RED RIVER Rock SERIES

PRESENTS

DAVID WILCOX

April 9

South Gym
Tickets: $8 advance
$10 at the door

Tickets available March 28 at SA office.

Presented by RRCC Students' Association

RED RIVER COMMUNITY COLLEGE *The Insect Issue* Monday, April 18, 1988

RECEIVED
APR 18 1988
PERIODICALS
Learning Resources Centre

New Orleans Trip Still Haunts SA

By Anthony Connolly

Allegations that the Students' Association of RRCC has lied about its recent conference trip to New Orleans, were squashed this week by SA executive director, Don Hillman, calling the accusations "utter garbage".

O'Brien Travel representative, Sylvana Filippin, who worked on the conference trip arrangements, confirmed Hillman's claim that his airline ticket was changed to show the name of SA secretary, Alison Benoit.

Hillman's comments are due to accusations made by an anonymous caller to the *Projector,* saying that the SA was lying about the trip.

The SA intended to take Alison Benoit to the conference all along, the caller said. There was no name change on the ticket.

This allegation runs contrary to councillor consensus on the issue. SA councillors, interviewed all agreed that the SA executive was truthful and within their jurisdiction to spend $6,000 on the trip.

Students, however, were not as amiable with the SA executive.

Projector Feedback results on the issue show 99 per cent of the respondents (19/20) thought that six SA members and staff were too many to attend the conference.

SA councillors, however, stood by their executive saying that the information obtained from the conference could only help run the association better.

Not all the councillors were happy, though. William Collins and James Crampton both said that the executive was not in their right to spend that amount of money.

Both Crampton and Collins felt the executive was not "accountable" enough about the trip.

see N.O. Trip/2

The Projector

Promises

By Ed McKenna

Well, it's time once again for student council elections at Red River Community College, and in keeping with the tradition of student apathy, one of the nine candidates failed to show up for their *Projector* interview.

Despite a meager turnout of only 7.2 per cent of eligible voters last year, candidates insist students *are* interested in the Students' Association affairs and would provide greater input if the SA was more accessible.

With this in mind, all candidates vow to increase SA accessibility and student involvement.

The nominations, please. For president: Roger Procyk, Colette Odowichuk and Robert Kadas. For vice-president: Darcy Ballance and Debbie Bowers. For public relations director: Anne Courtney and John-Paul Chomichuk. For treasurer: Romano Guzzo and Iqbal Jhass.

Roger Procyk, the incumbent, is entering his third year at Red River. He said he spent his first year as president familiarizing himself with the school and the system.

"It takes time to understand the issues, the people, the administration. It takes times to learn the ropes," Procyk said.

Procyk said he set goals and was concerned enough about his presidential duties to cut his classes to 60 per cent of a full work load.

Procyk is majoring in Journalism and Public Relations in the Creative Communications department.

Procyk has a nursing degree from Red River, a teaching certificate from the Manitoba Government and a partially completed pre-Masters degree in English.

Colette Odowichuk said people aren't aware of the SA and she would spend her time getting to know the students and listening to their problems.

"I'm willing to take time to do things for students, improve their environment, and get them motivated socially," she said.

Odowichuk said apathy was the main problem with the general school population.

Odowichuk is a first year Business Administration student. She has a B.Sc. from the University of Manitoba.

Robert Kadas said there is a lack of communication between students and the SA. He said students should be able to stop SA executives in the halls to address issues and concerns.

"The participation rate at Red River is dismal. I want to get the people out—knowing, doing, helping," Kadas said.

Kadas is a first year Business Administration student. He studied two years of political science at the University of Manitoba.

Darcy Ballance and Debbie Bowers are running for vice-president.

Ballance said student participation is the cornerstone of his platform. He said the general population is apathetic and the school needs more participation from the technical faculties.

"You have to be more accessible to students, get their interest and hold it. You can't force them to participate," Balance said.

Ballance is a first year Business Administration student.

Debbie Bowers said she wanted to increase Student Aid, make it more available to students who really need it.

see Elections/2

photo by Colin Comeau

Do you remember this man? See page 6.

Student Complaints Lack Support

By Shirley Stevens

Members of the Students' Association met with Child Care students on Wednesday in order to verify one individual's complaints concerning the CIBL (Individual Competency Based Learning) program.

The unidentified student had various complaints ranging from heavy course workloads and poor source materials to inadequate classroom time with instructors.

However, during the closed meeting, several students disagreed with the allegations and were especially surprised to learn that the first student had taken the complaints to sources outside of the college.

A few of the individuals who were approached include John Stinson of Human Rights and Liberties and Dr. G.H. Nicholls, Deputy Minister of Education.

SA executive director Don Hillman said that it was necessary to substantiate the allegations before proceeding any further.

"We're not saying that there's not any problems there," Hillman said. "But like any new system you're bound to run into difficulties and that's when you have to step in and fix them."

SA president Roger Procyk said that during the meeting students were given the opportunity to air out their concerns and decided to select three representatives for further consultations.

"We're here to represent students when they need us, but in this case there doesn't appear to be any evidence," Procyk said, adding that the complaints may be based on a more personal level.

