1986

The Lance: School Year 1985-1986: Summer Lance 1986

University of Windsor

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University overrides 10-year policy

by Kevin Johnson and Catherine Hudec

The University of Windsor Board of Governors has set aside a 10-year policy of maintaining enrollment levels, approving a financial deficit of $194,000 for the 1986-87 fiscal year.

President Ron Ianni said the deficit is "not enormous, but it is serious." Vice-President Finance and Services Terrance Parkinson said the deficit can be covered by $2.3 million in unspent cash from previous years. The Board, he said, will seek a balanced budget.

In other business the Board approved an operating budget deficit of $71.6 million. Operating revenues were $41.8 million, compared to $47.3 million in the previous year. On a per capita basis, residence rates increased only if no one else wanted a vote.

"We didn't want to give up a vote," he said.

'The motion showed movement from the Board, something and then change it around' only if no one else wanted a vote. The Board has set aside, he said, "We don't want to give up a vote."

"If we're going to stay under 10,000 students, it's going to be hard," he said. "We're going to have to do it."

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The publication of student evaluations has been a major campaign of student government for years, strongly opposed by the Faculty Association. The Senate Committee suggested a survey of the public's opinion on the evaluation of professors with a view to acquiring a larger sample. The publication of student evaluations of professors has been a major campaign of student government for years, strongly opposed by the Faculty Association. The Senate Committee suggested a survey of the public's opinion on the evaluation of professors with a view to acquiring a larger sample.

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University evel classes have you completed so far?

by Lance Gee

They're going to stay under 10,000 students. The Senate Committee on Student Evaluations made some recommendations for change, but full publication of the results was not proposed. The Committee's report, adopted by the Senate, included provisions for the publication of the results. The Senate also approved a project budget of $204,070 for the Grand Market Place Project in the University Centre. A fixed sum of $424,070 for the Grand Market Place. The Board also approved a project budget of $204,070 for the Grand Market Place Project in the University Centre. A fixed sum of $424,070 for the Grand Market Place.
Irish priest advocates violence

by Beth Daly

Taking up arms is fine, knowing honourable alternatives have failed, said Father Des Wilson, an advocate for the impoverished people of Northern Ireland.

Wilson, a Catholic priest from a lower-class community outside Belfast, spoke at MacKenzie Hall on Sunday. He was invited by the Windsor Irish Awareness Group. On a cross-Canada tour, the community activist hopes to make the Canadian public aware of the injustice inflicted upon Northern Ireland by the British government.

Leaving the typical middle-class life of a Belfast priest in 1966, Wilson was posted at a parish in Valley Morning, where he became fully aware of the conditions the community was forced to endure under the rule of the British. Wilson said his audience realised the British government could not be persuaded to leave.

"They must be made to go out," he said.

Wilson said he regrets the North American media has been so misinformed with regard to the situation in Northern Ireland. He accused the British of having spent millions of dollars to persuade the world the Irish have "no modern notions in their heads". As was his manner through his lectures, he calmly expressed his desire for North Americans to visit Ireland and witness for themselves what really happens there.

He explained that his main goal for Valley Morning, where the unemployment rate is 80%, is to create work for the people. However, all attempts to accomplish this were destroyed by the British government.

"In every case these efforts were undermined...That is the reality," he said.

It was after being exposed to such horrible conditions that Wilson left the diocese and dedicated himself to community work and opposing the British government. Wilson calls himself a pacifist, despite his belief there is no way to reform the British institutions but to take up arms.

"Make me be able to complicate things today to an unbearable degree," is his daily prayer.

Though he has seen more despair than hope in his life, Wilson remains optimistic for the Irish people's struggle for modern democracy.

He sees this time as an exciting point in Ireland, claiming it is exciting as well as to be a priest in such times. He emphasised the need for world intervention, if the struggle is to succeed. "We need your help...We need your understanding."

"The emerging democracy is always going to win...it's just a question of when," Wilson said.

Safeguards are a matter of delicate balance of interests," said Mazer, "and any decision must be made in accordance with our social values of fundamental justice."

The Mental Health act of 1967 radically altered criteria for commitment, said Gilbert Sharpe, Legal Advisor for the Ontario Ministry of Health. Prior to 1967, the psychiatric profession put a paternalistic view of patients, he said.

The act limited the criteria so that people could be committed only if they posed a danger to themselves or others. The idea of safety changed to a "physical sort of a thing," said Sharpe.

Still, patients lost all their rights when they entered a hospital, and it is only recently that their right to be voted was returned.

"It is strange that an individual who has committed a crime against society has all sorts of protections, while those who are ill do not," Sharpe said.

Charles J. Clark, Chair of the Electro Convulsive Therapy Review Committee addressed the issue of competency determination. "Whoever makes the determination is deciding the status of law in the patient, although they may be using medical information," he said.

"A competency determination should be made by a tribunal...should be subject to review, and there must be an appeal to a court of law," Dr. Ty Turner, Co-ordinator of the Provincial Patient Advocate Program began his presentation on informed consent with a quote from John Stuart Mill, "Over his mind and body, the individual is sovereign."

"Informed consent is a fairly recent growth in psychiatric care. Until recently the patient acted passively while the physician actively worked for him. This attitude sprang from a very powerful source of social benevolence in the psychiatric profession," said Turner.

In the legal sense, treatment without informed consent of the patient can be termed unlawful assault. Turner also cited studies which showed that informed mental health patients are more compliant to treatment and thus show greater improvement than those patients who are forced to take their medicine.

"I don't see that the notion of informed consent is just a clinical notion. It is also a legal one," he said.

The all natural cotton futon: Japanese contemporary mattress

85 Wyandotte St. W. 258-3474

The Summer Lance is looking for volunteers to report, write, draw, design, proof-read and paste-up. Staff meeting Tuesday, May 20th, at 1:30 p.m.

Everyone welcome.

Windsor Regional Hospital Foundation - corner of Wyandotte & Ouellette - 973-6338

Windsor German-speaking community - corner of Ouellette & Wyandotte - 973-6338

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"No Springs to Buy" "No Mattress to Buy"

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Queen $199

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Bomb threats annoy
"It's better than a surplus."

That was one student's reaction to the news the Board of Governors approved a $304 thousand budgetary deficit for 1986/87, and he's right.

For students, and the university as a whole, next year's deficit will be better than a surplus.

Over the past few years, we have had to put up with fewer course offerings, larger student/instructor ratios, and often inadequate facilities while the university acquired a $400,000 surplus.

Sure, a balanced budget is a laudable goal, but not when it begins to adversely affect the quality of education. Who can blame people for getting upset when their needs are not met and the BOG is leaving money unspent?

Now this excess money will be used to pay off next year's debt.

When drawing up the budget, the administration asked each department to submit a proposed budget allowing for a 4 percent cut in expenditures, exclusive of salaries. After studying these departmental budgets, the finance department approved additional spending based on campus-wide priorities.

Terrance Parkinson, Vice-president Finance and Services, said all possible cuts had been made, and they still ended up with a deficit. We're all lucky the Board temporarily set aside its stated policy of balancing the budget. We couldn't afford not to overspend.

The university has been cutting corners for years, and the result of this policy has contributed to our reputation as a second-class institution. It is appropriate that now, when that label is being disproven, we should not retreat, but move ahead.

One example of this university's determination to do just that is the Grand Market Place, now under construction in the University Centre. The administration is also looking at replacing the outdated Huron Hall residence, and President Ron Ianni has promised to bring the Faculty of Education onto the main campus.

Hopefully, we'll get some support in these efforts. The Board is betting David Peterson and his Bovey-bashing colleagues will increase operating grants to post-secondary institutions. Currently, these grants are not even keeping pace with inflation, let alone providing the improvement in equipment and services needed to keep higher education in this province competitive.

If anyone knows the mind of the Liberal guys in red ties, it should be our man Ianni, as long-time Grit.

We hope their largesse meets his expectations.

Better business

It's getting to the point where not having a car is worse than having one.

Mind you, I'm not envious of the fellow whose every pay cheque goes to buy sheet metal to repair the trunk of his rusted-out Grandia. And I'm not jealous of people who spend more on gas than they do on rent.

But at the same time, relying on Transit Windsor to get around town is growing to be a bigger and bigger pain in the butt, especially with their current "work-to-rule" campaign.

In a nutshell, the bus drivers are mad at the city of Windsor, with several grievances including complaints about wages and excess overtime. Since they are not in a strike situation, they are instead "working to rule"—following company policy and traffic law to the letter, and are refusing to work overtime. What means is a general slowdown of the service; without overtime, some supplementary buses cannot run at peak hours of the day. And drivers are strictly following company policy and law, including racing past people at stops in order to finish routes on time, because that's policy.

Drivers are also refusing from the stories some passengers are used to, such as waiting for the elderly lady to hobble across one street onto the bus, or picking up someone who may be between bus stops.

Okay, we get the point. I, and dozens like me, have been enduring forty-five minute waits around five in the afternoon (last week I was late for some 'social function', and my girlfriend was steamed at me for days). The idea is to show the city the drivers are peeved. By inconveniencing the riders, they plan to rally the public's support for their cause.

Frankly, I don't get it.

Such a ploy seems even odder when considering a recent rule I had with a particularly peevish driver. It was about 4:30 in the afternoon; the thing was packed. I was sandwiched between a little old lady and a moody Twisted Sinter. The driver, a plump, balding fellow who looked like a Cabbage Patch doll with face fuzz and a sneer, was muttering to a passenger about the row dead drivers were getting from the city. The more he talked, the angrier he was making himself, to the point where he was whispering past bus stops, and making squealing stops and lurching starts.

So it happened that one young fellow with hair to his neck was reaching the spot where he wanted to get off. Not content to ring the bell once, he rang out "shave and a haircut", then strode to the door.

The driver whispered past the stop, where a good five or six other people wanted to get off, as well.

"Hey, buddy," said Hair. "You kinda missed the stop, didn't ya?"

"Can't you ring the bell once? I'm not dead!" bellowed Peeved.

"Fuck you," countered Hair.

After Hair left the bus, Peeved launched into a tirade, challenging Hair to meet him after work in some dark alley somewhere. His driving then became really interesting (of course, the waiting people he whirled past should have considered themselves lucky).

The old lady besides me wondered aloud how Peeved ever got his license.

And Peeved's antics no doubt sparked yet another buzz of supporters for the plight of the workers.

Now don't get me wrong. The drivers do have valid grievances; the very fact that drivers have to work overtime and ignore policies to make the system run efficiently is alone a comment on the state of the transit system. And the only lever available is to inconvenience the customer; that is their sole avenue of noticeable protest. The same situation exists among some students this past semester—the communication studies T.A.'s were considering striking because they weren't being paid. The T.A.'s didn't want to hurt the students, but it was the only real show of protest available to them.

But I don't know if it works.

Instead of the image of power, downtrodden bus driver that the union would love the public to take to City Hall, this driver, at least, came across like a crybaby with a boodoo on his knee.

It must be a fine time to be a car salesman.
**Attack of the brain-dead zombies**

by Matt Tales and Laura Gould

The summer is upon us and many turn their thoughts not to further study, but to work and the earning of great amounts of money. What a price students pay for THE GREAT JOB! Job satisfaction and experience are not the priority here, but rather the almighty greenbacks. When school starts back in the fall you won’t be hearing about what a great job I had learning some skill essential to my field of study or the great Almighty greenbacks. When school starts back in the fall you won’t be hearing about what a great job I had learning some skill essential to my field of study or the great Almighty greenbacks.

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However, this is not the issue at hand. If people like to stay up outside all night long, why don’t they happen to be their primitive wait a minute! What about the hundreds of jobs going unfilled throughout the city? Do you see any line-ups at the Student Placement Office on any other days? Students are certainly not going to kill themselves in the attempt to get jobs as lawn-cutters, house-painters, baby-sitters or pizza drivers. Yet these jobs offer fresh air, the opportunity to meet people, and the same value under the all-important “job experience” heading on a resume. What they don’t offer is a ton o’ money. Whatever happened to the saying, “it’s not the job, but what you make of it!” And I stress make of it, not make from it. Many people have done odd jobs for experience before settling on their chosen careers. These experiences often come to be quite handy in later life. For example, Doctor McNamara, an English professor at our university, has been both a coal miner and a truck driver. Surely this has helped him in his writing and with his teaching skills. Closer to home, my mother had at least 20 jobs before she settled on her career with the government. By no means did she become rich, but on the other hand she gained invaluable experience in various fields, thus enabling her to make an intelligent and informed decision which has resulted in job satisfaction and personal happiness. But I know what you’re saying, that you can’t take personal happiness to the bank. True. I guess we all have different priorities. But I can understand the big-buck syndrome because I’ve spent the last six summers working in a library, and I’ve decided that I’m willing, for this summer at least, however, as a temporary solution to my rather sickening financial state, as opposed to a gateway to health and plenty.

Money’s great, as far as it goes. But for my part I’d rather be a less-than-affluent human being than a rich yet brain-dead zombie.
by mike lyster

SCENE ONE

Interior: April 30, 1986, large, ritzy ballroom; swank awards ceremony, Harbour Castle Hilton, downtown Toronto. Over 600 people are in attendance, most decked out in tuxedos and formal gowns, including bigwigs from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the film industry, and Hollywood—well, maybe not Hollywood...

Dissolve to: The podium. The master of ceremonies is about to announce the winner for the best short documentary film. A hush falls upon the crowd. The envelope, please... and the winner is (pause) Christopher McNamara for Tattoo, the University of Windsor.

The camera follows Christopher, resplendent in spiked hair, black leather and skank boots, as he walks on stage to receive the award and give his thanks.

Chris McNamara (far right) with crew.

Dissolve to: The same podium, twenty minutes later. They are about to present the award for the best long documentary film. The audience is familiar with the routine by now: the envelope, the moment of suspense, the winner... for In Case We Survive, Glenn Warner of the University of Windsor.

Glenn takes the stage in matching black leather, but with hair slicked back and in a ponytail, and bright red running shoes in place of the boots. He, too, delivers his speech and they move on to the next award.

Dissolve to: A shot of the audience, on the edge of their seats. The final award is about to be handed out; and this is the big one, the Regional Directors Award, signifying the best overall film or television production among the 150 or so entries in the competition.

McNamara's, as you might guess from the title, is a documentary on tattooing.

"I originally got the idea when I was at a bar, and a couple of skinheads came in," says McNamara. "One of them came up to me and showed me his new tattoo. He was so proud of it—and he had a story for each one of his other tattoos. He was really engrossed, as if they were like his children.

"I found it fascinating, why someone would get a tattoo and why they would get that particular one. It's then that I first thought about doing it as a film."

McNamara anticipated some problems getting people with tattoos for the film, but found that he needn't have worried.

"Some of the guys (in the documentary) were people I knew, some were friends from my family. McNamara is father to brother Brian, who works with the cast and crew."

"My basic approach was to get the people and the situation. It had been intrigued by people and their stories from a historical perspective. I got these people to tell me what it means to them, and we right..."
McNamara's film was up against 14 other short documentaries in the Telefest. Each category is judged by a different panel, made up of men and women from the CBC who have worked in that area of filmmaking. With all the entries in each category, the odds of winning are pretty slim.

"Based on these actual notes, I wrote the proposal for the film in the fall of '84. My experiences with the identity conflict became the basis for the lead character, Joel, who goes through the same sort of thing.

"I then got John May Involved, and we wrote the script together."

The story revolves around the hero, Joel, a patriotic Canadian, who falls in love with the American daughter of one of his professors and then undergoes a personal crisis.

"The story was basically complete when I left for Spain for the Christmas vacation that year," says Warner. "It was there that I designed the look of the film, the colours (reds and blues), etc."

Warner was reluctant to discuss some of the problems that hindered the shooting of the film, because of what he termed "politics". "Time and money" were the biggest obstacles to be overcome, he says.

The film also required some difficult location shooting, such as obtaining and filling a classroom with students for a mock lecture, or scenes where Joel and his friends are supposed to be riding through the Detroit/Windsor tunnel and being turned back by a customes official.

"Warner gives credit to his crew for being able to pull it all together under adverse conditions."

"We put them through hell, and everyone did their best and everything worked itself out."

The university's award-winning directors will be collaborating on their next project, entitled POX. McNamara, who plans on a career in film following his graduation next December, will be shooting the five-minute production, while Warner, who is unsure of his plans after he completes his degree this summer, will direct.

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"I then got John May Involved, and we wrote the script together."

The story revolves around the hero, Joel, a patriotic Canadian, who falls in love with the American daughter of one of his professors and then undergoes a personal crisis.

"The story was basically complete when I left for Spain for the Christmas vacation that year," says Warner. "It was there that I designed the look of the film, the colours (reds and blues), etc."

Warner was reluctant to discuss some of the problems that hindered the shooting of the film, because of what he termed "politics". "Time and money" were the biggest obstacles to be overcome, he says.

The film also required some difficult location shooting, such as obtaining and filling a classroom with students for a mock lecture, or scenes where Joel and his friends are supposed to be riding through the Detroit/Windsor tunnel and being turned back by a customs official.

"Warner gives credit to his crew for being able to pull it all together under adverse conditions."

"We put them through hell, and everyone did their best and everything worked itself out."

The university's award-winning directors will be collaborating on their next project, entitled POX. McNamara, who plans on a career in film following his graduation next December, will be shooting the five-minute production, while Warner, who is unsure of his plans after he completes his degree this summer, will direct.
Sports dog turns into auction hound

by Brian LeClair

I’ll be the first to admit that I was headed into a new and uncharted territory when I took on this challenge. Being a full-fledged city slicker with an abnormal fear of novel and interesting activities, auction was as unfamiliar in the Russian language. However, during an aimless tour of the Downtown Mall, my eyes rolled over a word on a poster that was as important to my life as SPORTS. This led me to a very interesting and eye-opening evening.

Accompanying this beautiful word was an advertisement for a Sports Auction benefiting the Canadian Mental Health Association. The auction was to be held at the Windsor Racquet and Fitness Centre on Saturday, May 10, at 7:00. The thought of attending this auction and perhaps picking up one of the official summer's sporty pieces intrigued me deeply. However, I was slightly apprehensive since the only impressions I had of auctions were obtained from such knowledgable characters as Fred the Foll, Barney Rubble, and George Jefferson. I always pictured myself as the poor unfortunate sap who would accidentally buy a million dollar yacht just because I had an uncontrollable itch at the back of my neck. In the end, my obsession to bring home a precious souvenir from the world of sport won out over my reluctance to attend the unsavering event.

Thus my overwhelming drive somehow pushed me to the front door of the Windsor Racquet and Fitness Centre. With complementary passes in hand and an overwhelming eagerness and curiosity I arrived fifteen minutes early.

After I passed the front desk I felt as if I had entered another country. I was stunned by the magnificence and the brilliant decor of the centre. It took me a few minutes to convince myself that I was still in Windsor, and I merely sat on a couch and took everything in.

Since I was quite early, I had plenty of time to look around. The feature entertainment of the evening, the Assumption High School cheerleading squad was going through its routine making final preparations for their performance later on, with almost no one in the cavernous sporting complex except auction organizers, I took the time to make my way up to the auction table to treat my eyeballs to the goodies that, with luck, would find their way into my pockets.

Autographed baseballs, basketballs, hockey sticks, and footballs from the major sports franchises of the area graced the table. Envelopes filled to the brim with Lions tickets and free passes to the Essex Golf Club also took up sections of the table.

Other interesting items such as Mary Thomas' and Tricia Hyland's university basketball uniforms were important donations due to their Windsor connections. An opportunity to be a Windsor Cable TV sportscaster (a prospect to send your budding Communications Student like myself into hysteric), resulted in a rather varied and attractive selection for all sports fanatics.

The next item on the block

But all of these worthy prizes pale in comparison to the item certain to attract the bulk of attention as the evening wore on—an exciting trip for two to the 1987 Super Bowl in Pasadena, California. I began to imagine the huge price that the coveted trip to L.A. might raise.

As I made my way back to the main concourse of the building I tried desperately not to look interested in any of the items on the table that I've coveted. I quickly went to the registration desk to obtain my number and that I was a participant in the auction, and then relaxed and absorbed the excitement.

As I collapsed in the couch, I was struck by the laid-back party atmosphere that is usually found on the beaches of Malibu. This was even more surprising as I noticed that except for the adolescent auction workers or the peppy co-ed cheerleaders, I was clearly the youngest person in attendance. It became evident that I was the poorest, as the arriving guests seemed to pay no heed to the exorbitant fees charged for beer and mixed drinks, an appalling $3.00 for a ten ounce plastic glass.

Undaunted, I sat back and listened to the strains of the latest pop hits as they blared out from the remarkably efficient stereo system located at the back of the huge auditorium. As the time crawled along before the auction ensued, I began to narrow down the list of items that I intended to fight for. As I was mulling over everything, a gentleman approximately my age sat down beside me. Grateful for the chance to carry on a conversation with someone, I seemed to become more and more interested in the auction.

As we conversed, I realized that the auctioneer, a basketball coach, was welcomed as the evening wore on—an exciting introduction for the items we wished to take home. It became apparent that the Bidder, or the one willing and able to put their money on the line, was the main attraction of the evening. As the auction ensued, I began to feel more and more involved in the bidding process.

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Equally perplexing was the auction-hound seated directly in front of me who offered bids for at least six items, eventually outbidding all competitors for four of them, and remained a stubborn bidder for the grand prize.

Probably the most exciting moment occurred when tickets for the Lions-Cowboys game went up on the block. My companion's eyes lit up and he was determined to have them. When they were placed in his hands, I was almost as astounded as he was.

All in all, the evening was a great deal of fun as well as a success for the Canadian Mental Health Association. The auction items brought in $3550 and with combined admission charges, the profit should reach at least $4000. This is an admirable accomplishment for a first-time effort, which was under-publicized and therefore probably under-attended.

With a more extensive advertising campaign, this event could prove to be a little more successful.

As for my interest, I was stimulated, and I know if another such auctions were held, this experience would result in the future acquisition of a sports treasure for my own personal collection. As we always say in the world of sports, just wait till next year!
Musical texts, textual music

“...and it is a completely interesting opera both as to words as to music.”

— G. Stein

by Kevin Atkinson

In any work combining textual narrative and music, at least a couple of critical questions arise about the formal relation between the two: is the combination an effort to make the text musical, emphasizing its phonological aspects and augmenting its emotional impact through rhythm and harmony? Or is it an attempt to textualize music, that is, to concretize its fuzzy semantics, to qualify its unlikely mimetics (the bleating sheep in Richard Strauss’ “Don Quixote” come to mind as a particularly banal example)? The Largely Canadian Series presented last Wednesday a concert featuring two very disparate solutions to the music-narrative problem: a musical setting of a section of Torquato Tasso’s epic poem “Gerusalemme Liberata” by the innovative Italian composer Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643), and Igor Stravinsky’s (1882-1971) pivotal work, “The Soldier’s Tale,” with text by novelist Charles Ramuz. The two pieces were both remarkable in their affinities and instructive in their differences.

Monteverdi’s piece demands minimal instrumental and choral forces: a string quartet, a harpsichord continuo, and three singers. Monteverdi generously employed in his setting the newly developed style of recitative for solo voice (free declamation over a rhythmically passive continuo accompaniment) and used, somewhat less frequently, another contemporary technique in Italian opera: musically descriptive passages, intended to portray such events in the narrative as the battle call and the battle itself. Charles Fantastici had by far the largest singing part in the role of the narrator, which he executed with a fine and fluid voice, only occasionally faltering in the surety of his pitch. Paul McIntyre on harpsichord provided a centre of rhythmic and harmonic stability with both a sense of tact and somewhat ponderous pronunciability giving pitches to the momentarily befuddled Fantastici. Stephen McIntyre as the Christian knight Tancredi was rather more earnest and refined, but his voice had nevertheless sufficient natural depth and richness to make it listenable. Susan Comotte, who sang (with somewhat indistinct enunciation) the role of the Saracen Warrior-maid Clarinda, had a delicate and subtly coloured, if subdued, voice, which promises a fine maturity. The string quartet, consisting of Moira McIntyre (violin), Bora Rezvani (violin), Edward Kevorkian (viola), and Tom Akeley (cello), performed its rather technically undemanding score with what seemed a lack of conviction. They properly subjugated their sonorities to those of the voices, but it often came off as a hoarse murmuring.

Where Monteverdi’s music is insistently emotive and rhythmically organic (the rhythm being determined by the natural arhythmia of speech and the intemtional rise and fall of emotion), Stravinsky’s music in “The Soldier’s Tale” is dry and melodically fragmented—a music of stuttering mecha­nism. This latter metaphor is not intended as a deprecation of a musical text, text

PRETTY IN PINK
Various Artists (A & M)

Some go looogIaht on Molly Ringwald’s three lip-mocking, cute-as-candy flash stills on the back of this soundtrack sleeve. But alas, there’s an arenthness, a frisson, and a natural teenage unawareness that the album, as a random mid-decade survey of pop, can’t attempt to compete or cop a late lick with.

An unfair comparison perhaps, but fact is, this soundtrack exemplifies the studio-sophisticated but generally bodiless quality of 80s pop. It’s a music characterized by massive ‘space’ and layers of sound. No matter its U2ish revival, the gaster has had to give way synthetico, and both are in turn deployed around the echoing vacuums of the drum; the flapping disco kick and its bass-driven funkaysoun unclick doing the hip-hearing stick.

