

# "the cord"

SPECIAL EDITION

march 28, 1991

volume thirty-one issue twenty-six



Laurier:  
the good,  
the bad  
and  
the ugly.

photo: Tom Szeibel



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The Good, The Bad, The Ugly; Wilfrid Laurier University; Page Three of the News Section of the Cord; the Aird Building; the Peters Building; how many Cord Editors does it take to wallpaper a room? Just one but you've got to slice him real thin; dining hall food and mandatory meal plans; the Co-op programme; Clint Eastwood - you're at WLU, do you feel lucky? March April and then we're done for the summer, or forever; peeling the skin back from my eyes, I felt surprised to find myself at Laurier; Randy "Macho Man" Savage is done, but he has Elizabeth; why would you take off your clothes and jump around in a tree? I've got four more essays to do, and I really need an extension (or four); President Weir is leaving, and we need a new one, some assembly required; President Lewis is leaving, if a President falls and no one is around to hear, does it make any noise? Looking forward to even larger tuitions and lower standards of education; the library is sinking, and I don't wanna swim; have you ever wondered if it really was a Minotaur who designed the Peters Building? Did you ever stop to think if beer really gets you drunk, or if it's just your imagination? And why doesn't Wilf's have pitchers? So you're going to the Turret to pick up, huh? With what, a meat hook? Show down at Big Sky; what if WLUSU held a party, but nobody came, would it still cost us money? Is David Wilcox ever going to be a big? Why did no one go to see National Velvet? You must have taken no more than six courses no more than six of which may be at the 100 level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but don't forget you must have a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but and you must maintain a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but rich or you are a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but allowed to stay as a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but in the corner; even a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but concourse of the u level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but fungus on a torn, a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but much depends upon a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but the computer, not a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but I'm still working; a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but in the middle; I'm h level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but no one has invented a level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but in the news we have stor level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but his nose in a freak toat level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but missing link; crisis? What level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but name's Bond, James Bond; Tim's level whose code has a 6 at the end and for your honours degree but to do with News, but what is News, according to some it's not this, but according to others it might be, who can say? Not I; I've fallen and I can't get up! Life in residence is like life in Atlantis, but I'm not sure why; The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly; Wilfrid Laurier University; Waterloo Lutheran University; Waterloo College; the more things change, the more they get different than before; if a spider spins a web, knock it down, if it doesn't, leave it up; all I want for graduation is a nice big job; Laurier is a nice little school nestled deep in the heart of Festival County, its small size gives it an atmosphere of closeness and friendliness not seen in larger institutions, and its promotional material blatantly lies to prospective tuition payers; it is small, though; the SBE is one of the most respected degree programs in the country; the world spins, I'm part of it; Bill Needle is still dead, and

**THIS WEEK  
IN THE CORD WE  
HAVE A SPECIAL THEME:  
"THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND  
THE UGLY OF WLU". WHAT  
THIS MEANS IS A BUNCH OF  
STUFF ALL ABOUT OUR FINE  
INSTITUTION. FROM PARKING  
TO STUDENT GOVERNMENT  
TO EQUALITY OF THE SEXES,  
THIS WEEK'S GOT IT ALL.  
WLU: WHAT'S GOOD,  
WHAT'S BAD, AND  
WHAT'S UGLY.**



# All that is ugly about Wilfrid Laurier University

Comment by Mark Hand

**I'M SUPPOSED** to be writing about the ugly part of WLU here. I'll try to keep it short, but no guarantees.

The Aird Building. Do I really have to elaborate? By far the best advertisement for a summer sublet I've ever seen was the one last year which said: "House to sublet. Close to WLU. Aird Building not within sight." Ah, wit.

Although it's not built yet, I have some misgivings about the new Bricker Avenue residence. I mean, its design was approved by the same "WLU Aesthetics Committee" who approved the Aird Building. I have this terrible suspicion that the current construction phase will be prettier than the final look.

At the risk of harping on the ugliness of the buildings here, I'll venture one more jab at the architecture of WLU, and I will keep it brief. Granted all the buildings here are hideous, but couldn't they at least pick one ugly motif and stick with it? At least then the uniformity of ugliness might be tolerable, as opposed to the variety of ugliness we have now.

Getting away from the architecture, one of the ugliest things around here is the way people sometimes treat other people. Although most people are nice enough, once and a while you might stumble across an ex-

ceedingly nasty person while on your daily rounds. This is particularly true with a lot of WLU staff, who seem to think they're doing you a favour when they process your transcripts or give you your tax receipt or make you a club sandwich, instead of just doing their job.

I won't even mention how the way staff and volunteers get treated at WLUSU and WLUSP by the hired and elected officials, although I guess I just did. Perhaps I'm just a little bitter about being hired for a full-time job and then afterwards being told that it might just be part-time. Not exactly a good way to treat people, I should think.

Tuition and all the corresponding hidden costs of education can get pretty ugly, too. But for the most part, that's pretty universal as far as universities go. But when the school Bookstore won't sell a cassette of music recorded by students unless they can cut a profit, even when businesses in the community are doing it, it's rather indicative of the ugly side of capitalism in what should ideally be a service oriented place.

Class sizes, which three years ago were supposed to be among the smallest and most intimate in any university have somehow bloated to ugly proportions. When the history department drops the mandatory honours thesis from the required cur-

riculum because there's just too damn many people in the programme, it sort of says something ugly about the student-professor ratio.

We found what looked dis-

turbingly like a piece of shoe-rubber in a Food Services croissant recently. This might just be bad instead of truly ugly, but the look of someone chewing and chewing on something, and then

taking it out of his mouth and seeing it was a piece of someone's shoe was border-line ugly. Of course, it might just have been a chunk of spatula, but can we be sure?

## And all about smoking, too

Comment by Woody Von Hammer

**IN OLDEN** times, it used to be you could go anywhere to suck on a puff-stick, but in these days of second-hand smoke and health consciousness, smoking has rapidly gone on a decline. Around Laurier, it shows.

On campus the only place where you can legally smoke is in Wilf's or the Turret, or for the truly privileged, the faculty lounge. Of course, this doesn't mean that you don't see plumes of smoke wafting out from under the closed doors of some professors' offices, but we won't mention that. The TV Lounge in the S.U.B. has been off limits since January last year, about the same time that provincial legislation preventing smoking in the workplace came into being.

What has resulted is an interesting phenomenon whereby smoking falls under all three of our focal points: the good, the bad and the ugly.

**The Good:** Non-smokers aren't forced to die of lung cancer. Oxygen and clean air reign supreme once again, and second-hand smoke is no longer forced into the lungs of non-smokers.

Arguably more important, Wilf's now does a thriving business from smokers looking for a place to give themselves a fatal illness. Of course, since a large pack of cigarettes now costs in excess of six dollars (except at gas stations), smokers can only afford to buy coffee instead of the more profitable

booze. But even still, revenue is up, and the smoking section is almost always full. That's enough evidence to convince me.

**The Bad:** If you smoke, it's a real pain to have to go into Wilf's or pop outside, especially in the winter.

That's about all the bad stuff I can think of, but since according to past WLUSU President Al Strathdee "smokers have no rights", I guess it doesn't really matter anyway. "Let the dumb bastards freeze" seems to be the popular opinion.

**The Ugly:** Apart from the ugliness inside of a smoker's lungs, the left-over butts strewn about the ground are none too pretty, especially this time of year when the snow's melted and the remains of winter cancer-victims decorate our already homely campus. On a nicer note, at least cleaning the mess up provides summer jobs for students with Physical Plant and Planning.

At the risk of getting shut down for excessive grossness, the flem-globbers from smoke-singed throats which can be found littering the sidewalks like tiny green landmines and sticking to the soles of your shoes making icky squelching noises when you walk might fit into the ugly category too. Sorry, it had to be said.

And when you're up at the Turret and some joker marches by with a cigar making you choke with the oppressiveness of the stench, it's rather ugly too. Not to mention the looks on your faces when I do that. Oooh, really ugly.

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# Good: handicapped accessibility at WLU

Tony Burke

**WHO SAYS** things don't get better?

Twenty years ago Judy Bruyns, a physically challenged student, graduated from a Wilfrid Laurier University unsympathetic to her needs. Today, due to her efforts in the Special Needs Office over the past year, changes are finally happening to the campus to help students with handicaps.

In the twenty years that Bruyns was away from the university, the only change that has been made is in the attitudes of society; a necessity before any cosmetic changes can be done.

The cosmetic changes so far are the addition of ramps, specially-equipped washrooms and elevators. With these, Laurier is "chipping away bit by bit" to make the buildings more accessible, Bruyns says. But there is still a long way to go.

Bruyns' department controls a yearly budget of \$86,000 which must go towards educational tools. The university finances the physical changes to the campus with the exception of the Student Union Building. The Physical Accessibility Committee contributes \$50,000 a year toward this end.

The Special Needs Office, located opposite the Book Store in the Concourse, provides an avenue for physically challenged students to talk about their needs and see something get done about them.

Below is a comprehensive list illustrating the quality of life for handicapped students. Bruyns says "the campus is moderately accessible and improving" but, as this list will show, there is much still to be done.

## Aird Building

The newest addition to the campus, the Aird Building was

aided by the Barrier Free Design Centre to ensure accessibility. Unfortunately, changes still had to be made in the past year including handicapped washroom facilities, better signage for the washrooms, and accessible routes and call buttons where doors pose problems.

**The Central Teaching Building**  
Navigation is not a problem but the CTB's elevator requires tactile (or braille) floor indicators. The university has made a commitment to equip two of the floors with handicapped washrooms within the next five years.

**The Student Union Building**  
A pioneer in accessibility on campus with its elevator (including braille floor indicators) and new handicapped washroom. "It's amazing", Bruyns says. "It's really promoted accessibility on the eastern side of campus."

**The Peters Building**  
Virtually no barriers except for the ramp linking the Peters Building to the first floor of the Arts Building. Bruyns says that the excessively steep ramp is scheduled to be ripped out and rebuilt as a graded ramp.

**The Arts Building**  
The second floor is totally impossible for wheelchair students to get to due to three steps linking it to the Peters Building. Another steep ramp linking the third floor to the Peters Building also presents some difficulty.

## Library

The ramps and automated doors have made the Library much more accessible. Unfortunately, the only handicapped washroom is on the sixth floor, accessible only through the very small elevator. The turnstile at the entrance will also be replaced soon.

## Seminary

As an independent building from the university, Laurier is under no obligation to aid them financially to become more accessible. Presently it needs an elevator to reach the second floor and an accessible washroom. The single step near the entrance way will be replaced with a graded walk.

## The Athletic Complex

This building is not accessible at all right now, but the university has committed to installing an elevator, improved washroom facilities, and widened entrance ways within the next five years.

## The Residences

The current buildings present

numerous problems. The new residence, however, has been designed to accommodate handicapped students who wish to live on-campus.

## Routes, Parking

Two flights of stairs make it impossible to travel underground from the Central Teaching Building to the Library. The infamous Library lift in the tunnel will have specific instructions added and Library staff will be trained in its use; a call box must be installed on the top of the lift to match the one at the bottom. The lift in between the Dining Hall and the Aird Building is a nightmare -- it requires assistance from security until call boxes can be installed

on all levels at which it stops. The steep outside ramp between the CTB and the Peters Building was intended for shipping purposes and not for wheelchair use. Getting around campus is improving but the routes are long and often arduous.

The university has three handicapped parking spots -- one by the SUB, one by the Library, and one by the Aird Building -- the entrance ways to the parking lots do not indicate that the spots are available.

Although there is still much to be done before WLU is totally accessible to the physically challenged, the efforts of the Special Needs Office have brought us much closer to that goal.



## WLU: good and small

### Comment by Norman Wood

**ONE OF** the best things about Laurier is that it's small.

OK, monstrous classes and over-crowding aside, by a strictly geographic point of view, this place is small. One block. But then again, this is one of the better things about WLU.

Small is nice when it means it only takes a few minutes to walk the length of the campus. Everything is close, and although it creates problems for expansion, it does mean that for the lazier among us we aren't too strained by long hikes between classes.

We can safely say that there are no horror stories from here like there are from U of T where people have to leave classes or exams half an hour early to ride the TTC to get to their next appointment half an hour late.

But there's more to Laurier's geography besides our one city block. One of the greatest assets to WLU as a university is that the University of Waterloo is just down the road. I mean, when you need to research an essay, how many people really go to our library? We all make the token trip to our quaint little facility, and then march down and get the materials we need from the U of W libraries.

We also have the advantage of being able to cross-register courses at U of W. When you get frustrated with the limited offerings here, you can pick up an interesting elective or two from our

big brother school.

Outside of academics, Laurier has much to offer both in spite of and because of its smallness. On campus there are two bars which do a thriving business, something out of the ordinary for a place the size of this. Our Athletic Complex is also quite extraordinary, considering the size of WLU.

The immediate area around

the campus is a gold mine for the student with a craving. There's at least a dozen restaurants within a few minutes of WLU, about three or four late-night doughnut shops, half a dozen or more bars, and anything else you might need all within walking/staggering/crawling distance.

And there are trees, too. What more could you ask for?



Good thing: WLUSU Charity Ball organizers Valerie Johnston and Dana Janzen present a cheque for 1900 clams to K-W Access-Ability. The annual event will raise money for a different local charity every year.



Small....but growing. Pic: Chico the Man



# Good: sexual harassment policy at last

Tim Sullivan

**LAURIER** released the long awaited sexual harassment policy to largely positive reviews. Dated February 12, the policy defines what sexual harassment involves and the procedure by which it will be resolved.

Many interests were considered when the policy was formulated, according to Laurier's Associate Vice-President: Student affairs and Personnel Jim Wilgar. "It's the type of policy an academic institution should have," Wilgar said. "It's important to have an identified individual as coordinator to assume responsibility of the implementation of the programme, to respond to concerns."

After the policy was released, Laurier's President John Weir announced that Faculty of Social Work professor Rose Blackmore would assume the position of Sexual Harassment Officer as mandated in the policy.

The Sexual Harassment Officer is responsible for implementing the policy as the cases arise.

WLUSU's President, Stuart Lewis, warned that the policy must be enforced to be effective. He added that the policy is good in that it defines what activity is ok or not ok. "It governs those who cannot govern themselves," Lewis said. He added that he hopes the policy will never have to be used.

In his ever-going concern for students, Lewis added that students should be aware that they will be protected by this policy.

Dr. Weir added that it protects staff and faculty, as well as students.

In dissent, a student who wished not to be identified, but who described herself as a one-time victim of sexual harassment, said the policy came too late for her.

She said the policy is "some-

what cryptic" about who to go to when harassment occurs. She said that a woman should always be available to go to if sexual harassment occurs. "It's somewhat embarrassing to talk to (Dean of Students, Fred Nichols) about someone talking about my breasts. It would have been nice to have the policy around in the summer when I had my complaint" she added.

The student's advice to the administration is to get the policy known to the university community with seminars to professors, supervisors and students in authority, "to let them know what is unacceptable behaviour... that a policy is in place, and to let (these people) know that the policy is not just lip service."

The Woman's Centre Collective also suggests that the policy has some weaknesses. In a written statement commenting on the policy, it said that the policy states that the first course of action is for the complainant to approach the respondent and ask for the harassment to cease.

"The Collective feels that this puts undue pressure on the complainant to resolve the issue and may lead to a further abuse of power and an under-reporting of sexual harassment. The onus should not be placed on the victim ... to resolve the situation" that statement said.

Also, the Collective feels that the four month limit placed on the complainant to report the incident is unfair for students, suggesting that eight months would be better. "This would allow a student...to complete a full year course without fear of repercussions before filing the complaint." It suggests an eight month limit would rectify the situation.

Karen Gordon, WLUSU's Executive Vice President was responsible for student input into the policy. She said there was really no room for improvement at this time. She noted that the

planning of the policy was centered on "input, input, input, from different minds."

The policy was circulated to the Faculty Association for input, as well as to the students and the staff association, with the univer-

sity's solicitor making the changes to the policy as requested. After each draft the policy would need approval from these segments of the university community.

J. Tyler Letherland,

WLUSU's Vice President University Affairs, said the process was slow because one would expect "such a policy to take a while."

Dr. Joyce Lorimer, President of the Faculty Association said **SEE "HARASSMENT", PAGE 9**

## Bad or ugly: parking

Comment by Darcelle Hall

**PARKING AT Laurier.** These three words can ensue hour long tirades from almost any student or employee that drives to our fine campus. While motorists face the daily challenge of finding a parking space within a fifteen minute walk of the school, my parking dilemma happened long after these frustrated drivers had returned to their homes to rest up for the next day's battle.

Picture this -- it's the end of winter term and as usual I have one week to finish six overdue papers. I move in to one of the 24 hour computer rooms in the library with a couple of my closest fellow procrastinators and a very nice custodial worker named Paul in an attempt to save myself from ultimate failure. Although I live only a short distance from school I usually drive my car for both safety and snacking reasons.

The most obvious, and safest place to park when you are using the library computer rooms is in the metered spaces right next to the library. Year after year I have repeated this pattern of late night computer use -- complete with car, fellow procrastinators and Paul. This year however, the year of unprecedented safety awareness at Laurier, they changed the rules. Apparently, for the last two years, there has been a regulation against overnight parking on campus except for in specifically designated and isolated areas.

Because I often stay at school until 3:00 or 4:00 a.m., my park-

ing by the library is considered overnight parking which is no longer allowed. Over the course of one week I received three tickets and a threat that they would tow my car by 2:00 a.m. (which I discovered at 4:00). This is not what I need when my scholastic life is falling apart in front of my eyes. When I pursued the matter with WLU security I discovered that the only places you can park in the very late night hours are lots 7 and 12. For those not familiar, these lots are the one behind Bouckaert in the dark depths of the campus, and the lot beside the Peters Building that is the private domain of bourgeois gold permit holders.

### "bourgeois gold permit holders"

Now, go figure -- the computer rooms in the library are open 24 hours for student use, yet they want me to park behind Bouckaert and walk through the darkest parts of campus in the middle of the night to get to my car. I only live five minutes from campus, I don't drive here because I'm that lazy. I drive my car because at 4:00 a.m. I don't want to walk alone at night.

What is the administration afraid of? People arriving at 2:00 a.m. to beat the parking spot

rush? Gypsy caravans taking over the seminary parking lot? Why provide a service such as a 24 hour computer room without adequate parking close by for those that take the 24 hour option seriously?

I went to security and demanded that something be done about this problem. After discussion with the head of security and Dean Nichols, my tickets were annulled. After some initial blame shuffling, both security and Dean Nichols were quite amiable about cancelling my tickets. However, my concerns were deeper than my own individual case. I know other people that got tickets at the same time. There is also little evidence that the rule has been changed as a result of my complaint.

As the end of term is upon us again, the question arises -- have they changed the rule? While I have spent a number of late nights in the computer room ticket-free, there is little assurance that this could not happen again. A call placed as I wrote this article confirmed that the rule has not been altered. Hence, it would appear that that I, and other students of the late night computer rooms, remain at the mercy of WLU security and their selective technique of parking policy enforcement. As I enter the last stretch of my years at Laurier will I again have to face this grim reality as I attempt to finish my last two, only slightly overdue papers?

The computer rooms are getting busier as student population increases and end of term pressure hits. Students are often forced to use the 24 hour computer rooms at later hours for space and peace of mind. It is only reasonable, and safety conscious, to provide late night parking spaces next to a building with late night access.

**make Laurier a safer place to be -- please?**

Here is a cheap and simple way that those concerned with improving safety on campus can start to make the Laurier campus a safer place. While whistles and weapons ward off attackers, why not remove the burden on women to protect themselves from an aggressive attack by providing the conditions that make these attacks less likely? A little long-term, thoughtful planning of space and its utilization might help make Laurier a better place, not to mention making the end of term just a little less stressful.

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## Good, Bad, and Ugly

# How WLU stacks up to Western

Carolyn Gruske

AS ANY professor of English Literature will tell you, one of the most effective ways of evaluating a piece of literature is to compare and contrast it with other works. This is a sound way of determining what is both unique and wonderful about the given work and what is commonplace and shabby about it. This is a wonderful technique to learn because it applies to a number of disciplines, and today it will be applied to yet another one.

Because the focus of this issue is to examine what constitutes the "good, the bad, and the ugly at Laurier," this columnist feels that a valid approach to take would be to compare and contrast it with another university. As this columnist is and was also a student at that other glorious, purple, business university, The University of Western Ontario, and therefore knows this university fairly well, this other institution of higher learning will serve as the foil for this evaluation of Wilfrid Laurier University.

To begin with, it is necessary to dispel the great myths of the two institutes that her highness, the wise guru Linda Frum, presented in her glorious masterpiece of in-depth research. Western is more than Centrespot (read: a combination of the Concourse and the Dining Hall) where Biff and Buffy plant themselves in order to see and be seen in their latest preppy attire, just as Laurier is more than just a place that serves good cookies to the Business students and the rest of you. Remove all these nasty notions from your minds before you read the rest of this column.

The greatest difference between the two universities is the most obvious one: the physical layout and design of the two campuses. The U.W.O. is one of the most beautiful universities in Ontario. The buildings are a combination of mock Gothic stone edifices with high towers, and stained glass windows, and modern cement monstrosities. (The modern ugly buildings just serve to accentuate the majesty of the mock Gothic ones) Laurier can't lay claim to anything like this.

Besides the fact that the buildings at Laurier are just plain ugly, and besides the fact that they are not even laid out with any sense of scheme or order, the other problem with the Laurier landscape is that there is none. There is a distinct lack of grass and trees and water, and this is just not right. Students need, particularly in the spring, when the weather begins to turn warm, some place on campus where they can go just get away from the stuffy classes and clear their minds of all the clutter that collects in there. This is a definite must.

