as overburdened and undersupplied medic and, after being subject to ories of misery and pain, to pan, blood, splattered brain matter, and bodies hanging from trees, went under.

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by John Slama

The University of Windsor's profession and librarians have a new three year contract that guarantees they will be the eighth best paid in the province.

The new contract, effective July 1, was ratified by the Faculty Association on July 17 and was approved by the University's Board of Governors the same day. The Faculty Association represents 517 professors and librarians.

The contract provides for a salary scale increase of five per cent in the first year (1984-85) which is consistent with the provincial government's restraint policy.

The base salaries range from $21,433 for a lecturer to $42,584 for a full professor.

Salary increases in the second and third years of the contract will be based on a three part formula. The first part is a cost of living increase based on the Consumer Price Index of the previous year plus one percent.

Faculty members will also receive a progression through the ranks (PTR) adjustment of $775 in 1985-86 and $875 in 1986-87. Professors will receive the PTR adjustment after being reviewed by their department head or dean, Faculty Association.

President Dr. Norman Solomon says that the PTR is not automatic and can be denied. He also says that the student evaluations will be among the criteria looked at when a professor is reviewed.

The third part of the formula is an equity adjustment which will bring the average salaries of U. of W. professors up to the median (8th position) for Ontario. Presently, the average salaries of Windsor's professors and assistant professors rank 12th, associate professors 15th, and lecturers 11th among Ontario's 15 universities.

"The key thing to keep in mind," says Solomon, "is that we've been way behind the rest of the province for many years."

The University's President-elect, Dr. Ronald Ianini, says the contract is an example of the recognition by the administration "of the contributions of this faculty over the last few years," and a sign that the administration is committed to having high quality professors at Windsor.

Improvements will be made in benefits as well. As of July 1, 1985, there will be improvements in the pension plan, life insurance coverage and long term disability benefits.

The new contract also provides for improvements to the pension plan, life insurance coverage and long term disability benefits. Adjustments will also be made over the three years to meal, travel time, car, and relocation allowances.

The proposed plan to renovate the West Library's air conditioning system has been approved and work should be underway soon.

An executive committee acting for the Board of Governors approved the project and awarded the construction contract to Vollmer and Associates Ltd. in the amount of $488,000. An additional $115,000 will be paid to an equipment supplier.

Administrative secretary C.W. Morgan says construction should begin by mid-August at the latest, once the equipment is delivered. Mr. Morgan also says there is no definite date for completion of the project, but it is expected that the materials from the West Library will be moved back during the Christmas break. All materials from the West Library will be kept in the Main Library, where study space will be practically eliminated, until the renovations are complete.

The Ledly Library West has been cleared of all materials for reconstruction of the air conditioning system.
Nominations for the position of Editor of The Lance will be accepted until 5 p.m., Friday, August 17, 1984. The election for this position will be held August 27 and 28. Nominations will be accepted at The Lance, second floor, University Centre.

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Who's been sleeping in his brain?

Some day soon (so Orwell may have been off by a year or two), you and I could be automat ons in the Windsor Branch Plant of a larger corporation called the University of Ontario. The corporation will be managed directly by the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities. Like any other business run by an arm of the Progressive Conservative government, who are very big on business (Yes, education is just another business. Sorry.), the corporation will be rigidly and penny-pinchingly controlled. In the drive for “efficiency,” the Ministry may “facilitate differentiations of function” between the various branch-plants and “develop a coherent and effective plan to rationalize deployment of available resources.”

The above scenario is derived, without too much imagination on my part, from statements made in a speech by Edmund C. Bovey, the chairman of the Commission on the Future Development of the Universities of Ontario. The statements are of course taken out of context. They are taken from amid assurances than the Commission is not acting under any government pressures or directives, is not intended to complete a cost-reduction exercise, has no preconceived plans, and only has everyone’s best interests at heart.

One has to wonder, though, why Bette Stephenson, the Minister responsible, appointed a retired businessman like Bovey to head this commission. Bovey suggests it may have been because “a business person would bring a different perspective to the task.”

Bovey made his perspective quite clear: “The University as an entity,” he said, “is no different than a business or industry.”