Yet what’s got to be known is that are some candidates on this LP for the ever­

expanding ‘great rock archive’ (not to forget, however, the harvest and the reclaiming rock mast one day come to pass all labadations of ‘yore’ or reenactments). Take the hymnal heroine of Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark mapping the less legacy in all the resilient fraily of its emotionality. The song is “If You Leave,” and its sea-home synthetic synthadulations are right with the controlled noise of Andy McClusky’s voice inhabiting bathos, less, and a stinging climax not to let go. And then, the soaring, elegiacally sweet

ficy cake indeed. Unfortunately, it’s an altogether artificial piece of pastry. For all the lightness of its lyric, its casually studied snippets of pace and phrasing, it remains synthetic, sculptural, cool as a tomb. In fact, it’s not at all something you could meta­phonically take, inhale, or even bake against, rather, you beat yourself in place

Pop: pithiness in pink

Molly B. thinks pink.

fie patience praying to endure its generally layered sens. It’s too bad that New Order, for all its little neocon touches, will never sound like the good French disco it might have been in a better life. Ed much rather have heard something by Lime, or an oldie-goodie from the Human League in its place.

But turn from this to New Order’s “She’ll Be Coming” and you’re suddenly facing a...
A weekend in the country

by Desmond McGrath

On hearing that I was heading over to the Downtown Hoedown this past weekend, a local queried "Why do you wanna go hear a bunch of drunken wise-bears spew out cliches?" The answer is that I prefer to over-ride the small-mindedness of that kind of thinking and see it as the music of tormented souls trying to come to grips with their dark side. While it may be possible to reduce remorse, pain, affection, lust, betrayal, hope, sorrow, love, guilt, joy, loneliness, and faith to cliches, it is well to remember that there is no cliche that doesn’t partake of truth, and that the inscrutable wall-piercings of the psyche which country music draws on for its subject matter are universal and eternal phenomena best mulled over in the quiet of one’s own home with a Hank Williams record.

But it is unsafe to theorize without field research, and so I wandered over to Detroit’s Hart Plaza for the fourth annual hoedown, now the world’s largest free country music festival. Seven hundred and twenty thousand people were drawn to the diehards were in and around the scene, and no wonder. the festival’s organizers did a marvelous job of attracting established and rising stars, along with local C & W talent. Some were only there for the party atmosphere, the damsels were in and around the amphitheatre singin’, drinkin’, dancin’, or just biding their time waiting for Waylon, or Tammy, or George. An audience that size is an entertaining marvel that doesn’t partake of truth, and that the inscrutable wall-piercings of the psyche which country music draws on for its subject matter are universal and eternal phenomena best mulled over in the quiet of one’s own home with a Hank Williams record.

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The coming of darkness brought the appearance of the Jones Boys, who were adequate filler before the arrival of newcomer George Jones. It’s too bad that many of her songs aren’t better written, because she can belt out the songs with the best and still oo beautifully on the slower numbers. As with other performances, some of her show’s best moments came when the fiddle and banjo players came to the fore with some up-tempo backfill pick-ups—everybody likes to do some stepping’ and elegant. Ansel sounds a lot like Reba McIntire, who sang on that same stage last year, and it must be said that Ranch is a better singer.

The old songs are still the best, featuring such wonderful lines as “I’ll be over you when the grass is over me.” “Stand By Your Man”, saved for last, was too much a production number to be a real ear-pleaser, though “I Don’t Wanna Play House,” her first-ever hit, was presented with much more humility, and made a more sincere tag at the heartstrings.

Larry Gatlin and the Gatlin Brothers closed out the evening, but it didn’t seem right to have anyone perform after Tammy, so I left.

On Sunday I arrived too late to see John Conlee, though I did get to talk to someone who’d been drinking with him in a bar earlier. Apparently Mr. Conlee’s a real nice guy, as you can tell from listening to his records.

Jamie Fricke, twice named the Country Music association’s Female vocalist of the Year, performed for an hour or so while folks waited for George Jones. It’s too bad that many of her songs aren’t better written, because she can belt out the songs with the best and still oo beautifully on the slower numbers. As with other performances, some of her show’s best moments came when the fiddle and banjo players came to the fore with some up-tempo backfill pick-ups—everybody likes to do some stepping’ and elegant. Janda sounds a lot like Reba McIntire, who sang on that same stage last year, and it must be said that Ranch is a better singer.

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social gaffes

Saturday, May 17
— Windsor Association for the Mentally Retarded presents a film festival from 9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. in the Demon Bar at Audium.

Sunday, May 18
— St. Mary’s Church will sponsor an evening for peace and justice in South Africa at 8:00 p.m. Prince Merit, Jonathan Patton from Wellesley and University of Johannesburg will speak on “South Africa—A troubled land.” Details at 9th St. Mary’s Gate.

Tuesday, May 20
— Iona College hosts a Public Meeting on South Africa with guest speaker Rev. Murray McIntyre, 7:30 p.m. Iona College.

Wednesday, May 21
— Iona College hosts a Coffee Hour with Armando Paton from Genesee College. 20th Ave. Sunset, 7:30 p.m.

Thursday, May 22
— Iona College hosts a Forum on “Transfer of Addictions” 1:00-2:00 PM. Open forum follows at Iona College. Call 973-7039 for information.

Sunday, May 25
— Rally for Peace in Central America begins in Jackson park. Speakers, music and entertainment in Dippie Gardens.

Friday, May 30
— Essex Region Conservation Foundation fundraising dinner featuring Abbie Hoffman on “The Future of our environment.” Teutonia Club. 7 p.m. For tickets or information contact ERCF office 776-5299 ext. 348.

MUSIC

Friday, May 16
— Minimal Man and Slaughterhouse at the Graystone (7816 Michigan Ave.). Show of 9 p.m. admissionû.50. For more information call (313) 567-1001.

Wednesday, May 21
— The Largely Canadian Series presents the Essen Winds in their program of music by Jean-Michael Damase. Goyo Viegli and Antonin Reina. Together with the premiere of a commissioned work by Edmonton composer Maclean Forsyth. Concert at 8 p.m. at the Art Gallery of Windsor. Call 254-4337 for further info.

Saturday, May 24
— Special deal with Klotziger and Laughing Hyenas of Te. Graystone. Show of 9 p.m. admissionû.50. For further information call (313) 561-8000.

Wednesday, May 28
— The Largely Canadian Series presents Callies Lavonker’s comic opera “The Wilkie”, orchestrated by Dr. Paul McIntyre. The Windsor Classic Chorale with Dr. Richard Householder and local singers will be conducted by Dr. McIntyre. Concert at 8 p.m. at the Art Gallery of Windsor. Call 254-4337 for further information.

Saturday, May 24
— Friday, May 30
— Meat Puppets with Sleep at the Graystone. Show of 9 p.m. admissionû.50. For more information call (313) 561-8000.

ART

Friday, May 23
— Article presents “Artists & Models: A Gaia Evening of Art Fashion,” a fashion show and auction. Food provided, music and dancing. Tickets $15.00, all proceeds to benefit Article. For further information call 252-4441.

May 30 to August 7
— The Detroit Institute of Arts presents an exhibit of Francois Bouchet, the largest of its kind assembled in this century. Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday. Tours for 15 to 45 people. Advanced reservation required, call (313) 833-7884, Public tours 1 t.m. Tuesday to Sunday. Exhibit runs through August 17.

classifieds

ABSCOMMUNITY CHAPEL - 973-5973, located between the Uni- versity Centre and the Ambassador Bridge. Hours 10:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. Sundays. Monday to Friday 10:00 AM to 12 Noon. Reconciliation on request.

DETOU SYMPHONY — student tickets $2.00 per concert are available. Must be purchased 1 t. before the start of each concert of either Rod Aud. Monday to Saturday or Sunday, 2:00 p.m. Student ID must be shown when purchasing tickets. Call 550-2523 for further information.

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“Move in the Right Direction”

MUSIC

Russian pianist Shura Cherkassky

Ongoing
— Article presents “On Barrett’s Doorstep,” a touring exhibition by Stephen Short. Runs to May 25. Gallery hours Tuesday to Saturday 10:5 p.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 15
— The Detroit Repertory Theatre presents Eugene O’Neill’s “A Touch of the Poet.” Play runs every Thursday through Sunday until June 22. Curtain 8:30 pm. Thursday through Saturday 7:30 on Sundays. Tickets $7.00. For further information call (313) 866-1347.
— The Hilberry Theatre presents Moliere’s “The Misanthrope” (final performance of the season) at 11 a.m. for ticket information call (313) 577-2972.
— The School of Dramatic Education. Runs May 27 to May 30 and June 2 to June 6.

Ongoing

DSDO program varied, vigorous

by Kevin Frizen

Last Thursday evening, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra presented a varied and vigorous program of works from the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Maurice Ravel’s “Ma mère l’oye” (Mother Goose) suite provided an unostentatious and tasteful opening to the concert, which otherwise featured the intimate and poetic expressions of composers in their impetuous youth. The orchestra moved gracefully, and with consistency, from clean austerity to controlled lushness, according to the varied demands of the score.

The evening’s orgy of stylistic overkill began in the virtuosic indulgences of Franz Liszt’s “A Piano Concerto No. 1.” The pianist, very appropriately, was the venerable Russian Shura Cherkassky, one of the last decaying survivors of the Post - Romantic tradition of piano-playing. He and the other few practitioners of that style seem to be enjoying a resurgence in popularity and critical acclaim. It is perhaps a reaction against the kind of piano-playing that has been so influential in recent decades, epitomized in such prima donnas of technical clarity and emotional restraint as Glenn Gould and Alexis Weissenberg. Cherkassky’s performance featured these qualities in inverse, with engaging results in the latter case, but to less happy effects in the former. For although he boomed and flutted in the most extravagantly Lisztian fashion, his execution was at times haggard and cacophonous (this age—which must be at least 80—is probably a factor to consider here). Maestro Herbig and the orchestra accompanied with an incomparable proficiency, except for an egregious woodwind or two.

The Litz was followed after the intermission by Richard Strauss’ early tone poem “Don Juan,” written in 1888 when the composer was 24. It is a programmatic piece, programmatic portraying musically the vicissitudes of romantic love, and some commentators have claimed that the piece is actually a self-portrait. The orchestra heroically followed the piece’s fluctuating dynamic of leaps and swoons with little evidence of verig. Special mention goes to the brass-players, who had to work especially hard, for their unremitting, on-edge execution.

The concert concluded with a performance of the “Scythian Suite” by Russian composer Sergei Prokofiev. The piece is a rewriting of material from a ballet score commissioned by the incorrigible scandalmonger Diaghilev. The “Scythian Suite” inevitably evicts comparisons (to its detriment) with the supreme masterpiece of its limited genre, Igor Stravinsky’s “The Rite of Spring,” a musical evocation of a human sacrifice to the God of Spring. Prokofiev’s scenario is different although his piece too in a way suggests propitiatory sacrifice—the sacrifice of the aesthetic sensibilities of the bourgeoisie to appease Prokofiev’s own ego. Even so, Prokofiev’s piece is “primitive” in perhaps a more prosaic sense of the word (simple? unrefined?) than those evocations of the primordial the same term suggests when applied to Stravinsky’s work. For Prokofiev too is rhythmically supple and complex, Prokofiev laboriously a beastly clout, plumbing four—four meter. The two composers seek the primitive in two different directions: Prokofiev looks back in time, Stravinsky peers into the depths of the subconscious self. Prokofiev’s primitive, merely suffers from the unfortunately invariable comparison, I enjoyed it more as a naive 14-year-old.

Gustar Herbig and demonstrated none, as they did throughout the concert, and throughout the season, the musical value of sheer rhythmic precision. The evening completed another happy and very more strenuous usual, exercise of a fine ensemble’s abilities.

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by Sarah Atkinson

Few things bother me more about professional performing arts events than the advertisement, divertissemental, and incidental additives to those thick glossy "stagebills" that accompany the culture-seeker in his seat as he fidgets or fester in the before- and afterward of the event.

I’m not talking about the Ford Taurus centerfold, nor do I mean the mod neon Newport Lights ad (which sports possibly the most pertinent non-program info in the whole of the "stagebill"—the surgeon general’s warning). Rather this is the type of thing that offends:

"More vital than a piece of velvet"? Could this possibly mean something to someone? Such soporific-with-a-purpose tripe is no doubt composed by the poet laureate of club member, an experience that left me paint odour I received as a high school drama lyric, thankful for that overdose of grease- thing that off ends:

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It is the duet "Treading," performed by Monte herself and David Brown (also the company’s associate director), that indicates once and for all Monte’s artistic focus: her emphasis on form and style, form lifted from aesthetic ethics to gain the temporary appearance of synthesis. Second in a series of stagebill beats... those mass-assembling amiable-nobbish articles that bulge with terms like "denizens," "cur- mudgeonly" and "auspicious." These are exemplars of a style that make Oscar Wilde look like the First Lady of flippantry. "Pigs and Fishes" evokes an undulating effect similar to that of "VII for VIII," and creeps about as dangerously close to a story as Monte is ever likely to reach, or want to reach, if she knows herself as well as I’m presenting to. "Pigs and Fisher" is a movement through space and through the illusion of time.

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Transportation troubles

by Kevin Johnson and Susan McIlvene

I might take a plane, I might take a train, but I have to walk, I'm going just the same.

The mobility of some wind-

The company and the union have been involved in a dispute since the workers' contract expired in February.

The drivers launched a work-to-rule campaign several weeks ago. During work-to-rule, the drivers refuse to follow the rules exactly, despite problems that may arise.

A spokesperson for Transit Windsor said the company was under a lot of pressure.

Logan pointed out the transit service operates at a deficit which must be made up by provincial and city taxpayers.

The fee hike was the first for general fares since April, 1982. Spread over the four years, the increase amounted to only three percent annually, Logan said.

Neither side is willing to speculate on when the strike will end. Business as usual may be on the heels of the lockout.

The labour dispute comes on the heels of a 13 percent hike in adult bus fares. Toll fares rose 75 to 85 cents. Monthly pass prices were increased to $34 dollars from $30.

Logan pointed out the transit service operates at a deficit which must be made up by provincial and city taxpayers.

"When our running costs begin to increase, who is going to foot the bill?" he said. "The user will pay the bill."

Currently, tolls are about 62 percent of the cost. The remainder is split by the provincial and Windsor governments.

"We're not losing anything," he said.

The company's major expenses, salaries and fuel, will be all during the lockout. However, he added the company could be hurt in the long run if people make alternate transportation arrangements.

He added he is "still looking for answers."

Neither side is willing to speculate on when the strike will end.

The mobility of some individuals becomes a dilemma when transportation is disrupted.

A rare snow when the Ambassador Bridge is empty.

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The mobility of some individuals becomes a dilemma when transportation is disrupted.
Addict, not addiction, focus of forum

by Catharine Hudec

"We cannot treat the addiction by treating the addictive agent only," said Michael Dufresne, guest speaker at an invitational forum hosted by Iona college on May 22.

The forum was held to raise the issue and explore the areas of addiction, and was attended by about 50 people.

Dufresne, an associate professor of biology at the University of Windsor, began the afternoon with a presentation entitled "Transfer of Addictions."

Dufresne started by comment ing on the present status of research on addiction and addictive agents. He said while much of the research is helpful, "confusion is a universal endpoint in research." This confusion often deters an addict who is seeking help.

Dufresne then introduced the term "new-alcoholic" in reference to an addict who used both alcohol and some other drug. "A pure alcoholic is becoming a rarity." Most of those people termed alcoholics who are under 40 years old are actually new-alcoholics, he said.

The increase of cross-addiction is due to a number of factors, said Dufresne, including the increased availability of drugs, the perception of drugs as a status symbol, and the fact that alcohol and other drugs have the same effect on the users' body chemistry.

Two hypotheses have been formed concerning cross-addicts. The first, said Dufresne, is that people who abuse solid drugs are also likely to abuse alcohol. The second hypothesis states that people who abuse marijuana or cocaine will usually choose alcohol as a secondary drug.

According to Dufresne, the rationale behind multi-drug use involves the alteration of a mood just for the sake of altering it. To back up this view, he mentioned research that found that most multi-drug users combined drugs which produced different effects, such as stimulants and opiates.

The transfer of an addiction occurs when the primary chemical is removed. The addict will then transfer his addiction to another chemical that has the same effect, said Dufresne.

"We can transfer an addictive behavior to almost anything," he said, although this applies only to those with an addictive personality.

According to Dufresne, an addictive personality is one predisposed to form an addiction. Genetic and psychological factors, among others, determine whether a person has an addictive personality. Dufresne estimated that about 10 per cent to 20 per cent of people have addictive personalities.

"Addiction is an expression of an addictive personality," said Dufresne. The addiction will be expressed through the first agent available, he said.

In some cases the agent is a type of behavior, particularly compulsive behaviors such as gambling and dieting.

Dufresne said "becomes addictive if it is an expression of an addictive personality." Like a chemical, a compulsive behavior can alter the body chemistry, producing an "altered state." An example of this is "runner's high," said Dufresne.

In view of the large areas of uncertainty regarding addiction, Dufresne concluded, "we can make jals out of knowledge. As people involved in education it is our duty to remain open to knowledge."

Canadians rally to show support for Central America

by Beth Daly

Central Americans are no different from us, they want only justice, peace, and freedom.

This was the main theme of a "Day of Peace" at Dieppe Gardens Sunday afternoon. About 40 people gathered to listen to representatives from the El Salvador Women's Association, the Windsor Central American Support Group, and the Oscar Romero Solidarity Committee give speeches on the crises in Central American countries.

They blamed the problems, for the most part, on United Nations intervention.

One irate orator spoke harshly to the group before the event, claiming that Canadians are using a negative approach to the situation. However, the majority of the crowd displayed themselves as openly "anti-American."

One protestor donned a Ronald Reagan mask and sported a sign reading "I want the peace of the cemetery."

Speakers from the Oscar Romero Committee and the Women's Association emphasized the importance of public awareness. They encouraged the crowd to send telegrams to govern ment officials in Ottawa, asking for an end of financial aid to Central American countries, where 50 per cent of the national budget is spent on the military.

The rally ended on a positive note, as the crowd quietly sang "Down by the Riverside," echoing the words, "ain't gonna study war no more."

Protesters were not fazed by US president Ronald Reagan.

"(This is) simply the cry of the poor, proclaiming their own liberation," he said.

The songs which followed the speeches summed the day's message almost as well as the speeches themselves. The song, "Solidarity, with the lyrics "When we're together, we'll win the fight," emphasized the importance of North American involvement in the struggle for justice in the region.

Customs reroute parcels

by Catharine Hudec

Canada Customs implemented a new postal processing system May 20th that will save time and improve efficiency in Windsor.

Canada was one of the few remaining countries in the world with a storage system for international parcels, said Ken Lehman, a local customs officer.

"The new system essentially means that recipients of durable international mail will no longer have to travel to a customs office to collect their goods," said National Revenue Minister Elmer MacKay.

The new system will save time by eliminating the need to personally pick up imported mail and will also reduce release and delivery times. There is less paper work and fewer Customs formalities involved in the new system.

Under the old system, the durable mail was sent to the Windsor Mail Processing Plant on Walker Road. There it was given an initial screening by customs officials. The goods were then sent to the Main Post Office in downtown Windsor, where the importer came to pick up his goods and pay duty and taxes.

Since May 20, the goods are no longer sent to the downtown post office, but are sent directly to the importer by Canada Post.

The importers are responsible for remitting duty and taxes immediately. Those importers who abuse the new system by not accounting for their imported goods will have future shipments held by Customs.

According to Lehman, there is "no reduction in service to the public."

The objectives of the new system are to streamline Customs operations and to reduce costs, primarily by eliminating double handling of mail items and by reducing storage and transportation costs.

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UNICEF cards and gifts are available all year round.

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FREE Movies - Tuesday
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IT BOGGLES THE MIND

THE SUMMER LANCE
May 20, 1986, page 7
City Council approves rezoning Huron

by Kevin Johnson

The Ottawa Regional Council has approved rezoning Huron University to allow for a new student residence. This will facilitate the development of the Huron Hall property.

The rezoning will allow the University to construct a new student residence, which will be completed by September 1987. The style promises improved residence facilities in the future.

A final decision on what to do with the land will not be made until the construction of a new student residence has begun. The site remains to be selected.

A spokesperson for the university president Ron Ianni said: "This is a very important step forward for the university." He added, "I'd like to leave a message of hope. Hope and faith in the unity of the people."
Getting around

The only way to do it, I found, is to either fall asleep while you're lying there, or get up and do something.

Falling asleep is out. I usually fling myself on my side to shield the sun, then wake up looking like an inverse raccoon. Or if you fall asleep on your stomach (after having first been lying on your back), you'll wind up with a wacko racing stripe running from your armpit. (The "formula one" look).

Getting up and doing something is out, too, at least for me. Getting around is the desire of someone along the line to move into a higher tax bracket.

Fear not. Although bus drivers were locked out, discommoding hundreds of people, turning our city streets into rolling parking lots, and making for good excuses, the lockout is not the subject of this editorial.

Neither will this editorial concern itself with the criminal increase in bus fares. Of course, when their buses aren't running the price of a ride is a bit moral.

One could argue the new price of $5.75 is an awful sum, one that seems designed to dissuade people into paying a full buck. Still, we'll leave Transit Windsor alone this week, so they can get down to the business of putting the buses on the road again. They're losing support and customers every day.

We won't even discuss the deplorable state of bicycle paths, and the road conditions that make bike riding a mortal threat.

For those few who can afford the lifestyle of the jet-setters, you're not going to find any sympathy here.

Having exhausted much of this editorial explaining what it will not be about, we finally broach its real subject: the recent bus lockout.

As we've said before, all the people being hurt are the passengers, support and customers every day.

VIA Rail isn't the subject either, although people forced to take the train in a GO train might spend a word on their behalf.

We won't even discuss the deplorable state of bicycle paths, and the road conditions that make bike riding a mortal threat.

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Having exhausted much of this editorial explaining what it will not be about, we finally broach its real subject: the recent bus lockout.

As we've said before, all the people being hurt are the passengers, support and customers every day.
Let us support the Azanian struggle!

by Dale Woodyard

There are few causes which enjoy broader or more sympathetic support than the just struggle of the oppressed black people of Azania against the hated South African police state. The campaign against apartheid has been one of the most successful of the Western world's political movements. The growth in support for the struggle of the Azanian people cannot be detached from the imperialist system of exploitation headed by the two superpowers—the United States and the Soviet Union. Imperialism's attack on South Africa is an instrument of imperialism's attacks on the peoples of the region. A representative of the apartheid regime stated that the invasion of Salvador, Afghanistan and against the Zionist state of Israel, apartheid South Africa is an instrument of imperialism's attacks on the people of the region. A representative of the apartheid state of Israel, apartheid South Africa is an instrument of imperialism's attacks on the people of the region. A representative of the apartheid regime stated that the invasion of Salvador, Afghanistan and against the Zionist state of Israel, apartheid South Africa is an instrument of imperialism's attacks on the people of the region.

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You don't have to call yourself a feminist to be interested in women's issues, there are those truly interested in women who avoid the word "feminist", in whose circles "women" has not become "wimmin", and among whom millennial, whether in word or deed, is consistently being given the ploughshare treatment. Emancipation? A tough fight got us that? Yeah, and the western world is such a better place now that we have the right to vote.

The space was a Kingsville retreat house owned by some Michigan nuns. Those who chose to attend were encouraged to bring with them something to share, "something they have created"—a skill, a craft, examples of art work, recipes, poetry. I arrived on the Saturday (May 10th) with: my camera, and a notebook. The day centered around the available space "Pour It Out is what happened." Many of the women in attendance were mothers and were glad enough to have this time off from familial demands. "This is my Mother's Day." Tomorrow's the obligation," said one. One Michigan-based poet Annika Fjelstad gave a workshop, then encouraged the group to spend a short time composing something of their own. The results weren't exactly Whitmanesque poetry.

"We wanted to have an event that would be celebratory, joyful. There was a common thread of interest—creativity—so when we had the available space, "Pour It Out" is what happened." The space was a Kingsville retreat house owned by some Michigan nuns. Those who chose to attend were encouraged to bring with them something to share, "something they have created"—a skill, a craft, examples of art work, recipes, poetry. I arrived on the Saturday (May 10th) with: my camera, and a notebook. The day centered around the available space "Pour It Out is what happened." Many of the women in attendance were mothers and were glad enough to have this time off from familial demands. "This is my Mother's Day." Tomorrow's the obligation," said one. One Michigan-based poet Annika Fjelstad gave a workshop, then encouraged the group to spend a short time composing something of their own. The results weren't exactly Whitmanesque poetry.

Two poems
by
woman poet
annika fjelstad

Greenbloom Wisdom

Do I pretend waiting for telephones, for tomorrow, for friends, for tears, I d Raft to two, not sundown, not stepping into the shoes forgetting that greenbloom wisdom does not spring in violation over the warning fence and in the daily throb of wanting washing, wishing, carrying, sewing, handing over working alone. I cordon out, watch dreams and wakefulness lift and drop, fill and drain, sum and sum and over always filling, never filled, always draining, "some dreamed rhythms proceed patent as thedownloads of time curtained by time and set of time."

The Awakening

Nightrise lights the crescent moon, sky daughter tracing time in tides that ripple orange toward the twilight blurring islands, sunset, self as Superior sleeps gentle into night.

Centered in a skyline circle skin and soul ache joyful in the loon call chill, fierce Goddess kiss, waterweb, woman, spirit in the rhythm of whose heartbeat.

I discover myself, the lover and the dance.
Area high-schoolers play volleyball

Regionals...

by Catherine Hudec

The first cut is the deepest. Only nine of a total of 43 local high school students made the first cut for the regional volleyball team. The try-outs were held Saturday, May 17th at the St. Denis Centre. Windsor's region includes Kitchener, Hamilton, and Niagara Falls.

Of the 23 women competing, seven will travel to Brock University for the finals: Antonella Siggia (Brennan), Stephanie Blonde (Brennan), Michelle Daiguiseth (Assumption), Jennifer Jurakofky (Herman), Sandra Lee (Centennial), Kelly Brennigan (Massey).

Only two of the 21 men who tried out survived the initial cut: Raymond Lui (Assumption), Paul Sheller (Sarnia Northern).

They will compete in Guelph for a spot on the team.