Despite all this criticism, Laurier's campus does out-rank Western's in one very important area: parking and traffic. At Western there is a very serious parking problem. The nearest accessible undergraduate student parking lot is a minimum ten

minute walk from the closest building on campus, and because of the layout of the campus, any building which you have a class in is at least another ten minutes away from that. Of course, it is impossible to get a parking space in this lot between the hours of 7:30 am and 6:00 pm, so that forces you to park at one of the two other lots. The first one is at least a fifteen minute walk. It is also constantly filled between the hours of 10:30 am and 1:30 pm, and it therefore forces you to try the last one, which is also downhill and at least a twenty minute walk from any building on campus.

While I have heard people complain about the parking situation at Laurier, I personally have never had any problem finding a parking spot. The fee that Laurier undergraduate students pay, \$67.25, is also reasonable. In past years the parking fees at Western have been between \$12 and \$14 but every year the Western Students' Union approves the re-allocation of a number of undergraduate spaces to faculty and staff, and next year, Western students are faced with an increase of over 500% in their parking fees, an increase that was approved by the Students' Union (ie, the people that are supposed to stand up for and support the rights of students.)

**the big difference is that Western is big; Laurier is not -- but is that necessarily bad? (or ugly?)**

The student governments of WLU and UWO are interesting to compare. In past years the Students' Council at Western has been plagued with scandals and problems. It has been a circus of forced resignations, and shabby bookkeeping combined with infighting about taking stands on

non-academic issues. On the surface, this does not appear to be the case at Laurier, but the key phrase in this sentence is "on the surface." While there have been many rumours about the policies and actions of the Laurier student government, there has been little substantiation of these rumours. This columnist, jaded because of past experiences at Western, wonders if this is because this student government is just luckier than that of Western in that the press has failed to take notice and report some of its goings on. This columnist hopes that this is truly no the case.

Everybody says that one of the advantages of Laurier is that, being a small university, the students have a better opportunity to get to know their professors and that they get to experience smaller class sizes. The larger student population at Western requires a larger number of professors, and while the students might not experience the teaching of every professor in their department, the professors are as open as they are here to students who wish to take an interest in their courses, and their studies.

Everything is bigger at Western than it is at Laurier, but this does not necessarily make everything better. There are many more Clubs and activities, for example,

and they are usually run in such a fashion as to make as large an impact as possible, with each holding as many events as possible. Political and ethnic groups seem to take a more active part in daily affairs at the university as they try to raise their profiles and compete to put their own causes in the public eye. While this provides the Western students with many more opportunities to get involved with some club or cause than the Laurier students have, there are many problems associated with big clubs. 'Office Politics' seems to dominate the business of many of the clubs and there is a lot of animosity between certain organizations, which causes a lot of friction on campus.

Universities are supposed to be places that encourage the free exchange of ideas and the expression of opinion, and that facilitate intellectual, rational debate. Both Western and Laurier seem to have forgotten this. Western President George Pederson has attempted to prevent the student picketing of Prof. Rushton's courses by threatening to expel students who do so. Centrespot, in the U.C.C. (the University Community Centre, their equivalent to the S.U.B.) is the only place for individual students or clubs to use when they want to

address the entire community, but it is usually booked solid months in advance to things like plant and poster sales. The WLU Concourse is in much the same shape, and people are prevented placing their soap-box there.

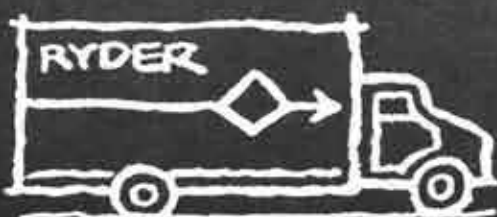
In general, the purpose of any university is to provide opportunities for personal growth. Both Laurier and Western provide this, but both fail in many regards. By the end of four years, students from both institutions often feel frustrated with the education system that requires them to work not for the sheer enjoyment of working, but for the all important mark that will get them into graduate school, or into some wonderful (and hopefully high paying) job. They become frustrated that not all the people they meet are interested in sitting up in some dark café all night and debating the philosophical questions of life. What university does, in fact, is force students to grow up and enter the adult 'real world' where the high ideals of knowledge and learning for its own sake are often scorned and where it is not always wise to speak your opinion.

University forces many to give up the quixotic ideals that the young and naive often have, and in this respect Laurier and Western both rank high.



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# A somewhat finny story



"WLU: THE Good, The Bad, and The Ugly." What a glorious topic.

It means I get to do all through my section what I do best: spout off about the bad and the ugly. Unfortunately, that seems to be all everyone else is doing, so it's up to me to come up with the good points. Damn, I guess this one of the sacrifices you have to do as editor.

But when it comes right down to it, there's pretty slim pickings when it comes to finding good things to write about. So I won't write about our theme at all, I'll tell you a story to break up the

monotony of thematic overdose.

Once upon a time there was fish named Pierre. Pierre was a very happy fish until one day he was swimming by the First national River-Bank and saw the notorious criminal squid Slimy Sidney streaming away with tentacles full of clams.

Pierre could tell right away that something was fishy with the whole scene. This made Pierre very worried. He knew that as a good citizen he should try to stop the evil squid from robbing the Bank, but he knew how dangerous Slimy Sidney could be. He would just kill Pierre for

the halibut.

Knowing that he would need kelp with such a tough customer as the squid, Pierre swam as fast as he could to the local sand-bar, where he knew he could find some brave assistants. Un-

fortunately, although the place was packed (school just got out), everyone in there was dunkedly reeling around the bar, singing along to popular song Salmon-chanted Evening. They were so under the influence that all of

them were singing off tuna. Clearly, they had all been drinking like fishes.

It was up to Pierre.

So Pierre cast off in wet pursuit of the squid, catching up with him by the OK coral reef.

"All right Sid, put down all those clams," said Pierre, trying to sound a lot braver than he felt. "And no finny stuff."

"Ah, fertilize off," said Sidney. "These are mine."

"You're just trying to bait me, I know you stole those clams."

"Yeah, so?"

"So, take that!" said Pierre as he charged straight into Sidney, who was knocked back by the impact into the spinning blades of an outboard motor, getting chopped into slimy squid sushi.

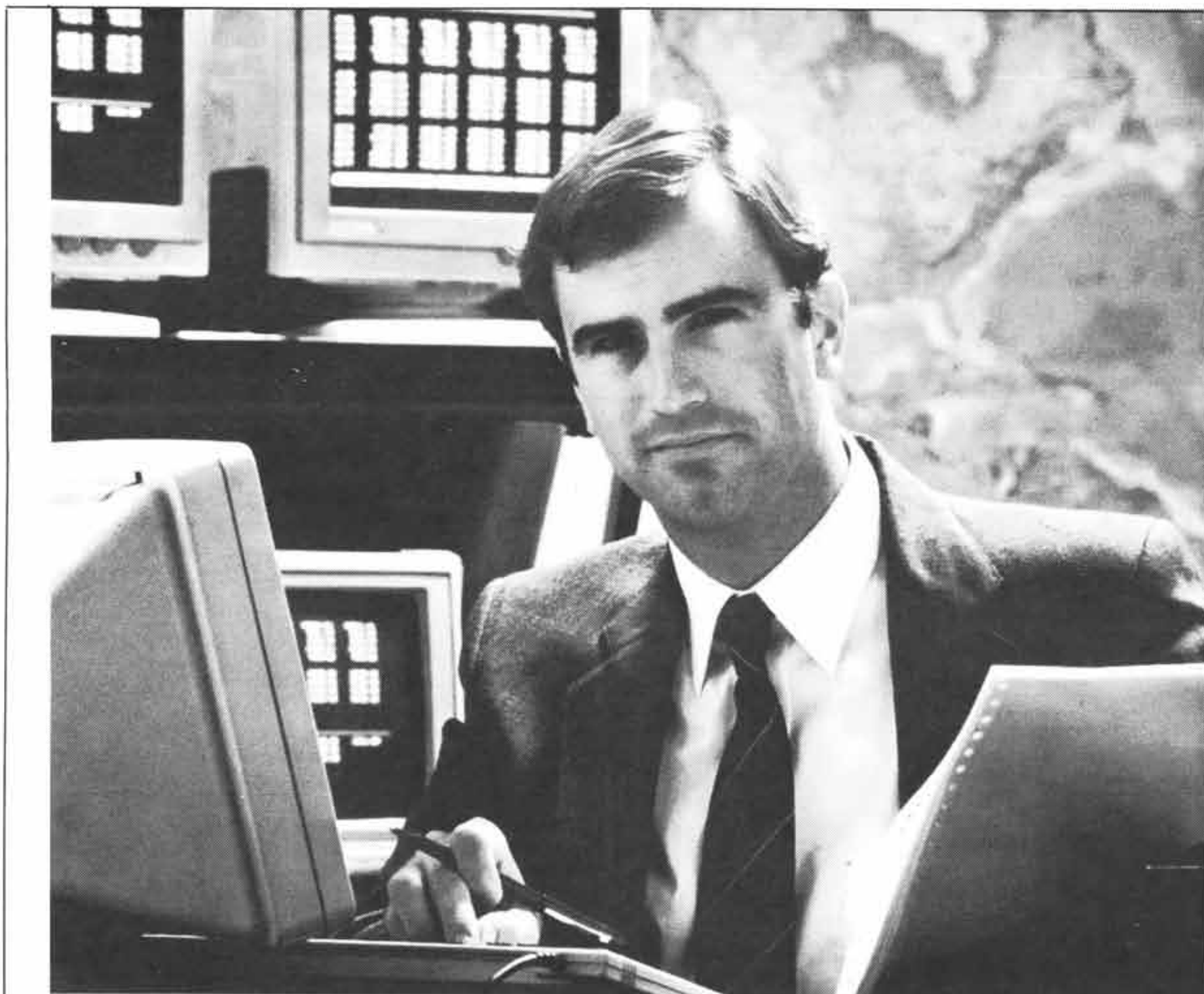
Pierre was a hero. Everyone was very happy.

And that's the end of this tail.

OK, so it wasn't very punny. Punish me. Send me to a penitentiary, you punks. Feed me puncakes with no syrup.

Oh man, I'm so tired.

*This week's installment of From the Asylum is not our fault. We at the Cord wash our hands of this whole thing. We wanted to pull the damn thing, but the writer looked so pathetic we didn't have the heart. He tried to be finny, I mean punny, he really did, but didn't quite work out. I might be better next week, but I trout it.*



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# WLUSU Report Cards are here again

## Special to The Cord

**IT'S TIME** once again for the "WLUSU Report Card". This time we decided to forego the grades and let you decide how they did.

### WLUSU President, Stuart Lewis

**The Good:** It is no revelation that Lewis has accomplished a lot this year. With SUB expansion plans, the quality of life survey, full SUB washroom capabilities for females and handicapped students, executive restructuring within WLUSU and improved relations between WLUSU and the administration Lewis can give himself a firm pat on the back.

**The Bad:** Lewis is infamous for breaking WLUSU by-laws at his convenience (example: appointing a member to the Senate instead of by election); some may see his relationship with the ad-

ministration as excessive butt-licking.

**The Ugly:** His manipulative methods of dealing with the Board ("I've played the BOD like a violin", he says) and Student Publications show that business comes before humanitarianism.

### VP: Finance, Shafeeq Bhatti

**The Good:** Bhatti is exceptional at his job when he chooses to do it; the budget has been adhered to quite well this year.

**The Bad:** Due to a recent slack-off, Bhatti is exceedingly behind in doling out such important expenditures as volunteers' honouraria (well, it's very important to us).

**The Ugly:** He was elected as a BOD member for next year. Bhatti still has a lot to learn about separating personal feelings from doing his job, not to mention how to control himself during Board meetings when the chair tells him

to shut up. And that crashed accounting package...oy vey! How hard is it to write out cheques by hand?

### VP: University Affairs, J. Tyler Leatherland

**The Good:** Tyler's a pretty nice guy, but it would be nice if he could be in his office before 2 o'clock. His accomplishments include getting the Fox 40 whistles into the Bookstore, the Halloween party and a successful Legal Resources Week.

**The Bad:** Leatherland let his departments pretty much run by themselves and did not keep track of volunteers, resulting in moderate departmental disarray.

**The Ugly:** The Operation Outreach co-ordinator never showed up for work all year yet he did not replace her.

### VP: Marketing, Brian Cornwall

**The Good:** Cornwall is responsible for the Union's spanking-new glitzy image (including the roller skating rink in the Info Centre, the Union logo and signs). Promotions for WLUSU events have been quite good but his volunteers must take the credit for most of their success. Cornwall was also involved in executive re-structuring.

**The Bad:** Cornwall is responsible for the Union's spanking glitzy image.

**The Ugly:** Growing ivy on the Union building seemed to take precedence with Cornwall; he is responsible for the Union's spanking glitzy image.

### VP: Executive, Karen Gordon

**The Good:** In relation to previous position holders, Gordon has accomplished a lot. The Board manual was updated for the first time in years and the First Year Council have really made their presence known (credit must also go to Brad Morris).

**The Bad:** Gordon proved that executive restructuring, which eliminated her position, was a good thing. She was in her office a lot, but we're not quite sure why -- what got done there?

**The Ugly:** Gordon somehow forgot to inform the Chief Returning Officer that handling the Senate elections was also part of her job; the Senate election itself was fraught with problems (see last week's editorial).

### VP: Student Activities, Jeff Huffman

**The Good:** The first Charity Ball to come to fruition was handled virtually problem-free; in fact, most events went quite well.

**The Bad:** Once again, credit must be given elsewhere for successful activities: to Lounge Supervisor Dan Dawson and the Board of Student Activities.

**The Ugly:** Huffman seemed to hinder more than help in realizing the events Student Activities planned -- he was often relegated to handling the menial chores while his committees handled the important work.

### WLUSU President, Jana Watson

**The Good:** Watson displayed the uncanny ability to go through crisis after crisis and emerge...a little beaten up but still going strong. After a shaky start, she came out guns a-blazing.

**The Bad:** Like Gordon, Watson accomplished little over-all in a job that has had a history for low productivity, and needed a lot of long-term planning.

**The Ugly:** Hampered by a renegade Board member who managed to tear at her piece by piece for four months, it's no wonder that Watson did little more than crisis management. That's not an observation about her job performance, but it certainly was ugly.

### The WLUSU Board of Directors

**The Good:** Attendance was quite good this year for most Board members and, to look at bulk output, a lot was accomplished by WLUSU as a whole this year.

**The Bad:** While some Board members were exceptional at their duties, many were content to do little more than attend the BOD meetings, and didn't do a whole lot when they were there.

**The Ugly:** Their ability to be led around by the OMB (the executive) was disgusting -- inherent in their job is to ensure that these jokers don't screw up or cheat. The Cord shutdown also set the tenuous relations between WLUSU and WLUSP way back (and was a real shitty way to treat people too).

## Harassment!

### CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

she was "pleased with the outcome. It provides clear guidelines as to how (people should) conduct themselves." She considered the policy to be "fair to the complainant and respondent. There is due process for both. It's a useful and good policy," she added.

Dr. Weir said that the policy was a while in development because "it went to many groups." As well, the policy "does not preclude the matter from going to the courts." He said "this policy formalizes the process." Before the policy was in place, Dr. Weir said, the supervisory structure was the process. One would have to go to one's supervisor to complain.

The policy in place now calls on the complainant to address the respondent first. If an un-

complainant makes an application to the Sexual Harassment Officer, who in turn, will attempt an informal mediation. Should the complainant still be dissatisfied with the result, a formal hearing is completed.

If at any time the matter is brought to the courts, the hearing is suspended. At any time, the complainant can drop the charges.

The policy states that all hearings are held *in camera*, closed to the public, and records are only retained if the respondent is found guilty.

The committee investigating the matter can impose disciplinary actions if the respondent is found guilty, including a note on a personnel or academic file, recommend the respondent seek counselling, or recommend firing the respondent.

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# CAMP CLIPS

## The Cord made a boo-boo

**LAST WEEK,** The Cord insinuated that the History department was slowly in decline. The false impression was made. In actuality, all those who were reported have been removed from a teaching capacity and are being replaced. Dean of Arts and Science, *what* Read, said he was concerned that a false impression was being put across to the students, that the university is very concerned about its students, and that measures are taken to provide courses to the students.

One member of the department added that what is happening at Laurier, that is, a reduction in courses offered is not unique to Laurier. The person noted that many courses are listed in calendars, but a large percentage of them are not offered.

## Help pick a new President

**WE MENTIONED** before (but this time we were right) that Dr. John Weir is leaving Laurier at the end of July next year, having suffered through two five year terms as President of the university. So the task at hand is to find a new President.

The Presidential Search Committee which is responsible for finding Dr. Weir's successor is trying to probe the WLU community in order to get an idea of what sort of President people want.

If you have any ideas or opinions, you can help out. Contact Search Committee Secretary Ms. Lee Teeter at WLU extension 2440 for details how.

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# Students rate the programmes

WITH ALL the programmes offered at WLU, how much do you really know about the ones you're not in? Well, here's your chance to find out: reviews written by students actually in the programmes. (Apologies to those not listed, and there are a lot; there just was not room, so first come first served.)

## History:

E. H. Carr once asked, "What is history?" A not-so-famous Laurier history student answered, "Damn tough if you're in honours."

Although there are a few "bird"

courses available in history, any one at the honours level can attest to the toughness of this discipline. It is arguably worse for the faculty. Few additions have been made to Laurier's crack dinosaur inspection team this year despite an increasing number of students. The situation led to the elimination of a mandatory thesis for fourth year students starting next year. One can only hope that the administration will put more emphasis on this department before it too disappears under the stress and becomes a part of the past.

## Religion & Culture:

Severely underrated, Laurier's

Religion & Culture program has so much to offer to everyone. With a wide range of courses -- from Asian Mysticism to Christianity to Evil and It's Symbols -- all your tastes and interests can be fulfilled. Though R&C courses are universally referred to as "bird courses" designed to raise your average, the quality of the material and the teaching has brought many students to switch their major. The choices are expansive and the courses are intriguing.

## Music:

Hard and stressful best describe Laurier's Music program. You can never prepare enough, for if you think you have, the professors ask for more and push for it. Course content switched constantly every year for the past four, in music theory (which, by the way usually has a final class average around 65%).

The most annoying fact in the past four years was that every Prof wants his subject to be your priority, possibly major. This becomes very stressful and in some cases a sleep deterrent. But overall if you are a music student your courses don't start in the fall and end in the spring, for to be an ideal success its a year round thing.

## Honours Computing and Computer Electronics:

What can you say about Honours Computing? First year computing courses are pretty basic but there's piles of work to them, physics is physics (as always) and then you realize you have no time (or patience) for your math courses. Then of course the labs, 6 hours a week, mindlessly covering mundane details (or furiously doing something whose purpose you have no idea).

## Communications:

Laurier offers its Communication Studies students a Bachelor of Arts degree. Basically first year involves getting the prerequisites (mostly the "ologies") for second and third year like soc., psych., and even philosophy if you are twisted enough to stick with it. Second year is when we really get into the good courses; ones that take in media studies, radio and television, advertising, public relations, journalism, film studies, specialized ologies and Englishes.

## Business Administration:

Ah yes, the promotional flagship. Laurier's B.B.A. program attracts to its student body some of the highest I.Q.'s in the province. Regardless, the program does match high standards in students with high standards in teaching. Several professors are outstanding not only in class, but also in their reputation outside the university. Generally, business students have few very few poor professors.

But there are problems: the level of computer competency is atrocious, and industry often says that the students simply can't write, and the Business program is rather inflexible. The flagship needs some remodelling.

## Honours Economics:

Buried somewhere beneath the Biz program, in the general area of the Peters Building, lies the Economics department. This, among other things, is where people who couldn't get the great grades needed for Business get shuffled, under (presumably) the impression that this is a close substitute.

Well, maybe it's not all bad. The profs are interesting (some

are downright nice), and really, it is a very good undergraduate economics program.

And it's sorta fun to pretend you're in Business instead of an actual social science.

## English:

Although there aren't thousands of English majors around there are enough so that you don't feel lonely. In fact, there are more and more English majors all the time and that says something about the program and faculty. Both are pretty good.

As for the program, it is highly structured at the Honours level; you must take pre-selected courses which may see restrictive, and is at times, but it is a good force fed overview of the different literary periods. In fact, a prof who is new to the school this year came hear just for the program. At the General level you can pretty well write your own ticket.

## Philosophy:

A pretty deep program. It will expand your brain in ways you never thought possible and teach you how to think and analyze in an organized manner. Did you know that Philosophy majors consistently do better on the LSAT's than any other major?

People may think that philosophy is just about a lot of heady, ethereal stuff but it actually offers some of the most practical courses in the school; practical cuz they apply to your life and way of looking at life and thinking about life. It's a mind blower.

## Honours Cord:

It's bloody hell, but a whole lot more fun than English, History, Biz, Eco, Archaeology, Music...

# Laurier is a good place



HOW WELL does university prepare a citizen for life? It is often said that university provides you an education, college provides a job.

I'm not exactly sure how accurate that is, but I'm sure I will see.

I guess university will be considered successful if I will be able to handle what life throws at me once I have graduated and gone on to bigger and better things.

Laurier is a fine establishment, on the whole, despite its class sizes (one of my classes has five students in regular attendance), too much paid advertising within its halls, and expensive entertainment when we get some.

The apathy adds nothing to the school, either. University should be a place to let go, to do every thing you will not be allowed to do in the real world. Life will be better if you let yourself be young, enterprising, and to a point of not being a criminal, a shit disturber.

Laurier has great facilities despite its size. For all the complaints, the library is adequate. The athletic facilities are good--a full size pool, squash courts, tennis courts, etc... Considering Laurier is built on one square block, its facilities are sure adequate.

And even if they aren't, Waterloo can supplement any inadequacies, say, in the library department. At most other universities, the walk to the university would be as far.

The faculty is top notch, for the most part. Well renowned profs who give credibility to our degrees, even if the education can not be assessed until life smacks us with reality and we have to react to it.