"If they are personal then the student will have to work them out on her own."

The CIBL program consists of Compacs during the first year of C.C.W. training. The Compacs are divided into sections enabling students to work at their own speed with very little teacher contact. So far, students have been using the system in Hotel and Restaurant and Nursing programs.

Buffalo Chips Dig in at the Cafeteria 4	**Dressup-mania** Presschoolers Riot 6	**David Wilcox** Preaches rock to faithful 7,8	**Many More Movies** Seven gangs on horses under the lights 9	**Boys from Stadium** 1988 Expo Profile 13

Blue Movies On Campus?

By Anthony Connolly

Pornographic movies are not being reproduced on campus, Red River College president Gary Polonski told CJOB's Peter Warren last week after allegations that a student in domestic electronic repair had used college facilities to copy a blue movie.

Polonski's interview, on Warren's "Action Line", came the day after a woman, who wished to remain anonymous, said her husband had walked into a domestic electronic classroom to find a group of men watching a pornographic movie.

"The men were copying a pornographic movie," she said in an interview with the *Projector*.

Tom Olsen, head of domestic electronic repair, said there was no instructor in the classroom at the time of the incident. The instructor returned with the wife's husband to find one man sitting at his work station with the pornographic tape on, Olsen said.

"He (the instructor) saw it and told the student to cut it; he did," Olsen said.

The pornographic video tape may have been stuck in the customer's VCR, Olsen said.

Domestic electronic repair students work on customer's VCRs, they don't dub tapes, he said.

"It's common practise to find tapes in there (VCRs)," he said.

Olsen, who said he has no idea who complained, called the allegations "some sort of campaign to stir up trouble."

Pat Fraser, the women's co-ordinator at Red River, was also contacted by the anonymous complainant.

The complainant wanted Tom Olsen to lose his job, wanted media attention and demanded that the women's co-ordinator enforce disciplinary actions, Fraser said.

The woman was "a bit extreme" considering she got it second-hand, Fraser said.

Fraser said the woman got angry at her for not doing more.

"There's a destructiveness in pornography, but her (anonymous complainant) behavior is destructive in itself," she said. "To take it so far beyond the incident creates dissention."

The domestic electronic repair student caught watching the pornographic video has finished the course and has left the college, Fraser said.

The anonymous complainant would not give her name because she has a year left of school at the college.

She is afraid for herself and her husband, the caller said.

Rick Dedi, assistant to the president, said the complainant's concerns are "legitimate" but couldn't be substantiated.

"I hate to say it but if you can't find it, you can't find it," he said.

Gary Polonski's comments on Peter Warren's show were merely in "response" to the woman's allegations, Dedi said.

N.O. Trip

Cont'd from p.1

"It wasn't like everyone was told about the trip," Crampton said.

The bottom-line for a college of Red River's size is that the SA executive shouldn't go to conferences that cost that much, he said.

"They should have only taken three," Crampton said.

Collins, who challenged the executive trip to New Orleans at the last general SA meeting, feels the SA executive was less than accountable.

"We (councillors) didn't even know who was going on the trip," he said.

"They just sort of went and never told us."

Karen Kirkhope, an SA councillor, exemplifies the reaction of councillors to the issue in saying that they are satisfied.

"It's a bit steep but I haven't compared costs with other places," she said.

In comparing RRCC to the two universities, the trip to New Orleans ranked as the most expensive outing for a Student Association.

University of Winnipeg paid $5,700 for two conferences, from a $675,000 Student Association budget, David Trujen, SA internal co-ordinator said.

University of Manitoba paid $4,471 on four conferences from a $1.5 million Student Union budget, Cliff Packer, SU accountant said.

Red River Community College paid $6,000 for their conference trip to New Orleans, from a $1 million Student Association budget, Don Hillman said.

Student Elections

Cont'd from p.1

She also said parking should be assigned on a first come —first serve at the beginning of the year.

"I feel the people who really need funds from Student Aid are just not getting it. I intend to do my utmost to correct this situation," Bowers said.

Bowers is a first year Creative Communications student.

Anne Courtney and John-Paul Chomichuk are running for public relations director.

Courtney said one of her main priorities would be to make students aware of what the SA does, how it functions, and how students can communicate their concerns to the executive.

"It is vital to have close contact with the SA, the students, and the faculties to ensure a multifaceted flow of communication between the various publics," Courtney said.

Courtney is a first year Creative Communications student. She has an Honors political science degree from the University of Manitoba. She is also RRCC Student vice-president of the International Association of Business Communicators.

Running for treasurer are Romano Guzzo and Iqbal Jhass.

Guzzo said his accounting major is a valuable asset for a treasurer.

"I believe I am responsible and dedicated enough to perform my duties in a professional manner," Guzzo said.

Guzzo is a first year Business Administration student.

Iqbal Jhass said his interests lay in accounting and the position of treasurer would be an opportunity to expand his knowledge and put his knowledge to work.

"I will have no problem putting in the necessary time and will be able to assist any position in the SA that needs help," Jhass said.

Jhass was formerly in the Computer Analyst Program and is presently a first year Business Administration student.

There you have it, students willing to devote time and energy to make the school a better place for everyone.