In line with this perspective are his statements that “monies have to be allocated with a view to a tangible return on the investment,” and that there is a “need for a much closer liaison between universities and the private sector…”

That last statement is a significant one. Bovey brings up several times the point that business and industry have a vested interest in our universities. It gives us an idea of who’s interested in keeping us “tightly regulated.”

Universities serve industry in two ways; by supplying manpower and research. The supply of manpower may separate funding for instruction from funding for research, and we all know which of those is more important.

Bovey actually brings up funding, but it’s not the only low level of government funding that he’s concerned about. What he suggests is that we may separate funding for instruction from research, and we all know which of those is more important.

Near the end of his speech, Bovey acknowledged that there are “a few—very few—critics of our Commission who have questioned our credentials and sincerity.”

Well, there are the provincial New Democrats (Richard Allen, Colleges and Universities critic, recently criticised Bovey in an open letter. In June he presented Bette Stephenson with a plaque rating her number ten among ministers responsible for provincial university systems, for keeping her system “so consistently in the national basement of university finance.”), the Ontario Federation of Students (who believe our EP would stand much of a chance. However, they have proved us both wrong. Thank you for doing so!)

You may repent any or all of the first and second EPs Scan 6 or any other part of our letters and literature although we would be grateful if you would mention that the views that are expressed by any one, individual writer are not necessarily those of the other members of the band. (Dave, for instance, is very pro-guy, whereas I am most certainly not although most of the time I’m not really interested in politics anyway). We would also appreciate it if you decide to use any of the second EPs material. Scanning or scanning of the first EP Bovey could mention that those views are not necessarily ours now as they were then, for as stated on the second EP cover, both of us have changed our attitudes/views/outlook a little since those pieces were written. I am pleased you like my article on left wing support of foreign nationalism, although of course that has led many people to believe that I am a national socialist, but this isn’t accurate because I am basically non-political. I don’t support the I.R.A. and I don’t like communism, and I certainly don’t hold with all this permissiveness and homosexuality lark, but than Dave and Chris are always criticising me for those views anyway, despite my arguments to the contrary. But who’s interested in that!”

Franz Kafka and Jean Paul Sartre are two authors I have respect for although I have never been much of a reader. Your article of Franz Kafka should, I hope, interest a few more people who may not previously have heard of him or been bothered to find out more about his work. Dave, who is a little more of an avid reader than myself, has great respect for the aforementioned authors as well as other people whom I’ve never heard of.

There’s no hurry for money, as you’ve basically given us free publicity. I think you’re doing a very favourably, so only send some money for the records if you actually want to. I don’t think we’ll go bankrupt over a couple of records, do you?”


A letter to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or less. They may be submitted to the Lance office directly or dropped off at the Lance’s mailbox at the SAC office on the second floor of the University Centre during normal business hours. The Lance reserves the right to edit all letters for length and space. All letters must be signed.
Director of Once Upon a Time in America. Sergio Leone: Thirteen years of work reduced to 143 minutes.

**reviews**

Film distributors are rather wary this summer because movie-goers may get sofa cramps for the next two weeks instead of patronizing the theatres. Virtually no movies have been slated to start against the Olympics; in fact some have been delayed. Purple Rain and The Cercian Brothers, however, were released the day before opening ceremonies as kiddy alternatives to watching the Carl Lewis Show at home. Their distributors hope teenagers will want to get away from the TV set and, therefore, create a good market. Industry figures suggest the Montreal Olympics took away about 15% of possible ticket sales. But this time the Olympics are in the U.S., and to exacerbate the matter, in the movie capital of the world Damages could be much worse than in ‘76.

Anyway, in and around the Windsor area a few movies may be worth a peek if you can get away from the telly: The NeverEnding Story

*The NeverEnding Story* German director Wolfgang Petersen has traded in his U-boat for a Luck Dragon in this children’s fantasy set in the bristling recesses of a boy’s imagination. If some of this looks like E.T., well, the intent is there, but only in spirit.

In order to save his ailing empress, a warrior boy must get to the father of the Dutch New Wave, Rob Houwer, at one time in the late 60’s, Dutch auth-

cer, and car), on August 3rd, and for the rest of the month as divers on its way to the top of
to the top of the box office competition. Dutch films, which only make one or three per cent of the movies in the Netherlands, are suddenly capturing up to 18% of the audience.