To boot, Laurier is located in the heart of friendly Waterloo Region, economically prosperous and close to Toronto, London, Stratford, and Mitchell.

All in all, Laurier is a great place to be spending the irresponsible days of youth. Except for the doors into the Concourse from the SUB -- they can knock you out if you're not careful.

*This installment of Aurora Borealis comes straight from your friendly neighbourhood Associate News Editor, Tim Sullivan. What he said there was strictly his own stuff, so please don't assume everyone else involved with putting out this paper thinks the same, although we might. So there.*

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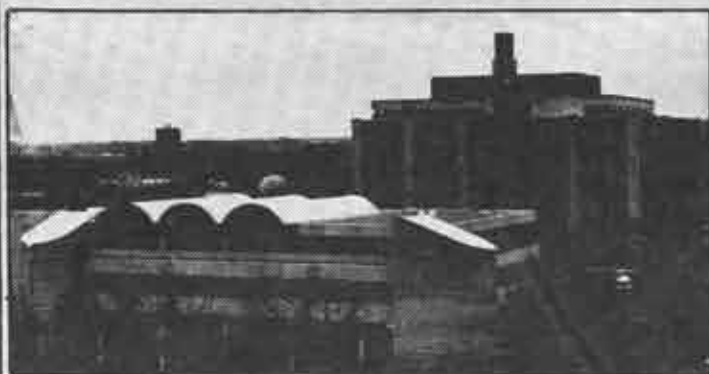
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# "the cord"



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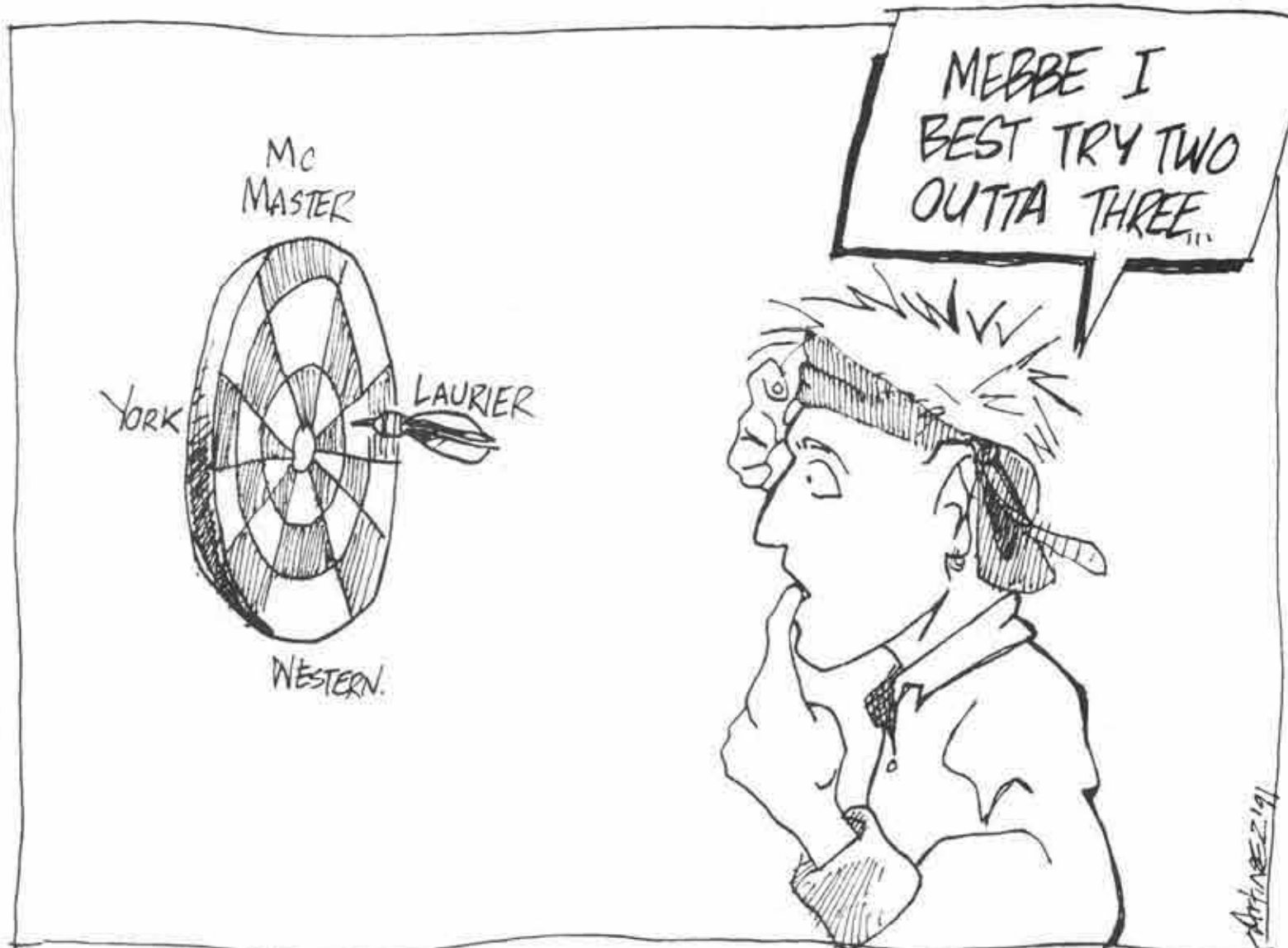
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## We came here, but are we happy?

Do you want to know why I came to Laurier? Me too. If I remember correctly, it was my third choice, just sort of thrown down on the list because I needed to put down another school. It was small. It was close to home, yet far enough away to maintain a certain level of comfort. What the hell? I grew disillusioned with my first two choices, and WLU gave me the best scholarship, which I think was why I came here in the end. Of course, I blew my ride in the first year and lost that scholarship, but what can you do? Now that I'm here, the bureaucracy, ivory tower bullshit, and delusions of grandeur permeating this place has me wishing I was a little more thoughtful in grade 13 when I made my picks for universities. But then again, would it really be any different anywhere else?

Mark Hand.

I came to Laurier because I had attended a small high school and I hoped that I could transfer what I experienced there to here. Also, my sister owned a house in Waterloo for me and my buddies to live in after my first year in residence. If I had to do it all over again, I would. The people I have met, the wonderful things I have experienced and the memories that stay with me outweigh the bad. Sure I could sit here and ramble on like a grumbly old coot about all the shitty things, but I won't. I'm saving that until I am a grumbly old coot. I had to change my expectations of university life to fit reality, but that is always the case.

Brock Greenhalgh.

OK, I admit it, I was bribed. Honestly, I was offered money and to a fresh faced kid from small town Peterborough, a thousand bucks sounded not too shabby. I also liked the idea of a small place, where my profs would actually know my name and where I wouldn't get too lost. I did have some naive notions of higher learning, like people would actually want to learn and not just get their degree and get the fuck out. Often I was disappointed but those rare classes where people participated and got the wheels turning really made the difference.

The whole business attitude (not necessarily the business school) has this school running like a corporation. The red tape to do anything around here is enough to choke a waterbuffalo. Lets try to remember where we are - at a university, supposedly opening our minds and questioning, experiencing not merely getting that requisite piece of paper. Now that I'm done the little cloud of doom routine I must say that yes, some profs know my name and yes I have met some great people and had some good times. But boy am I glad to go.

Gail Cockburn.

The Scenario: A couple of friends and I made a road trip to Waterloo for the weekend. We took in Laurier Day, listened to Laura Allen brag about the S.B.E., and experienced the local nightlife first hand. Very little actually impressed me, although I really wasn't sure what I was looking for. Then, something happened. Walking around the small campus I opened my ears and listened, and what I heard were people's voices. Everybody seemed to know each other, and liked talking to one another. People were friends. It was really nice. OK, the effects were subtle, but I knew that I would make Laurier my home.

Overall I am glad I came here. You get sick of looking at the place, and the student body's attitude over the past few years has become rather depressing. This place just doesn't move forward enough, and because of this I'm almost glad to be leaving. However, I sincerely believe that no other school offers an opportunity to make so many great friends. I bid you all a fond farewell.

Tim Bartkiw.

I wanted to be in business. I loved accounting. So, I asked, where should I go to university? McMaster offered me business - Laurier allowed me to parallel it in first year (now I'm in Psych). Both my parents worked at Mac (that means free tuition) - I didn't know any one who worked at Laurier. My father lives two minutes from Mac - First year, I lived thirty minutes from the WLU campus. My boyfriend went to Mac - After I was here two months, we broke up. So why did I choose Laurier? I thought the Business programme would be a lot better than Mac's (ha!). I thought there would be nice, small classes at Laurier (double ha!). I thought the tiny campus would allow me to meet lots of wonderful, open-minded people (I've met lots of people). However, I must thank Laurier for teaching me one thing - Boy, was I stupid.

Christine Yarwood.

I don't remember why I came to Laurier but I do know what I've learned over the past four years. Most notably: the apathy that a small university can generate within itself with a student body that dreads stepping foot off-campus to encounter new experiences, that the administration really doesn't care about the students or the staff, that a proud academic tradition shouldn't take precedence over treating people like human beings, that Laurier is a haven for closed-minded intolerance, prejudice and sexism, and that people don't really seem to like it hear a helluvalot. I have also seen that there are people out there who may hate you and try to destroy you for reasons that you cannot understand, that in the "big picture" you and I don't matter, that there are no guarantees and no-one to count on but yourself. That might be because of Laurier or it might be just me. But I doubt it.

Tony Burke.

Hindsight being twenty-twenty I now know that I would never come here again if I had the choice. Why? Good question; one I ask myself when I complain about this place. One reason is I left high school to go to a university and not just a larger high school. That's what this place is; the immature, petty attitudes of many of the students; the way the students are treated like highschoolers by the administration; even the size of the school: secondary school.

Another reason is that school is pretty dern conservative; makes for a stifling existence and I hate being put down for NOT 'towing the line' as it were.

But there are good things, even great things, about Laurier. The friends I have made are the best I have ever made. Too bad we all just couldn't transfer schools. The city of Waterloo is also wonderful; rich, alive and interesting. The things I have learned academically more than stimulate my brain.

Finally, the best thing I have gotten from Laurier is what I have learned about myself; who I am and how I work.

That has been worth all the bullshit.

Guy Etherington.



# Wilf's patron real disappointed

As a regular patron of Wilf's, I feel I have some views as to the status of our beloved quiet pub area. Over the past 7 months I can honestly say that the attitudes and respect which should be given to the students by the Wilf's establishment has steadily been on the decline.

What prompted me to write this letter? On Monday morning, I went for my usual morning coffee in Wilf's. When I tried to pay my 80 cents, the staff informed me that my five pennies could not be accepted as currency. Pardon me? My three quarters and 5 pennies wasn't good enough! Excuse me, but if Brian Mulroney can take my pennies, why can't Wilf's? Give me a fuckin' break.

On Friday Mar 15, I wanted to go for lunch at 11:45 am. When trying to get in I was informed I would have to pay 1 dollar. Would you pay a loonie for the privilege of eating Wilf's food? Not 100 pennies, but a fuckin' loonie! Come on Wilf's, use some common sense.

## Prof likes us

I am disappointed at the way the conflict between **The Cord** and the Students' Union was handled.

The extent to which the issue was censorship, then it is dubious to censor on any other basis than expunging what explicitly demeans another person. The article in question did not demean anyone. Catering to people being "offended" comes close to condoning homophobia.

It seems that there are other issues of control between the Union and the newspaper. These

need to be resolved by means other than the macho standoff tactics that men have modelled for each other for a long time.

It would be nice if men could find more ways to please each other whatever their sexual orientation. Hopefully the parties involved will find a creative solution before the end of term. This may be less exciting than a newsworthy crisis, but ultimately more satisfying.

Sincerely,

Christopher Ross

### Letters to the Editor

Letters are welcome from all members of the WLU community. All submissions must be within 400 words and bear the author's real name and phone number for verification. Names may be withheld by request. The Cord will print as many letters as space allows unless the letter is deemed potentially libellous, or attempts to incite hatred or violence towards individuals or identifiable groups -- including women, men, lesbians and gays, ethnic and religious groups, and people with a disability.

When I tried to get in without paying just to have some lunch, I was refused! I can appreciate the Wilf's management charging for the entertainment, but not for eating lunch at 11:45 am. And another thing, I'm not a smoker, but my heart goes out to the nicotine sufferers who paid a buck for a butt.

I ask you, is Wilf's no longer a service for the students? Is Wilf's so profit-oriented that they have to charge a loonie to listen to Mr. "3-chord guitar player" trashing every Neil Young song ever written? Are those fuckin'

Electric Circus video rejects repeatedly played on those monitors so damn vital to continue Wilf's profiteering ways? So much for student input! Next time you're waiting 20 minutes for a waitress to come by and take your order, consider these suggestions:

- scrap the monitors and maybe throw on some alternative music on the radio (CBC, Univ. of Waterloo Radio, CKWR community radio)
- scrap the constant barrage of 3-chord guitarists and try some campus groups who are somewhat popular with the students and play original music
- extend the stand-up bar for those who are tired of waiting endlessly for adequate service
- take those copper pennies as real currency

Let's make Wilf's a real student service, and not a bar driven by profits. What are my student fees being used for? Let's try and act like a real down to Earth university bar inspired by students and not the profit margin.

Bruce McIntyre  
Honours History

**Letters**  
continue...

## PINK INK Visibility tactics questioned

Douglas O. Spence

Last year in New York a gay activist group called Queer Nation was founded. Since that time they have drawn much controversy and criticism from both the gay and straight communities.

Queer Nation attempts to increase gay visibility by staging kiss-love-ins, poster campaigns, and swarming straight bars as well as many other interesting techniques. Queer nation has also been active in AIDS activism and protesting political inaction on the part of gay rights.

If you've been to Toronto or Ottawa lately you may have noticed posters from their "Queers are here, get used to us" campaign. Some of the posters from this campaign drew much criticism for the use of language -- i.e. the use of "fag" and "queer" as labels for gay persons.

The idea behind using these particular words is to reclaim them, and give them a positive connotation so that gay people may use them with pride. Many people however do not feel comfortable with Queer Nation's attempt and feel that it has actually caused damage to the gay liberations movement through the use of these traditionally derogatory words.

Another of Queer nation's famous techniques is outing. Outing is the public announcement of someone's sexuality (most often without that person's permission). There are two ideals behind this activity: first, that the gay community needs good, positive role models and second, for the purpose of

bringing to light the potentially hypocritical activities of politicians etc. who are not working toward the establishment of gay rights.

The gay community certainly does need good role models and well-respected people to act as ambassadors for the gay community, showing that gays are an active, healthy part of society. I, and many other people, agree that politicians and policy makers at whatever level who are gay should not, at the very least, be endorsing or developing policies or laws which do not give equal rights to homosexuals.

If these people do not follow this ideal however, does anyone or any group have the right to out them publicly? Is this an infringement of that person's rights as an individual?

This is definitely a very sensitive subject, and both agreeing or disagreeing with Queer Nation's policies and actions hold elements which are contrary to my own personal beliefs. Who is to say that they are right or wrong? It would all seem to boil down to the fact that no matter if you agree or disagree with their tactics, you must recognize that their goal is to better the lifestyle and appearance of the gay community.

*The views expressed by the author of Pink Ink remain his own and may not necessarily reflect those of the Cord staff, WLUSP, or the university.*

## The Question of the Week

What do you like and dislike about Laurier?

by Rambo



Like: Responsible beer drinkers that tip.  
Dislike: Drunks that don't tip.

Jill Steadman, "Psycho"  
and Caroline Snell  
Bar types

Like: It's a small school.  
Dislike: The administration has a negative attitude towards the students, and it's just a very large bureaucracy.

Krista Ditchfield  
2nd Year Philosophy



Like: The friendly atmosphere and faculty at the Seminary.  
Dislike: Very little parking for the students.

Sarah Reid  
1st Year MTS



Like: Friendly student atmosphere.  
Dislike: David Wilcox cancellation.

Andrew Rice  
2nd Year Business



Like: The Dean of Students.  
Dislike: Almost nothing.

Sueby  
3rd Year Business





# Eglin and Cord in same boat

## Letters

...continued

Lately, the student body has attempted to limit the right to freedom of speech in both official and unofficial ways. It makes me very nervous.

The closing of *The Cord* by the Student Union for what is judged to be the publishing of untasteful material is only one example. But the students are engaging in a potentially more dangerous type of censorship. I refer specifically to the vicious reaction in response to the actions of Professor Eglin following the bombing of the citizens in Iraq.

The opponents of Dr. Eglin's views have every right to express their views. However several things have been disturbing about the reactions.

1. The not-so-oblique insinuations about Professor Eglin's judgment, character and intelligence for the means he used to express his views. These views were expressed at the time and continue to appear in letters to the Editor.
2. The complaints refer primarily to the "inconvenience" the sound of the drum was to their studying. Given the rather more-than-an-inconvenience suffered by the victims about whom the message was about, this is most inappropriate and insensitive.

3. The insults hurled at Professor Eglin reminds one of the Biblical King who kills the messenger who was paid to bring him the bad news.

There are many ways to muzzle dissent - through official laws and policies and through personal shunning. WLU has allowed for no forum where opinions can be expressed in public as Professor Eglin pointed out. When unpopular views are expressed, dissenters are often ridiculed. The recent article on the virtual demise of the gay and lesbian association because of harassment illustrates yet another

example.

Respect must be shown to those willing to take unpopular stands. Professor Eglin and the *Cord* editors risked their reputations (and maybe more) to speak about the unspeakable in a radical way. The students who complained about the drumming were unwilling to risk even a few hours of their time to feel the discomfort intended to make us think about what was behind the Gulf War; those offended by the safe sex article seemed unwilling to risk embarrassment even though one AIDS case might have been prevented by it.

But the most peculiar aspect of the above examples is the fact that it is the *students* who are willing to muzzle freedom of speech, not some authoritarian stodgy dinosaur administration! If differences cannot be tolerated by the young, what will they be like when they are the leaders of this country?

We must not forget how delicate our freedoms are and how easily they can be lost by our complacency.

Yours truly,

Joyce Timpson  
Social Work

## Sigma Chi mean

I would like to comment on a letter included in last week's issue of *The Cord* written by "The Gentlemen of Sigma Chi".

Whether or not these individuals are gentlemen is not the issue, but rather the content of the letter. In the lengthy and well-written letter, the group brought up the complaint that *The Cord* has not done a sufficient job in covering events at Wilfrid Laurier.

This may be the case, but if we look, we notice that seven individuals working for the newspaper hold the title of Editor. Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary defines the word editor as 1. *one that edits, especially as an occupation*. If we follow up on this, the word edit means 1. *to prepare as literary material for publication or public presentation* or 2. *to delete, usually used with the word out*.

If this is the case, it must be the Sports Editor's job to prepare and to delete material for publication in *The Cord* dealing with the events of the school. As for the Sigma Chi story, I did not have the material to put together an article.

Since this position is open to any student at Laurier, it is only fair that the person best qualified for the job is chosen for that position. If those involved in Sigma Chi find what I write to be that boring, they have the choice of

not reading it. They do, however, seem well versed in the goings on of my Sunday nights, so there must be something there that is of interest.

The major point of their argument is that the charity basketball game between the Fraternity of Sigma Chi and the Twin City Spinners was not included in the March 14th edition of *The Cord*. The story was included, however, in the next week's *Cord*. I must have had some interest in the event, since there was a *Cord* photographer there.

People should learn not to criticize things that they do not totally comprehend. There are no members of Sigma Chi who work for *The Cord* or have contributed to the Sports Section. If the Fraternity is so adamant about having their events covered in the newspaper, they could become involved in WLUSP.

To pass judgment, without finding out all of the facts is wrong. It is my duty as an editor to make decisions, and if those decisions are not agreeable with everyone, then there is little I can do. I do not appreciate, however, when constructive criticism steps over the boundary into cheap shots at a person's character, especially when it's mine.

Brock Greenhalgh  
Sports Editor, *The Cord*

## Turn Wilf's down

With the obvious much larger issues to be dealt with in these uncertain times, perhaps my request will appear trivial at best.

However, given these aforementioned "larger issues", I must admit that I have taken to a desire to occasionally retreat from that "Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair/ And make my seated heart knock at my ribs/ Against the use of nature", by frequenting one of my favourite ale halls, Wilf's.

On those nights when sleep comes with difficulty, and yet to be typed thesis pages mock my efforts at more pleasant thoughts, Wilf's used to provide a peaceful sanctuary of inebriating beverages, casual conversation, and just generally a well deserved deprivation from some of my more annoying senses.

However, as of late, with the arrival of MTV and a VCR hook-up, I now find it impossible to vacate my being due to the relentless bombardment of ear splitting decibel levels and the distraction of the ever omnipresent boob-tube monitoring me from above -- both stimuli which, had I wished to indulge in them in the first place, I could have gone to the Turret or just plain stayed home.

So, to be received plain, I'll speak more gross: could we PLEASE turn down the volume a bit, and possibly even make less use of the televisions at Wilf's. To have my paradise regained before the oblivion of April falls heavy on my soul, would indeed be heavenly.

James McIntyre

## Anti-calendar story bogus

This letter is in response to last week's article entitled, "WLU Anti-Calendar in the works." While this letter is regarding some problems with the article's content, it is also meant to be an open letter to all students and faculty concerning the Course Calendar Supplement.

To begin with, I stand firmly behind the idea of having a published set of student-administered evaluations of professors and courses. However, I was erroneously quoted as saying that it was our intention to by-pass professors' permission while handing out the surveys and the surveys are to be done outside of classtime.

I do not, nor have I ever, encouraged students to by-pass professors' permission or to secretly work behind anyone's back. Rather, our committee has repeatedly encouraged students to work with their profs by explain-

ing the purpose of the survey and by asking their permission for the surveys to be handed out during classtime.

Obviously, it is in everyone's best interest for the parties involved to be well-informed and we would like nothing better than for the professors to invite us to distribute the surveys during classtime.