RRCC Political Animal

By Sara Wiebe

Under a Liberal government, Red River Community college would shed its image as a political animal with the adoption of an autonomous board of governors, Liberal Leader Sharon Carstairs promised last week.

A board of governors would decrease government intervention and give RRCC the authority to allocate government dollars in a self-made budget, Carstairs said.

"The universities have autonomy now so why can't Red River?" the River Heights Liberal said.

Carstairs said that government intervention has turned RRCC into a political animal, which is tamed by the University Grants Commission.

Liberals would investigate the UGC and its policies and implement a board of governors to handle post-secondary budget concerns at each institution throughout the province, the Liberal Leader said recently.

Currently, the UGC is a nine member board, appointed by the cabinet, that handles recommendations and allocation of government funding for the universities.

Officials of the UGC were reluctant to comment on the Liberal promise saying only that there are arguments to be made on both sides of the issue.

The argument for government intervention in post-secondary education maintains that government is sensitive to changing economic and social needs.

Dr. Benjamin Levin, of the UGC, said that the government's sensitivity to concerns of post-secondary institutes qualifies them to decide where cutbacks and funding increases are needed.

"A board of governors would be more flexible because they are closer to the concerns of the institution," Levin said in defence of the Liberal promise to thwart government intervention.

Carstairs compared the board of governors concept to that of her proposed appeal board for homecare patients who depend on government hired workers to look after them.

"I want an appeal board of citizens who would hear complaints rather than a body appointed in government who is far removed from their real situation. Red River is the same thing," Carstairs said.

Education Dollar Wears Thin

By Anthony Connolly

Students and Manitoba taxpayers are not getting "the bang for their buck" when it comes to post-secondary education funding, Fort Garry Liberal candidate Dr. Laurie Evans charged recently.

While addressing 160 students and staff in a three-party debate at the University of Winnipeg last week, Evans said the province has mismanaged the education system, duplicated courses far too many times and driven the quality of education into mediocrity.

"It's time to bite the bullet," he said.

A Liberal government, he said, would treat post-secondary education in the province as an investment, not a cost, and fund 90 per cent of the maintenance of education.

The Liberal funding scheme would, he said, change the face of every post-secondary institute in the province.

Conservative MLA Charles Birt (Fort Garry) countered the Tories would return provincial institutions to their former grandeur by reassessing the provincial relationship with the Universities Grants Commission.

Birt said Liberal Leader Sharon Carstair's proposal of commissions to look into the effectiveness (see S.Wiebe story) of government funding of the post-secondary institutions is "rather frightening".

The provincial government should keep out of the boardrooms of universities and instead turn to a realistic approach to planning, he said.

"The management of funds should be left up to the universities' board of directors...it should be their decision," he said.

NDP Education Minister Roland Penner said the government's funding increase of 4.5 per cent this year will allow universities to maintain services.

The New Democrats, Penner said recently, has made a committment to RRCC maintenance in the learning resources centre.

"Red River has received high increases in funding over the tenure of this government," he said.

Editorials

From the Editor's Desk:

Election Apathy: Who Really Cares?

Surprise! Surprise!

The "New Staff" is back for a second issue of the *Projector* after that sensational start.

But in this windy month of April, the staff members at the *Projector* aren't the only ones facing the prospects of a demanding job ahead.

That's right. It's election time. First, there's the one that really matters. And then there's the Students' Association executive elections at Red River Community College.

SA elections? Who's running? Who cares? How 'bout them Jets?

If you listen closely in any of the halls, cafeterias, or the library at Red River you can hear such provocative mumbles as, "Yeah, I might vote. I can't stand the NDP," and, "Huh?"

But there are students out there who do care. Hall Talk interviewees were at least aware of the election. *Projector* Feedback results from the last issue suggest that some students are concerned about the SA and where student money is going.

Fine. So there are nine students who are now running in the race against apathy at Red River. These brave souls must slug it out between now and April 21 for roughly 7.2 per cent of possible student support.

Ask any one of them what the main issue is, and they'll say it's apathy. But who really cares? We've heard it before and we'll hear it again. (Except we haven't heard it from one of the candidates who was too ill to show up for the candidates' interviews.)

The eight candidates that are new to the SA game have outlined to some degree the lengths they would go to encourage student participation and awareness. They talk about "grassroots", "open doors", and "approachability". If they can come up with some effective ideas: great.

Meanwhile in the lion's den of the SA offices, Roger Procyk claims that "grassroots" communication is doomed because it relies on "energy expending methods".

Well, Roger should know about these things. After all, he is the voice of experience among the candidates. In fact, Roger has so much SA experience that he qualifies for the frequent flier program.

So there's the election in a nut shell.

And on April 21 you will make a decision.

Or, at least, 7.2 per cent of you will.

David Somers

Garry Sawatsky Lory Senft Paul Murray Susan Kemash

photos by Jason Bell

To Vote Or Not To Vote Students Say Why

By David Somers

With elections for the SA executive only days away, student excitement has reached the point where some students have considered voting.

Hall Talk reporters recently asked the question: "Are you planning to vote for SA executive positions on April 21?"