**rushedes**

Lament not yet the Palace Theatre, for if interests are trying to get their hooks into it that too valuable to leave idle for too long, but true

Sergio Leone has disowned the 143 minute version (which premiered at Cannes) of Once Upon a Time in America release of The Karate Kid at the New York Film Festival (Sept. 25-30).

Former Minister of Communication Policy implemented the May 29th Film and Video law, the Minister of International Trade in Tierter’s streamlined cabinet Ed Lumley was prepared to front $22 million of that if $14 was

Several days after the May 3rd release of Star Wars, a very strong contender for the top box office spot was the resurgent Return of the Jedi--in the time slot left vacant by the disappointing Close Encounters.

**Alternative and Repertory**

Windsor Film Theatre

At one time in the late 50’s, Dutch author Campert stated, “The Dutch feature film situation is beyond the boundaries of his homeland Fantasia. But in his perilous travels he discovers that no such borders exist, for Fantasia swells within the human mind, and the imagination is infinite.

Also, a pestilence called The Nothing sweeps over Fantasia, causing, well, nothing—a vast emptiness bereft of thoughts.

No hidden meaning here. Story re-establishes the values of reading and thinking. Kids will be enchanted (I was) and adults will be charmed. This is a family movie. The weird beauteous terrify only in the way that the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion terrified you as a child. There are no cheap shots to the male groin that seem to be so vogu in pictures nowadays, and the nastiest words uttered are “Daidja punch ’em in the nose!”

Petersen (Das Boot) is currently preparing for September shooting of Enemy Mine, starring Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
festivals

World Film Festival—Montreal (Aug. 16-27, 1984)

Among the official competitors are the Italian Mi Mand and Picona, the French La Femme Publique and Tchao Panin, and the Hungarian Oh, Bloody Life.

The recent surge in the New Hungarian Cinema (perhaps the film world’s most interesting nation to watch at the moment) is highlighted in Montreal with two other features: Peter Bacso’s The Diary, and Janos Xantus’ Eklemp Woman Feels Cold.

Apart from the official competition, the fest will include a look at recent Australian cinema with 12 features from unfamilial-to-North America directors. (No Weirs, Millers, Armstrongs, or Bemfords.) Perhaps one of the directors of Seettle, Strikebound, Goan Paradise, Man of Flowers, East Talking, Moving Out, Stanley, Razorback, Silver City, or One Night Stand will be equally reknowned a month from now.

Festival of Festivals—Toronto (Sept. 6-15, 1984)

This year’s special feature is called “Northern Lights”—a retrospective of Canadian cinema highlighting more than 200 Canadian films, from Quebec and avant-garde to the Ten Best, chosen by critics, instructors, industry figures and the like.

The usual unusual fare will include 45 of the latest films from around the world, the star-studded gala Premieres each night of the festival and a special tribute by Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel.

The Art Gallery of Windsor

Don’t forget the summer film series every Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. Coming up through August: Frank Capra’s Arsenic and Old Lace, starring Cary Grant (Aug. 1); Why Shoot the Teacher? (Aug. 8); the original Postman Always Rings Twice (Aug. 15); Two For the Road (Aug. 22); and Outrageous (Aug. 29).

Soutendijk: a rise in Dutch attendance.

In 1983, Verhoeven’s The Fourth Man (again starring Soutendijk and produced by Houver) won the International Critics Award at the Festival of Festivals in Toronto. Undoubtedly, Verhoeven and the New Dutch Cinema makes Holland the new country to follow in terms of national cinema. You can start by attending Spotters at the WFT on Erie and Marentette, August 1st, 2nd and 3rd at 8:00 p.m.

Also be sure to watch for Robert Bresson’s L’Agenet and Robert Menard’s Une Journee en Taxi, later in August. The French and Quebec cinemas may be in a slump, but, as these films prove, are far from dead.

The Art Gallery of Windsor

started by private groups to raise their share.

Such a world-class, technically updated studio is needed in Montreal to attract much of the production business it has lost to Toronto.

Showline Studio has recently opened in Toronto to compete with Magder and Toronto International studios under the auspices of a Toronto production boom.

Director Martin Scorsese has started shooting his new comedy film, After Hours, in New York. It stars Terri Garr, Roseanne Arquette, Catherine O’Hara, and yes, your favourites, Cheech and Chong. Sorry, no Rob De Niro.