My interest in this project was sparked when a professor encouraged his class to create what most other universities call an "anti-calendar" and numerous profs have specifically asked that the surveys be handed out in their classes.

It is *only* in the instance that a student feels a particular course should be evaluated and that the professor disallows the survey in his/her class that the volunteers were told they do not need permission -- providing that the survey is not handed out during

classtime.

It was never my intention that our surveys be distributed in a threatening manner and I apologize for any confusion. This is not a witch hunt, nor was it ever intended to be. Rather, it is a means by which students can find out more about the courses they're taking and for which they're paying large amounts of tuition.

Both the Course Calendar Supplement Committee and the WLUSU Board of Directors stand behind this project and it will continue in full swing.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank the many students and professors who took part in this project and to encourage volunteers to evaluate their classes in the next few weeks. Surveys may be picked up in the WLUSU offices.

Dana Pesce

## Booze: the key to success

by Jim Boyce

Last week we saw that the purpose of university is to remove intelligent young people from society in order to eliminate their revolutionary tendencies. Four main methods are used to accomplish this: status quo preaching professors, OSAP (Oppressing Student Aspirations of Progress), the transformation of students into "freaks" who are not respected by (and cannot relate to) those outside the university setting, and the systematic exhaustion of the mind through an excessive amount of essays, exams et al (this method is similar to the brainwashing used by cults).

It was also stated that the only hope of overturning this repressive system is through the use of alcohol. Here are four possible scenarios:

1) Everyone knows that professors like booze. Whether at Morty's, Cafe Bon Choix or the Twist, there's no shortage of staggering academics squawking about Turabian and the proper use of footnotes or about their exciting academic careers and/or papers published.

Further, this need for alcohol stretches to the workplace. Ever notice that professors only have about three hours of office time per week even though they're up there for about forty? Chug-a-lug. (Of course, it could be argued that professors, like students, are over-burdened with work and that their minds are being exhausted for even more sinister reasons, but that's another theory).

Okay, this is the idea: we barricade the bars, the beer and liquor stores, and the cafes and restaurants in Southwestern Ontario. Grocery and corner stores too (there isn't a Prof in this school who doesn't know how to get buzzed on shoe polish, aqua velva, lysol or vanilla extract).

Then, after they've used up their personal stash in the office and are booting in their Hondas across

the border for a six-pack of Old Milwaukee and a forty of Jack D, we move in.

2) Okay, the second plan. In case it hasn't been obvious yet, profs like booze. In fact, a not-so-famous band once wrote,

*Show me any bar, anywhere's round here,  
And I'll show you twenty profs  
Dacquiri downing  
Sambuka slurping  
Potato vodka pounding  
Bourbon burping  
Bladdered full of beer,  
Yeah, anywhere's round here.*

Okay, so here's the plan: drop something into that drink and remember it doesn't necessarily have to kill them. The following will most likely be enough to send them home sick so that their offices can be taken over: ex-lax, Drano, liquid paper, LSD and plutonium.

This project requires careful planning. Every drink must be tampered with simultaneously so that the profs can be cleared out and the students can take over. Note: it is most effective to match the taste of the additive to the drink. Eg. Ex-lax in Irish Coffee and Drano in Tequila.

3) Molotov cocktails. Booooooom! 'Nuff said.

4) Okay, this is the method of change most preferred by university students. We go sit in Wilf's and drink some alcohol ourselves and think about the whole thing a whole lot. And then drink and think about it a little bit more. And then drink. We do this whenever we can get away from the hellish workload assigned by our professors and then, in three or four years, we drag our asses out of here ten grand in debt, our brains fried from too many swig-cafeine-pop-a-bean-burn-out-eyes-on-computer-screen nights.

Rickard's Red please.



# Business

## Molson's case on I.C.E.



pic by: Ward Black

By: Tim Bartkiw

Hell week is over! After 96 hours of living with the word Molson on their brains, third year biz students can finally relax back into their status quo schedules.

Students were handed out the case dealing with the merger of Molson Breweries with Elders' owned Carling O'Keefe early Monday morning, and presented their solutions early Friday. Al-

though the merger actually took place in real life, students were forced to go through the decision making process for themselves.

Finalist teams presented their proposals to an "external board", which included Molson personnel. The Senior Vice President of Molson, Barry Joslin (known as B.J. to the students), was an active and enthusiastic contributor to the Integrated Case Week. Joslin, along with other execu-

tives from the brewing conglomerate, returned to Laurier to witness presentations from the finalists. They took their roles seriously. The Molson brass drilled presenters skillfully and without mercy, in pursuit of the most ideal and thorough solution.

Many professors were pleased with the quality of the students' work. An internal board member, Dr. Shelley Jha said "all the presentations I saw were strong; none were done poorly at all." Other professors had similar comments.

At the end of the week, 3rd/4th year business coordinator Franklin Ramsomair proclaimed "I felt proud of the quality we were showing off to these people from industry."

When discussing the students' performance with Dr. Ramsomair, Molson's Barry Joslin used the words "renewed and refreshed" to describe his experience. The idea was that experiencing the thought process of a university atmosphere once again, was a welcome change from operating in an atmosphere of organizational politics. Joslin was apparently surprised at the level of quality, and at the good mix between academic theory and real-world relevance in the presentations.

Molson's benefits from this event also. Four copies of every solution will be forwarded to Molson for their executives to browse. Feedback will be received over the next few weeks from other people at Molson, and any thoughtful new ideas found will be welcomed.

After all things said and all work done, it was time for a refocus of energies. The I.C.E. social committee had worked hard to prepare a first class formal dress tension releaser at the



Ok, show me that Stoic look.

pic by: Sara Marasco

Transylvania Club in Kitchener. Their efforts were definitely not in vain, as the evening was a smashing success. Things got a little stupid when the not-yet-drunk-enough crowd pursued such activities like chanting and doing the wave around the room in order to entertain themselves. However, after a few nice faculty speeches, and an excellent performance by Master of Ceremonies Steve Duncan, the evening rolled happily onward. Just an author's aside: *Thanks to the people who wouldn't shut up while Franklin Ramsomair was speaking. As if I cared what my lifelong favourite teacher had to*

say.

The week went well, but hopefully Laurier will not rest on its success. Room for improvement exists in the process, as well as opportunities for greater outside coverage of the event for school promotion. One student commented that Laurier didn't capitalize on the prestige of the event. "They blew a great opportunity", since there was after all top management of a large Canadian company as well as the ex-Mayor of Waterloo present. Surely this could have been excellent publicity for both Molson Breweries and Wilfrid Laurier University



Yep. It's OOOOVer!

pic by: Tim Bartkiw

## Foot speaks

If you've picked up The Cord and it's not quite 2:00 pm Thursday, then you can still make this one. David Foot of the U o' T is an economist slash demographer that is here to present an overview of Canadian demographics, and why companies must not ignore them.

Foot will discuss the particular importance of demographics from a Marketing and Human Resources perspective, so if these are your interests then take note.

Why are corporate structures flattening? Why are tennis courts out and theatres in? What has led to today's emphasis on lifelong learning? Foot will offer insight into these and other questions. His analysis of our changing demographics should be heard by all aspiring leaders of business and government. You may even get a great idea for a new business!

The lecture is from 2 to 4 pm in room 1E1, and there is also a reception afterwards.

## S.B.E. Sovereignty Stinks

By: Tim Bartkiw

issues.

It's time for a constructive review of the S.B.E. In the same philosophy of the school itself, I'll keep it brief! I won't go into the Business program itself, but rather, let's talk about what really goes on in that nice modern building.

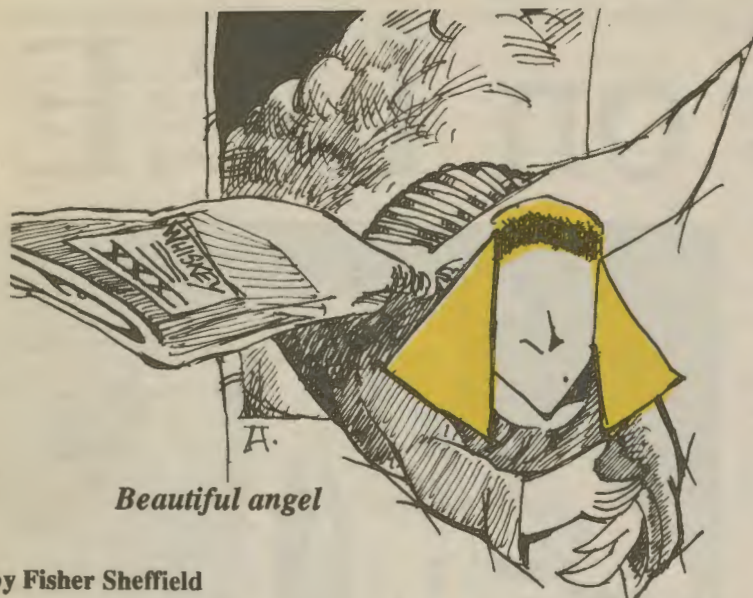
Biz-nobs do a lot of work - no question. There is however a great difference between work and intellectual stimulation, something which is severely lacking inside the walls of the Peters building. Business students arguably do much less debating over issues, since quite often their problems have actual answers. This can foster an atmosphere of indifference towards issues of substance. Business is not a discipline in which students challenge very many of the norms in society, but rather develop the best techniques to deal with these norms. The S.B.E. may preach *pro-active* management style, but it also contributes to a *reactive* approach to societal

The S.B.E. is also an effective vehicle for the forces of isolationism here at Laurier. The Peters Building is viewed as "The Business Club" to which a membership is required. Too much of the efforts of Business students are expelled toward activities with a Business slant. Hence, we have organizations like *Tamiae*, and *The Core of Biz*, whose mandates are to make the S.B.E. a greater experience. These Business organizations hog most of the human resource potential that the S.B.E. has to offer. After all, there are great minds, and many great people that congregate The Atrium daily. Better integration of the Business Club into the lifeblood of Wilfrid Laurier University would benefit the whole school at large.

In short -- way way way too much clique action. The next Integrated Case should be an exercise in life. Let's Integrate better as a university.



# Savagery and Sorrow



Beautiful angel

by Fisher Sheffield

VANNA DUG ME by Fisher Sheffield

"...Pat Sajak? Hell of a guy. But not too bright: twice during the commercials I pointed at his tie, and tweaked his nose when he looked down, causing him to smile like a big, stupid child...Vanna White? She dug me."

"I'm a ticket scalper Pat. I sell tickets to professional sporting events, for more than I bought them for, and pocket the difference. That's how I make my money. And when I'm not working, I enjoy golfing, and hurting things. Trees, walls, furniture, cars, telephone polls: things."

From the start I showed an innate skill at the game. The audience had never before seen a player who passed on a turn as a strategic move. Who could solve a puzzle with no letters showing. Who worked his way through a puzzle alphabetically, racking up thousands of dollars in prizes and cash money along the way.

By the second commercial, Vanna couldn't take her eyes off me. On one three-word puzzle, with two Rs showing, I guessed 'Pass the puddin' ma' and gave Vanna a sly grin to show her I'd done it all for her. And she winked back, and sent me a note that said she wanted to walk off the set, and go home with me for a week... (Editor's note: honest to God, Fisher filed this story back in January, scooping the "National Enquirer" by a good two months.).

By the end of the show, Sajak had told me I wouldn't be back as returning champ, despite a \$7600 lead over the housewife from Chinatown. So when he came over to give the wheel a final spin, I cuffed him in the back of the head, and slapped him in the bag: I figured I owed him that much. And Vanna, she dug me."

I croaked the bottle of vodka as I wrote...

I croaked the bottle of vodka as I wrote. Dub-Dub-Dub had been showering in the next room

for over half an hour when I heard him fall and break his forehead on the taps. I got up from the typewriter and went over to the window. My writing was going nowhere, but I still had to get a story. And not just a story, but The Story. The Story...I had to lash together 3000 separate words into a harangue on something other than Weirdness and Cruelty. I had never been a man to break a promise to an editor, but it looked like I was about to shatter and smash this one.

In the next room, Dub-Dub-Dub was flailing about in the bathtub, cursing his head, moaning, and, I'm sure, bleeding. I sighed, and cracked open a bottle of Budweiser on the kitchen door-frame, showering the room in beer foam and splinters of broken glass.

I cracked open a bottle of Budweiser on the kitchen door-frame...

Just as I was about to sit down to my typewriter and a pool-side interview with Philip-Michael Thomas of "Miami Vice", Dub-Dub-Dub strolled awkwardly into the room. Wrapped in a housecoat and a thick towel around his neck, he had a huge band aid on his forehead. It had been a wide cut, but there was no evidence of a bruise. Dub-Dub-Dub had collected himself. To me he calmly said: "You were wrong about Siobhan (Editor's note: pronounced Shee-vaughn). I don't love her. I don't want love. Just...acknowledgement that I exist"

And then he said: "I'm going to go get two bottles of wine from the liquor store. We've got dinner tonight with my friends."

And as he got ready to head downtown, I turned back to my typewriter, and began

WHIRLPOOL LOVE by Fisher Sheffield

"There's nothing worse than a virtuous man with a mean mind" - Richard Nixon, 1968

Well...maybe so. Unless it's a beautiful sociopath with an unquenchable sexual appetite.

Six feet above me, upside-down and bolted to the ceiling, the fan spun round and round, swirling the air, keeping it moving.

It was Saturday night and there I was, schick! flick! and hiss! doing tricks with the Zippo

The ceiling fan would sometimes capture my interest in those early hours of the morning, at 3 AM, or 4AM, when I was alone in the video store for hours at a stretch. It was a menial job I was much too qualified for, but by being able to go for 76 hours at a time without sleep, I was able to keep up my relentless weekend schedule of drinking nights, building a paycheck mornings, and writing during the day.

I'd been lazily playing with my Zippo lighter when, just after midnight, Jill came in. It was Saturday night and my shift had just started, and there I was, schick! flick! and hiss! doing tricks with the Zippo. I didn't smoke, but I'd jerk the lighter out of my back pocket and into my left hand all in one clean movement, light up a cigarette, take a drag on it to make sure it caught, and then butt the cigarette out and start the routine over again.

Thumb and finger on the black metal of the lighter, sliding the Zippo out of my pocket: schick!

Thumb on the wheel of the flint, sparking it: flick!

Spark hitting the jet of fluid, exploding it into flame: hiss!

I was lighting the cigarette with my right hand wrapped behind my head and around the other side when Jill came up behind me.

"There is no Excellent Beauty, that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." - Francis Bacon

I turned around and looked at her. She was medium-height, and built like a beach volleyball player. She was deeply suntanned, even though it was winter: when she clenched her hands into fists, the ridges between her knuckles went from dirt-colour to white. She had strawberry blonde hair, combed out straight, so her ears were covered and her head was given the stylistic shape of a triangle. She had gray eyes that glinted, and on her heart-shaped chin, a beauty mark. On her head rested a peaked cap, and the badge on her black-with-a-white-

horizontal-stripe jacket read "Fire Marshall".

"You'll have to close your store and leave early," she told me, "It's dangerous for you to be here right now."

"All right," I answered. "So...what's the problem?" I flipped the Zippo over my head from behind my back, deftly caught it in front of me with my right hand, and sparked it.

Jill gave me a whiplash smile, that scared me and made me insane for her all at the same time. "There's a gas leak. This whole mall could go up at any minute."

The situation washed over me. I snapped the Zippo shut and threw it down on the counter. I thought of my store, with its plate-glass walls and rows on rows of movie cases. And then I thought of splinters of glass exploding into the night sky and melting from the ferocious heat; empty movie boxes spinning through the air, round and round and round, cardboard burning and landing out over on the parking lot. And the whole time, one word kept streaming, spinning and curving through my head.

This could be a love story: because when I went home with her and she wanted to marry me and we did weird things in the bathtub, it was a love story: albeit one that was doomed to be dragged down, sinking us both in a corkscrew of despair...

Jill: "There's a gas leak. This whole mall could go up at any minute."

An hour later, Dub-Dub-Dub was back and we were on our way with bread and wine for spaghetti dinner with a guy named Morris and three girls, at the girls' house, on the other side of the campus.

Dinner was pleasant enough. Big meatballs in thick sauce. French bread and wine. Interesting conversation. I smiled a lot, and charmed them with stories about life in K-W. New friends. Just like the pasta commercial.

After dinner, I went downstairs alone, and uncorked the other bottle of wine. Moments later, one of the girls came downstairs.

"Fisher?"

I twisted my head and looked over at her.

"Yes?"

"What are you doing down here?"

"It's hot upstairs in the kitchen, so I thought I'd come down here for a minute."

"Oh." Understanding.

"Would you like a drink?" I asked.

"All right."

I poured her drink slowly. We drank. We said nothing. Big

The Prince of Gonzo Journal



pause. And then fumbling she asked bluntly: "Fisher? Dubber told us about your girlfriend...Why did you two break up?"

Surprised by the question, I looked away. Then I said: "She was a Beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the Void her luminous wings in vain."

"What does that mean?" "It's just an old line, from an old poem."

I said: "She was a Beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the Void her luminous wings in vain."

We took a bus to Don Cheries. As we pulled up to our stop, Morris took a beer out of his jacket, and I turned cold for a second, paranoid of the bus police.

But then we were off the bus and walking over to Cheries. I was carrying three beers, Dub-Dub-Dub had four, and I'm not sure about how many each Morris or the girls were carrying.

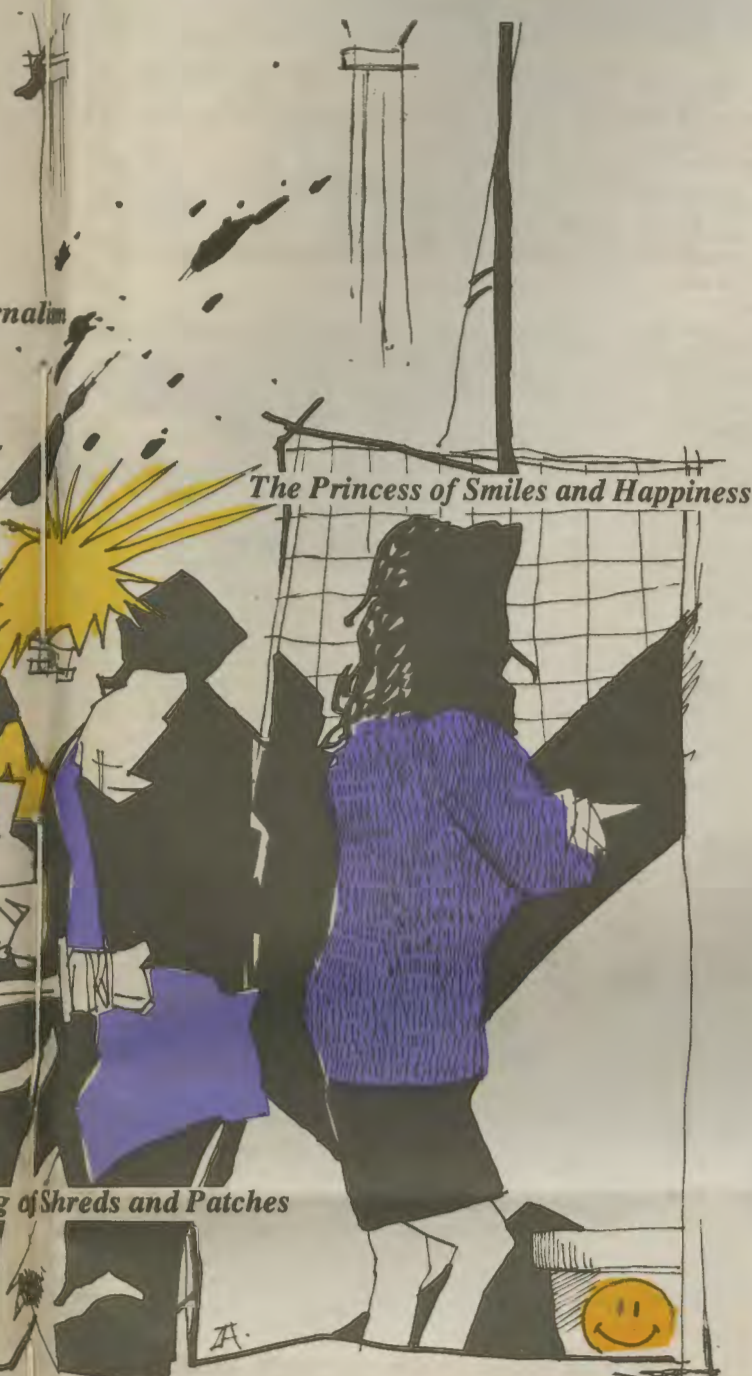
Turned away from Cheries we began our crusade to another bar blocks away.



# w in Steeltown

## Part 2

"...that could only end in Weirdness and Stupidity and Profound Sadness."



The Princess of Smiles and Happiness

of Shreds and Patches

At our next bar, we all consumed a lot of alcohol. Dub-Dub-Dub used the washroom to pick the glass out of his jacket and him, and the girl I'd been talking to downstairs dug some band aids out of her purse, and Dub taped himself up.

Out on the dance floor, everybody was bobbing up and down. I looked around and saw three girls with big jaws and wide lips shoving French fries into their maws...a fat guy with a small face: white trash, with the eyes of a pig killer...a short little man dancing with a beer and a crowd of nobody...what I thought was a squirrel run across the floor: turned out to be just a piece of brown paper, floating along on a puff of air caused by hundreds of feet stomping up and down in sync...a tall, skinny guy: the type you'd be asked to call "Mr." Geek...dumb people...a girl latched onto a guy fall down and drag him with her...and then I leaped outside of myself and saw a crazed journalist wrapped in a Wilfrid Laurier University leather jacket, McMaster baseball cap, and torn Queen's University sweatshirt, with a beer in each hand and a cigarette dangling between his lips, sitting with two people he didn't really know.