Alison Biloki, a medical lab technician student, said she "probably" would vote, but "maybe I'm the wrong person to ask".

Paul Murray said he would consider voting. "I haven't heard any of the candidates. We're kind of isolated down here in design and drafting".

Barberstyling student Susan Kemash said her schedule doesn't leave much time to follow the election.

"I was planning on voting. I'll listen to the campaign speeches if I have any time," she said.

Other students had more definite plans on voting.

"No, I'm not voting," said Garry Sawatsky, a telecommunications student. "I'm not going to be here next year anyway."

Lory Senft, a creative communications student, said she would vote.

"I think it's necessary to have a say in what's going on around your school. Not sit around bitching and complaining when you didn't vote."

Few Students Vote

By James Crampton

The right to vote is not a God-given privilege. It is a right that has been earned at one point in a country's history, usually by bloodshed and insurrection. It is a right that is constantly protected at several points in a country's history, almost always by military force.

Voting is a right that we should not take for granted, although our society is guilty of doing just that.

The right to vote means more than just marking a ballot with an "X" and dropping it in a box. Voting gives us the chance which is sadly afforded to only a few nations.

All over the world people cry out for the right to vote. The persecuted masses of Eastern Europe, the downtrodden of South America, the exploited and deprived people of Central America, and the exploited blacks of South Africa all yearn for and die for the very rights we take for granted.

The right to vote is the most important of all fundamental human rights.

Barely eight per cent of Red River College students bothered to cast their ballots in the Students' Association executive elections last year, and although apathy in a college or university election is anticipated, the turnout was still abysmal to say the least.

This year RRCC students have a unique opportunity: we can vote in both a college executive election and a provincial election in the span of six days.

So let's not squander this opportunity to endorse democracy. On Thursday, April 21st, cast your ballot in the SA elections and on Tuesday, April 26th, exercise your franchise in the Manitoba general election.

Thursday, April 21, 1988 is election day. Polls are open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Check your local bulletin board for information on division polling stations.

Feedback

Is there a fair selection of qualified candidates for SA executive positions? YES NO

Comments:_____

Please return your responses to the *Projector* mailbox in the SA office, Room DM20.

Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... *David Somers*
News Editor ..... *Anthony Connolly*
Entertainment Editor .... *Joanne Faryon*
Sports Editor ..... *Jason Bell*
Production ..... *Diana Giesbrecht*

The Projector is written and compiled every two weeks by Red River students for Red River students. If you have any comments regarding the paper, please contact us in Trailer 'K' next to the student parking lot.

—Yes, Larry, there is an Alana.

Students Slam SA

By David Somers

Students: 19 SA: 1

A ripple of student protest splashed against the doors of the SA office in the form of 19 *Projector* Feedback forms saying that six SA members are too many to send to conferences.

The question was raised when six SA members saw New Orleans and went to a college conference at the expense of Red River students.

One student supported the SA and another was gracious enough to drop of a Feedback form that didn't make sense.

The day after the story appeared (sensationally thrown across the front page and editorial) an irate student phoned the *Projector* office to voice his complaint.

"I'll write a letter to the government and complain. And I'll ask for a refund. I wouldn't come here again," the anonymous caller said.

The Feedback comment in support of the SA: "It could be beneficial to the entire student body."

Some of the Feedback comments against the SA: "Can't two people carry one binder? What about the long-needed furniture in the Tower Lounge?"

"It is ridiculous to think that we allot $10,000 to send our SA to conferences when a university four times our size allots $3,000."

"Corrupt!"

"Sports gets cancelled. SA goes on trips."

A Day in the Life of...

The Buffalo Herd

By Joanne Faryon

It's 9:51 a.m. You're tired. You're in a hurry. You need something. You have 10 minutes to find it.

You look around. It's not there. Then, like a beacon in a cold dark night, you see it—the Buffalo.

You try to beat the crowd, but they're already ahead of you. You'll do anything to get in front of them. You say you're with the band, but it doesn't work.

The aroma is familiar. Your nostrils begin to twitch with anticipation. You squeeze the sweaty coins in your pocket goodbye, reluctant to give them up, but desperate for the morning fix.

You stay at the end of the line. You wait. You watch. You wait and watch.

Finally, the line is moving. You know you're getting close because you can see them behind the counter. Their names are known to few. Revealed at last, they are Bev Pascoe, Ellen Williment and Millie Jowett. They work the Buffalo.

The line is moving quickly now. These women know their jobs.

Jowett is a 10-year veteran. Williment joined the crew over eight years ago and Pascoe was recruited from the rank of RRCC's cooking students over seven years ago.

You move along the line. Everyone is surrendering their cash to Pascoe. You know it's a fair exchange. You wonder how Pascoe is able to keep track of every nickel and every dime.

"We're usually busy, but I like it and I like the people. It makes the day pass quickly," Pascoe says.

Further along the counter, someone orders a hotdog. "Maybe trying to beat the noon-hour rush," you think. You see all the makings of sandwiches. You wonder who put them there.

"I start at 10 a.m. and I get ready for the lunch crowd," Williment says.