The 12 students of each sex who make the final cuts on May 25 will compete against the five other regional teams in the Ontario Summer Games at Trent University July 17-20.

...an update

The final cut for the regional volleyball team were held on Sunday, May 25. Antonella Siggia and Stephanie Blonde made the final cut at Brock University and are now members of the regional team. At the final tryouts for the men's team Paul Sheller became a member of the regional team. Raymond Lui was one of four setters picked for the team, but not all the setters will be kept. His position is tentative until June 8, when a final decision will be made.

Triples

by Lance Sports staff

The volleyball Lancerettes hosted the ninth annual "Salute to Spring" triples volleyball tournament at the St. Denis Centre Sunday, May 15.

The tournament matched 26 high school teams from as far away as Wallaceburg and Blenheim.

Comm. studies students twomp staff

by Chris Edwards

Communication studies students avenged last year's dismal performance, handily defeating the staff, 19-7, at the second Annual Comm. Studies Baseball Match, held at the South Campus diamond Friday, May 16.

Over 30 participants enjoyed the affair, organized to encourage staff/student interaction. The students, coached again this year by Bob (Waving Tricky) Pearson, were out for blood. Their assault began with a four-run burst in the first inning, and they never fell behind.

The staff, for their part, displayed a few fireworks of their own, such as Tom (Cathode Ray) Fuerth's monster home run smash, the Chaplinesque fielding of Drs. Selby and Cuthbert, a fleet-footed display by Dr. Lewis, and outstanding individual efforts by staff secretaries Sheila, Ann and Karen.

Staff coach Dr. Stu (Swat) Surlin was nowhere to be found, but he was rumoured by one source to be in Ottawa working with Prime Minister Brian (Roger Ramjet) Mulroney on the PM's much-needed "public-image" campaign. Dr. Surlin was, however, heard to remark, "We'll beat them in the rubber match", scheduled to be played next year.
Alcoholic pathas at the Rep

by Lorenzo Buj

Detroit Repertory Theatre (13101 Woodward Wilson) is currently in mid-run with Eugene O'Neill's A Touch of the Poet, a play that was supposed to be part of a nine-play cycle on an American family.

The Rep dares to do this story of an Irishman and the tempestuous swain he cuts through his 1828 Boston tavern, with a mixed cast. But one looks past the initial peculiarity of blacks in the main roles (Fran and Von Washington as daughter Sara and father Con, respectively) and rivets to their performance.

Luckily for us, they're an accomplished match in a play that is, after all, typical O'Neill long, talkative, with its emotional heat both rawfully and edgily sketched.

We're subject to a deep and rather involved study of Con Melody as he struts about his tavern, proudly refusing to humble himself to the blood-level link he shares with the grass-root Irishmen who drink in his establishment. This issue of origins and social status is stormily brought to the fore as he takes on a coachman. Sara, who is the very product of a marriage 'beneath' him.

In classic theatre tradition, much of the pivotal action takes place off stage and is related later. For example, we get only the play-by-play of Sara's love affair with Simon, the young Yankee poet who's run off to taste American nature but is currently laid up at the Melody tavern, never to appear on stage.

Washington glows in her re-telling of the consummate pre-marital glory of their love, especially as it leads to the realization that "in one way he doesn't count at all, because it's love, your own love, you love in him, and to keep that your pride will do anything." Pride's the key word, for it marks an essential link between daughter and father. When Con comes back from an attempt to do battle with the young Yankee poet's businessmen-father who refuses to validate the betrothal, Washington is the very epitome of a man beaten into submission. He's chubb'd, bloody, withdrawn, and sits by such in stunned silence as his old warpal under Willington, Jamie Cregan (played by a swarthy, amiable Nelson Phillips) relates the whole thing.

In general, Washington discharges her Con Melody (the same alone in appropriately pregunta with pun, wy critical insight, and provides ample deconstructive fodder in relation to the character. Indeed, as O'Neill's own 'poetry' at mid-career) with a seizing and, not surprisingly, likable display of en. In fact it is the first ever professional portrayal of Melody by a black actor. He gives us the soldier, the poet, the aristocrat, and drunk in an uneasy and intriguing mixture. I say uneasy because the drunkeness, for one, never really comes across; and I say intriguing because his stuff, upfurther cartege lends itself well to his raging, though sensitive, gravity and the Napoleonic authority of his right hand cutting the air.

Byron Miller's dark, brown, wood-lined stage plays a strong complementary role in all this. We get the feeling that his art, confined as it cannot possibly be large enough to hold in all that pride and passion; but we soon realize that this claustrophobic little realm will withstand all his heated exclamations.

In counterpoint, Busby's Nora is humble, domestic, understanding, bell with a differential strength that's more than just a sensible capacity to stand by her man.

Meanwhile, Fran Washington's Sara hounds mercilessly. The fact her father's pride is also here never once surfaces, with any semblance of tenderness. Washington is quick, cutting, agitated, often making it seem as if passion is best realized as a function of angry energy.

But this is no drawback, for it links daughter and father more intimately than any straightforward affection ever could. Indeed, it is one of the instructive parallels O'Neill seems us to see in the play. And it is a play full of parallels, almost all of them leading back to Melody, who I want to focus on in closing since he is the problematic locus of the American Dream in all its glorious failings.

If you read this without having seen the production, then I hope it could serve as an instructive little blurb on what to watch for.

The dream is shown as an uneven dialectic tension between poetry and pragmatism, money and meter. Melody

You're a good wimp, Charlie Brown

by Kevin Atkinson

The School of Dramatic Art is currently presenting Charles M. Shultz's children's play You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown at the Faculty of Education. Although the production is geared to a child's sensibilities, the fact doesn't excuse the often simplified and one-sided characterizations that most of the players (apparently abetted by director Robert E. Dorrell) adopted.

This approach is particularly fatal to Shultz's characters, who often have two distinct, and often apparently contradictory traits. For example, Linus (at least in the comic strip—and this is the bias I speak from, based on a long and casual familiarity with it) displays at least two incongruous elements: the insecure infant, and the wise sage. John A. Shardlow fulfilled the former requirement almost well enough to become a combination of a naturally pugdy, baby-fat physique, and an admirable ministry of pre-schooler education. But I saw none of the comic strip Linus' philosophical resilience and meditative bent. Thus the "mimics" episode remained more or less just that.

Pamela Martin's Lucy was similarly flawed. The comic strip Lucy's duality of nature, which we shall designate strident-wily, was evoked—only in the former term of that oxymoron. Martin merely startled and shrieked (albeit with a appropriately infatilie disregard for sensitive ear-drums). Brad Toulouse's Schroeder was a Rare but unremarkable synthesist, attained perhaps only because the two traits he united (if we insist upon continuing the Schulz-schism thesis)—temperamental artist and pouty six-old—are so similar anyway.

Charlie Brown represents this fragmented pre-school cosmos the unstable dialectical figure, seeking heroic self-affirmation in such precious and meretricious theses as the airborne kite and the Little Red-Haired-Girl. He is a wimp. W. E. Mark Stacey spotted a suitably wimpy posture, but an unfortunately incon­spicuous blandness of performance.

The school-children who were based in for the even didn't catch on at first to the style of the show, but gradually came to appreciate its brand of humour and learned to complete its sparse stylized sets with their imagination. By the time the true showstopper rolled around— Snoopy's frenzied Suppertime frolic (Michael Pare deserves a hand here)—the auditorium roared with the din of pre-adolescent approbation.
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NEW MUSIC

Composers not dead yet

by Kevin Atkinson

The Essex Winds last Wednesday (May 21) gave a diverting, if occasionally technically marred, concert as part of the Largely Canadian Series' May Festival, which, for the most part, refreshingly featured the works of composers who are still alive.

The evening opened rather unremarkably with Canadian composer Dirk Keetbaas' transcription of Georg Philipp Telemann's Suite in B minor in what was perhaps an attempt to maintain the self-conscious eclecticism that has characterized the Largely Canadian Series so far. The necessity of playing a transcription illustrated the woeful shallowness of the repertoire for woodwind quintet, and this particular transcription further illustrated the woeful shallowness of (a term which should refer to something of a significant degree above the merely possible) transcriptions. The individual characteristics of the instruments, far from being employed in any anesthetically augmentative role, often pointlessly obfuscated themselves. Telemann's music admirably allows little ground for experimentation in this direction, contrapuntally oriented as it is, and its orchestral conceived sound (that conceptual orchestra being, of course, of diminutive Baroque proportions) often came across as somewhat frail and thin. The aesthetic guidelines advanced by arranger Keetbaas are unavoidably unromantic matters of clarity and voice range (rather than tone colour, for example). The execution by the Essex Winds was correspondingly drab—they all demonstrated proficiency rather than virtuosity, common sense rather than inspiration—except for a few sections of unusual lightness and vigour.

The concert took a dramatic change of pace in aesthetic orientation, if not in technical finesse, with the premiere of Edmonton composer Malcolm Forsyth's Quintette for Winds (for) (its commission being admittedly tliat assigned to the is largely based on the fact that it is from that quarter the typical 20th century composers wont, complexity, and very little pity for the unproficient player. Forsyth's piece is very difficult, and he explores, and the other is quintet literature) .

Composers not dead yet

The concert continued its 20th century post-war vein with a performance of the Socré Bagatelles (1953) by Gyorgy Ligeti (b.1923). Ligeti displays here a stylistic anonymity that is not at all like his very distinctive and progressive work of later years. The piece is in five movements a number of different influences in 20th century music (typified in such diverse composers as Strawinsky, Berio, Pradar, Sibelius, and Prokofiev) with a sense of taxonomic tidiness, with each movement being very stylistically insular from its mates. The last piece listed on the program was the Dix­

Variations, Op. 22 of Jean-Michel Damase (b. 1928), which, like the preceding Ligeti piece, was not emphatically progressive in conception, but proved to be eminently listenable. In this and the previous piece the Essex Winds played well, attaining a technical spop is in Leslie McGowan's humorous bassoon solo, and a forgettable nadir in a flute and oboe duet (played by Jean-François Rompré and Gerald Giovannetti respectively—both of whom usually example their talent with much greater finesse. Incidentally, since I haven't mentioned it elsewhere, Anne Marie Monaco was the horn player, a post she

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I when Sonia Delaunay (artist wife of painter Robert Delaunay), not Chanel, used the domestic female body to serve art and design, but the atmosphere I found descending upon me was a hybrid of watered-down mainstream commercial, no matter how "avant-garde", to be as sickly a fragment of Kensington that is fashionable middle-class Kensington, while being a hybrid of watered-down commercial, no matter how "avant-garde" to be as sickly a fragment of Kensington without tongue-in-cheek-ness, or tongue-taped-to-outside-of-cheekiness as model/artist Mark Sikich drastically demonstrated), fashion, the fashion show, and life in general, lose a vital element. I would interpret any individual's grappling over an astral turf bikini as the expression of an inner thirsting for a few drops of that sarcastic and cynical sensibility that doesn't come easy to just any would-be open-minded fashion devotee. "(Artists and Models) did feature a bikini of astral turf—the work of Windsor artist Anne Marie Beneteau, who outdoes Gaultier for wack-value and seaside social statement-making.)

On the other side of pretentiousness were the simple and straightforward articles by Jerome Desmarais, who appeared, monk-like, in a sarong, bringing new hope to the cause of male liberation from bifurcation. The works of Mark Sikich, Susanne Konyha, and Clara Deck were paintily enough to be excluded from the aforementioned criticisms: clothing creation is, I assume, for these three artists a side interest, which is true of many of the participation designers I think, or hope, that it's more than just a devil best...
Donlon Hall: an option for students

by Susan McIlveen

I)n't think the university moves residence space into Donlon Hall. Donlon Hall is currently under consideration by the university an alternative housing for students temporarily displaced by proposed construction to Huron Hall.

The property is being developed by Goudreau Family Holdings, a private Windsor holdings company. One of the members of its board of directors is University of Windsor Assistant Director of Finance Robin Goudreau.

Goudreau has been at the university since February 3, 1986, and says he has known about the plans for Huron Hall since his arrival.

"They've been talking about the project as long as I've been here," said Goudreau.

However, Goudreau said it was not discussion of the Huron Hall development project that led Goudreau Family Holdings to make an offer on Donlon Hall.

"I had the idea (to develop a student residence) long before I came to the university," said Goudreau.

Pete Goudreau, father of Robin Goudreau and chair of the board of directors of Goudreau Family Holdings, managed the Donlon Hall property for Assumption Church Diocese of London, and knew that the owner, the Roman Catholic Episcopal Church Diocese of London, would be willing to sell.

"They sold the property for a number of reasons, but mainly it wasn't financially feasible for it to remain open," said Pete Goudreau. "No one was making use of the facilities. It cost (the London diocese) between $20,000 and $25,000 a year just to keep it open." Jerry Haggarty, financial advisor to Assumption Church in the sale of Donlon Hall, said the property was listed for sale with a local real estate firm in January. Goudreau Family Holdings approached the church with an offer to buy the property in early March, and Haggarty referred them to the real estate agent.

An offer was put on the property in mid-March, and the sale was finalized May 1.

Donlon Hall has been publicly discussed as a possible alternate housing arrangement for Huron Hall residents since mid-April.

For students temporarily displaced by proposed construction to Huron Hall: now a gymnasium, soon to be luxurious, spacious, and affordable student housing.

Developer also administrator

According to Robin Goudreau, his knowledge of the university’s proposal to rezone the Huron Hall property had no bearing on Goudreau Family Holdings’ initiation of the purchase of Donlon Hall.

"The proposed construction to Huron Hall certainly didn’t hurt me much, but we had the plan conceived before Huron Hall was announced," said Robin Goudreau.

Even if the university doesn’t contract Donlon Hall for its displaced students, Robin Goudreau is confident all available rooms will be filled.

"We know that there were at least 100 people on a waiting list for residence last year," said Robin Goudreau.

Vice-President Finance and Services Terrence H. R. Parkinson does not think this is a case of conflict-of-interest.

"The university is not involved in Donlon Hall at all. I'd make sure that (Robin Goudreau) is not involved (in the Huron Hall project) from a university point of view," said Parkinson.

"Before anything happens, we will find a place for them," said McMurray.

Throughout the negotiations surrounding the Huron Hall property, McMurray has emphasized communication with the students, resident assistants and members of Huron Hall House Council in order to ensure reasonable satisfaction for all parties involved.

McMurray has cited Donlon Hall as a possibility since April, yet Pam Seaman, Head Residence of Huron Hall knew nothing of Donlon Hall as an option.

"We have been told the university owns quite a bit (of property), and they have numerous options, but they didn’t mention any one place," said Seaman.

Seaman also said she is not anticipating a move for Huron Hall students in the 1986-87 academic year.

"We hope to have our grand opening on August 15," said Goudreau.

McMurray said although the possibility of Donlon Hall as a temporary residence has been acknowledged, it was not the deciding factor in the February 25 Board of Governors decision to proceed with plans to rezone Huron Hall. However, he did say development plans will be implemented until alternative arrangements have been found for the students affected.

"We've discussed the possibility with (Goudreau). We can't expect him to wait too long," said McMurray.
The Summer Lance, June 12, 1986, page 2

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Agreement ends lockout
City buses hit the road

by Catharine Hudec

Transit Windsor management and workers reached a settlement Sunday that put the bus system back in business.

Transit Windsor management had locked out its workers May 26, stranding the 25,000 to 27,000 passengers serviced by the buses each day.

The agreement ratified Sunday differed little from the earlier agreement rejected by the union membership.

The two parties struck a tentative agreement with provincial mediation Wednesday, but the 202-member Amalgamated Transit Union local 616 defeated it by a 90-91 vote at a ratification meeting Friday.

ATU president Ron Seguin said some members were angered by the attitude of Transit Windsor manager Robert Coughlin.

Coughlin threatened the union would be locked out "forever" if the Wednesday agreement was not accepted.

According to Transit Windsor spokesperson Paul Logan, the new agreement was "only a matter of juggling what existed.

Seguin said there were few changes in the final package. Those included improvements to the dental plan and a 25 cents-per-hour premium for mechanics.

The agreement gives the employees a wage and benefit increase of 4.1 per cent the first year and 4.4 per cent the second year of the two-year contract.

"The company was bound—it had no more money, so we (the executive) recommended the new agreement more strongly," said Seguin.

Can also supply you with ink for onion about the term Anorexia Nervosa, only those who have come into contact with the disease can fully appreciate the horror that it entails.

Anorexia Nervosa and its 'sister' disease, Bulimia were the subject of a conference that took place on Saturday, June 7 in the Moot Court at the University of Windsor.

The Bulimia Anorexia Nervosa Association of Windsor (BANA) presented the day-long conference.

Anorexia Nervosa is an emotional disturbance, which causes its victims to imagine themselves grossly overweight.

As a result of this self-image and the lowered self-esteem which accompanies it, they proceed to starve themselves—sometimes to death.

In the course of the conference, one lady described how daughter became violent and threw household objects if she found food in the house. An opposite extreme was finding a week's worth of groceries ravaged by a daughter on a binge.

Anorectics are characterized by significant weight loss, avoidance of food and introversion. They are convinced their weight is more than it actually is.

Bulimias are generally extroverted, and do not see themselves as too fat or too slim. Their actual weight remains within 10-15 lbs. of their ideal weight.

Bulimics are known for their binge-eating. After cramming down large amounts of food, bulimics use a selection of weight control methods to rid themselves of the guilt of having consumed so much. In addition to vomiting, diuretics and laxatives may be used.

Morning and afternoon sessions at the conference involved roundtable discussions on self-help, support groups, intervention techniques and coping strategies.

The evening session consisted of workshops, where participants were shown ways of handling the stress which accompanies the disorder. Sessions in art, dance and music therapy, fitness and relaxation, body image, self-esteem and assertiveness gave those who attended the conference hope for a healthy and promising lifestyle.

BANA Conference a Success

by Lisa Gaffan

Although many people recognize the term Anorexia Nervosa, only those who have come into contact with the disease can fully appreciate the horror that it entails.

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BANA is an organization designed to educate the community about Anorexia and Bulimia through research and educational programmes for schools and seminars. They provide self-help and support groups for the victims and for their friends and family. The conference was aimed at promoting better awareness of both Anorexia and Bulimia and developing self-help, intervention and coping techniques to battle the disease, the conference also featured stress management.

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ECONOMICS MAJOR

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Bulimics are known for their binge-eating. After cramming down large amounts of food, bulimics use a selection of weight control methods to rid themselves of the guilt of having consumed so much. In addition to vomiting, diuretics and laxatives may be used.

Morning and afternoon sessions at the conference involved roundtable discussions on self-help, support groups, intervention techniques and coping strategies.

The evening session consisted of workshops, where participants were shown ways of handling the stress which accompanies the disorder. Sessions in art, dance and music therapy, fitness and relaxation, body image, self-esteem and assertiveness gave those who attended the conference hope for a healthy and promising lifestyle.
PAC inoperative over summer months

by Kevin Johnson

The University of Windsor's Performing Arts Centre will not operate this summer.

A dispute between the university and the centre over the commitment of resources has resulted in a suspension of the theatre group's season.

PAC Director George Nielson said the cancellation was due to "circumstances beyond our control." According to Nielson, the university breached the Memorandum of Agreement which governs the operation of PAC.

A suspension of the theatre group's season, traditionally a children's show, was originally scheduled to play in the Essex Hall Theatre, but Nielson gave it up, saying the Memorandum promises the university will be able to find a solution to PAC's "fair and equitable funding," which Nielson Innovation Centre aids local inventors

by Andrew Haggert

Necessity is the mother of the Innovation Centre. The Innovation Centre staged its official opening Wednesday, May 21 in Windsor.

The Centre is intended to assist local inventors to market their ideas professionally.

The $500,000 cost of Innovation House, located at 360 Sunset Avenue, is to be split by the university and the Ministry of Industry, Trade and Technology. The Centre is associated with the Faculty of Business Administration, and is one of 22 across Ontario.

According to Director Frank Smith, they will provide business and technical assistance to local inventors.

When an idea is brought in, it is confidentially discussed. From there, research pertaining to the existence of patents and or registrations of similar products is conducted. After this, an assessment of the product is then discussed in terms of real production and real costs.

The Innovation Centre has correspondence with local, national and international businesses who can realistically tell a client actual costs of production. Other services provided include guidance in marketing, patenting or commercialization of the invention.

Typewriters stolen

by Kevin Johnson

Two electric typewriters were stolen from the University Centre desk after closing hours, Saturday night June 7th.

"They were here when the student (desk manager) left at 1:30," said Centre manager Mary Lou Thibert.

She estimated the typewriters' value to be $800.

Thibert refused to speculate on who the thief might be.

"It had to be a couple of people," she said. "It's not something you can slip under your coat." She noted Students' Administrative Council, Lance and CJAM staff members have keys to the Centre.

The applicability of University of Windsor research will be tested, as faculty will be asked to participate in technology transfer.

The Centre is operating on a three-year trial period and intends to cover its costs before that time to become self-supporting.

The Centre is a free service for the community and the surrounding area.

CJAM to go 24 hours

by Catharine Hudec

Windsor—the city that never sleeps.

Beginning June 24th, CJAM will broadcast 24 hours a day, except Monday mornings between the hours of 2:00 and 6:00 a.m.

The extended hours of operation will be used to expand campus radio's cultural and community access programming.
Public institutions and private investments.

There’s no law against either.

As a matter of fact both thrive in Canada and both are encouraged by the Canadian government. Donlon Hall is owned by Goudreau Family Holdings, and so is Huron Hall.

But there’s something a little odd about an administrator of a not-for-profit institution making a buck off the very people that issue its student loans. The controversy in question is the suggestion of Donlon Hall by Director of Student Services David McMurray, as the “strongest possibility” as an alternative for those residents of Huron Hall who would be temporarily inconvenienced by the proposed construction on the residence.

It just so happens that Donlon Hall is owned by Goudreau Family Holdings. And it just so happens that Robin Goudreau is at the heart of directors of Goudreau Family Holdings, is the Assistant Director of finance for the University of Windsor.

A little odd.

What’s even odder is that Goudreau’s partner, who has been with the university since February 3, said that the “hard question” about the Huron Hall proposal since he began here. Goudreau Family Holdings didn’t initiate their investment in Donlon Hall until March 15, when they put an offer for the property in with a local real estate company.

Was Goudreau Family Holdings acting on information obtained by Robin Goudreau at his place of employment?

Real estate is rarely a bad investment whether it’s going to be contracted from the owner by a university or not.

Students will always need housing, and as any student who has ever looked for an apartment close to campus will find, the pickings are mighty slim. It is almost certain that Donlon Hall will be filled for the upcoming academic year.

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An introduction to 20th Century man

by Michael Panontin

Let me introduce you to the 20th Century Man. Now the 20th Century Man comes in many shapes and sizes, but ultimately a product of the industrial and computer ages.

The 20th Century Man is the man who spends his spare time fixing and repairing his gas powered mowing machine. The 20th Century Man is the Christian who believes that it is God's will that we exploit nature for the benefit of Humankind. The 20th Century Man is the pot-bellied university professor who spends meal after meal obliviously munching a juicy one-third pound burger. The 20th Century Man is the housewife with a kitchen full of electric can openers, electric egg-beaters, microwaves, etc.

The 20th Century Man views himself as the highest manifestation of civilized society and offers the Cadillac, pesticides, nuclear power, the electric snow thrower and veal parmagiano as symbols of his true refinement. But if there is one aspect of the truly civilized person that is lacking in 20th Century Man, it is his recognition of the interdependence of nations or academic disciplines in the form of economic, technological or behavioral predictions—but the foresight needed to hold oneself responsible for one's individual behavior is lacking.

When pressed for an ethical system to guide one's life, most people can only opt for the simplicity of utilitarianism, like as long as you don't "hurt anybody..." hurting somebody, doing something along the lines of stealing a person's threat or bombing someone's house.

Back in high school, we used to sit around and taunt each other with the seemingly unanswerable query, "How do you justify your actions?" The reply was likely, "I think about this question the more it becomes clear to me that it is impossible to act righteously, as we stood quasi-philosophers thought back then, but ethical.

The truly civilized human being is one who can fully comprehend the principle of cause and consequence. If one views the world as a place in which one is linked with everything, then it becomes evident—sometimes painfully so—that human behavior produces consequences far beyond the immediate time and place in which they are created.

In short, the truly civilized human can justify his existence by justifying his individual actions in relation to the future. The truly civilized person has the ability to foresee the potential consequences of his behavior, and thereby can present and further away in space than the immediate individual. Paralyzing existences consist of a few short years or over-crowded mental factories destined and existing solely for our dining pleasures.

And the issue is far from being only an ecological one. How many of us consider whether we have the right to increase the risk of violating nations' sovereignty by attacking nationals in third nations; the French bomb visited New Zealand's sovereignty and killed a Portuguese citizen. Nevertheless, in the eyes of the most powerful nations on earth, France is not a terrorist nation but Libya is.

Obviously, there are no differences between French terrorism and Libyan individual acts, because of France's prestige in the world community and its close ties with other powerful states, its terrorism is somehow justified in the eyes of western leaders. We issuemislead. It was our belief the song Kansas City, written by Jerry and the Rainbows, was indeed a tragedy, but so was the murder of two deaths are even less tragedies than the millions of South African blacks who have no freedom while the west quietly ignores them, and the countless Chileans who are unable to express their anger at the dictatorial government aided by the U.S. Terrorism can even be used to describe hunger, malnutrition, and ignorance.

That makes all the industrialized world accomplices.