I turned back to Dub and one of the girls who was sitting with us at our table. I finished my last

beer, and then Dub-Dub-Dub's friend asked me to dance.

We went out on the floor, but I danced strangely. The DJ was playing hip-hop, but I was dancing to "Mahna Mahna" by Dr. Teeth. And halfway through a slow dance, I started thinking:

Many times in my life I've almost died. I've been in a car accident that drove broken glass into my neck, and after four years of travelling the vein, I'm left picking it out of my arm: and I was almost murdered by hypothermia on one ill-advised Doomed and Stupid ice-fishing trip in February.

...the cape around my throat probably had absorbed six hundred pounds of water

But the closest I've ever come to death was when I was young. One warm summer day, the type of day God created for skipping stones down at the lake, Dub-Dub-Dub and I were goofing around at his grandfather's cottage. Dub-Dub-Dub had floated out into the middle of the lake on

a mattress that he'd spent an hour puffing air into. I was jumping off one of those wood and styrofoam rafts that float around off-shore, with a thick towel tied around my throat, just playing Batman.

And then I tried to swim out to the middle of the lake, where Dub-Dub-Dub was. Dub-Dub-Dub and I had been up playing "Stock Ticker" and talking until 4 o'clock in the morning, so I guess he'd drifted off to sleep.

Past halfway out to Dub-Dub-Dub, past the Point Of No Return, I noticed that the cape around my throat felt like it weighed about six hundred pounds. It probably had absorbed six hundred pounds of water, and it was starting to drag me down, but I had to go on: Dub-Dub-Dub was closer than the raft.

I didn't even think of yelling out, I was stubborn: I'd gotten myself into this stupid trap, and it was up to me to get myself out, towel and all. Any other way would have been a coward's way, and I'd rather have died first.

But I guess my thrashing about in the water stirred Dub-Dub-Dub. Just when I was about to give up and just let myself sink, Dub-Dub-Dub quickly brought the raft over to me.

When I got to the raft, I just hung on for a minute, and then slowly hauled myself up on it. I was ashamed of having been so stupid, and I didn't feel like saying anything. And then I just crawled out over the raft, and collapsed, with the towel that had almost killed me now covering my body.

Dub-Dub-Dub never said anything about it. We both knew what had really happened, and that was enough. Nothing needed to be said. He rescued me from a drowning, and I was grateful.

And I guess that made up for all the times in the future when he almost got me killed.

But that was then.

This was now: I looked over in the corner and saw Dub-Dub-Dub being talked to by Reuben. Incredible: there must have been over fifty bars in Steeltown, but somehow we'd still managed to run into Reuben...I had to go intervene on Dub-Dub-Dub's behalf. So I waited until the end of the song, and then left the girl to join Morris and the two others.

A hand on the back of his shoulder to get his attention and turn him around, and then with a big smile, I said: "Reuben... 'Bobby'...bobby tobogan, bobby totem pole, bobby pemican, bobby pepsi-cola...I see your voice finally cracked...how ya doing buddy?"

A cold reception to my hustling, he'd always been scared of me. "Fisher." And then he turned back to Dub-Dub-Dub.

I couldn't hear what Reuben was saying, but then again, I didn't need to. Reuben was never much of a drinker in high school. With his eyes shut, he was slobbering all over the place, making

accusations. When I interrupted again to try and cool him down and send him away, he told me to fuck off.

There are some people in this world that swearing works for: expletives merely pepper their language and add emphasis to their speech. For example, Eddie Murphy, Dennis Hopper, Andrew Dice Clay, Ted Cruise, Fisher Sheffield. But not Reuben. So I decided to show him, demonstrate how.

Pontificating: "Fuck man, give me a fucking break. Go sit the fuck down and don't be a fuck. You're drunk. Go have another drink. I don't want this. I don't fucking need this."

"So fuck off..." Dub-Dub-Dub punctuated my little speech.

Reuben instantly threw his forearm into Dub's forehead, knocking him to the floor. Then he quickly turned and stalked away, without even looking at me. Before Dub-Dub-Dub could get up and strike back, he realized that the test-tubes shooters in his pockets had exploded, so he just decided to get up slowly and not attract any attention. A few people had seen Reuben's cheap shot, but since none of them were staff, nothing came of it. As the King of Shreds and Patches went back to the washroom to rebandage his head and pick the broken glass out of his pants, I went and said goodbye to the girls and Morris, and then went and dragged Dub-Dub-Dub out of the washroom, and out of the bar.

"Here's to us; wha's like us? Gey few, and they're a' dead."  
- Traditional Scottish Toast of Royalty

Dub-Dub-Dub and I went into a 24-hour doughnut shop and drank coffee after leaving the bar. We said little, just looking at our cups. Dub-Dub-Dub ate a bowl of chili loudly, but nobody was around to say anything.

Before Dub-Dub-Dub could get up and strike back, he realized that the test-tube shooters in his pockets had exploded...

I went into the washroom to splash some water on my face, but when I got in there, there was a drunk pissing in the sink, so I turned around and walked right back out.

Later, we were walking down the sidewalk when I threw up. Despite a huge supper, I got the dry heaves and only threw up what looked like the wet grass you get from underneath a lawn mower, and strings of dried blood. And when I finally did throw something up, it was a clean puke, all in one retch, I just leaned over and didn't get a drop on me. Usually I feel better after getting sick, but that night I felt horrible, I felt bad.

And then Dub-Dub-Dub and I looked at each other and the deserted gardens and front porches with Hallowe'en pumpkins still out, and decided it was pumpkin time!

Dub-Dub-Dub had once been my friend, counsellor, and hero. But now he was a caricature of himself, a Flying Dutchman...

Madness. Madness. For a good quarter of an hour, we were weird. And the whole time, my head whirling like I was leaning over the edge of a Merry-Go-Round at full crank, I kept hearing Dub-Dub-Dub laughing his head off: "Did we always used to do stuff like this? Did we always used to do stuff like this?" And then we went back to Dub's apartment, and had to get Siobhan to buzz us into building, because Dub had forgotten his keys at the girls' house, on the supper table.

I suppose in my personal mythology, Dub-Dub-Dub will always be the cowboy. Tough and cool, suave with women (except for Siobhan), the guy who always stood at my side in a fight, and who actually liked the first three chapters of the book I never wrote, Dub-Dub-Dub had once been my friend, counselor, and hero. But now he was a caricature of himself, a Flying Dutchman, a genuinely out-of-control machine fuelled by alcohol and with an etch-a-sketch conscience: "Feeling guilty? Just give your head a shake, and forget all about it."

My trip to Steeltown had put a number of ideas in my head: Things change, but things stay the same. The guy who gave your best friend his nickname in grade school dies a sad suicide, but friendship lasts. It may only be a bond of Weirdness and Alcohol and Nostalgia, but that's better than the Void, but matter how Beautiful.

Back at the typewriter I thought maybe I could write some of this down, but my hands were useless: I'd been doing alcohol all day.

So I never did get a story.

"Every day, in every way, I create the world I choose to live in. Let's see any of you do any better." - Fisher Sheffield, 1991

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## HOUSING

LIVE NEXT DOOR TO AN EXHIBITIONIST!! Upper Floor of a house. 2 Bedrooms, share kitchen, bathroom, living room. Rent one room, or the whole floor. Very inexpensive, pets allowed, big porch,

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SUBLET \*\$175 a month\* utilities included \*parking\* 1,2, or 3 rooms \* short walk from the universities. Available May, to Sept. Call Jo-Ann 884-0089.

SUMMER SUBLET Charming house on corner of Albert and University. Close to night life and modern amenities. Rent negotiable. Sublet with us - free case of beer. Call us! 725-7948

Three people wanted to sublet fully furnished apartment: single rooms, kitchen, living room and two bathrooms, clean, laundry facilities, close to WLU and U of W. Call Cathy-Jo at 747-5413

Right Across Street From Peter's Building! Sublet May 1-Aug 31. \$130 / per month. 226 Albert St. Call Mary 725-7918

SUMMER SUBLET: 1 room in 3 bedroom house, 5 min. to WLU, spacious, sundeck (\$145/month) Call Garry at 725-5035

May 1st to Sept 1st: 1 bedroom in spacious 2 bdrm apt. Newly decorated, Laundry, 7 mins. to WLU. Must be very neat. \$175/m, utilities incl. Call 725-0857

We still need someone to sublet our house. \$175.00/mo and some neat free-bees. 78 Hickory. 5 rooms, 2 bathrooms, fully furnished. Call 888-0259. Ask for Brock.

Available fall 91 - 5 bedroom house, uptown Waterloo, near Waterloo Town Square, newly renovated, parking, 1325.00/month. 1 year lease Sept 91 - Aug 92. 742-1239 Mike.

Available fall 91; large 5 bedroom unit, recently renovated, laundry facilities, parking, 5 min walk. 1 year lease Sept 91 - Aug 92. 747-4877 or 742-1239.

Sublet Room, 175.00/month, utilities included, parking, HOT TUB, 2 min from WLU, located at 32 EZRA. Available May-Sept. Call Tammy 747-9238, Todd 725-8850

1. SEPT. Large 1, and 2 Bedroom Apartments, very clean and quiet, upstairs with balcony, completely furnished, first class, controlled entrance, laundry, free parking, all utilities included. \$254, or 329, - depends on no. of students. 344 REGINA ST. N. Waterloo [behind McDonalds, 5 minute walk] PLEASE PHONE 885-0843 MR ACKENBERG ANYTIME.

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## EVENTS

Drinking Problem? Want to quit? Alcoholics Anonymous meetings on Saturday nights, 8:00 pm on-campus in the Niobe Lounge. Everyone Welcome!

Wednesday Night Eucharist Service, Seminary Chapel, 10:00 pm. Everyone Welcome! Lutheran Campus Ministry - Waterloo

Drinking Problem? Want to quit? Alcoholics Anonymous meetings on Saturday nights, 8:00 pm on-campus in the Niobe Lounge. Everyone Welcome!

## PERSONALS

Tanya: You're the BEST DON EVER. Thanks for a great year. Luv Toni C3

Best Don on Campus - That's you Tanya. It's been a great year! Thanks M.A.M. Love Sinful - C3

to: 90264389, I'd really like to meet you. Write back. T.W.

Tanya, You're the best! Love Lori and C3

YOUTH LINE: Something worrying you? Want to talk it over? at the YOUTH line you can talk with someone your own age, 6-9p.m. daily. Or talk with our understanding adults anytime 745-9909 (Youth line), 745-1166 or 653-2000.

Millions of unwanted and homeless puppies and kittens, dogs and cats are put to death in pounds and shelters, no matter how cute and cuddly they are. Help reduce the numbers by spaying and neutering your pets. For more information contact the Animal Defence League of Canada, P.O. Box 3880, Stn. C, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 4M5.

Experienced female riding companions required by married country gentleman in local area. English show horses and tack supplied. Apply in writing to: Riding Companions, #1605-53 Water St.N., Kitchener, Ontario, N2H 5A7

Classified ads - Students: 7 cents/word, Businesses: 10 cents/word. Deadline: Mondays at NOON, in the offices of The Cord Weekly.

Foreign students earn extra cash on your next visit home, I want to buy unique handicrafts native to your area, jewelry, carvings, etc. Call Janis at (705) 457-3989.

# upcoming events calendar

Non-profit listings free-of-charge. Deadline: Monday at noon.

THURSDAY

28

FRIDAY

29

SATURDAY

30

SUNDAY

31

MONDAY

1

TUESDAY

2

WEDNESDAY

3

Cord staff meeting 5:30 pm. Come out and help us plan our joke issue.

University Chapel Worship Service at the Keffer Memorial Chapel, Waterloo Lutheran Seminary 11:00 am.

Jazz Cabaret in the Turret featuring WLU Jazz Ensemble and Minor Infracton Jazz Choir and Combo. Doors open at 8 pm. \$4 at the door. Sponsored by the Music Association.



# the scene

What do you want to do with your life? I wanna rock!

Twisted Sister

1:10 am

## A Philistine's night at the opera



See the statue. It is clean. The swallow is not on it.

pic: Ward Black

by Mark Winston

"Opera is for everybody!" exclaimed Professor David Falk, Co-ordinating Director of Laurier's Opera program. This was his response to the question of whether his show of three one-act operas being held on March 1st and 2nd would have any appeal to non-music students.

He used a sports metaphor to explain what going to the opera is like: "It's like taking someone to a hockey game for the first time. They may not know what's going on, but as soon as they see two players chasing after a puck and then hearing one gasp from being checked into the boards right in front of them, they know they're seeing something that might be worth finding out more about... opera's a lot like that when you see it performed live and up close."

Prof. Falk's most recent show was one of two semi annual productions put on by the Faculty of Music. The three one act operas selected were all 20th century and all in English to make them more accessible.

My job was to review the show to see if this claim was so. I was also curious as to Prof. Falk's opinion of William Thorwell's editorial (Globe & Mail) which described opera as a

"moribund art form" and opera houses as "performing arts museums." Prof. Falk disagreed stating that opera attendance records were at an all time high and that new things were always being done as well as traditional shows.

### "Moribund art form"

The show was being held at the Theatre Auditorium and I arrived at 8 p.m. The audience contained a cross-section of well dressed older people and dressed down younger people. There were approximately two hundred in attendance.

The three operas to be shown were *Riders to the Sea* (tragedy, adapted by Ralph Vaughan Williams from a J.M. Synge play), *The Happy Prince* (a drama, adapted by Malcolm Williamson, based on an Oscar Wilde story) and *signor deluso* (a comedy adapted by Thomas Pasatieri from the play by Moliere). The conductor was Leslie De'ath, the drama director and stage designer was Thomas Schweitzer.

I happened to know what all the operas were about not because I'm so smart but because I was given a press kit. The audience who were handed programs without any storylines were not so lucky. The fact that the operas were in English did not prevent some misunderstanding of what some of them were about.

The first opera, *Riders to the Sea*, was the story of a mother who lost her husband and five sons to the sea with her grief turning to resignation after her last son is lost. Of all the three operas, this is the only one that I would characterize as 'bad'. A good opera has to succeed musically as well as dramatically to work. Both sides fell down with this piece...perhaps because the full orchestra was involved solely for this opera made it more complicated to pull off.

Musically, besides making jerky, off-key noises, it overpowered the performers to the extent that their speeches often couldn't be heard. Though the music was occasionally able to create some moods complementary to the story, it often sounded overwrought and melodramatic.

Dramatically, the singers were a disappointment as well. The mother was supposed to lose five sons with the final son being the final misfortune, but there was no lead in to emphasize this. Also, when the final loss does occur, the secondary characters showed no physical interaction with the main character in her grief; they were kept to the side in a freeze frame position. Surely there could have been more physicality introduced to emphasize the loss better than the weak religious liturgical singing.

The only saving grace to this opera was the lead singer, Allyson McHardy, as the old woman who by the sheer depth of her singing was able to give some needed weight to the storyline flawed by the previous weaknesses.

The second opera, *The Happy Prince*, is a children's story about a statue of a child prince made of gold placed in the town's square where it witnesses the poverty and suffering of the poorer elements of the townspeople. The prince, moved by the poverty he sees around him, enlists the aid of a swallow who plucks his sapphire eyes and gold trim and gives them to the poor. The piece ends with the prince being cast off by the town, due to "shabbiness" and the swallow dying because it has stayed through the winter to help the prince.

### I left the show richer

Musically, the singing and accompaniment were well done. With a smaller orchestra being used the music backed up the action quite well and all the words could be heard. Special mention should again be given to Allyson McHardy as the prince and Ruth Ohlmann as the swallow. The costumes were very bright and vivid adding to the action with the price in gold from head to toe and the swallow almost in total grey in a body suit with sparse feathering.

The opera had an imaginative

and moral power that are often present in children's stories which, with an open mind, can be very moving.

The final opera, *signor deluso*, was a comedy about mistaken identity and mistaken motives. It is about a daughter who is waiting for her lover to come back and marry her. Before his arrival, she faints and is revived by her neighbour, Signor Deluso. In the process, Signor Deluso's wife sees this and thinks he's having an affair. Later, the wife finds the girl's locket with her lover's picture and Signor Deluso thinks his wife is having an affair.

The rest of the play is about unraveling all of these misunderstandings to great comic effect. Besides the circumstances, the play is performed very comically by the players who act with exaggerated emotions, poses, gestures, expressions and comic asides. The costumes are also very funny, with Signor Deluso in green plaid with yellow socks and shoes. His wife is in white make-up with red cheeks and frizzy red hair exhibiting an overt sexuality while walking bow-legged.

The ending has the hero and heroine getting back together, with the hero (of short stature) climbing into the heroine's arms (who is of tall stature) in true Marx brothers fashion. The opera was very funny and the pinnacle of the show received big laughs from the audience.

If I had any trepidation towards going to an opera, it was dismissed (as long as it's not too pricy and you've got good program notes). I left the show a far richer man than when I came -- and all for only \$3.00. So, if you're a Philistine with an open mind, I recommend attending the next production happening in November.



This picture proves that you can NOT focus on two things at once. Told ya!

pic: Ward Black



# Canada rocked the 70's worldwide



Early (very), young (very) April Wine.

by Guy Etherington

**Made In Canada  
Our Rock & Roll History  
Volume II  
BMG/RCA**

Last week focused on the 60's but this week's volume looks at the early 70's. While in the 60's, or at least on Volume I, there was a predominance of R & B, on this cassette there is more rock and, (cringe), 'easier listening' material.

The 70's were an important time for rock music in Canada. Canadian artists were starting to

really make it in the States and achieve high chart status.

The album notes sum up the 70's as "ultimately producing an explosion of Canadian artists onto the international scene. The talent represented on this album really opened the door for the artists of the 80's... They were taking on the big guys, winning the battle for recognition and all the while building a fan popularity of tremendous proportions." Pretty glowing things to say about Canuck bands in the early 70's but they are true to a certain extent; look at some of the material on this particular volume.

Ever heard of Keith Hamp-

shire? No, I haven't either--only New Hampshire. Have you ever heard of Rod Stewart? Yes, I have too. Well he covered and named one of his albums after the song Keith Hampshire originally did. Stewart had a big hit with it. Hampshire's version is on this album and it's not that different from Stewart's version; it's okay.

Ever heard of A Foot In Cold Water? They're vaguely familiar to me. Heard of Helix? They're frighteningly all too familiar though they do cover A Foot In Cold Water's "Make Me Do Anything You Want". This song is a ballad and Helix did virtually nothing to change it. The original is somewhat better though because as a ballad it has more emotion and freshness to the melody than Helix's version does. If you liked the Helix cover, you'll probably like ...Cold Water's version better.

There are some larger names on the album, too. Lighthouse does "One Fine Morning" which if you've seen the commercial for the 'best of Canadian rock' on TV then you've seen and heard a portion of this song. Good, upbeat guitar riff, horn section ala Chicago. Very catchy.

Crowbar's "Oh, What a Feeling" (you know that beer commercial on the radio with the choppy, quick light strumming and the repetition of "oh, what a feeling... what a rush"? You probably do. An excellent tune that is R & B based with a great groove



Ian Thomas--nice lid--what, are you from the 'me generation' or something?

and bass line. A definite toe tapper that, for some reason, reminds me a little bit of Max Webster in the quirky kind of arrangement.

Then there's The Stampeders' "Sweet City Woman". A Canadian classic. It makes fine use of a banjo and should maybe be the new national anthem for this country.

Then there are some huge names. April Wine, "Could Have Been A Lady" and Ian Thomas (brother of Dave), "Painted Ladies". The latter sounds like the group America but is an excellent number; Thomas sounds

like a cross between Neil Young and the singer for America. A nice combination, believe me. Except Thomas sings on key.

There are a few corny songs that have been dated and might once have been great but now are kinda silly and embarrassing; Canadians do know how to write a schmaltzy, gooey, pompous ballad. But, for the songs and artists mentioned above and for a few not mentioned the album is definitely worth the memories it calls up and the great songs you won't, but should, hear on some 'classic hits' station.

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## N.Y. Opera shines strong

by Carolyn Saunders

When love comes to town I'm gonna catch that train...

There are certain things in life that exceed the normal pleasure of mere eating and breathing. One of these things is opera.

February 15 the New York

Touring Opera Co. made their appearance and a fine impression at the Centre in the Square. Their performance of Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro' not only stunned the audience, but also many of the troupe. Due to technical difficulties the opera came to a complete halt during the first act and, stunned, the actresses tried to fill the emptiness with

"opera business". This would have been a seemingly viable solution until all power was lost and the stage fell into complete darkness. We sat for about five minutes while techies furiously tried to regain light and sound.

When this feat was done, the curtains raised only to the sight of the makeup artist caught in the act of touch-up. At this point the audience, no longer able to restrain the polite, roared with laughter. It was slapstick that Mozart would have loved.

Upon the end of modern folly, the true lovely nature of Mozart's humour began. This touring troupe consisting of budding opera stars gave to the audience both the beauty and the nagging wit of Mozart. Libretto to the opera was provided above the stage so that those not fluent in Italian would still be allowed the knowledge of this romantic language. The translations to modern day English became almost as hilarious as the opera itself.

The soprano and contralto leads completely stole the show through their amazing performances as the Countess and her nephew.

At the completion of the evening not only did everyone leave in love with Mozart, but also marvelling at this young troupe's most amazing flexibility, allowing the show to be hampered by nothing.

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# Toronto Dance Theatre very unique

by Roxanne Chartrand

The Toronto Dance Theatre presented a very unique and interesting performance at the Humanities Theatre on March 8th. The company of fourteen

dancers was strong individuals each contributing a perfected performance for the audience.

The Toronto Dance Theatre, one of the pioneers of modern dance, used three different presentations to guide the

audience through the many stages of human emotion.

One of the most interesting aspects of modern dance is its ability to convey back to the people watching the dance the inner feelings and modern day frus-

trations they encounter each day. The movements portray love/hate relationships, the emotional breakdown of people in society, the state of dependency on others, and friendships.