Your time is almost up and if you don't leave now you'll be late for sure. But your curiosity is a more powerful force than your need to be punctual. You see the soup. It's steaming. It's odorless. It's brown today. You wonder where it comes from.

"Upstairs—the cooking students make it," Jowett says.

It's 10:02. You have what you came for. You turn away from the Buffalo, careful not to spill.

Horrorscopes

By Clarence Voyance and Ms. Tysism

ARIES
(March 21-April 14)
The stars are a little vague on your sign. They warn of a large, unattractive man named Howard who will change your life forever. Be prepared.

TAURUS
(April 20-May 20)
Swiftness is a virtue! If travelling down Logan on April 21, 22 and 25 between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., you can SPEED. The cops will be absent. (This only applies to those born on rainy days around noon, so don't blame the zodiac if you get caught.)

GEMINI
(May 21-June20)
This promises to be a 'nothing' period in your life. Just stay at home, crack open one of those foamy amber things and relax. Enjoy it while it lasts.

CANCER
(June 21-July20)
Scenario highlights travel. Focus on cars and danger. Excitement abounds in the form of a high speed flee from police or an exciting weekend for two in Detroit.

LEO
(July 23-August 22)
What seemed lost will be discovered. Look for the "rotten thing" in the refrigerator. Tupperware and mold play a significant role.

VIRGO
(August 23-September 22)
Intimate friend DEMANDS all of your time and attention. You should draw the line at some point. Be firm. Ask for the keys to the handcuffs.

LIBRA
(September 23-October 22)
Domestic adjustment featured. Nick Hill and the Wyvoda Carpet girl play paramount roles. Avoid low budget advertisers.

SCORPIO
(October 23-November 21)
You will gain popularity. Scenario highlights intimate conversation with member of the opposite sex. Avoid someone who had onion soup in the Buff today.

SAGITARIUS
(November 22-December 21)
Emphasis on popularity and creativity—especially when the Red Cross phones for the third time this week and you come up with another excuse not to give blood.

CAPRICORN
(December 22-January 19)
You run the risk of spontaneously combusting today. Stay away from open flames and gas furnaces.

AQUARIUS
(January 20-February 18)
Pay close attention to the calendar now. You will find that the box of condoms in your underwear drawer has an expiry date. Imagine your surprise. Dirty diapers and alternative means of birth control play prominant roles in your future

PISCES
(February 19-March 20)
You discover your taste is maturing. You become strangely attracted to the gentlemanly good looks of Ernie "Mr. Dressup" Coombs. Tickle Trunks and counselling are highlighted in your future.

Diversions

Luck Reaps *Stone Watermelon*

By Roger Procyk

There are millions of ways to become a professional writer but RRCC students in the Green Lecture Theatre last Wednesday heard a doozie.

Writer Lois Braun was reading from her short story collection *A Stone Watermelon* when she explained how she became a writer. Her story might well have started with "Once upon a time..."

Braun is a tall woman with short, straight, brown hair and glasses rimmed in dark-red minimal frames. She was wearing a black wool sweater over black cords. The cords were tucked into red leather boots and the sweater, with bright designs on two hip pockets, covered a red turtleneck. It gave the impression that she was fond of red and black. Even the band on her wedding finger eschewed gold in favor of silver and black, and a bracelet she wore reminded one of zebras.

Braun told of being 29 and beginning the mid-life depression that turning thirty brings on. She hadn't written since high school and she wasn't about to begin again—even though she was wondering if the only career life had in store for her was teaching (which she still does). With the big '30' knocking at her door and Braun wondering how she could spin the straw of her life into gold, lo—a package arrived like Rumpelstiltskin in the mail. It was only a book.

But wait.

It was more than a book—it was a book AND a cheque for fifty dollars. The book was an anthology and contained a story written in Braun's maiden name. The story had been taken (can you believe it) from her high school yearbook without her permission.

Well, one might forgive Braun if, in the midst of shock and mid-life crisis, she decided to sue for thousands. But she did even better. She read her old story and decided that if she could make fifty bucks for the trash she had written then, she could produce much better stuff now and make who-know how much. Her conclusion was well-founded. Her collection of short stories won her a nomination for the Governor General's Award.

She calls herself lucky. After Rumpelstiltskin she took creative writing courses. She also joined the Manitoba Writer's Guild and applied to be paired with a more experienced writer. She was matched with David Arnason who had connections with Turnstone Press. He thought her work was fine and Turnstone published her collection of stories.

She aspires to write for the universal audience, believing that a writer should be more than a 'rural Manitoba writer'. Her settings now include Canada's west coast and Mexico. The two stories from which she read are set close to home in the hills along the Manitoba/U.S. border.

'Three Crows Dancing' is written like a sigh. It focuses on a farm wife in a love triangle with a milkman and a mean-spirited husband who orders her around from the two-way radio in his Ranchero. The story is written with a sensitivity that understands why we sometimes have to cry over spilled milk. It is evocative and uncanny and anything but cliched.