Terrorism— the world's an accomplice

by Michael J. Temelini

Terrorism has become a very familiar term these days, but it is quite disturbing how the term is misused by powerful industrialized states in describing the external behaviour of particular developing nations. "Terrorism," however, is in a universally applicable term; it becomes our belief that any nation or individuals who are directed by political pressure or economic structure. The danger lies in the fact that due to various factors, such as technological advancement, economic well-being, or political disorder, such individuals or states are prone to manifest certain qualities or represent certain values which may in fact be gross misinterpretations of facts. This is the case with powerful nations accuse less powerful nations of an act committed by one of their own allies. That is, the joint communique condemned Libya on the ground that it was guilty for one real or another, while similar actions by the powerful states are defined in other terms.

Moreover, the 20th Century Man may have, for instance, earlier this month the seven most industrialized nations issued a statement after their meeting in Tokyo, which vehemently condemned the use of nuclear power by certain countries. Yet the decision of nations was indeed a tragedy, but so was the murder of some individuals who are unable to express their anger at the dictatorial government aided by the U.S. Terrorism can even be used to describe hunger, malnutrition, and ignorance.

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Apologies owed

Dear Editor,

I am shocked at your apparent disregard for the conventions, common courtesies, and laws of copyright. I am, of course, referring to the article, "Transportation Trouble", by Kevin Johnson and Susan McVeen, which you ran in your May 29 issue. Here they have quoted from the song "Kansas City", written by Jerry and the Rainbows, and first performed by Wilbert Harrison over thirty years ago and by many others since, yet have not set it apart any way to show it is an allusion nor did they ask Mrs. Lesline who has extensive knowledge by Michael Temelini

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Lessons in Erotic Art

The Art of Francois Boucher
By Lorenzo Biu

here are certain semblances everywhere: historical confections onecultivates quite casually in a room full of Bouchers. That's first thing to come to mind when viewing the histrionic ambience of the current Francois Boucher (1703-1770) exhibit at the Detroit Institute of Arts. My perception was suddenly, helplessly, supplemented by tidbits of overhead conversation, fragments of unreflected, effete observation.

The fcint phenomenon (today you have to look no further than Proca for the same in name, artistic) is that of an incomparable insinuation and of a mere another ornamental additive in this self-gratifying image frenzy of our own, zero-hour fantasies. Proca has entered our visual vocabulary through impressionism, as the style of a quick regime: and, the gnostic, that imagines its personalities in as candid atmosphere of upplevel libertinism fuels our bemused scrutiny, involutional decor — has become the cliché-pal excellence of a boudoir fashion, not just to be tolerated, but even to be respected. This is the apogee of the self-gratifying, or a way of seeing Louis' age, its art. as merely the luminous froth of a sloe rocaille extravagances lavished in porcelain, furniture, theatre. The Art of Francois Boucher

That's because whether as royalty or as trendy post-modern louche, Boucher's desire is seen as the source of all unhitched boudoirs; it's a fever of sloe parodies, unadorned, and appreciated forth from the smouldering pots of revolution or the accelerating futurisms of technology.

Moreover, the world's old and always coldPerhaps Boucher was a master. Though with him we always feel either salaciously suspended on the threshold (or, conversely, as if we were suspended on the threshold) of absolute kitsch. The show doesn't slight his early Mademoiselle D 'Art, (some echoes of Turner, and Rubensque places with their coarser, expressive energy. Yet the tendency is to make quick to the mature, whose uniform gradations of form and color serve the ends of unmitigated erotic comtemplation. In fact, there is little change in handling until the late career when we detect Boucher brushing in his works with a more gestural, expressive hand and in his celebrated, illustrative dots of flesh.

But that's enough. It's enough to see Rubens or the Veronese, Rubens, in order to the same stream from this the same jacquerie fancies. There's little reason to nod alongside an apocryphal Diderot when he defined the decorative arts: all the same to be tolerated, sighted, in the spirit of his landscape of course. However, that would be missing the point. The portraits, complete with suit, as they were in some, are illustrative goals (animals whose scraggly hair are remotely similar to those of horses), now more the stuff of disguise, and more mystery, and more mystery, and more mystery of our own, zero-hour fantasies. Proca has entered our visual vocabulary through impressionism, as the style of a quick regime: and, the gnostic, that imagines its personalities in as candid atmosphere of upplevel libertinism fuels our bemused scrutiny, involutional decor — has become the cliché-pal excellence of a boudoir fashion, not just to be tolerated, but even to be respected. This is the apogee of the self-gratifying, or a way of seeing Louis' age, its art. as merely the luminous froth of a sloe rocaille extravagances lavished in porcelain, furniture, theatre. The Art of Francois Boucher

There's restless Louis himself; there's the queen's plaything of being a shepherdess while still sportng jewelry among her haute rustic fashions, there's graceful Mme de Pompadour's official mistress, taking a brilliant lead in those Misforts of the rich and famous. That Mme de Pompadour was successful in introducing, to the court, the art of the courtesan — to the courtesan — to the art of the courtesan — to the courtesan — to the art of the courtesan — to the courtesan — to the art of the courtesan — to the courtesan — to the art of the courtesan — to the courtesan.
Champ tough enough

by Scott A. Pattison

So you think you're tough eh?
Well, you obviously haven't met Rob Robinson yet.
Robinson, in his second year of social work at the University of Windsor, approaches socializing somewhat differently than most of his peers—he fights.

Robinson (22), began practicing self-defence at the age of 17. He enrolled himself in a Jeyinryu karate course taught by one of Windsor's best—Albert Mady. Two years later, he earned his black belt (top honour). Robinson then became involved in kick-boxing.

Robinson recently had a chance to display his brawn for big bucks in the infamous Mr. Toughman Competition.

He entered the Regional Toughman competition in Detroit and won. He then entered the National Toughman Competition which was held down in South Carolina. The event lasted two days and featured regional winners from across North America.

When asked why he would pay expenses out of his own pocket for both himself and his trainer, he replied, "I felt I could and would wind it.

Robinson won his match on the first day of the competition. On the second day he had to take on a total of four more bruisers. He won them all to claim the National Toughman Competition Championship for 1985.

Along with the title Robinson won a purse of $10,000.


Robinson's first pro bout is projected for late September on early October of this year.

He presently trains out of the Coleman Young Athletic Center in Detroit. Sparring with such professionals as Tony (T&T) Tucker, Willy (Sandman) Edwards, and Bernard (The Bull) Benton, who are all presently ranked in the W. B.A. and W.B.C., Robinson feels he is learning from some of the best.

"Tucker, who is out of the Kronk stable, is currently rated 6th in the heavy weight division and I can hold my own when we spar," stated Robinson.
The Assumptin Lounge will require a functional gallery. The existing plaster walls will be covered with softwood and burlap, like the walls in the present gallery; track lighting will be installed around the perimeter of the room; some painting will be done; the locks will be changed; and storage cabinets will be added.

Visual Arts Department Head Professor William C. Law said that although the plan for the renovation is not yet official, it is expected to clear the necessary committees without any problems.

Dean of Arts Dr. Joseph T. Culliton said that the expansion of the cafeteria space will be a relocation this summer to the Assumption Lounge, which will be ready in September, is intended only as a temporary solution. The University undertakes, which is expected to begin in the next three to five years.

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THE CARDOZO CHURCH STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL ON JUNE 21
Red Cross proceeds will go to the International Relief Fund.
For information, call the Canadian Red Cross Society, 252-7687.

ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY CHAPEL located at Assumption University Centre and Ambassador Bridge.
Masses at 10:30 a.m. on Sundays. Monday to Friday, 11:15 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. Phone 973-3554 for more information.

WINDSOR MISSING CHILDREN is a non-profit, volunteer organization formed to provide support to parents of missing children on and off the public school system. Call 311-5056 for more information.

THE CANADIAN Red Cross "Cestrians program will hold a series of quality handcrafts and art exhibits. Call 88-3040, St. Mary's Catholic Church Bernway Road on June 29 for a basket auction. June 30, 1-4 p.m. at the University Centre, East and Arthur.

Red Cross proceeds will go to the International Relief Fund. For more information, call the Canadian Red Cross Society, at 252-7687.

The Windsor Coalition for Disarmament presents "Pass-In-Boots" at Cleary Auditorium. Show at 7:30 p.m. tickets $6.00. Call 252-6855 for further information.

-- The Detroit Repertory Theatre presents "A Touch of the Poet". Play runs every Thursday through Sunday until June 22. Curtain 8:30 p.m. Thursday through Saturday, 7:30 p.m. on Sundays. Tickets $7.00. For more information call 313-868-1347.

-- The Windsor Windham presents "The Art of the Poet". Play runs every Thursday through Sunday until June 22. Curtain 8:30 p.m. Thursday through Saturday, 7:30 p.m. on Sundays. Tickets $7.00. For more information call 313-868-1347.

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COLOURBOX
"Colourbox"
(Polygram)
A few months ago, The Colourbox, a band from Britain, released an incredible single called 'The Moon is Blue'. Here are some things about this record:

- Enjoy songs about the pain of love lost, but I truly revel in the phantasmagoric explosion of emotions which reveal the torment of a tormented soul by asserting a vengeful arrogance. 'The Moon is Blue' is such a song. With powerful, yet evocative vocals being provided by lead singer Loretta Grahame, it is difficult not to be moved by the painful defiance in the lines:

  The blade was a sharp one that cut me both ways and tore my world apart. 'Don't tell me the moon is blue (now you left me)/cause tonight it's over (now you left me). And the pain's in the dust and you can't find your blue moon.'

- Recently, this song was re-released on the band's self-titled two-record debut album. The album is a collection of fifteen songs which draw from an extraordinarily diverse spectrum of pop musics, with material ranging from traditional ballads to upbeat disco to electro-sounding reggae to danceable funk. Unfortunately, something along the same line can be said about the quality of the music. There's stuff which is good, and other stuff which is not so good.

- It has, not two or four, but three sides. It's got liner notes in any language you'd care to mention.

- Other disappointments include 'You keep me hanging on', which is one of those songs that trivializes the pain of deception in love by stringing together multitudes of clichés to an all-too-upbeat rhythm. 'Arena' has the same weakness for clichés but it is salvaged somewhat by its hypnotic, melancholic rhythms.

- On the other hand, 'Hippotion' is a fine offering. Combining a haunting beat with lines of political/social commentary for lyrics:

  I can't remove the noose from around my neck/I just can't tear away from the growing cold.

- Also worth mentioning are 'Edit the Dragon' and 'Fantastic Planet', which are two fun and funny dance songs, sounding a lot like a combination of Beattie Boys (Roe Hardy) and The Act of Noise (Beatbox).

- My father would say that there's nothing worse than God-given talent which is wasted, and I suppose that could be applied here. The potential impact that The Colourbox could have on the pop music scene of today depends entirely on the direction in which they choose to focus their energies. In other words, the pinnacle of success (or not achieved) by The Colourbox depend entirely on their karmic manifestations in the medium of vinyl. A forthcoming album from the Colourbox, tentatively entitled "World Cup Theme" could be indicative of the direction of such karmic vibesc.

JOE JACKSON
"Big World"
(A & M Records)

Coupla things about this record:

- It was recorded live, though you'd never know it. Joe asked the audience to imagine that they were at the same concert as the one that was given to the instrumentalists, Steve and Martyn Young. Especially exemplary of such waste of talent are the Solid Gold back up singers, and similar ill-regard is shown to the instrumentalists, Steve and Martyn Young. Fortunately, something along the same line can be said about the quality of the music. There's stuff which is good, and other stuff which is not so good.

- Also worth mentioning are 'Edit the Dragon' and 'Fantastic Planet', which are two fun and funny dance songs, sounding a lot like a combination of Beattie Boys (Roe Hardy) and The Act of Noise (Beatbox).

The not-so-good stuff really isn't worth mentioning: it's mediocre, it's boring, and it's exploitation at it's worst. The melodic intensity of Grahame's voice is reduced to shrill, hollow screeching, characteristic of Solid Gold back up singers, and similar ill-regard is given to the instrumentalists, Steve and Martyn Young. Especially exemplary of such waste of talent are the Solid Gold back up singers, and similar ill-regard is shown to the instrumentalists, Steve and Martyn Young. Fortunately, something along the same line can be said about the quality of the music. There's stuff which is good, and other stuff which is not so good.

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- Other disappointments include 'You keep me hanging on', which is one of those songs that trivializes the pain of deception in love by stringing together multitudes of clichés to an all-too-upbeat rhythm. 'Arena' has the same weakness for clichés but it is salvaged somewhat by its hypnotic, melancholic rhythms.

- On the other hand, 'Hippotion' is a fine offering. Combining a haunting beat with lines of political/social commentary for lyrics:

  I can't remove the noose from around my neck/I just can't tear away from the growing cold.

- Also worth mentioning are 'Edit the Dragon' and 'Fantastic Planet', which are two fun and funny dance songs, sounding a lot like a combination of Beattie Boys (Roe Hardy) and The Act of Noise (Beatbox).

- My father would say that there's nothing worse than God-given talent which is wasted, and I suppose that could be applied here. The potential impact that The Colourbox could have on the pop music scene of today depends entirely on the direction in which they choose to focus their energies. In other words, the pinnacle of success (or not achieved) by The Colourbox depend entirely on their karmic manifestations in the medium of vinyl. A forthcoming album from the Colourbox, tentatively entitled "World Cup Theme" could be indicative of the direction of such karmic vibesc.

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The policy was adopted by Parliament on October 8, 1971. As well as being Canada’s official policy, Multiculturalism is also seen as an education system, the goal being that of creating an aware citizen with a global view of life, one who will believe in and promote an appreciation for cultural diversity, social equality, racial harmony and national cohesiveness, which are basic to a truly free and democratic society.

On a more profound level, therefore, while the food and dances are undeniable significant aspects of the various villages in Carrousel, organizers should do more, perhaps through guest speakers, films, plays, elaborate displays, to make the public more aware of the diverse groups in Windsor and their significance in our community, both in the past and in the present.

Carrousel really does offer an opportunity to learn even through informal encounters. A brief discussion with the Tatry Song and Dance Ensemble at the Polish village, for example, revealed that these young Polish-Canadians are very much in touch with their roots. "Poland is not some distant country", says Anges Spanik, "but a land to which we all feel strong ties." Similarly, another member of the group, Greg Stupary admitted that being Polish affected his whole outlook on life.

Likewise, at the Macedonian village, similar reactions were discovered: "Carrousel offers the opportunity to open our eyes about how our neighbours live", says George Vrantidis. Vrantidis, born in Northern Greece and recently a graduate from the University of Windsor, was quite eager to delineate his particular cultural background and his unique traditions. He proudly explained the developments surrounding the newly expanding Macedonian Centre and was quite moving in his views on multiculturalism, "I am as Canadian as anyone else", says Vrantidis, "I am being Macedonian is part of my heritage that I want to preserve."

Ultimately, therefore, the positive aspects of the Carrousel of the Nations festival are reflected in the Tatry Ensemble and in George Vrantidis; for Carrousel is a perfect opportunity to meet people and to ask questions—to communicate in order to understand that Windsor is very much like a mosaic. Carrousel above all is really a celebration of Canada whatever your cultural origins.
City “reclaimed”

by Terry Moore

A small group of demonstrators landed a boat in Dieppe Gardens and reclaimed Windsor for Canada as a July 1st show of patriotism.

The protesters, members of the local chapter of the Council of Canadians (C.O.C.), oppose free trade with the United States as a concession of “economic, cultural and political sovereignty,” according to a statement read by president, Windsor communication studies professor Jim Winter. The group expressed concern that Canadians Prime Minister Brian Mulroney will sacrifice the national interest in his effort to secure access to U.S. markets.

However, there were few witnesses to the event due to the concurrence of the Canada Day parade on Ouellette Avenue.

“We had no intention to compete against the celebrations,” said treasurer, U. of Windsor Margaret Lentz. The group rescheduled the protest in an unsuccessful attempt to avoid a time conflict.

Winter downplayed the lack of an audience.

“Every small step helps somewhat in making Canadians aware,” he said.

“All we can do is hope that on the local and national levels we can raise interest in the issues.”

Demonstrators target American naval vessel

by Lance news staff

On Canada Day, members of the Windsor Committee for Disarmament (W.C.D.) held a spontaneous demonstration against the presence of an American frigate, the U.S.S. Glover, in Dieppe Gardens.

According to organizers, the action started with 15 people and grew to about forty. But the Freedom Festival discounted the protest.

“This year marked the “Salute to Liberty”, but previous themes have included the U.S. Bicentennial and the Canadian Centennial,” said Windsor Mayor David Burr.

The C.O.C. is a nationalist organization fighting for sovereignty, founded by Edmonton professor Mel Hurtig.

African Student’s Assoc. booth deemed “too political”

by Kevin Johnson

Controversy over the nature of this year’s Freedom Festival spilled over into the International Village, a concurrent but separate event.

The village features ethnic food and culture booths in Dieppe park.

For the first time, the African Students’ Association of the University of Windsor had a booth, which they used in part to distribute pamphlets, buttons and T-shirts calling for an end to apartheid. Apartheid is the racially-based socio-political system in South Africa.

This action may make it difficult for them to return in the future.

International Village organizer Henry White said the committee granted its approval to the A.S.A. on condition there be no political activity.

“They’re gone beyond what they said,” said White. “They may have some difficulty coming back.”

The demonstration took place in front of the U.S.S. Glover, an American naval ship docked in Windsor as part of a goodwill tour.

“We’re pissed off because they can’t go over there (to the Detroit side of the river),” said Winter. “This bloody thing is armed.”

This vessel was unable to dock in Detroit because the channel there is too shallow.

Glover operations officer M.A. Hess said Windsorites responded positively to the ship’s presence. The C.O.C. was exercising the right to free speech, he said.

Winter also criticized aspects of the International Freedom Festival.

“The word international is misleading because only two countries are involved,” he said.

“It’s just another excuse for Windsor to show up in Detroit.”

Freedom Festival managing director Brenda Seifert said Windsor and Detroit worked together to determine the events and theme of the festival.

“This year marked the “Salute to Liberty”, but previous themes have included the U.S. Bicentennial and the Canadian Centennial,” she said.

“Bingo is assured it will be here (at the festival) next year, but we are not.”

Steffes said Windsor and Detroit worked together to determine the events and theme of the festival.

The Freedom Festival president Jim Ure was pleased with public response to the vessel.

“The ship coming in was just super,” he said. “Over 1,000 a day (went on board).”

Wallace acknowledged that people are interested in seeing a warship, but believes just as many people would have come for a tour of a coast guard or other non-military vessel.

Many people who lined up to board the frigate disagreed.

“Give us a chance to see the ship and guns,” said Susan Henry of Windsor. “It wouldn’t be the same without weapons.”

One man, Tom LaFramboise of Tecumseh, said the protesters were “naive”.

“Without the military, we wouldn’t have the freedom we do have,” he said. “We need the States.”

Others agreed with the protest.

“I’m glad to see somebody cares about this,” said Windsor resident Gino Janina. “I don’t think American gunboats should be in Canada. What has that got to do with freedom?”

A number of people supported us after touring the ship,” Wallace added.

Sign held by the demonstrators questioned whether the Glover carries nuclear weapons. Windsor is a nuclear weapons free zone.

Glover crewmen refused to confirm or deny that the ship is armed with nuclear weapons. That refusal is official U.S. policy.

Red Benten, spokesperson for the Windsor Harbour Commission, said the issue didn’t come up when the Glover was granted permission to dock. He pointed out the vessel must have at least met safety criteria of the Department of National Defence to enter Canadian waters.

Wallace said the ship may have been in violation of the city’s by-law forbidding the transportation of nuclear weapons or their components and should not have been allowed to enter.

Windsor Mayor David Burr could not be reached for comment.

Wallace said the purpose of the demonstration was, above all, to raise public consciousness. The protesters agreed they had done that.

A.S.A. spokesperson Peter Jeh said they lived up to the arrangement.

“Our proposal said we could display African artifacts and literature,” which they did in addition to their anti-apartheid material, he said.

The A.S.A. booth was one of two that did not sell food, according to White. “Why should they be here with no food?” he asked.

A.S.A. members said that White missed the point.

“What does selling ice cream floats have to do with freedom?” said Handel Wright, “there’s nothing wrong with it but it has nothing to do with the theme.”

Bingo is assured it will be here at the Festival next year, but we are not.”

White said he sympathizes with the group’s goal, but thinks the venue is inappropriate.

The International Village is intended to be wholly recreational and cultural, and he is worried that some patrons may be offended by controversial issues like apartheid.

However, Jeh said most passers-by reacted positively to the booth’s political message.

The group sold hundreds of anti-apartheid buttons and T-shirts to raise money for further campaigns.

All in all, the group considers its efforts worthwhile. A number of people pledged to honour one pamphlet’s call for a boycott of South African goods.

“The one thing we did was educate a lot of people who knew nothing about apartheid,” said Wright.
**Social Gaffes**

**News**

Saturday, July 19

- The Oscar Romero Solidarity Committee presents Traditional Central American Dinner at 7:30 p.m. at St. Alphonsus Church. For further information call 252-1517.

**Art**

Tuesday, July 15 to Sunday, September 7

- The Detroit Institute of Arts presents an exhibit of 100 photographs by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976). Museum hours 9:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Tuesday to Sunday.

**Music**

Thursday, July 10 to Saturday, July 12

- The Music Hall presents Sandra Reaves-Phillips' one-woman show "The Late Great Ladies of Blues and Jazz." Shows at 8:00 p.m., tickets $12.50 to $18.50. For further information call (313) 963-7680.

Saturday, July 12

- Breeding Ground in concert at the Subway. Doors open at 8:00 p.m. Tickets $5.00.

Saturday, July 19

- Sheep Look Up in concert at the Subway. Doors open at 8:00 p.m. Tickets $5.00.

**Drama**

Tuesday, July 15

- The Hilberry Theatre presents the midwest premiere of "Ringer" by Frank X. Hogan. Showtimes also Friday, July 18, and Thursday, July 24 at 8:00 p.m., and Saturday, July 26 at 9:00 p.m. For further info. call (313) 577-2972.

Wednesday, July 16

- The Hilberry Theatre presents the world premiere of Von H. Washington's "The Operation." Showtimes also Saturday, July 19 at 5:00 p.m. and Tuesday, July 22 and Friday, July 25 at 8:00 p.m. Call (313) 577-2972 for further information.

Thursday, July 17

- The Hilberry Theatre presents the world premiere of Howard Bumam's "Hello and Goodbye." Showtimes also Saturday, July 19 at 9:00 p.m. and Wednesday, July 23 at 8:00 p.m. and Saturday, July 26 at 9:00 p.m. Call (313) 577-2972 for further information.

Friday, July 18 to Sunday, August 17

- The Attic Theatre presents the musical comedy "The Ballad of Conrad and Loretta" by Christopher Reed and Ronald Martell. Performance times Thursdays and Fridays at 8:00 p.m., Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:00 p.m., and Sundays at 6:30 p.m. For tickets and further information call (313) 875-8284.

**Subway Weekly Entertainment Line-up**

**Summer 1986**

**July**

- 11th—DJ party sponsored by the Students' Admn. Council
- 12th—Breeding Ground new music band from Toronto
- 18th—SAC DJ dance party

The Subway is also open from 12 noon to 4 p.m. for students and guests. Lunch is served from 12-1:30 p.m.; Breakfast at 8:30 a.m.

For further information call SAC at 253-6423.

**The Subway**
Senate sets examination procedures

by Catharine Hudec

Informal practices are not enough. Students and faculty of the University of Windsor have been calling for more formalized regulating examination procedures.

The Senate passed a motion to accept the recommendations outlined in the report of the Ad Hoc Committee on Examination Procedures at its June 18 meeting.

The Senate formalized policies to deal with the issue of examination conflicts with religious holy days and also codified existing examination procedures.

Although the university has attempted to avoid religious holy days when designing the examination schedule, the structure of the academic year and certain exams may present a problem. While a good idea, the administration must still ensure that the student body is not faced with a conflict on their religious holy days.

The Senate formalized the procedures at its June 18 meeting.

The examination schedule, the structure of the academic year and the design of the classes may cause a conflict with religious holy days. The Senate formalized policies to deal with the issue of examination conflicts with religious holy days and also codified existing examination procedures.

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Gun fun

Nice Festival. Shame about the guns.

As children boarded the U.S.S. Glover, they were greeted by smiling sailors who offered up balloons and kind words, making it awfully difficult to dislike these men who are paid to train to kill. The Glover is an active, fully armed U.S. Navy warship designed to find and demolish enemy submarines. The ship was fresh back from a stint in the Honduran, and was invited to the 28th annual International Freedom Festival to flex its muscles on the Dieppe waterfront. On the ship one day, a young father held his four- or five-year-old daughter up to the window of an enormous gun housing at the front of the vessel. "Look at the big gun, Andy," he said, as his daughter cooed into his shirt.

The Canada Day parade was held on a bright but nippy Tuesday morning. Watchers were greeted by entries from local community and ethnic groups, as well as a demonstration from a crack U.S. drill team that twisted, twirled and spun their rifles with the six-inch bayonets (or daggers) attached. These precepts are outdated in a world which can end war. Hydropine races, tugboat races... all of which is freedom. What does that mean? Well, judging from this year's festival it's hard to tell. We had children's day, with parades and races and shows and the world's largest inflatable Ronald McDonald. We had senior's day, complete with a gentleman who named his left hand "Pinkie" and held conversations with it. We had fireworkos, auto shows, a tug-o-war, hydropine races, tugboat races...all of which is great fun, and testament to the good will shared by Windsor and Detroit.

But it has very little to do with freedom. Maybe it was called 'The International Friendship Festival'...there would be no reason to bellyache like this. But it's not, it's the Freedom Festival, but 99 per cent of the festival, freedom is ignored. Too bad, because freedom is something worth celebrating. Years ago, there existed such celebrations as Freedom of Religion Day, Industry Trade and Labour Day, and Cultural Day. Now we've got bed races and waiter/waitress relays. As the Festival has grown in size and stature (it's now the seventh largest festival in North America—not bad eh?!) it's moved away from the celebration of its raison d'etre, to celebration for its own sake. Which isn't to say that the Freedom Festival isn't a blast, or that it's not worthwhile. It's not. But the Festival no longer seems to mean what it's supposed to mean.