In "Fifteen Heterosexual

dancers jumping and wiggling around on stage dressed up in what looked like the remains in a trash can - green and brown pieces of material stuck to their leotards and wigs of the same material. Interestingly enough, this performance could be interpreted as a presentation of what appearance the human race will take once toxic waste becomes a more prominent issue in society.

The third sequence had three men give a riveting performance each using the strength of the other to make his own performance stronger. This dance sequence suggests, perhaps, a homosexual relationship between three men. It could also represent the strength each individual has and the need of the others to feed off that strength. All I can say is that this was a definitely magnificent piece of artwork. There are no other words I can possibly use to describe it.

In all, the barren plateau theme of this complete sequence of dances (Fjeld) was emphasized by stark contrasts in themes, bleak music, bland costuming with earth tone colouring, and a morose coloured setting (black background with dark coloured lighting).

Finally, in "Sunrise", all the dancers made an appearance on stage to present an interesting performance about the death of the 19th century. The dancers performed with precise movements and the coordination between each dancer was wonderful to observe. This performance, according to the choreographer David Earle, represents the romance, heroism and pursuit of freedom that the 19th century embodied.

The Toronto Dance Theatre presented an excellent modern performance. Even though many ballet companies are attempting to become more modern in their presentations, not one company can be compared to the work of the TDT. It was one of the pioneers of modern dance and it continues to be innovative in its presentations of this form of dance. If you are a fan of modern dance, I strongly suggest that you attempt to view, at least once, this company's wonderfully bright performances.

Re-enacting the flag

raising at Iwajima.

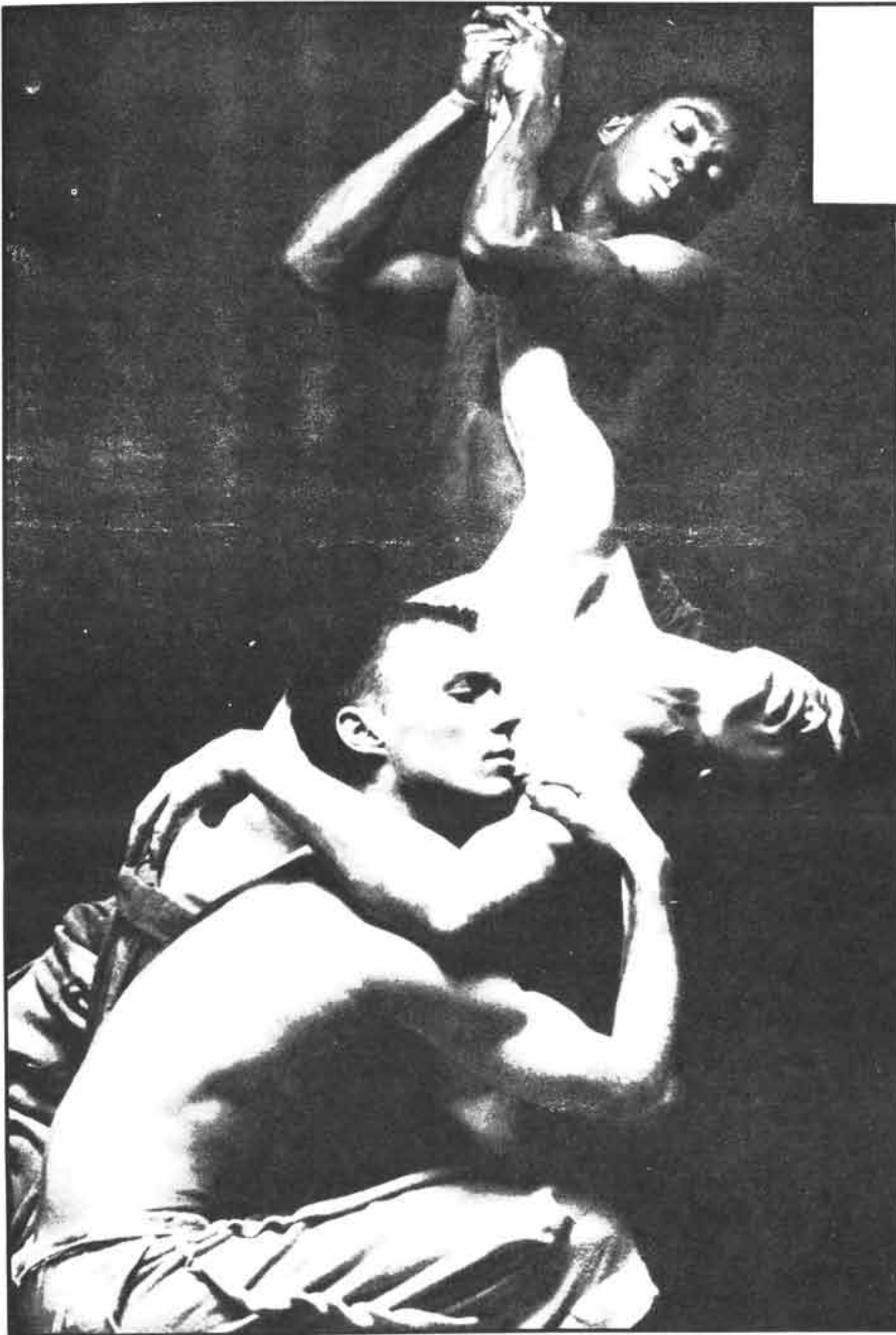
Duets", there was a procession of fifteen duets presenting an interesting interweaving of human actions and emotions. This performance was effected in blocks of five duets. Each block moved through different types of relationships moving from a state of dependency to one of friendship, then to one of melancholy and finally to one of a combination of them all.

The dancers were costumed in very bland colours letting their facial expressions and their movements interpret the emotions they wanted to portray. Frantic movements as well as strikingly violent ones represented the tension that can be felt in a disintegrating relationship. On the other hand, soft and swaying movements represented the calm atmosphere between two compatible people.

In "Fjeld", from the Norwegian referring to a barren plateau, the dancers appeared upon the stage in five different sequences. Only three of them were truly interesting to observe.

The first one presented a male dancer as a Godhead figure with female dancers each taking their turn to cling to him. He proceeded to slowly walk from one corner of the stage to the other while at the same time shrugging one woman to take up another and carry her further down the stage. This very simple sequence could represent the need of people to look up to someone in order to make progress in life less difficult. The "Footsteps" poem came to mind while I was watching this dance procession.

The next sequence was very light with the whole company of



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# No band-aid for musicians



Jim McIntyre swallows the microphone. He's trying to kick the habit; it's hard though. pic: Ward Black

by Chris Skalkos

Earlier this month WLU's newly formed Musicians' Network Club introduced their first annual-and-Laurier's-only Battle of the Bands extravaganza. This event featured four live bands, two of whom are on the club's Campus Grown 1991 cassette tape.

What was originally planned to be a launching pad for the new cassette in the form of a live performance for the students of Laurier, actually turned out to be a show for the band members' fans and a small U of W crowd.

The turnout was pitiful to say the least. Any lecture hall on campus could have held the number of people at the Turret that night, and my grandmother's annual backyard tea-party boasted more people than this event.

"This is like high school," explained the disappointed club president Jason Love pointing to the many empty seats. "It doesn't seem like the school is responding to our efforts," he added.

"If this was held at Mac, it would be packed," a band member from McMaster University commented. "Live acts are a regular thing over there and our bands are appreciated."

Despite the lack of support,

Surgical Groove, best described by Michael Werner on guitar as, "five students trying to defy the apathy of this school", kicked off the night. Their music is characterized by strong vocal harmonies supplied by the newly recruited Grace "I'm still single" Dueck while a complex melody is maintained by some intricate guitar picking.

They were quickly followed by "blues purists" Ice River, previously named Bad Signe, who provided the only blue notes of the entire night complete with a wailing sax and slinky harmonica playing.

Even though their lead guitarist was absent they appeared confident and relaxed. Bassist Ed Ruske explained that it didn't matter to them if they played in a full or empty venue, "we're here to have a good time".

Talent Night winners The Mourning After held the third spot on the bill and no matter how many times I see these guys they never cease to surprise me. Their set featured well played originals off of the Campus Grown cassette like the catchy pop-flavour of "Sunrise" which contrasted sharply against the dark foreboding message and twisted punk sounds of "Really Me". Two Zeppelin riffs were cleverly inserted in the middle of their set-your-cat-on-fire tune called "Still Waiting" before erupting into a Kink's tune, their only cover of the night.



Grace Dueck doesn't swallow the mic and the reasons are obvious. pic: Ward Black

Ronny And The Law appeared to be the headliners of the night, not because they were last, but because they were responsible for attracting a majority of the people there. This talented bunch delivered a variety of cover tunes that ranged from Dwight Yokum's "Little Sister" to Pink Floyd's "Comfortably Numb" to a reggae version of the most popular re-make song of the nineties, Bob Dylan's "Knocking On Heaven's Door".

However the night was not an entire loss as the people who did attend had a great time in showing their appreciation for this

organized gathering of Laurier's top rockers. Through events such as this, WLU has repeatedly proven that it houses a number of talented musicians. Yet the apathy that exists on campus deprives our bands the support and recognition they deserve.

It's upsetting to think that if the students of Laurier had a choice between supporting campus club sponsored events and bands, or quivering their tushes to the techno-pop-music-placebo of The Twist on a Saturday night...campus clubs like the Musicians' Network may cease to exist.

## TOP 10 RENTED MOVIES

For the week of Mar. 28 -Apr. 4

- 1) Ghost
- 2) Narrow Margin
- 3) Pacific Heights
- 4) Desperate Hours
- 5) White Hunter, Black Heart
- 6) Tune In Tomorrow
- 7) Pump Up The Volume
- 8) Duck Tails - Treasure of the Lost Land
- 9) State of Grace
- 10) Exorcist III

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# Vincent and Theo: "There is a God."



Vincent just used to paint decapitated heads, not bowls of fruit. That thing on the left was a gift.

by Jennifer Epps

It is a truism, perhaps, to say that artists are often lonely creatures, but filmmaker Robert Altman manages to transcend the obviousness of that thought in his portrait of Vincent Van Gogh's tortured life. The movie's great coup is to insist on telling Theo Van Gogh's story as well. **Vincent and Theo** traces the parallel lives of painter and patron; we see how difficult it was for Theo, an art curator, to live in the real world, handle Vincent's expenses, and play nicey-nice with the public he despised and feared, the public who wouldn't buy the results of his brother's sweat, blood, and tears.

There is a tremendous, attractive brittleness to Altman's achievement. He has captured something so elusive that it seems just about to slip off the screen -- as if he had caught a fairy, or made us hear one hand clapping. It's an original, like so many Altman films (such as **M\*A\*S\*H**, **Popeye**, **Fool for Love**, and **Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmie Dean, Jimmie Dean**) and in many ways it's "difficult," because you have to both bring something of yourself to it and abandon your expectations. The action has its own very

real logic, and you end up feeling as if you have spent the whole film looking through a window, overhearing bits of conversation, glimpsing secrets. It has that sort of reverberation, the sort when you understand something important about people you know but aren't sure what to do with the information.

The film has an ironic beginning. The voice of a modern day auctioneer at Christie's casually calls out million-dollar figures for one of Van Gogh's paintings, and Altman carries this voice into the next scene, where a grubby Vincent (Tim Roth), lying on a bare bed in a dingy room, glares at his older brother (Paul Rhys). And so we are plunged into the squalor and despair that surrounded the making of the now famous works.

## tremendous attractive brittleness

Julian Mitchell's script selects the important events and fashions them into very effective scenes: Vincent's relationship with a prostitute who models for him (Jip Wijngaarden), Theo's syphilis and love troubles (Anne Canovas and Johanna Ter Steege

play his girlfriend and wife, respectively), Vincent's disastrous attempt to share lodgings with the painter Paul Gauguin (Wladimir Yordanoff), and the downward spiral of Vincent's self-destructive mania and Theo's failing health.

Pain and commitment to artistic endeavor tie the siblings together, though they're usually separated by distance and quarrels. Theo cares about Vincent's painting just as intensely as Vincent does, but the straight jacket of respectability and responsibility (and blame) leads him to resent the artist.

Clearly, this isn't a cheerful tale, but Altman is not the type to have a bad attitude about such things. He's a true humanitarian, and he allows us to be touched by the characters' intimacy, appreciate the fall-out from the unbearably high stakes, and enter as much as we can into the mind of the passionate seer. There is a lot of painting going on this film: Vincent is always playing with his brushes and tubes, colouring his skin, scribbling crazy slogans on the wall, and even Theo puts make-up on his face after his lover abandons him. When Vincent cuts his ear, it's a moment of horror for us, but the filmmakers have made it plausible by showing us that Vincent is incapable of separating himself from his work, from his canvas. He probably regards his own blood as an interesting example of texture, line, and colour.

The immaculate performances of the British leads, Roth and Rhys, are so palpable that, even after the movie is over, you can feel them standing beside you. When Vincent sketches his nude model, he looks at her with the eyes of an artist and of a man, simultaneously. When Theo's unhappiness results in an outburst against some frivolous gallery guests, he works up to it by staring fixedly at their ridiculous little dog. Roth slumps along, oppressed from within. My mother would say that he "looks like an

open wound". Meanwhile, Rhys' limbs are always darting about uncontrollably. He looks as if he could, at any moment, fall off a cliff.

## "he looks like an open wound"

Editors Francoise Coispeau and Geraldine Peroni, with cinematographer Jean Lepine, have come up with an emotional and aesthetic rhythm quite unlike anything I've seen. Altman's influence is invisible yet potent; it's there in the way the pieces fit together. All the details are right, from Gabriel Yared's dramatic, melancholic score (almost as miraculously suited to the film as the music in **M\*A\*S\*H** was) to the close-up painting that opens and closes the movie, its brush strokes like emotions, like thoughts.

Vincent and Theo are two characters who went to hell and never made it back. But when human beings are able to make a film as exquisite as this, you can't help thinking "There is a God."

Playing at the Princess Cinema, March 28-April 3; also at the Guelph Book Shelf, April 12-17.

## Student directors

by Jana Watson

Several good things about Laurier are its aspiring directors.

As a requirement for the full year directing course, the students in the class direct a one-act play. This includes everything from choosing and in-depth analysis of the play to casting and directing the actors.

The actors chosen are student volunteers who are interested in theatre.

"It allows the actors to get a chance on stage," said Peter Roose, one of the directors.

"It's a growing, learning experience for all of us," he added.

The course, English 326/349, is taught this year by a guest lecturer, Steven Thorne. He monitors progress of the plays and acts as an adviser to the student directors.

The Wednesday performances include **Snow Angel**, directed by Laura McLennan, **The Zoo Story**, with Peter Roose directing and **The Chinese Restaurant Syndrome** as directed by Alisa Krause.

Thursday's productions are **A Slight Ache** directed by Kelly Judge and **Graceland** directed by Kelly McFazden.

The plays will be performed in 1E1 March 3 and March 4 beginning at 8 pm. All students are welcome to attend, free of charge.

"There

goes

my

'73 Dodge



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TUNES THAT ARE OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD



# One hot touring apparition

by Stephen Gracey

What has eight legs, two guitars, a set of drums and produces more energy than the Pickering

nuclear power plant? Answer: The Phantoms.

The Phantoms, the hottest band touring the Southern-Ontario bar circuit, played Johnny Be Good, a new rock 'n roll club in Cambridge, on March

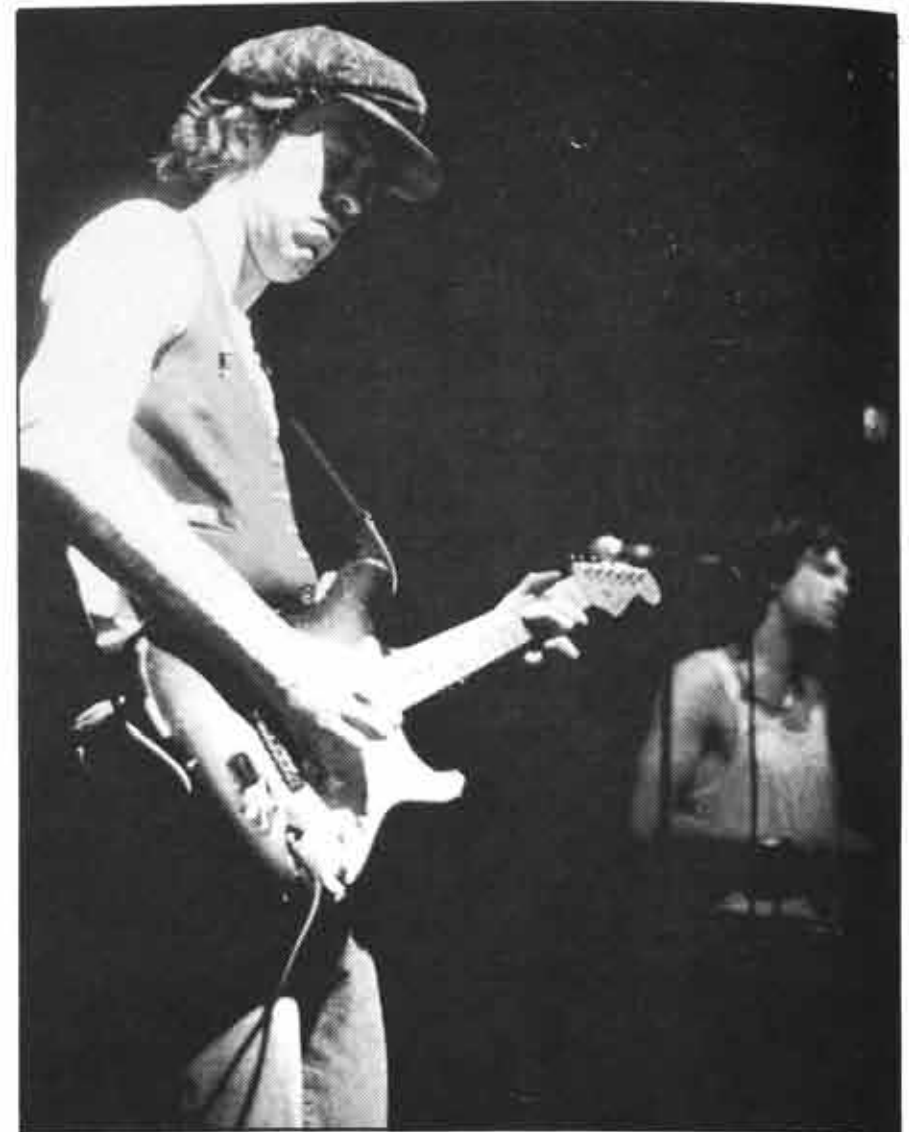
1st. The Toronto based band consists of four members: guitarist Joe Toole, drummer Gregory Ray, bassist Ben Richardson and Jerome Godboo, lead singer and harmonica player.

The Phantoms' musical style originate from classic blues and influences from such legendary blues acts as Johnny Winter and Canned Heat account for the band's blues-rock sound. Travelling with an entourage of original songs and a captivating stage show, The Phantoms are establishing a large following.

You have to see The Phantoms live to experience all that the band has to offer. Jerome Godboo exhibits a raw energy that very few bands (past or present) can attest to. Godboo's body is an instrument, and he plays it well. The songs move him with a force, contorting his body as he writhes around the stage, the dance floor and into the crowd.

Godboo has been compared to Jim Morrison and rightfully so. He bears a remarkable physical resemblance to Morrison, as well as a similar interest in the spiritual/mystical world. "Never say die," and "My spirit lives on," were among the spiritual messages Godboo conveyed to the audience. Phantoms' lyrics are filled with Godboo's personal philosophies on life; he says what he wants and does what he feels.

The show included most of the tracks off of The Phantoms' debut album titled "Pleasure Puppets". Songs such as "Heavenly Girl", "Suspicious", and "Life Like A Wheel" were performed in front of the capacity crowd. The band also incorporated a number of previously unrecorded tunes into the show. Among the new songs were "I'm Alive", "New Man Now" and "All My Love" which were greeted with applause and enthusiasm. I was



Joe Toole gets off on that dorian scale as singer Jerome Godboo looks off and thinks about clean apple undies.

pic: James Neilson

fortunate to arrive early and was rewarded with a perfect view of the band's explosive performance.

Mid-way through the show, The Phantoms introduced their hit song "Home". "This is our hit... no this is just another song," explained guitarist Joe Toole. The audience went nuts and stormed the dance floor upon hearing the catchy riff that begins the song.

After singing "Home", Godboo began to explain what home

means to him. "Home is apple pie, home is clean underwear," with that he pulled down his pants and displayed his clean underwear to the audience.

After a 60 minute, non-stop set, concluding with the politically oriented song "Big Bad World", The Phantoms left the stage. Their absence was short lived as the screaming audience brought the band back for an encore. "Stay", written and sung by drummer Gregory Ray, finished the show.

## Home is clean underwear

I had a chance to talk with Godboo after the show. When asked if a new album was in the making, he replied that they have enough songs for two albums. He then offered the name for the next Phantoms' album: "Beer Drinkers and Meditators". Gregory Ray remarked that they didn't know what to expect because Johnny Be Good is a new bar, but he added that they were pleased with the show and the turnout.

The Phantoms popularity is growing rapidly as they continue to pack clubs and concert halls across Canada. With two songs ("Home" and "Stay") receiving extensive air play, and other songs such as "Suspicious" starting to gain commercial recognition, The Phantoms are well on their way to fame and glory. Yet, they seem to be keeping it all in perspective, "You know you've made it when a peeler uses three of your songs in her set," remarked Ray. Witnessing The Phantoms' concert is an experience that you definitely do not want to miss.