Rumour has it The Black Veil is nearing completion. Its first year anniversary party is on August 31st. Upon hearing the news, one unbeliever cried, “You’re sick. We’re gonna take you home.”

Canadian Odeon Theatres Ltd. (Odeon and Glades Place in Windsor) had been swallowed up by Cineplex Corp. announced Garth Drabinsky, president of Cineplex (and sometimes film producer). Cineplex now becomes the second largest exhibitor in Canada with more screens, but fewer seats, than Famous Players (the Capitol, VanCity, and Devonshire in Windsor).

Dino De Laurentis has re-opened his Rome Dino Citta studio after twelve years. He has again contracted Canadian director David Cronenberg (The Dead Zone) to work for him there on the feature Total Recall.

Cronenberg has recently tried his hand at acting in John Landis’ Into the Night, starring Jeff Goldblum (The Big Chill), and Dan Aykroyd (you know).

Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds have teamed up for the first time in City Heat, a 1930’s mystery set in Kansas City. Under the direction of Richard Benjamin (Racing With the Moon), Reynolds, a private dick, and Eastwood, a cop, play opposite Jane Alexander (Testament) and Madeline Kahn (Oh Madeline!—TV series).

Director Robert Altman (Streamers) has yet another film, Secret Honor, ready for distribution by Sandcastle 5.

Variety boxoffice reports Indiana Jones is the big summer winner so far, grossing $141 million. Canadian Ivan Reitman’s Ghostbusters follows with $115 million. Gremlins’ $95 million is the third.

Last week’s reported box office figures are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film</th>
<th>Box Office</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ghostbusters (Columbia)</td>
<td>$10,021,932</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gremlins (Universal)</td>
<td>$9,501,932</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Last Starfighter (Universal)</td>
<td>$8,011,695</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Karate Kid (Columbia)</td>
<td>$7,653,396</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Muppets Take Manhattan (Tri-Star)</td>
<td>$4,416,022</td>
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It looks like Ghostbusters will soon catch and outrun Indiana Jones, which has been in release 16 days longer.
**Tartuffe, Henry, now at Stratford**

"It's no sin to sin in confidence," says Tartuffe as he paws after Orgon's wife Elmire. It's the kind of line laughter helplessly rally around and it's the kind Tartuffe delivers while wearing patron's black and his hand laboring meditatively in the shadow of the scene, the stage now so conveniently from his own rank.

It is— in the exquisite rhyming Richard Wager translation—about the strange many that led the French court to ban Molieres play after its first performance in 1669.

But Ben Baddey's Tartuffe remains as jet as much a monster as he does a devious and unreachable type. He smiles wide and laughably after Damart to Tartuffe, a point which appears to have the French court on its head, a point which appears to be his point. It's a smile that brings down the house and, flashed across his face, at two key turns in the piece, leaves us with the impression that the course of his villainy has been a kid's embarrassment awe of a little boy.

The game has certainly bewitched Campbell's Organ who, true to the truth as a bourgeois rendered by the surfaces of "scatter," bears his amper line on himself consistently as any preachableness he. Were it not for Nicholas Pons' constant coolness, simple arrow Crete taking sense and hiding him black, the old man might take an additional and ervayf swing on two or three and leave the stage squarking high and blowing hilariously harder than Campbell already has him.

It's no surprise that Shakespearian takes on smiling to finish in comic style to pretty for too and doesn't leave Tartuffe on stage any more than was necessary: while Organ walks around the house like his private yet-so absent and the rest of the family tries to get out against him in anonymous play, Tartuffe's presence is inevitable.

He's there in a long line of Molieres' obsession bad boys and it's as if the theater that it he'd almost done from everything from Organ to Tartuffe's body.

The cast is constantly gesturing upward to the black stage of the connection the kids the spectator, the choice, well placed to discover thing. Match of it, of course, has to do with cutting Organ. But here's an interesting thing: Baddey takes the "cooper's" and "rascal's" newly raw material and shows us something we expected. He practically convinced me at the new school seduction where the pathetic delivery of his love-making almost perfect for honesty but it's nothing of the sort with Elmire. Denny Blythe's performance, somehow needed in his life to confound as Tartuffe's advanced and Ben not sniffling her. Her

Mark Rosovsky's adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's story "Strider" is the final "84 season (it runs through Aug. 25).