Freedom is a political concept. But the Festival, according to its organizers, is making a conscious effort to avoid politicization. This year, the university African Students' Association operated a booth in the International Village in Dieppe Gardens, from which they distributed anti-apartheid T-shirts and literature. Village organizers will not likely invite the A.S.A. back because their operation was too political—and they didn't sell food.

The International Village is a little more than a place to pick up a gyro and honeyballs for lunch. When the A.S.A. attempts to bring their struggle for freedom into an integral aspect of Freedom Festival, they are shunned. Too controversial. Which brings us back to the bit about the guns. Politics is supposed to be avoided at the Freedom Festival, yet the United States military places an indelible stamp on the celebrations. The military is about as political as any organization can get, it stands for the use of violence to solve problems, the supremacy of states over other actors in society. These precepts are outdated in a world which can end in 23 minutes.

But it has drill teams, pipe bands, field bands, a warship complete with souvenir shop, and the Freedom Festival Ambassadors, eight young people who host all the events, with US NAVY emblazoned on a pin on their chests. And there's the guns. Whose festival is this, anyway?

home cooking

John May

Spewing bile on Bob, Bil, B.O., and boycotts

Know who I hate? Bob Talbot, the guy who writes a regular column in the Detroit Free Press about stuff he hates and likes. He'll tell us all about songs he likes, or about his trip to the beach, or what he saw on TV last night. Who cares, Bob? I don't, but I really don't care if you do. But I do laugh at the things he says. I mean, you've got to laugh at a guy like that.

Did you see the Family Circus in the Sunday comics last weekend? Bil Keane used the old "Not Me," and "Ida Know" joke again. Come on Bil—come up with some new material! I can't wait for the next time you have Jeffy run around the neighbourhood, followed by an arrow tracing his wacky exploits, or until Billy takes off for his version of the Festival and had to draw the thing eight and a half billion times. As the Festival has grown in size and stature (it's now the seventh largest festival in North America—not bad eh?), it's moved away from the celebration of its raison d'etre, to celebration for its own sake. Which isn't to say that the Freedom Festival isn't a blast, or that it's not worthwhile. It's not. But the Festival no longer seems to mean what it's supposed to mean.

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Eugene Whelan has no taste of rhythm. You should've seen him at the Closing Ceremonies of the International Freedom Festival the other night. There he was, up on stage with the rest of the Festival big shots, sitting as a band performed a musical interlude in the ceremony. Everyone began clapping in time with the—especially Bob Pedler who was sitting right into it. Then Bye started in, flipping his hands together like he was waving dead fish. You had to be there. It was a riot. I've had about enough of this stuff. I'm going to send a little letter to the editor of the Globe and Mail and have it published. And I hate that cuny game where you have to give a little disclaimer saying the list of occupations they've cited does not denote any type of elitist attitude. Are governments stupid, or what?

I hate people who say "anxious" when they mean "eager."

Now come, when you're walking across campus late at night, the lights illuminating the walkways switch off whenever you approach them. Pretty creepy, if you ask me.

You know what we should've done during the doctor's strike? We should've boycotted them. Left them garbage on the street. Refused to refill them food. Cut off their electricity, phone, and water—just to, you know, inconvenience them. Better still, if a doctor's house caught fire, the firemen shouldn't let it burn to the ground. That would've been a laugh.
Dear Editor

Greetings from the Oscar Romero Solidarity Committee.

The history of the University of El Salvador has been one of occupation and struggle. In 1980, Salvadoran armed forcesoccupied the campus and destroyed the University. Between 1980 and 1984, government forces attacked the University. The repression continues. In April this year, the rector of the University of El Salvador was abducted.

Between 1980 and 1984, government forces attacked the campus and destroyed the University. The repression continues. In April this year, the rector of the University of El Salvador was abducted.

Despite government aggression and severe economic woes, the students of the University of El Salvador continued to fight.

In solidarity,
Aida Orantes

Expo 86 offers circuses without bread

Dear Editor

The purpose of this letter is twofold. First, I would like to respond to Bob Mackenzie’s letter (‘Apologies Owek’), published in the Vancouver Sun on June 12. While Bob is free to make us laugh, I find his letter most offensive.

The fact is that the Vancouver Sun has always been an influential newspaper, and I do not believe that Bob Mackenzie’s comments are appropriate for such a publication.

Yours truly,
Bruce Waldman

Mail solidity

dear editor

GREETINGS FROM THE OSCAR ROMERO SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE.


THE REPRESSION CONTINUES. IN APRIL THIS YEAR, THE RETOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EL SALVADOR WAS ABDUCTED.


DESPITE GOVERNMENT AGGRESSION AND SEVERE ECONOMIC WOES, THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EL SALVADOR CONTINUED TO FIGHT.

IN SOLIDARITY,
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Mountains

dear editor

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Yours truly,
Bruce Waldman

Letters to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or fewer. They may be submitted to the Lance office on the second floor of the Lance Building, or as a fax to the Lance mailbox in the SAC office, or in the Lance mailbox of the same name. All letters must be typed double spaced. All letters must be signed. The Lance reserves the right to edit all letters for space and clarity. The Lance also reserves the right to not publish any letter.
Tafelmusik: Canada's Baroque Orchestra on Original Instruments

Henry Purcell wasn’t the kind of guy that gave much thought to instrumentation, living off the fat of his patron. Possibly the one major thing that he had in common with the manic depressive whose mental instability was never quite able to pierce the balloon of modern anachronism. He was called upon to produce telangas for a group of perfume-doused yahoos whose critical faculties were less developed than their taste for fancy scents. So Purcell, in modern times, with the doctrine of 10th and 12th derived into our aesthetic veins like worms into the muscles of the family dog, a sensibility like Purcell’s, can make any sensitive self-rich in all the wrong places; but set aside we must our crude moral fibre embarrassed as any of us might be at the prospect of perpetuating the countless theme songs of the bourgeoisie, for in those days every thing save total destruction times they damned derelict purses are still at it. Canadian ensemble Tafelmusik is a group devoted to the dynamic preservation of baroque music. Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra performed as part of the recent Arts Alive Festival at Windsor’s ever-affamous meeting place of the truly cultured Cecily Auditorium.

The face of long haired music has changed over the ages, and what once might call progress, has led to sophistications that would have puzzled the composers; the fastidiousness in instrumentation pursued by Tafelmusik and the degree of musically would please Purcell and those of his ilk. An old favourite of mine, Johann S. Bach’s Orchestral Suite No. 2 in B minor, is standard repertoire for a group such as Tafelmusik; the piece features the flute, and has been transposed for recorder as well.

The featured part was delivered by Alison Melville, the groups only wind instrumentalist (the rest are string players—excepting of course the harpsichord), which, to be perfectly precise, also involves strings, if ya wanna get technical about it, which is half the fun when you're in a gargoylish self-indulgent mood.

The group is interested in exploring authentic performance practices and have been recreating chamber music of the finest quality since their formation in 1979. Tafelmusik-Baroque at authenticity, and this means that the resulting sound is not as full as that of modern music; there is, for instance, no vibrato in the baroque style of playing, nor was the musical text of the baroque era designed to project in a concert hall. The sound is more delicate, tinny in a good way) and ultimately more suited to concert hall music.

Tafelmusik has already released two recordings on the Collegium label, one of which has recently won the Grand Prix du Disque-Canada for best chamber music recording. The group is also preparing to release a two album set of cello concertos which will feature virtuoso Dutch cellist Annet Bylsma.

It is heartening to witness an arts ensemble of such calibre coming out of our own little country—Europe has tended to produce the leaders in the field of chamber music, in 1984, Tafelmusik became the first North American baroque orchestra to be invited to make a tour of Europe. The group is based in Toronto, and enjoys an annual twenty-five concert season there. As an ensemble, Tafelmusik excel and their suppliers doubtless rest peacefully in their sepulchres.

Sarah Atkinson

Windsor Symphony: "Happy Birthday Canada!"

The programme of the Arts Alive concert of the Windsor Symphony was entitled “Happy Birthday Canada!” and featured, in what was apparently a musical tribute to Canada’s multiculturalism, the works of composers of various nationalities. Unfortunately, the mix was anything but comprehensive (only four nationalities were represented) or proportioned (the entire first half was devoted to Italian music and composers).

The concert opened auspiciously with the Sinfonia to Giuseppe Verdi’s La Forza del Destino, this was the first time I had heard the Windsor Symphony play under the direction of their new Music Director Dwight Bennett, and I was very impressed, both with Bennett’s flair and the orchestra’s execution. His podium style is far more dynamic and involved than the comparatively flaccid manner of past Music Director Laszlo Gat1, and he urged the Windsor Symphony to a performance that was energetic and rhythmically precise.

The Verdi was succeeded by a piece of a more workaday nature, Hermann’s Identification in the program by his surname Italian File, a tedious but good-natured arrangement of several popular Italian tunes. Dwight Bennett’s role here became strictly metronomic, in spite of which the percussion section persistently lagged behind the beat, by at least a sixteenth note.

The cellos were briefly featured in Rossini’s William Tell Overture, the next work on the program. The execution was not up to the standards of the opening work, but everyone (the strings, I think, deserve special mention) dealt admirably with some pretty wacky parts. The orchestra was joined at this point by the Italian Choir (Dario Rossi, Director) with whom they played the following four choruses from Verdi operas: “Ewiva… beviam” from Ernani, “Va pensiero” from Nabucco, “O Sigiorno, dal letto natio” from I Lombardi, “Che del giorno” from I Trovatore. The choir tended to phrase rather heavily and unsuitably, but they were generally very attentive to Dwight Bennett’s direction.

It was heartening to see the Windsor Symphony live up to their reputation for quality. The music was well rehearsed, and the conductor had a clear conception of the music. The orchestra as a whole played with a sense of purpose and unity that was refreshing to see.

Sarah Atkinson

Two Foolish to Talk About

I laughed until I stopped. That is, during the funny parts I laughed. During the other parts I stopped.

Greg Malone and Tommy Sexton are really funny guys—their characters in Two Foolish to Talk About on June 23 were brilliant and some of their ideas really took off. The only bad part is that other ideas didn’t. First, the good stuff. “Not My Pain” was great—Malone’s nurse was dead on, and her placid insistence that the patient’s catheter “shouldn’t hurt like that, love”, and therefore didn’t require adjusting, made me cringe; Special Appeal was perfect opportunity for some good old-fashioned fundamentalist bashing—Sexton’s Tammy Bakker oozed sucrose, fructose, glucose, and saccharine; and Flab Dance was just plain silly. But good.

Problems arose with bits like “Night of the Nocturnal Suckers” and “Around The World On A Broomstick” that just went on too long. Sexton’s Newfoundland accent in “Man Or Mousse” was nigh on unintelligible, and his night club entertainer in the “Introduction” just wasn’t silly enough.

But for the most part, I really liked them. Almost five years ago I saw both Sexton and Malone perform with the Wonderful Grand Band in Corner Brook, Newfoundland and
Sun Ergos. A Company of Theatre and Dance

On the evening of the fireworks, Sun Ergos also performed. Or rather, Sun Ergos performed on Wednesday, July 2nd at Cleary Auditorium.

The fact that the fireworks took place that evening is important, because it increased my opinion of the professionalism and showmanship of the company, while it decreased my opinion of Windsor audiences. You see, as the hour of the fireworks approached, members of the audience tried to sneak out of the auditorium.

As it was, the final work was presented with no "musical" accompaniment (except the whistling of the wind in trees), and the sound of auditorium seats creaking was extremely distracting. But the company, namely Robert Greenwood and Dana Luebke, carried on with a aplomb.

Puzzled, aside, Sun Ergos is a small (two member) theatre and dance company based in Calgary. Alberta Greenwood acts and Luebke dances, although both switch art forms occasionally.

Puss-in-Boots Windsor Theatre Development Corporation

The Unicorn Players' production of Puss-in-Boots at the Cleary Auditorium June 28 was an enjoyable break from the heat and noise Just outside at the Freedom Festival. Under the direction of Daniel Patrick Kelly, the actors urged the young members of the audience to help out the characters and join in the fun.

For those not familiar with the story, the play begins as an ogre purchases a cat from the street vendor." "If, " as one member of the audience said, "there had been music, it would have been better," and the defects might not have been so obvious. "(Though I believe that he meant that the performance itself would have been better.

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The Summer Lance, July 10, 1986, page 7
Soccer is not exactly cricket

by John Slama

Once upon a time, when I first became sports editor of this rag, I had the idea in my head that the sports pages would be exclusively devoted to formula one racing and women's gymnastics. Upon discovering that the University of Windsor fielded a team in neither discipline, nor would the Laner put my way to Brand's Heath or the Nutbusting, I was

advantage of poverty, pestilence or war, and wavelength past the island countries and into the tournament. Therefore, CBC televised all the games and we got our infomercial complex reinforced.

One evening during the tournament, I got into a discussion with another sports fan, who was raving about the NBA final (I believe the Celtics were playing somebody). Soccer, he said, was the most boring game

I realized that I could at least cover my third choice, soccer. When the editor joined me to write an article about the World Cup, I thought it would be fun. Then he said he wouldn't pay me my way to Mexico. Writing sports has brought me nothing but disappointment.

One of the most appealing things about soccer is that it does not appeal to Americans. It does not appeal to Americans because they are not any good at it, and they will never get any good at it until it starts to appeal to them. This is a happy, vicious cycle. Soccer has not exactly captured the hearts of the Canadians, but it does have some presence in the World Cup. This is because the most exciting thing that happened to it is that almost held France to a scoreless tie. It was a nail-biter.

Anyone who watched knew that Canada had no business being in the tournament anyway; we are not among the top 24 soccer nations in the World. But qualifying is done according to geography to make the tournament a real "world" cup and this is where Canada had an unfair advantage over its weaker, more desiring countries like Kuwait. North America is made up of Mexico and several fairly small island countries that routinely beat up on the Americans, who aren't any good as soccer, and the Canadians. This time the Team Canada has must have taken

on Earth because nothing happens for an hour and a half. (then somebody gets a lucky goal and wins 1-0. Big deal. I said, in basketball the teams go back and forth until they build the score to 80-60, and the winter depends on who has the ball last. As this particular sports fan had already been a soccer writer, he was used to this being a hands-on experience in soccer and not a contact sport. Fortunately, the third member of our party lightened things up by saying that the most fun job in the world is to be a soccer journalist, because you have to stand around for an hour, then suddenly leap sideways. Then we went back to Hypothermics.

The Lancer football coaching staff has had a couple of additions. Robert (Sandy) Kalle and Ross McDonald will take on new responsibilities for the upcoming season. Kalle, the new linebacker coach is optimistic about the team's chances for 1986. "They (the players) seem to be very enthusiastic," he said. "I think that this year should be a pretty good year." Kalle, who has coached in Ottawa and Windsor at both the minor and high school levels, is looking forward to his new position.

"I thought I would be interesting coaching at that level, working with older players." While not yet familiar with the team or its leaders, Kalle stated, "We have to work hard on some fundamentals. I think that's important right now."

McDonald, another running back coach, is a Lancer alumus. An All-Star and Lancer football player in 1972, he has helped coach Kingsville High School in three championship seasons since leaving the University of Windsor.

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introduced a new-look 1990s style of clothing Dating and swimming, cycling and running, tennis, or anything else. And soccer is fashionable. In a word, it is in.

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Two new coaches by Catharine Hudec

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Soccer is not exactly cricket

Many people believe that no European team will ever win a World Cup on Latin American soil because of the combined effects of climate and Mediterranean's Revenge. But there is another factor just as important: Latin American teams play dirty. The Uruguayans, a pre- tournament favourite, played so mean against Denmark that they were penalized as a team. They are also a bunch of nasty-boys. Playing after being fouled (or not fouled) is rampant in soccer, in fact, the Canadians' soccer game became apparent when they didn't foul the ground whenever the other team came near. (Where's Bill Barber when you need him?) But the Mexicans made it an art. One German, after being fouled by a Mexican, gave him a love tap on the head, upon which the Mexican immediately went into a coma, and the German was yellow-carded. After a long period in which Mexicans dropped like flies only to jump up like putti, after the whistle, one frustrated German actually put his hands on a Mexican's shoulders. At this the Mexican's legs were limp and his eyeballs went sideways. Germans are just too humourless to learn tactics like these, and besides, whose side are the French on? They are the final they play like the other teams deserve to win and the Germans are just obeying by providing opposition.

Yup, the Latin Americans play other eastern or western. The Italians play both. This is real good to say this to print where nobody can contradict me.

My pick in 1990 in Italy," (What the hell!). The Italians are an un-precedented fourth Cup. Although this year's World Cup was dominated by the Latin Americans, they are still a long way from winning the Cup. I don't think they will do as well as the Mexicans did in 1986. While the latter dominated the entire tournament, the former did not. The Mexicans had an unfair advantage of poverty, pestilence or war, and wavelength past the island countries and into the tournament. Therefore, CBC televised all the games and we got our infomercial complex reinforced.

One evening during the tournament, I got into a discussion with another sports fan, who was raving about the NBA final (I believe the Celtics were playing somebody). Soccer, he said, was the most boring game
"All I want from you is an honest answer: do you like the taste of this cheese?"

The Great Mouse Detective

Walt Disney Studios

story by sarah atkinson
photos by sukanya pillay

As an impressionistic critic, I feel beholden to record an issue and indefinable (in part because indefinable), indefinable because I lack sufficient critical jargon to define it, and hands-down unjustifiable impression that impressed itself upon me whilst I leaned stageward in the Subway Friday night swathed in the sounds of Toronto-based band Chalk Circle: it might have been the subliminal effect of a friend's comment ("they sound like Rush") is a simplified version of his stealthy remark that caused me to recall the music of the 70's (music that ought to have been recalled anyway)—please don't ask me to qualify this intuition. I really can't.

And as further insult to this injury to rock journalism and to good form in general, it simply stops there; for upon closer scrutiny, the music of Chalk Circle yielded nothing to support my time reveries. When ya get, as it were, right down too, Chalk Circle is aurally monochromatic, and their aesthetic success cruelly dependent on what is commonly referred to as soul, or passion, if you will. The sound of this band is just the tonic for those sensitive individuals who don't mind (Derrick Murray) rescues the melodically inane "April Fool" from musical destitution; Those old basing guitar lines fill up the space in "Big White Clouds" (courtesy of Chris Wardman on acoustic guitar—Wardman is also the band's producer). Chalk Circle will have to work harder at trying to convince anyone over eighteen of their integrity, perhaps it's merely that they need and this is nothing that can be accelerated. Their music is innocuous enough—fine for Saturday morning hanging-out background music—but it lacks the better part of value.

Chalk Circle's performance is only the first in a series of events planned for the Subway this summer. Other events, to date are: Toronto band Breeding Ground, this Saturday night; Sheep Look Up from London, July 19th; L'Entrange also from Regina, August 1st; Directive 17 (Toronto, again), August 9th; Vital Sines, August 16th and Killer Klame (something to do with ska I am told), August 22nd.

"Hear now the story of the judge: How he passed judgement, what manner of judge he is."

Concerts are $5.00 each at the door of the Subway (located in the basement of the University Centre). Doors open at 8:00. So if you've been spending stressful hours trying to find something to do during these interminably boring months of heat, humidity, and ennui, don't hesitate to attend. Come on, Windsor's not that bad after all.

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Disney's movie mice are mighty nice

The Great Mouse Detective

Walt Disney Studios

The plot is as old as plots themselves. Little girl's father is spirited away to help evil pedophiles who vaguely hint at a naughty scheme. Olivia Flaversbarn, has a relationship similar to the "squirming kid in the lap produces involuntary and character. A real scene-stealer, this one. Watch for his "I got the tools, got the gear," song. It's a classic, bound to go down in Disney history. The obligatory "save from certain doom at the hands of an elaborate set-up" scene is also quite clever, with a snazzy little capper at the end.

Another interesting touch is Olivia's dad being a toymaker. In the opening scene, she calls him "the best daddy in the world," which of course he is. He's a bloody toymaker, isn't he? Somehow, I never thought of toymakers having kids; they're always about a hundred years old.

Even Geppetto didn't make toys for Pinocchio—he made Pinocchio for himself. Anyway, take a kid, go see the movie, it's a good form in general, it simply stops there; for upon closer

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Even Geppetto didn't make toys for Pinocchio—he made Pinocchio for himself. Anyway, take a kid, go see the movie, enjoy Basil finally saving Queen, Empire and the Flag, ignore the ingratiating references to Sherlock Holmes, don't drop your whole box of popcorn on the floor (I did), and don't sit near the front.

You'll hurt your eyes.

—Kevin Johnson
Plazzaz promises fun for everyone

The Summer Lance.
The Art Gallery of Windsor and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation welcome you to join in PLAZAZZ '86, a programme of 5 entertaining, fun-filled educational weekends for the young and the young at heart. All activities are FREE and explore a different theme each week. The show goes on rain or shine in the outdoor plaza or the Chrysler Auditorium at the Art Gallery of Windsor.

LET'S FACE IT (portraits)
Saturday, July 12
11:30 a.m. - 4 p.m.
Depicted from Cozumel Jazz Band
The Atlantic Expedition Puppets
• Detroit-based experimental puppetry troupe performing "Schwanda the Bagpiper" • Faces of Another World" • "Golliwogs"

Hands-on workshop with Bob Monks
Sunday, July 13
11:30 a.m. - 4 p.m.
Network Fusion Jazz Band
The Atlantic Expedition Puppets
• Hands-on workshop with Bob Monks

STINGS N' THINGS
Saturday, July 19
1 p.m.-4 p.m.
Singer/guitarist Bob Soulliere
• Windsor musician presents a sing-a-long of Rafft songs and other children's favourites

Fence-weaving workshop
Gallery activity
Sunday, July 20
p.m.-4 p.m.
Singer/guitarist Bob Soulliere

Fence-weaving workshop
Gallery activity
Saturday, July 26
1 p.m.-4 p.m.
Crosswires
• Windsor modern dancers Leslie-Arn Coles and Cathy LeGrand translate figures and forms into moving sculpted imagery

B-1-GOGGO Things Workshop
Gallery activity
Sunday, July 27
1 p.m.-4 p.m.
Crosswires
B-1-GOGGO Things Workshop

FANTASTIC FROGS
Saturday, August 2
1 p.m.-4 p.m.
Kim Hardy Puppets
• Detroit puppet artist presents "The Frog Prince Parody"

Fun with Frogs workshop
Kim Hardy Puppets
"The Tree of Ethnic Percussion"
Saturday, August 9
1 p.m.-4 p.m.
Percussionist Funk E. Fred
• Windsor musician invites you to climb the "Family Tree of Ethnic Percussion"

Explorations of Sound Workshop
Gallery activity
Sunday, August 10
1 p.m.-4 p.m.
Percussionist Funk E. Fred
• Explorations of Sound workshop

Gallery activity

The Summer Lance.
This game and others played exclusively at your Summer Lance.
This album stakes out its narrow stylistic territory in the very first song, and explores that dull ground with painstaking thoroughness for the remaining nine tracks. Animation pursues not musical invention, but a style, an image—both essentially static matters (heard word "pop" (a single mincing syllable whose onomatopoeia rigid pose, their new wave coifs as stiff with hairspray pompous and derivative. Animotion is nothing but a futility of it all, that so slickly self-confident an emptiness, the vacuous snappiness, of the music pulse of its stupid, strident four-four ticks us a moment closer to our graves).

There are, however, a very few good moments—a vocalists Astrid Plane's throaty inflection in the line "Venitia". Sung in French, Lemieux's operatic vocal sounds of sultry horns to funky percussive techno-pop. Perhaps the most promising cut on the album is "Nature III". This cut sounds like something off the outside the context of "Solide Salad". The album is richly textured and eclectic with a variety of influences ranging from the cool jazzy danceable, then Michel Lemieux's your man.

If you're a Canadian nationalist who is just dying for something homemade that's unique and unique sound is refreshing to the attempt to create a unique sound is refreshing to the variety of influences ranging from the cool jazzy danceable, then Michel Lemieux's your man.

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ECONOMICS MAJOR
ScooterMania
The Summer Lancer July 10, 1986, page 11
Everybody wants to rule the world

Macbeth
by William Shakespeare
directed by Tom Kerr

It has been said of Macbeth that it never fully succeeds in production. There are the play's brevity, its sketchy characterizations, and the fact that the buildup towards the murder of Duncan is perhaps more compelling than the less focussed prelude to the overdue death of Macbeth. What it does have is raw drama—savage and bare as the Scottish highlands, and Shakespeare is as unsubtle as his villain in blasting the audience with his visions of Macbeth's tormented soul. This summer's Stratford Young Company production (see dates, lower right) likewise makes no concessions to twentieth-century rationality and sophistication. From the play's opening scene, in which the three witches appear to rise from the tangled undergrowth, director Tom Kerr revets in the mystery and superstition from which to many Shakespeare's dramas draw their poetry and power. The powers of darkness, which psychology is trying to explain away, seems to be less a matter of the Macbeth, faithful to the playwright, prefers to wander among the darker recesses of the minds of Mr and Mrs Macbeth. As a result, we are not merely looking at the ravages of ambition but light for power, but at Hell itself.

Lady Macbeth, Stratford newcomer Jerry Etienne (who alternates with Kim Coates in the roles of Macbeth and Macduff) is a very much a nobleman in the early scenes: his display of brazen and excess devoid of grace or arrogance makes the graceless bastard on him by his king and whom nobles. With Etienne the character has a lack of self-assurance that is beyond mere public courtesy and which seems deeper than any false modesty. More than anything else it is this lack which causes him to use much anguish over the murder of Duncan—without self-doubt there can be no remorse, as Lady Macbeth well knows. This resurfaces later in much cruelty and sarcasm, and it is to Etienne's credit that the innate Macbeth of the later scenes remains an interesting and coherent personality.