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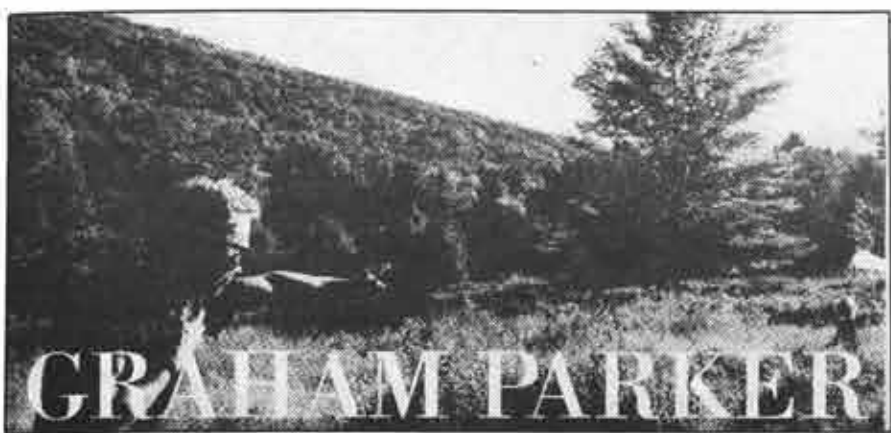
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# Get struck by Graham Parker



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it lifts you

I've never reviewed an album

by Graham Parker. In fact, I've never heard an album by Graham Parker. In fact, I've never reviewed an album. But when Scene Editor Guy E. was scrounging through the leftovers of the leftovers in the leftover tape drawer and said that I could keep the tape if I wrote something about it I said "yeehaw" because I knew at the worst I could pawn it for something good at Dr. Disc.

Anyway, this is the verdict on Graham Parker's *Struck by Lightning*. Damn cool.

This album mixes witty lyrics and witty music. It isn't that studio-perfected, perfectly sung, drum machine led, originality

bled crap that is usually described as "pop" music. Instead this has got some imperfections, some rawness, some bloody honesty, all accompanied by some tantalizing tempos.

In fact, I would call it very Elvis Costelloish (or maybe Costello is Parkeresque, hell if I know) which I think is a good thing. If there are Gods of melody and if they have defined what righteous pop music is I'm sure both Parker and Costello are mentioned.

Okay, so there are a few sappy tunes, like the mushy "Strong Winds" and "The Sun Is Gonna Shine Again" but overall it's a solid album. As mentioned, these songs have a lot of honesty and everyday humour in them. In "Children and Dogs", Parker complains that he had to buy a dog for his kid and that it's taking up all his time,

Now I'm outside freezing to death  
Just walking the dog  
Instead of throwing myself at my wife  
I'm throwing a log.

Even his songs about love are enjoyable because they have wit and originality, something lacking in your average top ten pop tune about this topic (i.e. the standard boy meets girl or vice versa, one leaves and the other moans about it forever crap). This is seen best in "And It Shook Me,"

Will you hold on and hope our  
grip don't fail

Sometimes lovers hammer in their  
own nails

I just read how universes start  
Continually they blow apart  
And it shook me and I'm still  
shaking now.

Cool.

This album is loaded. You got your reminiscent songs of idealist youth ("The Kid With The Butterfly Net), the eccentric but hip ("They Murdered The Clown") and the lonely and remorseful kinda bluesy ("Wrapping Paper"). The most honest song, the most philosophical song, the song in which Parker tells us that he's going through big changes in his life, "A Brand New Book", is the best song on the album though,

I once read the story of some-  
body's life  
I had a few moments to spare  
He was a good man who lived  
with his wife  
With the usual kids in his hair  
There was happiness a lot of  
weirdness

And a sprinkle of tragedy  
I pulled it by chance from a sec-  
ond hand bin  
But it could've been written just  
for me.

Anyway, this is a damn good album with damn good lyrics and damn good music. And it's a damn good bargain too. Fifteen songs, almost a whole hour's worth of ear pleasure. Buy it or borrow it but get it.

Jimmy Boyce

## More Morrissey (sigh)

Kill Uncle  
Morrissey  
Sire Records

Don't worry, "Little Man What Now?" Terry Grogan. You'll find that many critics agree with the infantile statements in your last "review". Real critics even. The fact that a male musician actually displays feelings and emotions more complex than "She was a fast machine..." has been enough to warrant death wishes from many like yourself.

In "Sing Your Life", Morrissey explains his musical philosophy. "Others sang your life / but now's your chance to shine / and have the pleasure of meaning what you sing. / Oh, make no mistake, my friend. / All of this will end / So sing it now. / All the things you love / All the things you loathe." Somehow, I can't see anything that isn't admirable in that open and honest style of writing.

Backing up Morrissey's unique, thought-provoking vocals are Mark E. Nevin from Fairground Attraction on guitars, Bedders from ska-boys Bad Manners on the bass, and Andrew Paresi on drums. Steve Heart and Seamus Beaghen add keyboards to make up for the lack of Johnny Marr. Nawazish Ali Khan adds international flavour with his violin in the first single, "Our

Frank" and in "Asian Rut", which paints a vulgar picture of racial violence in England.

The music on this album shows an incredibly diverse range of styles. From the bluesy bass line in "King Lear", to the hard-edged, funky "Found Found Found", Morrissey changes musical techniques as often as he changes shirts. "There's A Place In Hell For Me and My Friends (sic)" exposes Morrissey's vocal talents to perfection. Backed by only a piano, Morrissey softly croons about the inevitability of death.

The second half of the album does seem to drag on a little bit, because four songs in a row are very slow, including the gems "Driving Your Girlfriend Home" and "(I'm) The End of the Family Line". "Driving..." has much the same ambience of the Smiths classic, "There is a Light That Never Goes Out". When listening to that song, you feel like you're actually driving a car down a dark, country road with the rain beating down on the windshield. "(I'm) The End of the Family Line" shows Morrissey's deeply-rooted desire to have children, evidenced by the lyric: "No baby pulled screaming / Out into this seething whirl / by chance or whim / or even love?"

Kill Uncle is not for everybody. For those of you like Terry

Grogan who exclusively listen to good old Rock & Roll, it will be a total waste of your time to even look at this album. However, if you can handle something more imaginative, if you can understand cynicism and you can tolerate men who openly display their humanity and vulnerability, you might like this one. It's one of those albums you either absolutely despise, or completely love. I love it. 5 stars.

Chris Ariens

## Music Notes

by Chris Skalkos

1968\*\*The Rolling Stones filmed their *Rock'n'Roll Circus* TV special in London highlighting the formation of the one-time "super-group" comprising John Lennon, Keith Richards, Eric Clapton and drummer Mitch Mitchell from The Jimi Hendrix Experience.


1978\*\*Muddy Waters, dressed in his best suit and tie, played at Jimmy Carter's White House Picnic.

1988\*\*The Grateful Dead proved they're still alive and kicking as they played nine sold-out dates at New York's Madison Square Gardens, breaking Neil Diamond's house record there.

### STAR QUOTE

"Love is 2 minutes and 50 seconds of squelching noises."  
Johnny Rotten's theory on romance.

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# Rheostatics cynical and good



melville

it's a record review, for the Rheostatics (nifty guys), called "Melville" produced by Intrepid Records....

What with the controversy around the Cord recently, it seems the New Kids on the Block have stopped sending us promo albums. Anyway, there were none around when I looked; so I picked from Guy's grab-bag of new cassettes and pulled out Melville, the Rheostatics' new album. Well, they're no New Kids, or for that matter, any other group of detestable people. They are, in fact, well they're....

They're good. The 'Statics

play good, honest music. Perhaps the album's best song, "Horses" starts off sort of talky-singy-rambly; progresses to a yelling, heavy drums, loud guitar denouncement of unions or big faceless companies (or both, I'm not sure); and then goes most of the way back to angry-talky-singy-rambly.

Most of the album is an exploration of simple guitar, drum and vocal manoeuvres. It's a down-to-Earth, un-slick, recorded in three days, rock 'n' roll album.

They're offensive. Sorta. They're a bit sacrilegious, they say "tits" once, and they refer to Lenny Bruce's ten-letter word; if you're the type of university student who has to be protected from

this kind of thing, the album's not for you.

They're Canadian. They have one song called "Saskatchewan"; another, a slightly pretentious French song ("J'ai décidé d'écrire / En français pour cette chansons / Ce n'est pas les mots, c'est la mélodie / Qui parle avec clarté"); and even these lyrics: "I'll follow your trail / 'til

your love becomes a snowbank". A snowbank. Honest.

Think "Jane Siberry", if she were four angry young men, with an old car, but no dog.

They're not from Manchester. Well, they're not.

They're cynical. Not just the obligatory, "Because I never change...I'm always the same/Because I don't believe in things I can't see", in their very

good "Lying's Wrong", but deeper, more intrusively, as in their angst-stifling-Indian-outdoors-suicide-youth song, "Record Body Count" -- the Rheostatics are more than just a brooding, sardonic rock group....

THEY'RE DAMN GOOD. Check out this album. Really. Please.

Aug-Juan "Chip" Eitsen

## Up & Coming

If you happen to be headin' to Hamilton tonight you may want to catch **Jack DeKyzer** at Aztex. He'll be at Johnny Be Good in Cambridge (why isn't it spelled Caim-bridge?) on Friday.

YAW! Making their unheralded and triumphant return from entertaining the troops in the Gulf, War Wagon is with Roy 'Deadlines' Ellis at Morty's on Friday. Good show, man.

If anyone is left in town this weekend (maybe two or three of you, or maybe you'll come back early just for this. I will.) head out to Maryhill to see the Salt Lake City based **Bourbon Tabernacle Choir** on Saturday. They'll be at the Horseshoe in T.O. on Thursday (today). I'm there.

Sail down to see **Glider** at Stages on Sunday--they

were here during Frosh Week oh those many moons ago...

Here's something good about Laurier--student plays. 'Snowangel', 'The Zoo Story' and 'The Chinese Restaurant Syndrome' on Wednesday and 'A Slight Ache' and 'Graceland' on Thursday in 1E1 at 8 pm. All productions are one act and all are directed by students and feature students and admission is free.

And now for something a little different and a lot interesting. The **Waterwalker Film and Video Festival** celebrates films and videos on canoeing and kayaking and on the preservation of our natural environment. There will be films from all over the world and a 'best of' package will hit the Princess on April 4 and 5. Should be a great viewing.

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# Split a gut with Vonnegut

by Jimmy Boyce

Kurt Vonnegut was a prisoner of the Germans in World War Two. He was taken to the city of Dresden. One day in 1945 air raid sirens went off and Vonnegut and the other prisoners were taken underground into a slaughterhouse. When they came back up Dresden was gone.

So it goes.

Twenty-three years later Vonnegut finally wrote about the event in *Slaughterhouse Five* (subtitled *The Children's Crusade: A Duty-Dance With Death*), a novel that could be labelled fiction, science fiction, humour or biography. It would transform him from a writer with a cult college following into one with mass appeal.

The novel itself develops in bits and pieces as it jumps about on three different levels. Sometimes it takes place in Ilium, New York where main character Billy Pilgrim is an optometrist going dazedly through his life, accepting everything that happens to him.

Sometimes it takes place in Europe during World War Two where we follow Billy's capture, imprisonment in Dresden and experiences after the fire-bombing of that city.

And sometimes it takes place on the planet Tralfamadoria, whose natives have captured Billy and are keeping him in their zoo with movie sex symbol Montana Wildhack. There he learns that humans are unique in believing that there is free will. "Among the things Billy Pilgrim could not change were the past, the present and the future." The advice? Enjoy the good moments, ignore the bad.

These three elements are cleverly linked as Vonnegut produces ideas on life, death, war and human nature. At one point Billy is driving through the Ilium ghetto and although he compares it to Dresden he refuses to let it upset him. "It looked like Dres-



den after it was fire-bombed - like the surface of the moon. The house where Billy had grown up used to be somewhere in what was so empty now. This was urban renewal. A new Ilium Government Center and a Pavilion of the Arts and a Peace Lagoon and high-rise apartments were going up here soon. That was all right with Billy Pilgrim." Only later, when Billy travels back in time to the war and through his experiences on Tralfamadoria do we learn why he refuses to get upset about Dresden.

Vonnegut also includes characters from other novels such as conscientious millionaire Eliot Rosewater and cynical science fiction writer Kilgore Trout. The latter is used to introduce witty ideas through science fiction like "The Gospel from Outer Space." In this story, an extra-terrestrial visitor studying Christianity concludes that instead of teaching mercy, the Gospels stress care in selecting who to kill. "The flaw in the Christ stories, said the visitor from outer space, was that Christ, who didn't look like much, was

actually the Son of the Most Powerful! Being in the Universe. Readers understood that, so, when they came to the crucifixion, they naturally

thought, and Rosewater read out loud again:

"Oh, boy - they sure picked the wrong guy to lynch that time!"

"And that thought had a brother: 'There are right people to lynch' Who? People not well connected. So it goes."

*Slaughterhouse-Five* became a controversial book during the seventies as some school boards tried to ban it from the curriculum. Vonnegut claimed that even by the standards of Queen Victoria the only offensive line in the novel was, "Get out of the road, you dumb motherfucker," a reasonable statement coming from an antitank gunner to a chaplain's assistant who had just drawn enemy fire.

Slamming school-board trustees, particularly those who bragged of their illiteracy by claiming they had never read the book, Vonnegut suggested a solution to the problem, "Every candidate for school committees should be hooked up to a lie-detector and asked this question: 'Have you read a book from start to finish since high school? Or

did you even read a book from start to finish in high school?'"

"If the truthful answer is 'no,' then the candidate should be told politely that he cannot get on the school committee and blow off his big bazoo about how books make children crazy."

Vonnegut considers *Slaughterhouse-Five* to be one of his best novels, giving it an "A+" (he ranked his works in *Palm Sunday*). He also gave high marks to his earlier works. Of these I have only read *The Sirens of Titan* which I consider to be even better than *Slaughterhouse Five*. Other people have told me that *Mother Night* and *Cat's Cradle* are both excellent novels as well.

For those who would rather watch than read, *Slaughterhouse Five* was also made into a movie (Roy Hill directing). Also currently in the works is *Welcome to the Monkeyhouse*, a collection of short pieces to be released this year, and an adaption of the massive-selling *Breakfast of Champions* which will follow.

So it goes.

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# Music Faculty a dream come true

## LEFT OF THE DIAL

by Guy Etherington

I love music and this school is a music lover's wet dream.

We have a great music faculty; some of the most talented people I have ever met come out of the Aird Building. Walk through the Aird Building sometime if you can find your way through the maze of hallways and large egos. Listen to people rehearse--beautiful, simply beautiful.

When I was in first year, Macdonald House was the home of the Faculty of Music. Early in the morning I would walk to class and I would hear a voice. A voice that may have been rough and untamed to the trained ear but to my Philistine ear it gave me a great deal of pleasure. Many people I know also enjoyed hearing her vocal calls and wails as they echoed around the outside of Macdonald House. It was a perfect way to begin the day--hearing such a gifted vocalist using her talent well. I don't know who she was but I thank her for those moments.

One of the things that you can bitch about with the music faculty is the lack of attention it gets. That's a pretty darn ironic thing to say coming from a person who

could and should give the Faculty more press attention. I apologize; I've been kinda lazy. You deserve more attention from *the Cord* but you also deserve more attention from students. I'm pretty sure the rest of the students have a vague idea as to what goes on with performances and recitals but they're just too unconcerned to take a couple of hours to enrich their lives with the bevy of talent that is displayed throughout the year. A lot of the stuff is free (Concerts at Noon on Tuesdays and Thursdays) or very cheap for students.

You should get over there and see some of the stuff that goes on. It's amazing; these things aren't done for the hell of it; they're done because the people involved are going to do this as a career. It doesn't take a modern day Socrates to figure out that the performers are dam good.

And as for that line 'classical music is too imposing and it scares me', well, they do jazz and popular music as well. No type of music is imposing if you start listening to it and become familiar with how it works. And all you have to do to become familiar with the music the Faculty of Music performs is to attend one

of their performances. Tough, eh?

You probably know a Music major. Ask he/she/them about what is going on; they'll be able to tell you about it in terms that you can understand. That's what I do with my roommate; he's in

music and when there is something going on that I have absolutely no clue as to what it is all about I'll ask him 'What is it all about? What is it like?' He tells me in terms my non-music major mind can grasp and the experi-

ence is quite painless. In fact, it's mind expanding. If the event sounds interesting, then I'll go and I usually enjoy it.

Try it sometime. What's holding you back? Your closed mind and some irrational fears?

## Life as a big bug

by Jimmy Boyce

Okay, I ain't no English major. So when someone told me that *The Metamorphosis* by Franz Kafka would broaden me culturally and make me a better person I thought I'd give it a try (plus it was only fifty-five pages long).

Okay, now I'm going to tell you the whole story in four words: *life as a bug*. Well, not just a bug, but a *really big bug*.

Yep, salesman Gregor Samsa wakes up one morning and finds out he's got a hard shell and a slew of thin wiggling legs. Needless to say his family and his boss (not to mention Gregor) are a little surprised and upset. The rest of the story is about Gregor's experiences as a bug and the reactions of others to his bugginess.

Is this great literature? Well, I was told that it's a desperate scream about alienation. Alienation shmalienation, this sounds like an assignment I would get in creative writing class: *please write a short story in which you assume the character of a really big bug*.

Not that there aren't a few funny moments in the story. Like when the people renting a room from

Gregor's parents find out they have the nightmare of cockroaches as a room-mate. Surprise surprise when they want their money back. I phoned the housing office and they said they'd never had such a complaint although they admitted it would be pretty damn valid in court.

Okay, back to *The Metamorphosis*. I did read some reviews of this story and found them very contradictory. One critic said that Gregor's enjoyment of his sister's violin playing suggested he still had distinct human tendencies. Fine. But then the same critic stated that the exact opposite could be interpreted, that Gregor might have experienced the music on a "primitive emotional basis." Make up your mind!

Personally, I think the backbone of this story is its empiricism. It's a lot like the movie *The Fly*. It takes a guy, turns him into an insect, and then outlines his experiences from there. It's wacky, off-the-wall, and yes, I have to admit it, there is a lot of alienation stuck in. And I have to admit it is kind of cool considering it was written way back in 1915 (and to think that Kafka asked to have all his works burnt when he died). So if you're weird, like weird things, do weird things, like insects or just want to see life from the point of view of one, pick up the *The Metamorphosis*.

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# SPORTS

## WCHS clinic a huge success

by Brock Greenhalgh  
Cord Sports

This past Saturday saw the first annual Waterloo County High Schools Football Clinic take place, and the event was an overwhelming success. Co-ordinators, Jim Sekerak and Darrin Davidson had planned the clinic as part of their requirements for Physical Education 242, the same course that brought us the cannonball contest last week. The clinic was open to all high school football players, but centred mostly on senior grades. Both Davidson and Sekerak would like to see the clinic to become a yearly event, and use it as a tool to help tie Wilfrid Laurier University to the community.

Other members that helped in setting up the project include Tim Smith who acted as the chairman, Jeff Weddig, Shawn Plamondin, Rob Malich and Dave Barg. These students worked with Professor Jeff Maslanka in making the clinic possible.

Over fifty high school athletes were present at the clinic as well as twenty staff members, including coaches from both the University of Waterloo and WLU. Chris Triantifiliou did an exceptional job as the defensive back coach. Alumni and present players from the Golden Hawks varsity team were also on hand to help the youngsters learn and improve on the fundamentals of the grid-iron game.

The morning began for the athletes in the Peters Building, where they sat through two hours of seminars on such topics as offensive and defensive fundamentals as well as drugs in athletics.

Golden Hawks' trainer Sheila Bauman is also the CIAU spokesperson on drug abuse and led a video presentation "Drugs in Sport".

A skills clinic took place in the Athletic Complex after the presentations dealing with all of the fundamentals of the sport. It was this part of the day that the students couldn't get enough of. A great time was had by all as the high school athletes had a chance to come together and learn from one another.

Lunch and awards were made possible by the sponsorship of Little Caesars, Pizza Hut, Pizza Pizza, Coca-Cola, Twin City Trophies and Ed-Com Media Productions.

In the afternoon the participants had a chance to show off and develop certain skills. Various competitions were held and the first place results are as follows: BENCH PRESS: (tie) Ryan Hunter of Galt Secondary School and Dimitri Haddad of Resurrection S.S. 40 YARD DASH: Dimitri Haddad (4.65 secs.) SHUTTLE DRILL: Cam McLaughlin of Galt Secondary School VERTICAL JUMP: Ryan Hunter (28 inches) DIPS AND CHIN UPS: Elmor Shamon of Resurrection with 32 and 20 respectively.

Grade thirteen students were not invited to the clinic because of OUAA recruitment laws restricting universities from bringing in high school students. Jim Sekerak and Darrin Davidson would like to give a special thanks to Wally Delahey, Executive Director of the OUAA who cleared the event and offered his support to the clinic.



"You have got to be kidding me. Me against him?"

pic: Chris Skalkos

Jeff Maslanka has already promised to run the event again next year, and Davidson and Sekerak hope that the clinic will continue to grow to become possibly a two day camp. They would also like to see support from other coaches in the OUAA. Coaches from the conference had been invited to the camp, but most of them had earlier obligations to meetings in Toronto. The two feel that the idea behind

greater success is organization and high profile speakers to bring more attention to the event.

All who attended the day long clinic were impressed with what they saw. Younger students asked whether or not it would run again next year. They plan on playing ball in high school and see the clinic as the perfect way of learning what they need to know to play better and gain more from the sport.

Jim Sekerak hopes that every athlete that came to the clinic walked away learning at least one thing they hadn't known before. If this is the case, then the clinic was a success and should be continued in the years to come. By inviting OUAA and high school coaches to Laurier for that one day gives them a perfect opportunity to learn about what is going on at both levels of competition.

## A final farewell

by Andrew Bailey  
Cord Sports

Despite the unfortunate fact that the Wilfrid Laurier Golden Hawks were not a part of the 1991 CIAU hockey championship, the final four nevertheless featured some entertaining hockey.