'The No Place Bar and Grill' tells of a couple who move to Kingdom, North Dakota and build a bar in the middle of a potato field in the country. This unusual notion is based on a real place just across the U.S. border. (Braun drew laughs telling the audience how to relate to the customs officials: Border Guard—Where are you going in the U.S.? Canadian—No. Place. Guard—Carry on.) The wife builds the bar while her retired crop-duster husband dreams of dusting the effeminate dancing 'insect' that their son has become. This story and the first demonstrate an imagination and a perception that make one want to read all of the stories in the collection.

Timeless Good Comedy

By Marc Grant

Paul Osborn's 1920's comedy play, *Morning's at Seven*, is proof that good comedy—if well acted—is timeless.

The final play of MTC's season is about four sisters, Cora, Aaronetta, Ida and Esther, who have lived next door to each other most of their lives. Aaronetta, a spinster, lives with her sister Cora and Cora's husband, Thor. Next door, Ida and her husband, Carl, wait for their 40-year-old son, Homer, to visit home with his fiance of 12 years, Myrtle. No one in the entire family has ever seen Myrtle, and everybody is curious to see what might be wrong with the girl.

The fourth sister, Esther, lives up the road with husband David, an ex-professor, who thinks the family—and everyone else on Earth—are morons. David does not let Esther ever visit the family, so she sneaks off to get a peek at Myrtle.

Upon meeting Myrtle, who is as sweet as syrup and honey on a marshmallow, the family is more at ease, but Myron's indecision to marry her thrusts the family into some hilarious situations.

The whole cast is fabulous, especially the performances of Frank Adamson (Thor), Claude Bede (David) and Diego Matamoros (Homer).

Thor could have been the cliche of a loudmouthed, sometimes cranky old man, but Adamson plays it with a flair that is evident as soon as the curtain rises. Bede plays his sarcastic character David to such a believable extent that it was shocking to see him hug his fellow players at the play's end. Finally, Matamoros' Homer recalls a young Jimmy Stewart.

The set, two two-level houses seen from the backyard, also has a lot to do with the enjoyment of the play. Set Designer Brian Perchaluk has created a very realisitc environment for our characters to move about in and should get some form of award for his work. It's a shame that the set will be gone when the play has finished it's run on April 30.

Morning's at Seven is the perfect play to see if you have never been to one before. You'll be amazed at how engaging it can be. This leads us to the recommendation that this is a comedy for everyone. It will have you laughing from start to finish. See it. Scale: nine out of ten.

Stacey Q, Wanna Be Madonna

Stacey Q-*Hard Machine* (WEA)
by Harry Schwartz

Just when we thought the days of the Madonna wannabe's were over, Stacey Q its us with another reminder that we still have a long wait in store.

If you can't find a dance floor hit on her latest album *Hard Machine* you may as well have both of your legs removed because if it's one thing that Stacey Q does on her latest album is churn out dance material.

She starts things off with a rather sterile synth-pop tune called "Good Girl" and continues on with "Favorite Things" (somewhat reminiscent of the Supremes), "Kiss It All Goodbye" and "Don't Make A Fool of Yourself".

All four are your basic synthesizer dance songs that lack much substance and that use lyrics merely as a reason for the sexpot vocalist to be on stage. One could get the same effect from a mannequin and a drum machine but it just wouldn't be as life-like...or would it?

"The River" closes off side one on an aggressive note as we hear some highly filtered guitars embellishing the beat-box sound in a way similar to much of Samantha Fox's material.

"I Love You" starts things off on the second side and guess what? It's a dance track. So is "Temptation" and "After Hours" as Stacey Q, or, I should say, Q does what she does best and that is punch out that driving dance beat to the point where we can't help but want to dance.

She also tries her hand at rap with the title track but doesn't quite cut it, and she also changes pace with a ballad at the end. (I guess she was tired from all that dancing.) The song "Another Chance" isn't all that bad as it's nicely arranged and orchestrated.

The Communication Reserve

A summer in the Forces is more than a job. It's a fascinating experience.

THE SUMMER YOUTH EMPLOYMENT PROGRAM

This summer the Canadian Armed Forces is offering students summer employment with the Reserve. This program is available to all young Canadians looking for a challenging and rewarding experience. Selected candidates will follow, for a minimum of six weeks, a training program which includes:

- general military training
- physical fitness
- first aid training
- weapons training

This is a unique opportunity to acquire technical and physical training while being adequately remunerated.

To participate in the Summer Youth Employment Program, you must have attended, during the present school year, and intend to attend during the next school year, a high school or other institution of post-secondary education. In addition, you must be 17 years of age as of July 1st and apply at your local Canada Employment Centre or at the following address:

It's your choice, your future.

For more information, contact:
735 (Winnipeg)
Communication Regiment
Minto Armoury
969 St. Matthews Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3G 0J7 783-4758

THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

CA12

The Man Behind the Tickle Trunk

photo by Colin Corneau

By Jason Bell

To children he's a hero. To his family he's Ernie Coombs. To moms, he's a lifesaver. But to all of us, he's Mr. Dressup.

Ernie Coombs, a.k.a. Mr. Dressup, has been on CBC television for almost 22 years entertaining Canadian children with music, arts and crafts, crazy costumes and friendly guests that pop by his residence every once in a while.

"One thing about our show is that there is a basic trust, a sense of honesty that lacks with other shows," Coombs says.