Etienne is at his best when he is the somnambulist murderer, parading the litmus test of the 'daigare soliloquy' with a voice and vision that do justice to the intensity of his fearful imagining. Perhaps his most moving moment comes soon after—with the news of Duncan's murder still fresh in the air, Lady Macbeth, addressing the nobles, laments the unnatural acc from this context.

There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but transience and grace is dead:
The wise of life is drawn, and the more less.

Is it this vault to bag of:
It is one of his last lucid moments. While he is conveying one
message to the Thanes. Etienne/Macbeth seems to be


Maurice Godin at Arteso U1
The Resistible Rise of Arturo UI
by Bertold Brecht
directed by Tom Kerr

As the chronicle of a protection scam in Chicago's 30s vegetable market, Brecht's 'The Resistible Rise of Arturo UI' is a parable on the pro-war ascendance of the Third Reich. UI (Hitler) starts off as a shabby, but charismatic little gangster with high-flung ambitions to control the City's flower market. But the real genius of his rise to power is fueled by demands blood and thugs; so he surrounds himself with the toady horticulturist, Givola (Govehrel), the meaner sybarite, Giri (Goering), and the inherently sincere Roma (Roehm). Soon enough UI gets the inside track on the merely semicorrupt, but aging Dogborough (Hindenburg), a town councillor, and before anyone can make a sustained effort to stop it, he's on a roll, bullying, manipulating, or murdering Roma himself is dispersed in a classic gangster massacre, and following on that UI looks to expanding his power over nearly Cicero (Austin) where he eliminates Duller (Dolfini) and makes for his widow with a style indebted to Richard III's 1's code-of-friendship courtship.

The parodic parallels may seem ponderous in the reading, but on the stage the coming promises, protestations, and prorogues are wholly engaging. Done right, as Stratford's Young Company under director Tom Kerr resoundingly demonstrates, UI (and UI) mounts at a vaudeville pace and becoms brankly with a burlesque edge.

But that's precisely where the Brechtian purist or the Marxist moralizer might see problems (Brecht himself never saw the play produced in his lifetime). Breche provocates our laughter at the scathing barbs that untangle the "grandest" of political evil, but he does so in an entertaining episodic pastiche guaranteed to transmute the lessons of history into theater that is both astute and scathing. Maybe it's inevitable with a play completed in early 1941 in Finland, which Brecht, neatly in script in soon left Hollywood.

Yet to didactically complete and even enjoy this critique of pure evil, the spectator must surely be aware. All possibility of comic sympathy absolutely forsaken, it's with the satiric spirit of humor, aimed at exposing UI's brutality, that he must enter and scrutinize the poisonous sheen of his epic glamour.

In a sense, then, Maurice Godin's UI is almost the perfect number. "Almost" is the word for the play, which cuts across stage with a feminized castrato lightness, exploding out of elegance into staccato rage, debunks the man and the motion but not the appeal. His sham respectability fully on display, the absurdity the character is everywhere still in evidence. Thus, this clown with a starkly simple smile needs to step out of character at the end (call 219-273-1600).
the federal tariff on imported English-language books is facing a constitutional challenge from the Canadian book industry, but the outcome either way is not expected to greatly affect universities.

The Canadian government applied the 10 percent duty June 2 as a retaliatory measure against a United States tariff on shakes and shingles.

Industry groups opposing the move include the Canadian Book Publishers Council, the Canadian Booksellers Association.

Over the weekend, 300 game-crazed people invaded the University Centre for an orgy of conquest on the fourth annual convention of the Windsor Role-playing Game Association. Above, one of the enthusiasts points out a mock factory he plans to pillage.
Students discuss world issues in model U.N. format

by Arthur Gosselin

A group of six University of Windsor students recently returned from the Canadian National Model United Nations, organized by the United Nations Association. The conferences run from July 7 to July 12, 1986 at the International Civil Aviation Organization Building, Montreal, the only U. N. agency based in Canada.

Three hundred students from across the country, as well as a few from the United States, discussed and debated world issues in a United Nations-type setting. The speakers addressed many of the same themes at the conference. They emphasized the importance of world wide dialogue and said the United Nations is a very useful institution that should not be thrown away because it does not work the way it would like to. The work of international agencies in aviation, health, and other areas of concern has been outstanding. The returning students expressed a universal wish to attend next year’s simulation because they enjoyed this one so much. Stephan Stebelsky spoke for most of the students when he said, “meeting 300 people from all over Canada” was one of the best parts of the trip. This writer concurs, considering the floor housed students from Alberta, Manitoba, Newfoundland and British Columbia.

The Secretary General of the simulation was Dr. Rodger Carazo, formerly president of Costa Rica, and now President of the University of Peace, established by the United Nations. In his opening remarks, Carazo emphasized “peace, the absence of war, and justice” as the objectives that “reflect the attitude and define the supreme task of the United Nations of the 1980s.” Carazo went further in redefining justice as “a method of eliminating poverty. The question is not generosity, but justice and solidarity in the world.” “Interdependence is a fact of life,” he said.

Carazo only one of a number of guest speakers, who included the president of the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), the ambassador of Singapore and Dr. James O.C. Jonah, U.N. Assistant Secretary-General.

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 Students from the United States also participated in the simulation. Nothing can be quite the same as the irony of listening to the southern twang of students from Oklahoma representing the Soviet Union. University of Windsor student Thomas Chmielnsky enjoyed “the mastic atmosphere of the conference,” and Stiebelsky, who represented the Soviet Union in the Security Council, added he liked “playing the role of a diplomat.”

However, Chmielnsky, who represented Cuba, felt debate bogged down in procedure; he suggested “possibly simple rules would make debate easier.” Ernie Herbert, who represented the South Pacific island nation of Brunei, complained of the inconsistency of countries’ positions from the committees to the General Assembly, which led to some strange votes.

Despite some rowdiness in the residences at McGill University where most delegates stayed, the “casuising” was enjoyable and there were three formally planned occasions for delegates to meet each other. There was a moonlight cruise down the St. Lawrence River, and a dance. There was also a mayor’s reception where one could meet many genuine diplomats. All the social occasions allowed us to meet people from across the country, which really gave a grasp of how very diverse and interesting our country and our people really are.

Arthur Gosselin was a delegate to the Canadian National Model United Nations.
Survival in a skewed psychiatric system

by Kendal McKinsey

The completion of Mackenzie Hall, the ongoing restoration of the historic post office at Mill Street and Sandwich Street, a new park, and a new restaurant (Jacques, a floating restaurant at the foot of Brock Street) are examples of such improvements. Projects to enhance existing businesses, public buildings and churches, have all contributed to the new air of optimism in the area. Donna Hine gave the main presentation on behalf of the consulting firm, which dealt mainly with the architectural aspects to restoring the older buildings in the area. Her report also recommended adding new buildings in keeping the traditional "low rise" nature of the district and creating natural "people places" at the main corners of Mill Street and Sandwich Street, and at Brock Street and Sandwich Street.

Sandwich residents and business owners support the plans enthusiastically but also expressed concerns that went beyond the superficial benefits of the area.

John Muir, principal of Brock public school, reported that a proposal for a community health centre was now awaiting a decision by the Ontario Ministry of Health. If granted, the centre would fill a need for health services in the Sandwich/University area that has been sorely lacking for some time.

The need to restore public library services to the area was also mentioned. One suggestion was to locate the proposed library in the old Sandwich city hall, which was sold and converted into apartments after the 1938 amalgamation of Sandwich into Windsor.

How many of the plans and proposals will actually be realized remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that there is ample support from the community for the revitalization.

Donations of artists can help save lives

by Catherine Hades

Art for health's sake. The Hotel Dieu Hospital Auxiliary is issuing a call for local artists to enter their work in the sixth annual art auction, held to raise money for needed equipment at the hospital. We haven't even tapped the talent in Windsor," said Danila Calsavara, Art Convener for the University Centre. Shows begin at 7 p.m. Admission is free.

The art auction is one of a number of fund-raising activities sponsored by the auxiliary. Through functions such as the art auction and a fashion show, the auxiliary plans to raise and contribute $100,000 to renovate and update the intensive care unit at Hotel Dieu Hospital.

In the past the auxiliary has bought equipment for the cardiac department and the pediatric ward, and has also purchased after-school equipment for the local schools.

While the auction has been very successful over the past few years, averaging a little more than $8,000 each year, "you can't measure the success by the amount of money," said Calsavara. "We sincerely hope that we are able to get someone to bid on it."

The auxiliary does not judge the art submitted. "Really, the artwork is exceptional," said Calsavara. "We sincerely hope that we are able to get someone to bid on it."

The auxiliary extends to London, and several artists based there have submitted their work.

The art auction is on paintings and drawings, only a few one-of-a-kind craft items such as pottery, stained glass, quilts, and photographs will be accepted said Calsavara, although otherwise all artwork is admitted.

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Analysis

There'll be a hot time in the olde town tonight

by Susan Mellven

The University Women's Centre recently held a showing and discussion of the Women in Focus video, Still Sane. The point is, that after three years in increasingly high security mental institutions, three years as an outpatient, and six years of over- and improper medication and 19 shock treatments, Gilhoody is still sane—and still a lesbian.

The body casts are actually of Gilhoody, with accompanying text written by Gilhoody relating some of her experiences in hospitals and how she finally got out. The clay casts are in various postures with experiences and incidents carved and painted onto them. The video moves through the pieces which chronologically trace the hospital years. Gilhoody delivers the text. The video also includes a 20-minute interview with Blackbridge and Gilhoody.

Blackbridge believes the combination of sculpture and hand-printed text offers a double experience for the viewer. "It's a combination of a generalized thing that people can identify with, but also this bit by bit specific story of one woman," said Blackbridge.

The sculptures themselves fall and repel at the same time. The colours, textures, the layers of paint appeal to aesthetic sensibilities until the whole piece—gashes, blood, bruises, tears—becomes flesh. The experience that the piece portrays becomes real.

There's a beauty to it, a real sensual element that pulls people in at the same time as it horrifies," said Blackbridge. "There's a real strong connection that comes from it, but it's generalized."

In discussion that followed the showing of the video, Blackbridge said she hoped it would increase people's awareness of the extent of psychiatric oppression, and of the possibility for survival. "Despite the really graphic nature of the sculpture and Shilla (Gilhoody)'s text, I think that the show and the video are pretty hopeful," said Blackbridge. "It's important that we know that we can resist and fight and win. Sometimes we have to do things (like those portrayed in the sculpture) to survive."

The video Still Sane was third in the Women's Centre Summer Film Series, every other Wednesday in Conference Room B in the University Centre. Shows begin at 7 p.m.
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Home Cooking

Bring your ideas to life with a fabulous opinion!

This is a marvelous thing you’re holding. This is a copy of the student paper, albeit a rather truncated version of the regular school-year issue. It’s sort of a newspaper, but not really. It’s sort of a left-wing propaganda ring, but not really (and it certainly doesn’t try to be). It’s sort of an arts and entertainment sheet, but not really. It’s really just a collection of work of various young folk who dare place a pen to paper about stuff they find interesting, stuff they think you would find interesting, and stuff they think you ought to find interesting.

And it’s a forum for people like me to blow off steam every now and then.

I used to consider writing quite a chore, like most of us who are used to the “Thesis/prove three points/enstate thesis” brand usually do. Even though I became rather adept at essay writing, I didn’t know what they wanted to hear, I always say. I never really enjoyed sitting in front of a typewriter with a stack of notes, trying to create the impression I had done more research than I really had. No, writing was hell, much like trying to yank the tonsils out of a cat.

That is, until I discovered the magic of the Opinion Piece. The Opinion Piece is the article on the same page as the letters, across from the editorial page. It’s usually written by people who have a bone to pick about something, be it bank thefts, the fate of East Timor, extra billing, or bowleggedness.

It’s usually written in a very conversational style, and accompanied by a cartoon to lighten the topic or drive home the message.

But the reason I like them so much is because (are here) they’re usually nasty.

I used to have a blast writing about student politicians, chiefly because they’d take it so seriously, and become genuinely, sincerely upset. I could write that I thought Jon Carlos’ colleagues smelled like burning rubber bands, and that his hair looked like it was styled by a blind crazed walrus. I would watch the article run off the press eight thousand times, smirk a little, then duck into a doorway whenever I saw Jon Stevens.

But what gets me is the people who have to write copy for advertising advertising copy.

Do you want to write copy for the Sears or Consumer’s Distributing catalogue? Imagine having a home that hasn’t swayed her, this public relations guy is unlikely to.

At the same time, this action will have no effect on South Africa. Instead, Commonwealth members are seeking to punish Great Britain for not falling into line. It is a dangerous precedent.

If countries used political criteria to determine suitable opponents in sporting competitions, international meetings would be few. India may be a target for its treatment of Sikhs. Canada for its treatment of its native people, Zimbabweans and Mozambicans for their treatment of each other.

Remember, the action against Britain was not for the practice of apartheid, and the defence of it, but for not opposing it strenuously enough, a charge that can be laid against almost every Western government, and certainly Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

Still, refusing to join the boycott could have placed Canada in a difficult position. Many expressed concern that Canada would be left participating in an all-white Games. If that were indeed the situation, we would have had little choice but to withdraw. Our relations with African and Asian members of the Commonwealth are too valuable to risk simply to win a few medals, and lose many more.

But with 29 nations and territories staying in the Games, we have enough company, and enough representa tion from Third World countries not to feel isolated. We regret the boycott, and sympathize with their aims, but we didn’t admit that their chosen forum of action was inappropriate.

It would have been more inappropriate for us to follow their lead.
Come to beautiful Windsor, see Detroit

by Arthur Gosselin

An open letter to the head of the Tourism and Convention Bureau of Windsor and Essex County, Jim Moir.

Recently I visited Montreal for a ten-day conference, where I made friends with university students from across Canada. Most of these people had had only the skimpiest knowledge of where Windsor is and fewer know what our city looks like.

So, when I got home I set out on a postcard hunt to give them a reasonable taste of my hometown. Though I suppose I should not have been surprised, I was quite disturbed to find that the dominant scene in most of our postcards is not Windsor at all but the Detroit skyline. Detroit can do its own advertising; it does not need our help.

It seemed 80 percent of all postcards showed the Detroit skyline at least in the background of riverfront pictures, even ones that were ostensibly showing Dieppe Gardens, Centennial and Assumption Parks and the Peace Fountain.

Should not these pictures have been taken looking toward Windsor, instead of away? I could not find any postcards depicting a full view of Dieppe Park, Ouellette Avenue, the International Freedom Festival, or even our great fireworks displays at festival time.

Strangely, of the pictures with Windsor area content such as City Hall, the University of Windsor, or Jackson Park, many look like they were taken in the 1960’s and so are sadly out of date. This does not help matters at all. Some landmarks are excluded entirely, such as MacKenzie Hall, The Hiram Walker Historical Museum, and a number of county landmarks such as Fort Malden, Jack Miner’s Bird Sanctuary, or even Colasanti’s greenhouse.

I could go on and on. Some of these places probably sell their own postcards, but not on Ouellette Avenue where so many tourists shop. Obviously, Mr. Moir, we need new and more modern postcards that show the finer points of Windsor and we need them placed in prime tourist-attracting areas already doing well. The view of Detroit from our riverfront, although it is beautiful and is indeed a selling point for tourism, should not be dominant but only a marginal factor, used in approximately 20 percent of our postcards, not 80 percent.

Finally, I find it insulting to look at a postcard that says “Welcome to Windsor” which only shows the Detroit skyline at night. It gives the wrong impression. Even pass up the idea if it means we have to adopt Detroit.

I stand I must express my great gratitude to my new friends what seems to be almost an inferiority complex on Windsor's part, and a reluctance to show how really beautiful and proud our city can be.

Wanting a world walkman warranty

by Chris Hudec

I recently bought a new Walkman-type cassette player with auto-reverse, Dolby, metal tape capability, a four band equalizer, stereo recording, am/fm radio, and an outside plug (for power). It also has dual speed capability, allowing one to extend the length of a tape by a little electronic hocus-pocus.

All this and it could fit into a shirt pocket. The radio worked like a dream. It pulled in stations with a clarity that rivalled many a larger machine. Although it had no speaker, the headphones provided a fairly comfortable and clear sound.

I popped in a cassette and relaxed to the strains of my favorite group. But when this collection of audio wizardry engaged the auto reverse feature, the music was distorted.

At the slow speed the voices sound like cows with laryngitis, while the high speed resurrects the Chipmunks.

Ordinarily, this problem could have been taken care of by returning the machine to the place of purchase. But in my case, the store in which I bought it is located in Cologne, West Germany.

I was two-and-a-half countries away from the city when I discovered the defect, and had no intention of returning to exchange my new toy.

Then I thought, this thing must have a warranty! I decided to send it in for repair when I got home to Canada. The thing was made by an international company well known for its audio equipment, so I anticipated no problems.

After calling three repair shops, I finally found one that could repair my walkman. Upon explaining the situation to the clerk in the repair shop, my naiveté became apparent.

He said he could not repair it under warranty because I had bought it in another country.

He suggested I write the corporate headquarters and gave me an address—to the wrong company. I cannot believe that an international corporation does not honour warranties for its products just because they were bought in another country.

This machine cost me $246 and I'll be a pig in hell before I pay another sixty dollars to have a brand new walkman repaired.

I called a repair shop in the States to see if they would repair it under warranty. They said they couldn't even touch it because they don't sell that model in that area and aren't familiar with it.

They gave me the phone number of the corporation's regional headquarters. I called but the call didn't go through.

Is this a conspiracy?

As large companies products get more complex, there are fewer capable repair persons around to fix their products. Consequently they cost more to fix, even if anyone is willing to try and fix it.

I'm reasonable enough to realize that many repair shops don't want to risk damaging a machine they are not familiar with, and there are thousands of ways a phone can get disconnected.

It's just that as corporations become larger they become increasingly unapproachable.

It seems as though there's a large gap between the upper echelons of a company and local representatives, and if a problem can't be solved at the local level it becomes very difficult to bring it to the attention of the company proper.

I still haven't found a place daring or skilled enough to touch my state-of-the-art toy, nor have I had any luck contacting the company. But I am going to pursue this matter further. It's become a matter of pride, and once my ego gets involved I won't stop until the whole affair is resolved.

Disney nice, no vice

Dear Editor,

I was disgusted when I read an article by Kevin Johnzt in your July 10, 1986 edition, about the new Disney animation "The Great Mouse Detective." This is the first cartoon movie by Disney in quite some time due to the complexity and high expenses. I grew up going to see Disney cartoon movies and found them most enjoyable. Thanks to com-

mail

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since he is a movie critic with such a large reading audience he has to criticize this movie. It is beyond me how someone can go to a Disney movie and depict "nymphs and psychopaths." How dare Mr. Johnson even use these words in an article about a Disney animation.

I think Mr. S. Freud would have a field day analyzing Mr. Johnson's personality. By the way, the critics for the T.V. show "The Movie" (both reputable critics for Chicago papers and this show) thoroughly enjoyed this movie without being petty (tasted dogs, and yelling in sync) or sexually perverse.

Thank you for your time.

-Vince Beckley
rivertown:
detroit warehouse district

Story by Michael Panontin
Photos by Chris McNamara

Historic renewal is underway at Detroit's Riverfront, one of North America's largest and most significant urban renewal projects. Spearheaded by two multimillion-dollar renovation and redevelopment projects - the $35 million Harbortown and the $47 million Rivertown - Detroit's Renaissance will be the nation's third such urban renaissance. But while rumors abound about real estate speculations and the rising prices for land and buildings, the real story is the preservation of the historical buildings and the conversion of warehouses into modern office space.

The east riverfront nurtured agricultural businesses during the 19th century. It was considered the Victorian palace of farms and later as the home of many manufacturing industries. The opening of the North Avenue Bridge and the construction of the $35 million Harbortown and the $47 million Rivertown will help the city's economy and the community's development. For every $1 spent on development, the city's economy is expected to benefit by $4.30 in revenue and 1,500 new jobs.

The most significant moratoriums of 1880, the Belding Act and the Federal Land Act, were enacted by the government to control the sale of public land. But as time rendered these archaic, the city's economy was transformed from agricultural to manufacturing and eventually service industries. The result was the conversion of warehouses into modern office space.

Situated between the Michigan Central Station and the Detroit Public Library, Rivertown is the heart of Detroit's Renaissance.

The 1884 Belding Act of the US Congress authorized the sale of land to the public. The act was the first of its kind and it was met with mixed reactions. But as time passed, the act became an important tool for the development of the city's economy. The act led to the development of new industries and the growth of the city's economy.

In 1887, the first warehouse district was developed in Detroit. The warehouses were the heart of the city's economic growth. But as time passed, the warehouses became obsolete and were converted into office space. Today, these historic buildings are the heart of Detroit's Renaissance.

The opening of the North Avenue Bridge and the construction of the $35 million Harbortown and the $47 million Rivertown will help the city's economy and the community's development. For every $1 spent on development, the city's economy is expected to benefit by $4.30 in revenue and 1,500 new jobs. The results of the Renaissance will be felt throughout Detroit, from the revitalization of the riverfront to the development of new industries.

But while rumors abound about real estate speculations and the rising prices for land and buildings, the real story is the preservation of the historical buildings and the conversion of warehouses into modern office space.
River Place is the dream of Peter W. Stroh, chairman of Stroh Breweries. Long considered the beer of Detroit, many Detroiters felt betrayed when Stroh's announced it would move its brewing operations out of Detroit—in fact, some have been boycotting the brew today. But Stroh's recognized its obligation to Detroit by choosing to keep its headquartered in the motor city with a move to River Place. "When an opportunity came to demonstrate our commitment to Detroit," said Stroh, "we were more than pleased to offer and build River Place."

With several of the buildings designed by the renowned architect Albert Kahn, the complex has been designated an historic district by the National Park Service, with one of the buildings, dating to 1902, listed in the prestigious National Register of Historic Places. The architects responsible for the restoration, James Polshek and Partners, who are also responsible for the restoration of Carnegie Hall, will feature extensive interior use of tile, terrazzo and terracotta while restoring the original brick exterior. Already, River Place is showing signs of becoming a bonafide community in itself. In fact, when fully developed, River Place will boast 10,000 people living and working in the complex. My bet is that Queen Street which runs through River Place between Joseph Campau and MacDougal will unofficially become the new coolest street block in Detroit.

Immediately east of River Place is Harbourtown, the ambitious residential development that will feature apartments, condos, a marina, a shopping concourse and a chain of three lagoons leading to the Detroit river. The townhouses will be situated along semi-circular tree-lined drives, some with patios overlooking the water—a scene not unlike a European scene. By 1990, River Place will boast not only 2800 people living and working in the complex, but also 10,000 people moving into the area and 1500 business, and some homes and stores, which is the first wave of residential development that will feature apartments, condos, a marina, a shopping concourse and a chain of three lagoons leading to the Detroit river.

The city of Detroit is also working with this private investment by establishing a number of historic districts, including Riverfront Park, which, when completed in 1988, will feature a continuous bicycle/pedestrian route along the water from Hart Plaza to Belle Isle. Chene Park, the first of the linked parks, was opened to the public in 1984. This Chene Park amphitheatre overlooking the Detroit river, Belle Isle and Windsor, has already been offering an array of concerts from gospel festivals to Mr. Dress-Up to UB40.

Hart Plaza, the site of Detroit's former convention center, is being transformed into a beautiful residential development that will feature apartments, condos, a marina, a shopping concourse and a chain of three lagoons leading to the Detroit river. The townhouses will be situated along semi-circular tree-lined drives, some with patios overlooking the water—a scene not unlike a European scene. By 1990, River Place will boast not only 2800 people living and working in the complex, but also 10,000 people moving into the area and 1500 business, and some homes and stores, which is the first wave of residential development that will feature apartments, condos, a marina, a shopping concourse and a chain of three lagoons leading to the Detroit river.

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FROM LEFT:

* A dilapidated house in Rivertown

* The Soup Kitchen Saloon 1585

* Franklin

* Solomon Sibley House (1848) 976 E. Jefferson

* Ella Thayer House (1899) 1386 E. Jefferson

The beautifully restored Rivertown saloon and the neighbouring architectural offices of Schervish, Vogel, Mez and Cardonza are situated in two of the four remaining carriage houses left in Detroit. These carriage houses, originally the service buildings for the stately mansions that once lined Jefferson Avenue, housed horses, carriages, food storage and occasionally a room for the stable keeper. The Schervish offices have won numerous state and national architectural awards for their restoration.

And if the warehouses represent the heart of Rivertown, then Jefferson avenue is its facade. It's historic homes, churches and apartments visually displayed the city's wealth while hiding from view the gritty factories that produced that very wealth.

The Charles C. Townsend House, an attractive white frame house, is the oldest house in Jefferson dating back to 1826. The Sibley House a modest white frame house designed in the Greek Revival style, is the oldest frame house in Detroit still preserved in its original condition and dating back to 1845. Perhaps the most imposing home along Jefferson is the beautifully quaint, pretentious brick Monroe House. Constructed in 1849 it was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1972 and presently has museum space open to the public.

Cherry Christ Church was designed by the leading British church architect Gordon W. Lloyd. This limestone building with sandstone trim dates back to 1860. Across from the Christ Church stands the Palms Apartment House, built in 1902 and designed by Albert Kahn, this six-story limestone finished building was designed as a luxury residence for 'high class' Detroiters who did not wish to maintain a separate residence. This was especially unique in Detroit, a city traditionally inhabited by single-family homeowners.

But not only does Jefferson Avenue branch the beauty of by-gone Detroit with its historic buildings, is also awash in new development—a true sign of its potential as Detroit's savior street. Apartments, a hospital, office buildings and businesses have all sprung up along the three mile corridor from the RemCen to Belle Isle.