The top ranked and favourite UQTR Patriotes dominated the Toronto tournament posting victories over the UPEI Panthers and the University of Alberta Golden Bears to capture their second ever Canadian crown.

Last year the Hawkey Hawks knocked off Les Patriotes in the semi-final thanks mostly to the outstanding play of netminder Rob Dopson. This year's edition of the championship featured another hot goalie: Trois Rivières' Denis Desbiens. He led the CIAU with a 2.28 goals against average during the regular season and entered the tourney with a 3.00 GA in the playoffs.

Desbiens' scintillating play earned him tournament MVP distinctions, the same award Dopson captured in 1990.

On Friday Desbiens backstopped Trois Rivières to a 4-3 win over the underdog Panthers. Heavily favoured UQTR had been expected to breeze by UPEI but the islanders put forward a valiant effort and made Les Patriotes work for a berth in the final. At one point the Panthers held a 3-1 advantage, but Les Patriotes showed their opponents a thing or two about come-from-behind hockey.

In the other semi-final on Saturday afternoon, it took the Golden Bears two extra frames to dispose

of the pesky Waterloo Warriors by a score of 5-4. Overtime games break hearts and create heroes. While the Black and Gold headed for heartbreak hotel the hero was Alberta sniper Doug McCarthy who dashed any UW delusions of a University Cup. He converted a long relay burying the disk behind jaded Warrior puckstopper Steve Udvari in the thirteenth minute of the second OT session lifting the Bears to victory. The goal quieted the hundreds of Warrior fans who journeyed to Varsity in hope of seeing the UW capture their first title since 1974.

Bill Moore's Bears (34-10-3, including exhibition and playoffs) were looking to earn a rare distinction: a victory against the 17-4-1 Patriotes. However, Dany Dube's slick skating Patriote squad proved to be too much for the sluggish and obviously overmatched Golden Bears who had been in search of their eighth national title in nineteen appearances.

Dube's troops strutted their stuff handily disposing of the rough and tumble underdogs with a 7-2 thumping.

Jean Bergeron tainted the scoresheet for the Quebecers only 46 seconds into the game. Minutes later the 24 year old tallied again converting a power play supplying his team with an early 2-0 advantage that they would never relinquish.

UQTR riddled the Bears with a three goal blitz in the middle frame and added a few more markers in the final period. Despite the lopsided result, Les Patriotes managed a scant 19 shots at two Alberta

continued on page 31



They got a chance to show their stuff.

pic: Chris Skalkos



# Place your bets please

by Craig Burt  
Cord Sports

As the NHL schedule approaches the final weekend, the picture is nearly focused for the engagement of the second season, the springtime's special event, the road to Lord Stanley's coveted Cup. The final standings are yet to be confirmed, but the top contenders for the precious piece of silverware have all been identified. A list of top contenders would have to include: the Boston Bruins, Chicago Blackhawks, St. Louis Blues, Los Angeles Kings, and Calgary Flames. This list should also include the Montreal Canadiens because of their top-notch goaltender, Patrick Roy and because of their perennial playoff history of success. The list could even reach down to the Pittsburgh Penguins and the New York Rangers although they are considered by most to be weaker than their Adams opponents and less likely to get into the Stanley Cup final. Finally the list would have to include the Edmonton Oilers as the defending champions, despite a poor season of play. If my addition is correct that would make a total of nine legitimate Stanley Cup contenders. This should

make for an exciting and surprising playoff.

One thing that should not come as a surprise is that at least one first place team will be eliminated in the first round by a fourth place team. Since the last major realignment of the NHL in '81-'82, there has been at least one first place team ousted in the first round every year. The most recent was last year's surprise defeat of Calgary by Los Angeles. This means that a first place finish does not necessarily mean a date at the conference finals.

The most likely contenders for upset would appear to be Hartford over Boston and Minnesota over Chicago. Hartford has had trouble all year but the Bruins seem due for a fall after fighting hard for a shot at first place overall. Also the goaltending of Jon Casey in Minnesota could be the difference in a seven-game series. It would appear unlikely that either of these top teams could lose in the playoffs. Sometimes a team fighting for a playoff spot will have more intensity and momentum coming into a playoff series as a huge underdog and this gives them the edge.

Something that a lot of people

associate with the NHL playoffs is pools. Poolsters are always scheming, trying to figure out everything that will happen in the four sets of series, so that they can pick the best possible team of players. One important aspect to note when selecting a team of players is that the powerplay is often the source of many goals in the playoffs. This means that offensive defencemen like Ray Bourque, Al Macinnis and Chris Chelios are usually strong picks. Also players that thrive in power-

play situations like Dino Ciccarelli, Denis Savard and Craig Simpson are also strong choices. Of all the contenders it would appear that only the Pittsburgh Penguins are the class of their division and likely to go at least two or three rounds. The offensive nature of their team makes players like Lemieux, Coffey, Recchi, Francis and Stevens the men to take. Also, the emergence of a surprise scoring star has been a trend of late. Last year John Druce came out of third and

fourth line obscurity to lead the Washington Capitals in scoring through three rounds. The year before it was Chris Kontos of Los Angeles. However, unless you know the player personally and have the inside track on what he has in store, this type of prognostication is virtually impossible. Also rookie and second year players who are fresh to playoff play seem to give their best effort and often turn out to be strong picks.

## Around the ring

by Mark the Mauler  
Cord Sports

Wrestlemania results were no surprise to the Mauler. Every one of my win/loss predictions came true with the exception of the Rockers vs. Haku and Barbarian. The Rockers double-teamed Haku for about a minute to score the pin.

"Macho King" Randy Savage is no longer active in the WWF. Sadly enough, he was beaten by the Ultimate Warrior fair and square. Savage's valet Sensational Sherry screamed and

kicked at Savage after his loss but was ousted by none other than Elizabeth, who was sitting at ringside. As Elizabeth and Savage hugged each other the fans cheered, children smiled, and women cried...watching this pathetic soap opera was sickening for the Mauler. Savage first entered the WWF in the summer of 1985 and hired Elizabeth within a few weeks. He captured the WWF Intercontinental Championship from Tito Santana in February 1986, the WWF World Championship via tournament in March 1988, and became king of the WWF after dethroning "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan in October 1989. Savage arguably had the best personality in the wrestling community and drew large crowds whenever he wrestled. He will be greatly missed.

Isn't it amazing how whenever someone turns from rulebreaker to good guy they instantly become a better wrestler? I seem to recall when Virgil worked for Ted DiBiase, he couldn't do anything except take the blows from his boss! Sensational Sherry, who is out of a job now, actually came to the rescue of Ted DiBiase as he was getting the pulp beat out of him by

Virgil. Expect DiBiase to hire Sherry as his new valet.

The mysterious individual who always saves wrestlers from brutal post-match beatings has turned out to be Brutus Beefcake. It is not known whether Beefcake will return to the ring fulltime, or whether he has even fully recovered from his terrible parasailing accident last July 4.

Naturally, Hulk Hogan holds the WWF World Championship again after narrowly defeating Sargeant Slaughter. The Sarge might now leave the WWF while General Adnan will manage the Iron Shiek, who made his return to the WWF. The future of Slaughter is undetermined, but I'll bet he will no longer be any sort of spokesperson for G.I. Joe.

How much longer can the WWF hold onto Hulk Hogan as their champion? Hogan is getting older, his wrestling days are running thin, and he may retire shortly. The WWF supposedly lost money in ticket sales while the Ultimate Warrior was champion, and will have a difficult time replacing Hogan with someone who draws as many crowds as he does.

Tune in again next week mat fans, for more news on the WWF, the only wrestling that matters.

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# Needem, gotem, needem, needem

by Jim Boyce  
Special to Cord Sports

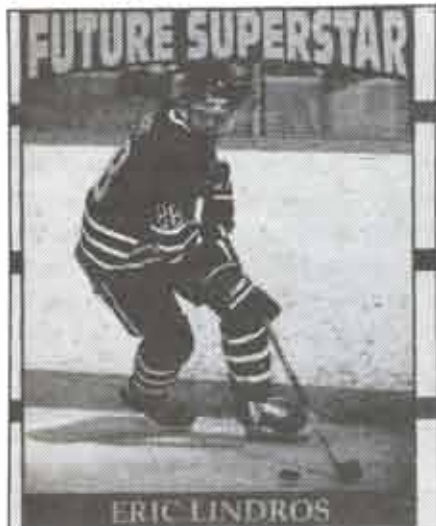
YEEEEEEHAWWW! Hockey cards are in!

Remember them winter afternoons behind the school with all your friends, shuffling through stack upon stack of cards until their corners were frayed, your hands so numb from cold that you couldn't do up your fly after you peed your name in the snow? Gotem, gotem, needem, gotem, day after day, trying to fill a bloody set and always ending up one or two cards short, you know, needing one frickin' Ed Van Impe.

Well, those days are back because hockey cards are red hot like fire.

I myself became a born again collector six months ago in a Chinese history class. A couple of my buddies were always gabbing about their stupid collections and it was irritating as hell cause it didn't have much to do with Mao Tse-tung. But then one of them gave me a card of the greatest goalie of all time (and my favourite) Tony Esposito and it was just like going back to childhood (sniff).

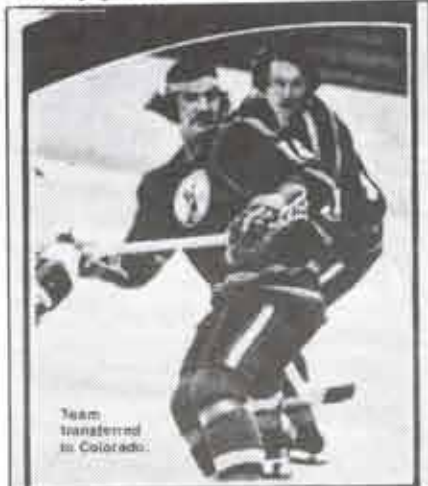
And I thought I might buy some old cards until I went down to Kitchener to check out the prices. Five hundred bucks for a rookie Wayne Gretzky card! I figured I must have had ten of those when I was a kid so I phoned my brother and told him



to dig our old cards out of the basement. But all he found was one Gretzky that had been folded in half for about eight years. And three frickin' Ed Van Impes.

Anyway, cards are a big thing now. When we were kids there was only one kind, O-Pec-Chee, and they came with a hunk of

pink slate gum that you could chip your teeth on. Now there are six different brands with anti-counterfeit markings, high-tech designs and no gum. And they charge a buck or more for one bloody pack!



Yep, cards have gone haywire in a capitalist way.

There is the speculative market. These are rookies who might or might not be big stars. Eric Lindros is still in junior A and he's already got a card selling for twelve bucks a crack.

There's also blue-chip cards like Gordie Howe and Bobby Orr. These guys are already retired and in the hall of fame and everybody wants their cards, especially older farts who are usually the only people who can afford them.

Then you have cards that lie between the two. This would be a Brett Hull rookie card (forty to fifty bucks already!). If he plays a full career it'll be worth lots and lots but if he gets hurt, well... remember Detroit pitcher Mark Fidrych? Neither does anyone else.

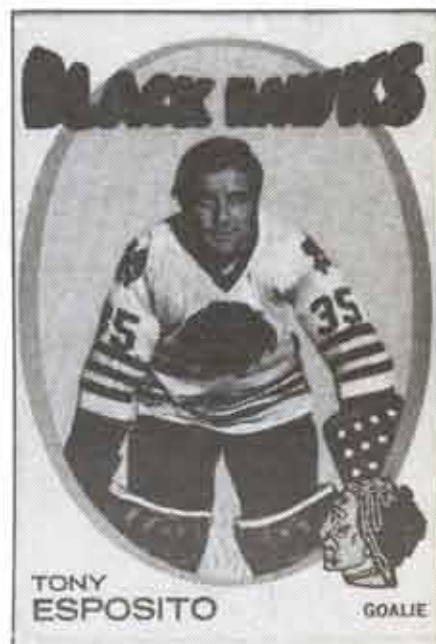
A lot of collectors are also into buying wax. This means unopened boxes (36 packs) or cases (12 boxes). The concept is much like that of a lottery. When you sell the cards, the buyer is hoping to get the best cards of that particular year in it. For instance, one unopened pack of cards from Gretzky's rookie year costs over sixty dollars! Compare this to twenty cents just ten years ago and you can understand the motivation for investors. This year's big deal is the Premier hockey card series by O-Pec-Chee. While these sold for only eighteen to twenty dollars a few months ago, the high demand has now driven prices up to fifty dollars or more per box (if you c-

find them at all).

Many collectors say that garage sales and flea markets are good places to find cheap cards but it's tough searching and requires some good luck. I spent almost every Saturday this past summer hunting down cards on my bike but either the person selling them knew their worth or else some jerk had come the night before and bought them. I only ended up getting about 500 cards (about one per hour of biking) but did come home with a nifty set of bi-centennial shot glasses, a Jack Kerouac book with only four pages missing and a clock radio that works if you put something heavy on it.

Not everyone is as unlucky as me though. My friend Joe went to the flea market in Brampton and in addition to getting some fruit for his mother (what a nice boy) he picked up two Gretzky rookie cards for a dollar (that's a thousand clams worth!). Now he's got thirteen of them and I got one, with that bloody awful crease.

Anyway, cards are a great hobby so forget what the environmentalists say. We've got too many damn trees in this country and not enough culture. Cut 'em down I say and turn 'em into cards. They're fun to collect, a damn good investment and as representative of what Canada stands for as anything else.



## Farewell continued...

continued from page 29

goalenders while Desbiens had to contend with a 40 shot barrage and made several brilliant stops.

The CIAU may want to look into slightly altering the format next year. UQTR played Friday night and did not play again until Sunday's matinee final. On the other hand, the U of A laboured through 93 minutes of hockey Saturday afternoon and were forced to catch their breath and face off against the well rested Patriotes only 19 hours later.

Hawk Coach Wayne Gowing said the coaches have no input as to when the games are scheduled.

Next season looks like a major rebuilding year for the Hawkey Hawks, Gowing expects at least seven departures including five of six defensemen. Bidding farewell to the OUAA hockey wars are Scott Driscoll, Steve Purves, Larry Rucchin and all star Marc Lyons. Pete Choma is questionable.

"I'm looking at a more desolate situation than this year," said Gowing, referring to the loss of nine players after the 1989-90. However, this year the Hawks were a pleasant surprise finishing 13-8-1 and advancing to the West division final against a talented Warrior crew.

"Defensively we're going to struggle, losing four or five quality [defensemen]," remarked Gowing. Jamie Patenall is the sole rearguard returning to patrol the Bubble blueline.

Centre Dan Rintche and winger Kevin Smith also retire from the CIAU hockey scene this year.

Forwards Don Oberle, Mike Maurice and Howdi Micoski may or may not return to the rink in 1991-92. Backstopper Mike Matuszek is also uncertain as to whether or not he will don the Purple and Gold next Fall.

High scoring winger Sean Davidson along with fellow forwards mark McCreary, Steve Girggs, Mike Dahls and Dave Burke will all be back in quest of another division title in '91. Goalers Jeff Laceby and Murray Townsend will return to defend the WLU net.

"Hopefully our recruiting will be better (this year) than last year," stated an optimistic Gowing.

the 1991-92 Hawk crew will no doubt feature a number of CIAU rookies. Hopefully talented veterans like Davidson and McCreary will mix well together with some fresh new faces. The Hawks are a team with a tendency to surprise. Two years ago they finished the season 13-10 and went all the way to the National final. Last year they shocked Laurier fans by not capturing Canada's top hockey prize. Again this year most Hawkey observers were surprised yet pleasantly pleased by the Hawk's strong finish in the OUAA West despite the loss of university hockey's best player, Mike Maurice. Had Maurice not fell to injuries, you have to believe the Warriors would have encountered more than they could handle with the Hawks. Maurice's skill and finesse would have proved too much for Waterloo.

...while trying to juggle four  
or five courses...

So do not be too surprised if next season Wayne Gowing and his troops continue the long tradition of winning hockey teams that WLU is so rightfully proud of and renowned for. Thanks to all the Hawkey Hawks and their coaching staff who worked like crazy day in and day out from October all the way through to March to maintain Laurier's reputation for athletic excellence. Playing university hockey means dedicating many hours every week to the game. It means sacrificing most of your weekends as well as the Thanksgiving break, part of your December vacation and part of your Reading Week. All this while at the same time trying to juggle four or five courses. There is little time to waste if your goal is to excell academically and athletically. If you are around next year, make sure you head down to the Bubble to take in some of the best hockey around, it is the very least you can do.

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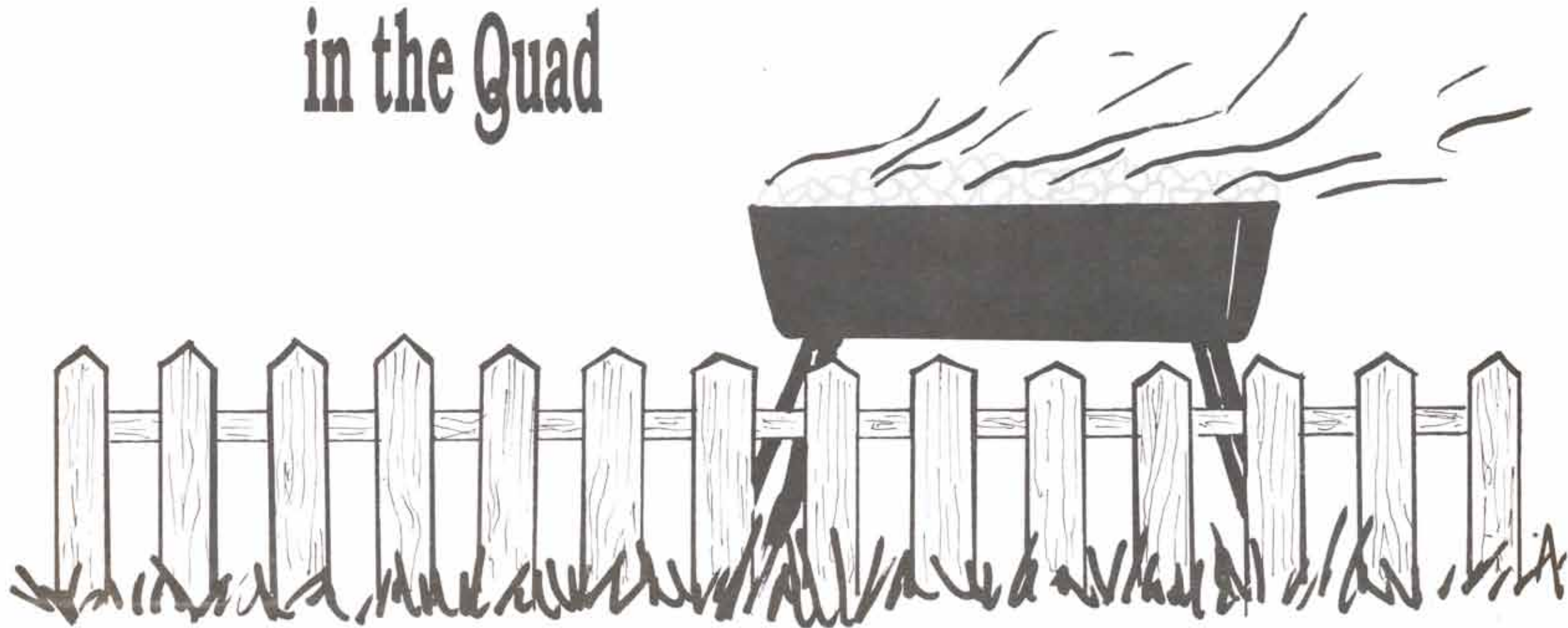
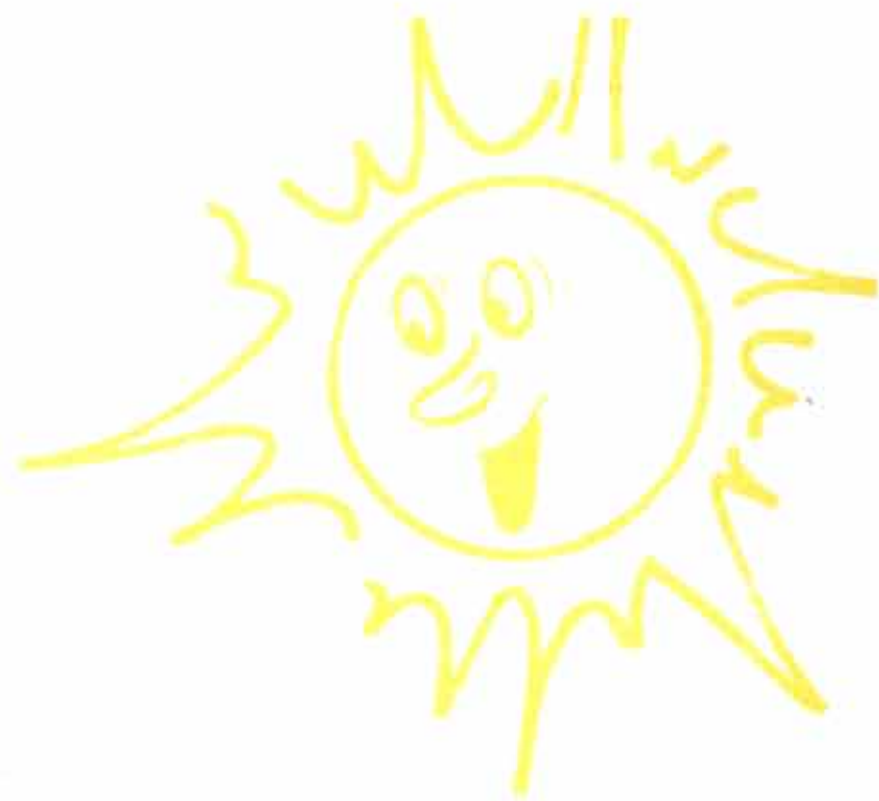
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