"That's our secret to success."

Success indeed, but it wasn't always this easy.

He started in children's television in Pittsburgh on a show entitled Dimple Depot in which he played Mr. Dimple.

"The show focused on an old-fashioned railway depot, and there were puppets that my wife operated," he said.

"Then in 1963 I did a show for CBC with Fred Rogers, and then did another show called Butternut Square which eventually became Mr. Dressup."

Mr. Dressup is the man we all know, while Ernie Coombs is the man we don't know.

"I studied in commerical art and also theatre acting. I knocked around for a while until I finally stuck to children's T.V.," he said.

The Maine born actor has just become a grandfather, much to the dismay of people who have watched him for years and still don't believe he could possible be 60 years old.

"It's hard to believe it's been 22 years. I remember my kids would come home saying they had been teased at school for having a sissy father," he said.

"I would just tell them that I was on television and it was my work. Other fathers do other things," Coombs said.

He said he has no identity problems with being called Mr. Dressup all the time.

"I just learned to accept it. I like it, really.

"When my kids were in their teens, they'd bring friends home who didn't know who I was. When they saw me...boy, they would sure make a quick double take," he said.

Basically, Coombs said the show hasn't changed much over the last two decades.

"It's for pre-schoolers so we have to keep it focused towards them," he said.

"The show is special, but I really don't think I'm all that special. I forget I'm a television star because it was something I never really planned on.

"I have to remember that I say things that influence children, and as long as we're honest, we'll be on for a while."

One thing is for certain, as Ernie Coombs, Mr. Dressup, grandfather, artist, or whoever he is, he sure is a charming man.

It's no wonder we've all loved him for so many years.

Mr. Dressup – RAW

By Jason Bell

Most performers would shy away from playing in front of small crowds. Mr. Dressup thrives on it. Only his crowds aren't small in number, just a bit small in height.

Such was the case on Sunday afternoon, April 10 at the Centennial Concert Hall when the Mr. Dressup troupe played the first of three shows that day to a packed house, most of who were of pre-school age.

As the curtain opened to the familiar Dressup opening tune, children screamed and cried out to the nice man they had watched on television so many times before.

The simple set consisted of everything needed to capture the attention of every chirping toddler. The tickle trunk, with its flowery designs, a white picket fence and sunny-sky background, and the tiny tree-house adorned the stage.

Dressup danced onto the stage with the same energy that he must have had when the show first aired on CBC some twenty-two years ago, wearing a yellow plaid shirt, tan chinos and bright blue Converse sneakers.

As he belted out the opening number to the show, a kind of welcoming song that had the word 'hello' in it a lot, most of the older audience members, the parents, must have united in their thoughts. It was wonderful! The kindly gentleman's voice may have been a bit creaky, but it was nontheless moving. If he had aged any in the last two decades, no one could have noticed.

Unlike other Winnipeg performances, this tour featured Casey and Finnegan (with puppeteer Judith Lawrence) and they stole the children's attention. From the opening sequence, Casey's rosy cheeks and Finnegan's ever-flopping ears made the show.

The young audience members, most of which by showtime were dressed in Dressup sweatshirts and T-shirts, clapped and sang their way through the *Tickle Trunk Song*. It was intriguing to hear one mother in the audience say, "How do three and four year olds remember the words to these songs?" Even more amazing is how some of the parents themselves remembered the words that they listened to as kids.

On fantastic way Dressup was able to hold the audience's attention was to incorporate a lesson he learned from the show itself—get the children involved.

Through the private voyage in which Dressup, Casey and Finnegan were out to discover buried treasure, the tykes in the audience were instructed to help pull up the anchor, put up the sail, and help paddle to the enchanted island after the wind has mysteriously changed directions. All through the crowd cries of delight as well as arduous heaves at the weight of the anchor and sail could be heard. The children loved their parts, and Dressup was generous in handing over jobs for them to do.

Also interesting was the way in which Dressup expertly suggested a few good safety tips to his followers. He used a balloon for a sword, made sure a block parent sign was put out at the residence of the two bears when Grannielocks came to visit, and also pointed out that you should never jump on a bed, even if you are testing it to see if it is too hard, too soft or just right.

The most memorable event of the show was when Dressup invited guest musician Jim Parker onstage to help sing the song, *Down by the Bay*. Parker, maybe the most colorful dresser since Donny Osmond, strummed his acoustic guitar loudly, and Dressup, Casey and every member of the audience sang wholeheartedly to the most famous of the Dressup tunes.

Even mute little Finnegan shake-rattle-and-rolled in the background, flopping his ears to the best of the music.

It was with this song that the Dressup sprituality really shone through. Moms and dads cried, children shrieked, and still everyone sang. Parker and Dressup together were no Simon and Garfunkel, but it just didn't matter. Even when Parker broke a string, the singers never missed a beat.

There may have been a standing ovation but the crowd was just too short to notice.

With the onslaught of public appreciation, Dressup left the stage momentarily to let Parker do a solo number.

The talented young singer chose the not-so-familiar *Puff the Magic Dragon*, and a hesitancy ran through the crowd.