Perhaps Detroit really was the sleeping giant it was hoped to be during the dead decades to the sixties and seventies where development hit all-time lows. It was during these years that people fled the battle zone by the hundreds of thousands for the safety of the bland suburbs. And now that the dust has presumably settled and a truce been called, it's as if people are cautiously returning to the inner city. Rivertown may just be a little snowball...but avalanches have started form much less than this.
**Old Salt new H.K. dean**

by Vern Smith

The University of Windsor has recently announced the appointment of Dr. Michael Salter as the new dean of Human Kinetics.

Salter, who began his five-year term July 1, came to Windsor in 1972. Previously, the 45-year-old Australian native gained teaching experience at the University of Alberta and York University, in addition to time spent at the elementary and secondary school levels.

Before receiving his Ph.D. from the University of Alberta in 1972, Salter earned his B.P.E. and M.A. from the same institution in 1966 and 1967 respectively. He also holds a D.P.E. from Sydney's teachers' college in Australia.

Salter will initially concentrate on improving Windsor's graduate program, which he thinks is not up to the level it should be.

"We have probably the best undergraduate program in Ontario and I don't say that tongue-in-cheek," says Salter. "However, we have some house cleaning to do in the graduate program, so I'll be paying special attention to the masters and graduate program."

Another area of Salter's concentration will be in the intramural program. Despite a tight budget all-around, Salter seems determined to do more with less.

"We would like to expand the intramural program by re-allocating the funds to provide more of a club environment," says Salter. "This way we can plan activities to aid them (the students) on and off campus. I don't feel that we've done enough in this area."

Salter, who recently enjoyed a successful stint as a coach with the track and field Lancers, will be forced to step down from that role because of time commitments. However, he will continue to teach an introductory course that all Human Kinetic students will be required to take.

In addition to Salter's successful tenure as a coach, his academic research deals with the leisure time pursuits of various people.

Salter has developed a course from this research that is a "cross-cultural study of man and play by which we will investigate how different societies use their leisure time. This was a non-industrial and urban cultures."
Fear of flying: Koop no chicken

"Airplanes and the Wall"
An exhibit of paintings by Wanda Koop
Art Gallery of Windsor
July 20 to August 17, 1986

"My most immediate way of knowing is through seeing."
— Wanda Koop

by Kevin Atkinson

The single most obvious characteristic of Winnipeg artist Wanda Koop’s paintings, and the most consistent one throughout her career, are their enormous size. This is by no means a particularly unique or precious observation, but this fact, even by its very obviousness, can guide us to an understanding of Wanda Koop’s work, and artistic vision, an understanding without which the former might be regarded as diffuse, and insubstantial and the latter as childish or nonexistent.

"Airplane no. 6" 1983, acrylic and Rhoplex on plywood, 2.44 x 15.85m.

For what is in her imagery to sustain or justify 80 square feet of plywood and paint? Her images are undetailed and even crude in execution. Images to insinuate themselves into one’s consciousness diversity (often apparently arbitrariness) of sources that fulfil without having been processed, masticated, and subsumed it that might lead one to the conclusion that she has nothing to say. Koop arrives at her final product much in the way a coherent photographer does; she first amasses a large number of images to insinuate themselves into one’s consciousness without having been processed, masticated, and subsumed. But ultimately, the inflated scale is not a matter of stridency or bombast, but is merely a means towards immediacy in ‘seeing’. For they must be large enough for their dynamism that impresses itself on the mind violently, while others cloy almost annoyingly on one’s imagination. Any subject can be recruited by Koop to serve the end of ‘seeing’. During a talk she gave at the Gallery on Wednesday, July 16, she expressed delight in the diversity, mundanity, and often, absurdity of the sources of her images. Koop’s insistence on ‘seeing’ as the most immediate way of knowing suggests a mode of knowledge that is non-linguistic, sub-verbal. She clearly before giving her talk on Wednesday that her “work was her voice”, proleptically down-playing the importance of her following remarks. That “voice” of Wanda Koop is the quiet babble of mundane reality amplified in the scale of her painting. For her imagery, though always quivering between stylized mimesis and abstraction, is rooted in real objects, real objects that are iconized and given a wholly personal significance.

"Flower" 1981, acrylic on canvas, 1.524 x 1.22m.

Summers concerts at Subway cancelled

"The cancellation was really disappointing, because it’s music that should be brought to the city."
— Mike Murphy

The effort of a young local entrepreneur to book Toronto bands in the Subway during the summer has failed. "Basically what I wanted to do was to bring Toronto to Windsor," said Chris Uzynski. Uzynski was forced to cancel the series after only two shows because attendance was insufficient to financially sustain the rest. He said he suffered a personal loss of $3,000.

Uzynski said that in spite of the lack of response, he intended to book the same lineup of bands in September for shows either in the Subway or in California’s Roadhouse. Mike Murphy, Promotion Director at CJAM, attributed the poor response in part to the cost of admission which was $5.00. He said the bands are well-known in Toronto and command a commensurately high price, but they don’t enjoy similar popularity locally.

"The cancellation was really disappointing, because it’s music that should be brought to the city," said Murphy. Uzynski was involved in dance parties at the Dom Polski.

Other entertainment will continue at the Subway through the summer. CJAM is presenting Jazz Butcher on July 26.
**DANCERS 12 GOOD ENTER**

The problem with having dancers organize shows is that they dance, not organize. This was evident at Timothy P. Higgins' big event, Rhythm of the Night, out on Ford Road Sunday evening.

While most of the dancing passed muster, the audience has to sweat the incidental details to judge the gestalt of a dance show.

The show began with a schmaltzy video of the performers entering the hall. This would have been a lot more fun if the quality of the picture had been better. Instead, the few times they made use of the video screens were to be endured, not enjoyed.

Another problem from a purist's point of view was the dependence on canned music. The sound system was often inadequate, and totally demolished one group's interpretation of "How Do You Do?"

More use should have been made of the band, The Tool Band. They proved the value of live music during a presentation of "Time Warp," from the never-popular Rocky Horror. The choreography was limited due to the lyric's specifications but the number was redeemed by the vigor of the performers rather than the dancers.

One of the most memorable acts of the evening was the performance of international dance champions Fran Nagle and Mark Brock. In truth, the two are past their prime and this fact seemed all the more glaring against a backdrop of more exuberant (if not necessarily more talented) youth.

Imagine Bette Midler visiting Fernando's Hideaway and you'll get a crudely accurate picture of these two on the Saturday gig more than merely a memorable pogrom or polytheism as informed their moment of creation, could make you think these two are absolutely gratuitous and eventually a tad annoying. A dancer should convey emotion through motion. It is the poet's movement we appreciate in a dancer, not that of words.

"It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" is abeckonng good song, done justice by the Robert Gatzke Dancers. Here we saw some good old-fashioned show dancing, tap, the whole works. The piece looked comfortable on the stage, unlike some which seemed too big or too easily lost.

Besides, the arrangement did not have the heavy overlaid beat that marred what might have been perfectly good performances of "Opus One" and "Sing, Sing, Sing." Both these tunes were really mauled in an apparent effort to help stupid dancers. (I agonized over "stupid" trying to find a term that meant "unable to hear the beat in a jazz number.")

The second half of the show consisted of a tribute to Broadway musicals, and included the mandatory tired tribute to "Hello Dolly." This one featured brisue jokes in an attempt to be clever, but failed.

Two numbers that stood up better were from modern plays. The Pat Sherrill Dancers did a job on "Chorus Line" from the F.B.I., an imaginative arrangement of dancing, choreography, and singing. The choreography were well-designed, and the choreography demonstrated an originality almost unique in the show. I liked it.

In the finale, Higgins' solo work looked weak next to the effort by Tony Lord's. Lord's dance conveyed a raw energy which could compensate for some repetitiveness. Higgins was better.

Despite the talent and desire of these young people, the dancers could not dig themselves out of the hole they were put into by the hoc, crowded, smoky hall. The audience burst out laughing as the last number began, and Hunting Over the Alberta mountains, and included the mandatory tired tribute to "Hello Dolly." This one featured brisue jokes in an attempt to be clever, but failed.

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"Philosophy", as a post-secondary course of study, is regarded as practically a disease in some circles.

But think of countless other abominations of the term "philosophy": "My own philosophy is this, blah, blah..." makes the confident businessman who happens to feel that anon is as efficient a way as any to effect commercial tour de force, an interviewee's connotation that one beyond eating, sleeping and profession is deemed "philosophical," in italics, of course, like a random-odd worker when he last saw his mother and he's bound to give you a perturbed look and mumble "Don't get philosophical on me," (unless he accuses you of psychanalyzing). "Philosophy," as a post-secondary course of study is regarded as practically a disease in some circles (and contagious—dying all of one's natural fiber clothes black (which means grey), bleaching the French in their own language, displaying territorialism over tabulating Hegelian universities scattered from tea, milk, sugar, tapioca, soucebi and ketchup at $3.50 a.m., wearing incessantly a wired, paranoid look and a look of tender relief, and quitting the whole thing after two or three months are common symptoms to look for, and all you careworn parental professionals).

Voivod

When this album first appeared in the mail, there was some heavy competition for the privilege of reviewing it. I'm in the happy position of boss, so I won. (Nyah, nyah!) Who wouldn't fight over a band with musicians named Snake and Puggy, who have scathing songs like "Slaughter in a Grave", "To the Death", and the ever-popular "Headaches"? If mind-numbing, thrashing, brain-squishing isn't your thing, you are gonna get right into listening, no collection will be cons~...I've seen the privilege of~...we've all seen the privilege of~...We've got the privilege of~...We're gonna get the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of~...We're gonna listen to the privilege of...
The Winter's Tale
By William Shakespeare
Directed by David William

This is a play one should experiment boldly, but not recklessly with. The current Stratford production is neither bold nor reckless, but it still occupies a middle ground of some substance and under David William's direction moves along in a collected, naturalistic manner.

This is an accomplishment, for Shakespeare's romance—written late in his career—tempts in strange, symbolic ways familiar themes: love and betrayal, time and mortality. The play erupts with the Sicilian King, Leontes, banishing with Hermione and sending his best friend, Polixenes scurrying back to his Bohemian throne after he irrationally suspects them of frollicking behind his back. From then on the rhythm is tragic until the pastoral idyll of the second half, some 16-years on, prepares us for a re-union when Hermione, thought dead and literally grown statuesque in her banishment, comes to life.

As I have said, this production is generally thoughtful and entertaining in its handling of such awkwardness of structure. Three things, in particular, stand out: the striking, bony lines of Colin Firth's face as he stalks about in handsome late-Victorian costume (designed by Shawn Kerwin) communicating Leonato's susceptibility to sufferings andcroft laden lamentations; the appearance of Time (Mervyn Blake) as a snowy, ancient apparition, luminous and otherworldly; and the sheep-like rustic than decorously (in the goldness of hair and witeness of dress.

Meanwhile, Stephen Russell as Polixenes is industrious, and Susan Wright's aggressive, self-assured Paulina, and comes to life.

Three things, in particular, stand out: the striking, bony lines of Colm Feore's face as he stalks about in handsome late-Victorian costume (designed by Shawn Kerwin) communicating with enough sane rage and repentance so as to seem more tragic than bewilderingly mad, the two other big roles remain more secondary than self-assure.

As the malign Leontes, Goldie Semple remains true to character: poised and patient: nothing more, nothing less. Meanwhile, Stephen Russell as Polixenes is industrious, avenging this evils means adopting its mean, cynical values and tactics as his own. Thus, in watching Shakespeare's Hamlet, we watch an idealistic adolescent come to terms with the fact that, for all the infinities of the universe, and in spite of the noble faculties of man, life is small, virtue is easily corrupted, and responsibilities must be accepted.

Or so this summer's Stratford Festival production of the play would have it believeze There are those who argue that too much attention has been paid in the past to the advent to the character of Hamlet and not enough to the overall play, its varied personalities and problems: director John Neville is not one of them. By such measures as attenuating the Fortinbras/Poland sub-plot Neville does away with the larger background to focus the play even more closely on the experience of the anguished young man. While he remains, as ever, a troubled soul, the personality of this Hamlet is not a fragmented one. Such is the coherence of Hamlet's thoughts and deeds here, that actions, passions, and even his much lamented timing seem to make sense.

The character would not strike us so forcefully were it not for the remarkable performance of Brent Carver as the prince. His is not at all the dark, brooding Hamlet but one full of frequent use of dramatic metaphors, hence his staging of a play within the play—the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state, The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword, The glass of fashion and mould of form, Th'observed of all observers. It is in his interaction with both Gertrude and Ophelia that we see this production's sense of compassion for these innocent victims and for Hamlet's own farewell to innocence. Elizabeth Shepherd's portrayal of Gertrude as a warm and utterly guiltless soul completely validates the Ghost's and Hamlet's continual doiting on her, despite her sin. Lucy Peacock as Ophelia is a letdown though Ophelia's simple appeal shies through in the play scene and we understand what Hamlet is trying to preserve when begs her to get to a nursery.

In James Blendick's Claudius we see the petty schemer who murdered his brother, and the lover of luxury—he always has a drink in his hand. While he could stand to be more arrogant and paranoid, Blendick makes it plain that it is because of people like Claudius that nice guys finish last and sensitive souls contemplate suicide.

The especially fine set-piece that Neville has made of the play scene should be noted for its orchestration of character and action. The costume is all 19th century, which does little to add or detract from the show. What does detract, if only momentarily, is the thought, when Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are on stage, that two men have wandered in from the play next door. Maybe that's a tribute to Tom Scoppett, most likely it's evidence that the risk Stratford took in staging his Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead in overlapping repertoire with Hamlet was a mistake.

"Hamlet" will be playing at Stratford's Festival Theatre until October 18, 1986. For further information, call (519) 273-1600.

"Hamlet" will be playing at Stratford's Avon theatre until October 18, 1986. For further information, call (519) 273-1600.
Re-organization
by Catherine Hudec

The internal organization of the Student Media Corporation (S.M.C.) has recently undergone a number of changes. The Student Media Corporation is responsible for overseeing the operations of the Lance, CJAMfm, and Student Media Services (S.M.S.).

"The primary changes are to S.M.S. and the relation of the Lance to S.M.S.," said S.M.C. chair and president of Students' Administrative Council Jon Carlos Tsilfidis. The amended by-laws "call for a more logical flow of responsibilities and tasks," he continued.

Under the new amendments a fourth branch of S.M.C. was formed, the Central Advertising Bureau (CAB). Before S.M.S. existed the Central Advertising Bureau was responsible for soliciting advertising for both the Lance and CJAMfm.

When operations were expanded to begin publication of The Survival Guide and resumes and poster services for students, S.M.S. was formed from the CAB. The new publications, their advertising, as well as advertising for the Lance were the responsibility of S.M.S. CJAMfm hired a sales manager to handle its advertising; that is the general structure that existed until the new by-laws were enacted.

The new amendments divide S.M.S. into the Central Advertising Bureau and Publication Services. CAB is the single solicitor of advertising for the Lance, CJAMfm and all Student Media publications.

As a result the present sales manager position will be eliminated from CJAMfm. Although the CAB will be responsible for soliciting advertisers for CJAMfm, it will be the responsibility of the station to prepare and present all such advertisements.

"I think it (the CAB) will give us consistency where there was inconsistency," said station manager Russ Wolske.

CJAMfm had an ad hoc advertising policy before the restructuring said Tsilfidis. This type of policy hampered advertising revenue because of its lack of continuity. The Lance has solid connections with advertisers but campus radio lacks said Wolske. He hopes that a similar rapport would develop for CJAMfm through the Central Advertising Bureau.

Wolske said the new arrangement would increase employment opportunities at CJAMfm. "People will be needed to produce ads once a suitable number of ads are available to us," he said. But "at this point in time we won't be creating the position."

Wolske does not feel that there will be competition between CJAMfm and the Lance for advertisers. "There should be no difficulty if (the CAB) is enterprising and flexible," said Wolske. "One is a closed media, largely restricted to the campus while the other is an open media, directly involved in the community."

"The big advantage for us is the lower cost of CAB," said Lance editor Kevin Johnson. "The new commission schedule should mean reduced overhead, and more net revenue."

Student Media Services will continue to prepare resumes, pamphlets, posters, and other graphic typesetting services, although it will no longer prepare ads for the Lance.

This division was streamlined by eliminating the positions of director of S.M.S. and that of graphic artist. The two remaining staff positions consist of a typesetter and a production manager (layout artist).

The new production manager's position is a combination of duties formerly fulfilled in part by the S.M.S. director, a graphic artist, and a production manager.

S.M.S. consisted of four full-time positions before the restructuring. The director of S.M.S. had been responsible for advertising for the Lance and S.M.S. publications, and also oversaw production of S.M.S. publications.

A production manager assisted the director, and "continued on page three..."
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Applicants should have experience in print and broadcast media sales. A basic salary plus an excellent commission schedule apply. Candidates should possess strong organizational and presentation skills. The successful applicant must be available to start Monday, August 18th, 1986.

Closing date for all applicants is Monday, August 11th, 1986. Resumés will be accepted but not acknowledged. Resumés and covering letters to:
THE HIRING COMMITTEE
STUDENT MEDIA
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ontario
N9B 3P4

Social Gaffes

MUSIC

Wednesday, August 13
— CJAM presents Slow with special guests Jenny and the Motor Homes in the Subway. Doors open 8:00 p.m., admission $3.00. All ages.

Sunday, August 27
— UB40 and Fine young Cannibals at Chene Park. Show at 8:00 p.m. for further information call (213) 956-8742.

Sunday, August 31
— The St. John Ambulance Association will hold their 3rd annual Stoll Through the Past nostalgia Concert at 3:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. at St. Denis Hall. Tickets $1.00 for adults, $0.50 for children 12 and under. For further information call 256-8339.

Thursday, August 4
— The Smiths will play at the Fox Theatre. Tickets available at Ticketworld locations only.

THEATRE

Continuing
— The Arta Theatre presents the musical comedy "The Ballad of Conrad and Leota" by Christopher Reid Ronald Martell. Performances Thursdays and Fridays at 8:00 p.m., Saturdays at 8:00 and 9:00 p.m., and Sundays at 6:30 p.m. For tickets and further information call (519) 871-8284.

Saturday, August 9 and Sunday, August 10
— The Art Gallery of Windsor presents "Things That Go " plans in the final weekend of Piazzz. Percussionist June E. Fred will give Exploration of Sound workshop between 1:00 and 4:00 p.m. on both days. For further information call 258-7111.

Sunday, August 24 to Sunday, September 21
— The Art Gallery of Windsor presents "Articulations" by Douglas Bentham. For further information call 258-7111.

Continuing
— The Art Gallery of Windsor presents "Airplanes and the Wall", an exhibit of paintings by Winnipeg artist Wanda Koop. Exhibit continues to Sunday, August 17.

— The Detroit Institute of Art presents and exhibit of the works of Francois Boucher. Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday. 15 to 45 people, advanced reservation required. Call (313) 833-7844. Public tours 10:00 a.m. Tuesday to Sunday. Exhibit runs to Sunday, August 17.

— Artifice Inc. presents "Windsor Collects Windsor Art", an exhibit of works by Windsorers selected from private Windsor collections. gallery hour Tuesday to Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. For further information call 252-1539. Exhibit continues to Wednesday, August 20.

— The Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of 100 photographs by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976). Exhibit runs to Sunday, August 24.

— The Detroit Institute of Art presents an exhibit of 100 photographs by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976). Exhibit runs to Sunday, September 7.


— The Smiths will play at the Fox Theatre. Tickets available at Ticketworld locations only.

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Once around the block, James, then home for tea

by Catharine Hudac

Sandwich is entering a new era of optimism, say residents. A new park, restaurant and plans to enhance existing businesses make the future of the neighbourhood rosy.

Still, the restoration of Mackenzie Hall and the post office at the corner of Mill and Sandwich Streets indicates that heritage is not being forgotten in plans for the area's improvement.

As Ontario's oldest continuous European settlement, Sandwich's culturally varied past is evident in many of its buildings, now part of the City of Windsor, the village office comprised this summer by Detroit, Peter, South and Russell Streets.

In an effort to stress the need to preserve and save the historic buildings of Sandwich, the Windsor Architectural Conservation Advisory Committee (W.A.C.A.C) is sponsoring walking tours of the neighbourhood.

More buildings on the tour reflect the various ethnic influences in the area, although few exhibit a pure architectural style. French, English, Classical and African designs are apparent in various combinations, as are misguided efforts to "modernize" the exteriors of the buildings.

The tour covers 26 buildings of historical and architectural significance, and information on the founding families, their homes, and their businesses is provided by the guides and handouts.

The tours are co-sponsored by the City of Windsor and the Ministry of Tourism, Culture and Recreation and will run until August 15. However, the tour of Mackenzie Hall, the Main Public Library and all three tourist information bureaus is set up to take a self-guided tour.

According to Barbara Johnson, one of the organizers, it is "supposed to be an educational type of tour."

Media continued from page one

a graphic artist designed and laid out graphics for advertisements and posters while the typewriter was responsible for copy.

In addition to layout and graphic work the new production manager will be responsible for any promotions by Student Media Services to the community at large.

His responsibilities are further increased by a new cooperative arrangement between S.M.S. and the Lance.

Although S.M.S. and the Lance uses much of the same equipment, many similar supplies, and worked closely together on many S.M.S. publications, an effort was made to separate budgetary, inventory and scheduling aspects of S.M.S. and the Lance.

According to Johnson, this resulted in inefficiencies in the operation.

"Trying to separate the resources of these departments was difficult at the best of times," he said, "and often meant the left hand not knowing what the right hand is doing."

The amended by-laws indicate that the new production manager, in co-operation with Lance staff, will monitor a joint budget and inventory, as well as schedule type-setting for S.M.S. and the Lance.

Greater coordination between the Lance and S.M.S., such as one ordering process for both departments, will result in greater accountability.

"Because S.M.S. will no longer produce advertisements for the Lance, the newspaper will have to take on these responsibilities," Johnson said this shows a commitment to employing students.

"The Board (of S.M.C.) felt that there were many items of redundancy within S.M.S."

S.M.S. said Tolpfeld. The restructuring will utilize both capital and human resources more efficiently, he continued. "I was high time to streamline this service and reflect an appropriate cost to the revenue it brings in."

The aim of the restructuring was to make existing services more effective and reflect a "subsidy to form of education to the students of a student corporation," said Tolpfeld.

Embassies evicted

OTTAWA (CUP) — Montreal and Toronto groups staged mock evictions of the United States embassy and consultants to protest the forced eviction of Hopi and Navajo Indians from their ancestral homelands last month.

"Basically, the idea is to present the American officials with an eviction notice on the model of the one that they present to the native people of the Big Mountain area," said Philippe Duhameat of the Montreal area support group.

More than 10,000 Navajo and Hopi Indians at Big Mountain in Arizona are now being threatened with forced relocation because uranium mining has been found on their reserve.

July 6 was the final day for the natives to voluntarily relocate between the nomadic Navajos and the farming Hopis. The Indians believe this is a diversionary tactic, said Lou Gerwitz, the attorney for the Big Mountain peoples. The Indians at Big Mountain are united in their stand against the government.

The two peoples have been peaceably co-existing for generations.

"We are as bad as the people who ran the concentration camps in World War II," said Roger Lewis, former commissioner in charge of the relocation. He resigned his post.

The land that two the tribes share is rich in minerals and natural forest. In 1920, Standard Oil discovered oil on the Navajo reservation but the 75 traditional elders unanimously voted down any leasing deal. The American Bureau of Indian Affairs then set up a separate tribal council.

It signed the deal with Standard Oil. Where coal deposits were found in 1950, this same council sold the mineral rights to Peabody Coal. The story is almost the same now with the uranium. There is still no consultation by the council with its peoples.

There are now dozens of groups across the Canada and the U.S. A. working in solidarity with the peoples of Big Mountain. Aside from the protests on July 6, they are engaged in letter-writing campaigns.

A flagship across the bridge action was accomplished on the Rainbow Bridge in Niagara Falls to link the Canadian and American protesters. Approximately 200 people took part in it. Some groups are planning to step up the actions to include civil disobedience and non-violent direct action if the U.S. government forces to move the peoples of Big Mountain.12
Corporate restructuring isn’t usually a thrilling topic to discuss, but when one has to function in an inefficient system, improvement can become a priority.

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Stay tuned.

Cutting costs

home cooking

Questioning assumptions in a Burger King town

We’re all sheep.

Here’s the scenario: I had just finished wolfing down a cheeseburger with cheese (that is, “processed cheese food”—my favorite) and a box of Harvey’s patented Mashed Fries. After finishing, but before going into the washroom to scrape the fugitive ketchup off my shirt, I gathered the remains of my meal—the ketchup packets, the extra pickles I always order there, and the jalapeno peppers (Now it occurred to me that I have the gall to actually serve food in a box labeled “Hot Tamale,” then discard, and the jalapeno peppers (Now itofliue

message)

My favorite) and a box

and

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My favorite) and a box

of

the
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taste

Though I love to eat at Chez Vian or the good ol’ Family Buffet, I never buy Fast Food, saving it for special occasions. The burgers are dirt cheap, but then, they taste sort of like cardboard paste than anything that was ever part of a cow. It’s the taste I can

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I went to see Mark Buckner's house (corner of Park and Bruce). I've driven by it many times, but this day I passed walking.

I did this after reading the Buckner profile in The Windsor Star: "After Hours Section" of August 1, 1986 (this was the same day the English punk band G.B.H. was playing in Detroit a wankerized leather-and-trendy club same day the English punk band G.B.H. was playing at the Windsor Public Library's main branch downtown). Take also his skeptical mysticism (take and thank and overwrite). Indeed, I should thank him—him and Barthes. They taught me that language is no less wrinkled, no less mood and temperature-prone, than some people's skeletons or as jelly-flat as breasts in horizontal repose.