The cast has been methodically worked on with full mobilization of imaginative resources. Does it work? If you're seeking a musical strong with music in its mind and the answer is affirmative.

We are the world such Strider's own eye, Joey Golden is the pie-holed here who, despite his common appearance, is blessed with great and elegant voice. Unfortunately, he's a romantic, and when caught in the process of developing romance ends up paying dearly he's girded (castrated).

Tartuffe's paradox of an animal animal alates the injustice of the social contract. The conflict occurs as Strider's superciliousness. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious.

Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not conscious.
You can almost thank the Sex Pistols for this underground vein of Heavy Metal that's roaring up a storm. The Pistols and assorted groups of that kind took the inflated execs of mid-70s rock and twisted them with a barb and gagged aesthetic that old timers like Judas Priest are just now catching up on.

In fact, this new school of HM—be it Venom, Motörhead, or Anti-Nowhere League—is the closest thing to Priest or Motorhead. There's this unmistakable emphasis on Gore and Anti-Nowhere League. You can almost thank the Sex Pistols and assorted groups of that kind for this underground vein the Pistols and assorted groups of that kind took the inflated execs of mid-70s rock and twisted them with a barb and gagged aesthetic that old timers like Judas Priest are just now catching up on.

While the lyrics are monotonous with their emphasis on blood, death, power, and youth pack together, fists in the air, and the head-bang ethos is brainwashing a new generation into toeing the line of Metal. While the lyrics are monotonous with their emphasis on blood, death, power, and youth pack together, fists in the air, and the head-bang ethos is brainwashing a new generation into toeing the line of Metal. While the lyrics are monotonous with their emphasis on blood, death, power, and youth pack together, fists in the air, and the head-bang ethos is brainwashing a new generation into toeing the line of Metal.
The sense of kitchen-sink kind of detail—is contained in the sense that experience from life has been transformed into writing—eloquent writing—and then is transposed on stage so that what you get is a more heightened sense of reality, of human reality. What it is like to be in a situation where you're offered a crown and a series of murders! We will, none of us, ever be in that situation. Very few of us will ever kill ourselves for love; we're far too practical. We'll make a contract saying "when the divorce comes I'll get the car, you get the house."

Acting lets you live out your fantasies then.

"Well, in the sense that I find nothing more appealing than walking across the stage in a huge silver breastplate and with a broadsword that six feet long. I've always been attracted to the Indian. I'm not the type to wear a raincoat. It's the magic of the mind that allows you to be imaginatively transported outside yourself so that you find out something of yourself or others.

"Unless we keep that magic alive we become a museum, and unless you have a powerful imagination you don't attract. But, oh, that's really neat. Suit of armor. 1600s. Henry VIII you say. That's great. He was fat, wasn't he? Now what have we is the potential to put a man in that costume. We can put words into his mouth. We can surround him with a court of people. We can recreate, not just rebuild factually sort of 'this coffee cup (lift it up he's finally done sipping) was found in Athens with these cracks. I'm gonna glue it together & there it is, the coffee cup.' We try and let you know what existence was in a true form."

Assuming of course, that one doesn't sing one's way through a bad case of opening night nerves: Olivier having said that Shakespeare is not meant to be sung but spoken.

Above: Colm Feore, sussed out for story and interview by Lance lotus eaters Lorenzo Bjoj and Desmond McGrath

Above left: Lewis Gordon (Friar Laurence) and Feore in Stratford's current production of "Romeo and Juliet"

"It's very true. Both Shakespeare's poetry and prose have inherent rhythms and musical patterns. That doesn't mean they have to be sung, but that the music of the human voice, just as it is, lends itself to certain patterns. The English is not as obscure as people think of it on the page; when you first pick up a play and look at it on the page it's difficult, but, generally speaking, the poetry is so clear. The audiences get more out of just each word you say. Audiences hear thoughts, they hear a line of meaning. The audience will hear the actor's intonation, and finally the author's intention, and the poetry will come as just a magical second thing to that. So you don't have to sing him (he affects an absurd delivery) "I'm gonna glue it together & there it is, here's the coffee cup."

Does every actor at Stratford know this?

"Well, it's a long discovery process. There's also the problem of finding a place where to hang your hat during 90 line speeches—where to put the emphasis, where to break the line. As Romeo I have the lines..."