What they didn't teach me is how to feel the blues (soft net into which passion dissolves). The blue of the de Certeau version (in Agon). I've read, I've read, in the Minnesota Press Theory and History of Literature series.

In fact, this blue leads me to a certain heroic contempt, even as I despise the casualness of the casual certain approaches to intimacy. I think of the case, the incredibly difficult ease of certain promiscuities. But then Harold Bloom has written (in Agon I believe) something about the effect that the muse has whored with many before him and will continue to do so after, so little poet don't get your hopes up for eternal union quite yet.

But then, of course, that's only said because "(slippery hollow truth)" no one (contrary) can't possibly approach the bottomlessness of certain psychic intensities of pain and longing. Pain the god. Though, to be sure, there is literally a whole landscape of literal pleasure out there, on this side of sleep (warm sleep).

But on that night, anyway (the night of the Buckner article, the night of a never-ending desire for Monochabringing), we sat by in silence in the CJAM production room. And I was listening to James Wright (no joke). So sad that James Wright—twilight-purple-sad. And then the cracking Robert Penn Warren. Voice snapping like last flickering twigs before God's breath takes the hilltop to heaven. But I face eyes in expectant, and mortuary, and melancholy as the soft rush that lodges them at the centre of your own smiling periphery (inter, face shadowy bright in the messy heat of the small, overgrown room, as I press against clean sheets and expand the Stewart Named Desire storylines). But then on that night is in that night's dream, Jeff Martin's face glazed and mannered to the configuration of some demonic Buddha, gazing back at me across a street, gazing through an aperture cut out in the sort of brown wood shutters which are mass produced for (taxtless) decor in bourgeois homes.

And then in last night's dream someone (some 'she' or 'she-me') pulled out this cord-thick length of wadded, rotten inner-draping with taut 'enticent' scrotums and encircled, some six inches from one end, with a gnarled, violently discolored string that may once actually been a thin length of lucid skin. I thought to eat it, but only did so out of some horribly nameless attraction (the kind Sandra Bernhard elicits). I said nothing and merely gazed (soon it disappeared into dream-space) with the sort of puritanical awe and Satanic detachment John Hawkes is so well known for. I know now this relates mysteriously to what is, in my most desperate moments, an absolute fear of the devoting bitch. And yet, in that same desperate moment I encounter an immense and incredible attraction to the mouth, its soft cherry-skinned curve of lips tapering at each end in an exquisite point.

Though I should perhaps fear to announce such things, I can always comfort myself with the knowledge that we must not learn to accept anything, and that one way of refusing to be criminal in our very kindness. To affirm less "in an unspoken cure.

So, to get down to business on love and other difficulties. That is, to the imagery of love: the loved one as a paradoxical non-possessable image. When I leave the energy an image asserts upon me, and behind it, and finally, a hush—a sad, common thing: a lifeless cameo exclamating no passion, evoking no reply, no ecstatic recrimation or agnostic reclamation—then I know what it is to walk the landscape of cold eternity. Bloodless world. Arcade collisions.

I ain't seen nothin' like it. Good 'un, can't be beat

by Thomas Pidgeon

There I was, on a bench waiting for a bus. Suddenly I grimmaced as one of my senses was needlessly violated.

I also remember my own longing (for what?) for a world in which I didn't yet know that life in language, and that language is ecstasy, kindness, desire, death, perversion, absolution, nakedness. So now I think of my friends the books. The Derrida book, for instance. Take what I take to be his hermeneutically tecnologized technocritical superstardom (take his appearance in the current issue of Domus on the art-mag racks of Windsor Public Library's main branch downtown). Take also his skeptical mysticism (take and thank and overwrite). Indeed, I should thank him—him and Barthes. They taught me that language is no less wrinkled, no less mood and temperature-prone, than some people's skeletons or as jelly-flat as breasts in horizontal repose.

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by Thomas Pidgeon

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Salvadoran radio mixes music and a message

By Jeff Battle (C.J.M.)

Oberto Gutierrez recalls being with a guerilla unit in the mountains of eastern El Salvador to witness an artillery attack on a group of campesinos (peasants) in the municipality of San Isidro. The attack was carried out by the National Guard, according to Gutierrez, and resulted in the death of two civilians.

In response to these and other incidents of violent repression, Guatemalan radio stations have broadcast messages of incitement to armed struggle, students, and student groups across the country. The goal is to spread the word of the People's Revolutionary Army (ERE) and provide guidance to revolutionary fighters.

The group's strategy is to use radio as a means to disseminate information about the struggle and to challenge the government's version of events. They aim to build a network of supporters and to inspire others to take up arms against the regime.

The ERE radio stations, which are run by ex-guerrillas, have been in operation since the 1980s. Their broadcasts are aimed at the population and are designed to counteract government propaganda.

Some of the most prominent ERE radio stations include Radio Farabundo Marti, which is named after the famous Salvadoran revolutionary, and Radio Venceremos, which means "to conquer." These stations operate in rural areas where the government has little presence and are supported by the ERE.

The ERE radio stations are not official government-run broadcasting services, but rather independent organizations that are funded by local communities and supported by international aid organizations.

In the 1980s, the ERE radio stations became a significant part of the Salvadoran resistance movement. The broadcasters used their stations to broadcast messages of solidarity with the people, to spread news of guerrilla activity, and to encourage others to join the struggle.

One of the most well-known broadcasters was Oberto Gutierrez, who was a member of the People's Revolutionary Army (ERE) and a key figure in the Salvadoran civil war. Gutierrez was captured by the government in 1981 and spent several years in jail before being released in 1984.

After his release, Gutierrez continued to work with the ERE radio stations, helping to spread the word of the struggle and providing guidance to other fighters. He was later released from prison in 1985 and went on to become a prominent figure in the Salvadoran resistance movement.

The ERE radio stations remain an important part of the Salvadoran struggle today, and are used to disseminate information about the struggle and to encourage others to join the fight against the government.
Fiery kid making a comeback

by Vern Smith

In a day where drug and alcohol problems plague the sports world, tragic stories of crashed careers are a dime a dozen—they've all been heard before.

But this story is different. It's not about the big one that got away, it's about Scott Skiles, a fiery kid from Plymouth, Indiana who fought his way back after a series of career threatening set-backs.

Just before the Michigan State basketball team was to start their regular season, Skiles was arrested in East Lansing on Nov. 7, 1985 and charged with driving under the influence of alcohol. That arrest led to the revocation of his probation in Indiana on a 1985 misdemeanor drug conviction. In turn, Skiles served a 15-day jail sentence in his hometown of Plymouth, Indiana.

Following Skiles' second arrest, MSU head coach Jud Heathcote hastily suspended the 6'1", 185 lb. guard only to reconsider and rese­ use him days later.

Greeted with jeers echoed by fans, opponents, media and the like, Skiles met the challenge head on, coming on stronger than ever as the once mediocre Spartans became a basketball power.

Those who once vowed that they'd held enough of Skiles' off court antics were soon jumping onto his green and white Spartan bandwagon.

"That's just human nature," said Skiles after his new club, the Milwaukee Bucks, had just disposed of the Detroit Pistons 113-103. The Sunday matinee closed out the NBA's Central Division rookie camp, hosted by the University of Windsor's St. Denis Fieldhouse.

"Sports fans are sports fans and they like people who win. You've got to be nuts not to follow a winning team." Not only did Skiles help MSU win, he led the way to an NCAA invitation, as well as being the key in the upset over defending NCAA champions, Georgetown. Skiles and the rest of the MSU squad didn't stop until they bowred out after a controversial loss to Kansas.

Still, despite averaging 27.3 points a game (second best in NCAA Division I) and handing out 203 assists, on top of being named MSU athlete-of-the-year as well as an All-American, Skiles may not have convinced everybody.

Originally slated to be snatched up within the first 15 players in the college draft, he was not picked up until the Bucks selected him at the tail end of the first round, 22nd overall. Still, Skiles refused to speculate that any clubs had reservations about his past.

"I'm a 6'1" white person," said Skiles. "If you look at the history of the NBA draft, not too many 6'1" white people go very high. Just to go in the first round was my goal and that's where I went so I'm very happy."

While Skiles has been hampered by a sprained left ankle since the second day of camp, he made his presence felt—even if he was hard pressed for playing time.

Playing on a day, skip a day basis, Skiles scored 40 points and contributed 14 assists with just over 40 minutes of playing time.

"Considering his injury, that's pretty strong for somebody we weren't looking for points from at this stage," said Milwaukee assistant coach Del Harris.

Despite having patience with Skiles, Harris says that the Bucks will eventually expect big things from the former MSU star.

"Down the road in a few years, we're hoping that Scott will be our ball handling, guard that would be outstanding."

While Skiles has much to look forward to, he will have to adjust to the fact that initial playing time will have to be hard to come by. As a rookie on a team that won 57 games over the 1985-86 campaign, with veteran guards Sidney Moncrief, Craig Hodges and Rickey Potter returning, Skiles will now have to average 10 to 15 minutes a game according to Harris.

While Skiles anticipates some difficulty adjusting to part-time duty, he sees certain advantages as well.

"I think there will be less pressure, I can get a chance to learn from some of the better guards in the league on that team," said Skiles.

"If coach (Don) Nelson brings me along slowly, I'll be prepared for that."

Once Skiles does find his niche, Milwaukee fans can expect the same kind of fierce enthusiasm that made him so popular at Michigan State.

"I'm going to play the same way I always have," said Skiles. "I'm probably not going to be as boisterous but I'm just going to play the same way. I think they drafted me because they like me as a player. If I change a lot, I don't think they'd like that."

Remembering his charisma and magic at MSU this past year, one can only hope so.
Sailing to Byzantium

"The Clouds Are More Honest"
An exhibit of paintings by Bert Weir
Art Gallery of Windsor
July 27 to September 7, 1986
by Kevin Atkinson

Weir's expressed aesthetic intent in his exhibit is as follows: "While working in a lumber camp, a feeling of profound pleasure grew from the environment. What caused this feeling? That was the question, and the search for the answer is this exhibition."

That search has led Weir, over a ten-year period (1975-1985) from an essentially representational style to the rapturously taut path of non-representational art. In the quest for the source of aesthetic pleasure in nature, Weir has shed the passive matrix of the emotions that landscape is, and traced it (beauty) back to its human source, the capricious bubble and flux of feeling.

Weir attempts to extract beauty from nature like the stuffing from a pillow—and there it lies (beauty/stuffing), ambiguous (being stripped of its containing form), dispersed (if you try to grasp it, intellectually you get an unsatisfying fragment and you must reorient yourself to the effect of the whole); but retaining its sensuous aspects.

It is this deliberate disengagement of the substantive and taxonomic bent of the intellect that qualifies Weir's work as spiritual, mystical—skin, at times, to the abstract expressionism of Kandinsky.

Now what are the elements of nature that Wir extracts, recombines, and, hopefully, synthesizes in his painting? The ripe bulge and contour of the human form, or the lifting calligraphy traced by the trajectory of a wind-blown leaf? You name it.

And then there's colour—nature's colours, of course—from the mutely autumnal ("Oak Leaf", 1980) to the riotously vernal ("Spring Wind", 1977), to disturbing crimson hints of a fragile corporeality ("Ojibway Forms", 1984)—"It looks like one of DeKooning's women splattered on a sidewalk," I remarked to a friend in a moment of almost age frivolity.

These gestures, fragments, impressions are more or less ambiguously articulated (it's a judicious ambiguity, though), in a pastel limbo, each being a fairly insular unit consisting of a brushstroke, or a more fastidiously executed form.

There seems to be a constant metamorphosis throughout all this, as textures aspire to become contours, the flat shapes strain toward three-dimensionality, and the mimetic becomes the abstract. And there is throughout Weir's work a sense of tension, in spite of all its pastel mellifluousness, between these conflicting avenues of articulation.

UB40 expediates Promethean splendour

by Sukanya Pillay

A night of justifiable, self-righteous knee-bending is sure to be in order, if you are among the crowd at the UB40/Fine Young Cannibals show, August 27 at Chene Park in Detroit.

UB40, the British reggae band will be there with its eight member barrage. Taking their name from the reference number on British unemployment benefit forms, the band came to be in 1978. Their compilation album 1980-1983 labelled them as talented musicians and exciting performers. Those early songs prey more fixedly on the craving abdomens of listeners who await a new twist in style that became UB40 as pop. 1983's "Oak Leaf" 1980, 101x84 cm

The two-fold remains of the English Beat, David Steele and Andy Cox, have skillfully joined with singer Roland Gift in leaving the Beat's shadow behind them. The discovery of Gift's voice has proven the ligament enabling the duo to actualize their prenatal potentials.

Future albums are skeptically yet affectionately awaited, though it seems Cox and Steele will continue with their potent, patent mosaic of blistering rhythms, waiting soul music, and socio-political commentary. Their self-titled debut album is a seedy antiseptic on the usually accessible music scene.

However, "Johnny Come Home", their dancefloor hit, and "Suspicious Minds", their video hit, have spawned several grotesque, heterophonic caricatures of Aniak-Rogers pastimes that is now practiced and performed by every Aqua-velvite surf punk who will make his punk-wasted way to any Fire sale like $7.00 Long Island Iced Tea house under this August 1986 moon.

But the Cannibals cannot be blamed. Debuting into their famed rendition of Elvis' old tune causes other listeners—who allowed their mind-decaying caustic suspicions to world intense terror over them—a much desired spillover of emotion. Caught in a trap indeed.

The Fine Young Cannibals

The band is as balancedly right live, as on the album. Roland Gift's maudlin vocals preponderate on stage, enlivened by the combined physical grace and agility of the band. So charismatic a performer as Gift is rare, as, in a sweaty-cramped-concert hall, he thrums that plush, enveloping, rich and raspy voice into one's eager, esoteric ear.

Tickets for the UB40/Fine Young Cannibals show can be obtained at all ticketworld locations. For further information, call (313) 996-8742.

"Oak Leaf" 1980, 101x84 cm
"Spring Wind" 1977, 241x226 cm
"Human Forms" 1984, 152x101 cm.

The Clouds Are More Honest, Art Gallery of Windsor
July 27 to September 7, 1986
by Kevin Atkinson

"Oak Leaf" 1980, 101x84 cm
"Spring Wind" 1977, 241x226 cm
"Human Forms" 1984, 152x101 cm.
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Bod y snatcher s

Cinema version not as comic
Howard the Duck
directed by Willard Huyck
playing at Forest Glade Place
Ya gotta love this bird.
When they made Donald (they meaning Disney),
he was supposed to be the antithesis to the sweetness of Mickey.
Donald was a cranky, small-minded short-tempered waterfowl—all part of his charm.
When he made Howard (the meaning Marvel Comics’ Steve Gerber), he was the antithesis of everything.
First, he was a cuddly little fellow without a name that alliterates.
Second, he smoked cigars.
Third, he was an existentialist.
Fourth, he was pretty rude.
All part of his charm too.
So when they made this movie (they meaning Universal Pictures) the directors encountered the problem of transferring this unique little character from the funnies to the big screen.
With the aid of George "Star Profits” Lucas, who has had notable success with furry little creatures, it almost works.
Almost.
First off, Howard doesn't look right. His head is too big.
His eyes are too small.
He walks like a midget.
Not like a duck (Okay, so maybe it really is a midget under the costume, but they don't have to make it so obvious).
In the book, Howard is an elasticated replica of Donald; the movie version looks like a bleached Ewok with a beak.
But that's okay, because some snappy dialogue in the script helps carry the flavour of the wiseacre Howard character.
Second, most of the bizarreness of the original comic has been removed. Some of the fœs in the book were Fronsta, the evil book-keeper who wanted to be Accountant of the Universe, and an enraged, crazed turnip.
In the movie the villain is another one of those nancy goons from another planet, who take over the bodies of innocents, a la Bodysnatchers and The Thing.
And much of the bizarreness has simply been replaced with corn—just try to count the number of "duck" puns in the first sequence alone.

WHICH, again, is okay, if you're not familiar with the original. Most of the stuff in this movie is fairly clever—even though it can't touch the brilliance that Gerber put into his version. So, since I've always hated reviews in which the movie is compared to the book, I'll stop now, saying that the movie works well enough on its own devices.
For many, I'm sure the notion of a wise-cracking duck is novelty enough for a couple of hours of movie.
But the real flaw in the film, the one that keeps it from surpassing the level of the rest of the Hollywood dreck, is the infusion of special effects that permeates the last hour of the movie. Chases, explosions, lasers— it all gets a bit woody and woeful, that this movie, which promised to be so weird and inventive, turns out to be another rock'em, sock'em Hollywood formula flick.
You know exactly where the plot is going; problem is, that's not always what you want to see.
Without a doubt, the most enterprising into this picture and its promotion was an attempt to save Lucas’ floundering Lucasfilm enterprises. It's too bad that Gerber's invention, which rocked comics ten years ago, wasn't treated the way it deserved.
There. A whole review of Howard the Duck without a ‘duck,’ ‘quack,’ or 'fool' pun.

Pepto Bismol not enough help
Heartburn
Directed by Mike Nichols
playing at the Devos'chere Cinema
More like mild indigestion, actually.
There's really not much to say about the movie Heartburn, probably because the film itself doesn't say much.
That's too bad because all the ingredients were there.
Two of the world's great actors—Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep—team up with a great director—Mike Nichols—to work with a best-selling novel based on the stormy marriage between Nora Ephron and Carl Bernstein.
Well, the movie (also written by Ephron) isn't really about Ephron and Bernstein's marriage. In real life, Ephron was a food writer for a New York newspaper when she met Bernstein, then a columnist for the Washington Post. They fell in love and got married. Bernstein had an affair with a leading D.C. socialite, and then part after his second indiscretion. The book and the film were based on two writers, a Washington political columnist, who meet, fall in love, marry, survive the man's affair with a leading D.C. socialite, then part after his second affair.
Notice the difference?

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3277 Sandwich St. in Mackenzie Hall
Ripley's back, believe it or not

Aliens

directed by James Cameron
playing at the Variety Theatre

There are a few problems common to the contemporary Hollywood horror-thriller film. Actually, there are many problems common to this genre. The largest are the lack of ability and a lack of character development. In other words, you know in advance who is going to die a grisly death, and you couldn't care less, seeing as the film spends about seven seconds introducing each character, and their personalities are as thick as cardboard.

To be really terrified by a movie, you must either be genuinely surprised by its plot, or develop a real fear for the lives and plights of the characters. The thrill-and-pieces-of-the-80s isn't scary — they're gross-out instead of thrillers. Good horror films require time to set, and nearly all the greatest of the genre — Psycho, Kubrick's The Shining, and Romero's Night of the Living Dead come to mind — are of long, slow directing with the ability to look past the gore and scary effects and concentrate on the human and psychological elements of the story.

Depth of character comes from a combination of good acting and a worthwhile script; try to find those things in a horror film today.

Aliens, was, in my opinion, one of the best horror thrillers of the past decade. It combined an interesting plot, a cast of superb actors, and superb acting into an absorbing and frightening tale of a one-aliens assault on the crew of a wayward spaceship. Ridley Scott directed the original, and his ability to create interesting and believable film on film ranks with the best — his Blade Runner has yet to be equalled as far as originality goes. In the future go, Sigourney Weaver, the sole survivor of all that sickness, was backed up by venerable actors John Hurt and Harry Dean Stanton, two of the film's best. They also had a good script to work with, courtesy of Dan (Return of the Living Dead) O'Bannon.

Aliens, however, has no believable characters nor any suspense. Weaver is, of course, the only holdover, and the rest of the cast is made up of faceless, gagging Marines, a cute little girl, an android with a heart of gold, and a slimy corporate exec out to protect the company's interests and maybe make a buck for himself while other people die. The acting is generally mediocre, the dialogue is silly, and you can guess right away who's going to die and who will live.

Which isn't to say that I disliked the movie: I actually enjoyed it. James Cameron, the Canadian-born director of Alien, faced with the unenviable task of matching the critical and box-office success of its predecessor, decided to damn the torpedos and go full-speed ahead.

The final scene of the movie is a brilliantly staged duel between these two maternal figures. On the way to this grand finale, the aliens attack from all fronts, and the Marines get to run around, shoot off guns and flamethrowers, yell "Stay frosty" at each other, and generally make fools of themselves. Ripley gets into the act, of course. She even tapes two mega-guns together and totes them around for increased firepower. If all this sounds like Rambo In Space there's a reason: Cameron, who also co-authored Aliens, co-wrote Rambo with Stacy Wallin. His other screen credit of note came for directing The Terminator, another film long on flash and short on intelligence.

Aliens is scary at times, and generally enjoyable: the climax is classic, both truly exciting and campy fun, and original enough to forgive the film's flaws. It's just that many critics are saying that Aliens is a great movie, superior to the original. That just ain't so. It works well on the technical level, and has some momentic a great horror film needs much more than that.

—Mike Lyster

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CONVOCATION 1986 The Senate scheduled full convocation for October 26 to October 28. The original date, October 31, fell on the second day of Bath Men's Weekend, the Jewish New Year's convocation for Jewish graduates. The change was made at a general council meeting, in the same way that important decisions are made on other religious matters. The convocation will take place at the Canada Auditorium in two sessions, at 10:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. for further information about full convocation contact the office of the registrar at 4232 ext. 2004.

The Lance. August 7, 1986, page 11
Camper Van Beethoven
story and photos by Sarah Atkinson

I think I’m in love. But alas, the Sad Lover’s Waltz is fearsome, destined to become my theme song. The open road to Detroit, whose purported clout would have led one to believe that a good performance by my present love objects, a Californian ensemble called Camper Van Beethoven, would be flooded by busloads of baby-faced, locker-peekers, that the crowd did coagulate at St. Andrew’s Hall a week ago Tuesday could hardly be classified as throngs goes to show that the public is not always gullible enough to base its aesthetic judgement of a band on the one or two songs that receive commercial airplay at one a.m.. I ask you, what flamingo-loving bag-assed yup/hippie hasn’t at least once gone ape over Camper Van’s sarcastic ditty, “Where the Hell is Bill?”? Of those who have, the percentage that turned out for the July 29th gig found out that two country parodies do not provide very many more in fact, most of what Camper Van Beethoven does produce is far more open-ended musically than Mike Hollian’s monotonous late-night choices would imply. Shocked and philogenetically, disappoointed mainstream fandom centered in the washrooms, I am told, agreeing that the concert was okay, but why did they have to go into all that Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd dross stuff?... I can’t say that most of their lyrics and melodies appear to be the result of much more than the old college try, but the delivery was right, if you wanna take visuals. Map of the World gives new meaning to the word enthusiastless. Any degree of flashy light show would be to pale (“if the impending metaphor can be sufficiently neutralized) new wine into those old familiar skins. I found out very recently that Map of the World is better on vinyl than in performance, but then I didn’t come to see them.

Camper Van Beethoven opens their stint with a song lifted from Lance fave Black Flag; they did, in fact, include “Wasted” (the song I was referring to) on their first album, released last year. (A second album, Camper Van Beethoven II & III, is already out, and is an album to get emotionally and intellectually involved with.

Camper Van Beethoven offers all the hallmarks of that new breed of ‘80s rock; it’s not just the faceless, nameless, robotic ones, but the kind that are stying their way in to the public that they didn’t even play the Bill song until the third encore (and it’s my educated guess that they didn’t even consider playing the Bill song until it actually happened-just present by an audience who would just die if they didn’t hear the Bill song...it was simply not if they were going to play the Bill song, I am told. I don’t believe that this is the case. Mr. Lowery has the feel of Flannery O’Connor, that I’m just too tired of mentioning by name. Victor Krummenacher, the band’s bassist, used to study literature and now plows through Joyce without letting school interfere with his education.

Going back once more to articulating that essence, the warmth and starts, in this case it is Lou Barlow’s dazzling Map of the World. Here is a band that succeeds in capturing the essence of innocence (i.e. non-Satanic and inoffensive) 60s psychedelic rock (primarily example being the Monkees) without losing all credibility as a serious band. A female vocalist who sounds like Elvis Costello, as does Map’s Sophia Hanifi, is a pretty sure bet for getting taken more seriously than the Monkees ever were. I can’t say that this is the case. I don’t believe that this is the case. Mr. Lowery has the feel of Flannery O’Connor, that I’m just too tired of mentioning by name. Victor Krummenacher, the band’s bassist, used to study literature and now plows through Joyce without letting school interfere with his education.

Camper Van Beethoven’s drummer, John Miska, who plays keyboards and guitar, are schoolmates; both are students of music. Chris did his best to be courteous to irritating inquisitive me, who instead on talking Bartok when I found out where his other musical sympathies lie. David Lowery graduated in honours mathematics to go on to the rock the hard-hitting hoedown of “Turtlehead”, which recalls some of Windsor’s own parodic punk of the early eighties (and the parodies of it).

Jonathan Segal does it rhyme with Hegel? I didn’t ask either, I’m reluctant to say anything. The circumstances were not such as would allow the demonstration of powers so I was excused to courteously. Jonathan seemed to be having enough fun saving away that it didn’t really matter if he was faking or if he was faking that he was faking. We talked to him after the show I stutteringly popped the ignominious question “What’s your training?”

This band has contrast: from the aforementioned “Sad Lover’s Waltz” which recalls all that heart-aching wallowing of David’s “La’s A E To E” and “All in A” to the hard-hitting hoedown of “Turtlehead”, which recalls some of Windsor’s own parodic punk of the early eighties (and the parodies of it).

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With this meant only in the most innocently sense. The food, the other side were opened; I learned that Jonathan and Chris Molla, who plays keyboards and guitar, are schoolmates; both are students of music. Chris did his best to be courteous to irritating inquisitive me, who instead on talking Bartok when I found out where his other musical sympathies lie. David Lowery graduated in honours mathematics to go on to the rock the hard-hitting hoedown of “Turtlehead”, which recalls some of Windsor’s own parodic punk of the early eighties (and the parodies of it).