Some may have felt Parker was treading into unknown waters, but in no time at all he had the children clapping and cheering again. The frenzied kids would have saluted a Slim Whitman version of *Happy Birthday* by this time, and Dressup quickly took advantage of their frame of mind.

As Parker beat out a fast-paced rendition of the *Purple People Eater*, Dressup ran on stage wearing a punk-syle outfit and holding a fake electric guitar. A rocked out Mr. Dressup might have been just a bit too much for this somewhat traditional crowd. He was breaking more ground than Billy Joel in Leningrad. But the unsure crowd quickly warmed up to this 80's Mr. Dressup. Playschool Bic lighters lit up all over the concert hall.

Someone yelled out: "He's contemporary, he's now!" Maybe for a short time this would suit Mr. Dressup, but not over the long haul. A word of caution to you, Mr. Dressup: Don't ever change. Stay real; the bright lights of Hollywood wouldn't suit you.

Another exciting thing at the concert included the *Boneman Song* where Dressup handed out assorted bones to Finnegan.

Dressup gave Finnegan a huge dinosaur bone but the poor mutt couldn't lift it off the ground. The life of a show dog is too cushiony and leisurely. Casey might have to walk him more.

The Grannielocks and the Two Bears story was cute, except for the fact grannie looked more like Hulk Hogan, with the bald pate and golden hair from the ears down. Dressup was the consummate character actor, becoming the old lady right before our eyes. Some children may have been frightened that Mr. Dressup would never return, but as quickly as he entered a character, he could pull himself out.

The most comical moment of the many skits was when Casey offered Mr. Dressup a pear to eat. Dressup refused, saying that they gave him gas. Even Mr. Dressup could make the embarrassment of breaking wind seem funny, and tasteful too!

All in all, the 65 minute performance was a success. Both the children and their parents went home with a warm feeling inside that few others could give them.

They had been treated to a show full of fun and adventure, music and laughter. This was much like the television show itself, a show that hopefully will continue to entertain young audiences for years to come.

Parkside Ford Ltd.
2000 Main St.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
339-2001

1988 MUSTANG

Lease: $249.50/month

Buy: $318.10/month plus tax

CALL Ken McKenzie
for more details

photo by Colin Corneau

photo by Colin Corneau

Wilcox "Faces" Red River

By Shawn Conner

The SA earned their drachmas Saturday night, April 9.

David Wilcox preached mainly to the converted when the South Gym played host to his infection of fans.

Wilcox arrived onstage with less fanfare than the opening act, East Meets West. The band took the stage under a cover of darkness and opened with "Riverboat Fantasy", Wilcox looking like a high school chemistry teacher. That is, until he began contorting his face in a series of leers, smiles, glares, sneers and chuckles and hellbent-for-leather, shocked, cocky and wide-eyed expressions.

If you weren't watching his amazing guitar work, his expressive face conveyed an emotional commitment to the blues—excuse me, rock 'n' roll—unrivaled by, say, Glass Tiger.

Wilcox was sure to make the point that his band was a rock 'n' roll outfit, not a blues band, in his introduction to "Cheap Beer Joint". He made good his promise, rocking the South Gym with "My Eyes Keep Me In Trouble", "Barefootin' ", "Do the Bearcat" and "Bad Reputation", a crowd pleaser. (Yeah, Bad! The guy beside me screamed.) Wilcox stepped away from the rock 'n' roll basics of guitar, bass and drums to play along with synthesized backing tracks for "Push Push Push" and "Breakfast at the Circus".

Between guitar pyrotechnics and rythmic outbursts, Wilcox took the time to "adjust his face", wiping rock 'n' roll sweat from his rock 'n' roll brow. He worked hard, keeping the pace of the show fast and light.

As a showcase for his songs, the set proved him equally adept at the party tunes as the more serious ones.

The band—both of them—were tight enough to keep the show moving while giving Wilcox the freedom to improvise. David Rose on bass and Marc Bouvette on drums, complete the picture of three very nice (probably) young men having a good time.

All right, enough bouquets. Beefs go out to the opening band, local boys "East Meets West" for doing "Gloria". Why is it every band that covers this song insists on making it longer and longer, telling dumber and dumber stories in the middle?

The lead singer, with a voice as tame as lip balm, told by far the dumbest story I've heard during the break of "Gloria". This one is about playing Parcheezi with a woman married to a guy "with steroids coming out of his ears". You can guess the rest.

Later, after their set, the lead singer walked by alone except for a guy in a rugby shirt. Perhaps there is justice.

Another beef going out to the SA for not buying enough alcohol. Perhaps they had their reasons: crowd control, designated driver programs, a utopian vision of an alcohol-free society?

Nah.

They probably bought enough for RRCC students, but not enough for David Wilcox fans.

RRCC Students?

By Joanne Faryon

They got in with a little help from their friends.

More than 500 fans came to see David Wilcox perform at RRCC, scrounging tickets from a friend of a friend of a friend who knew someone who knew someone else that went to school at RRCC.

Mark Corbett was there.

"Everyone I know loves David Wilcox. I couldn't miss it."

He doesn't go to RRCC. His friends don't go to RRCC.

"We just knew someone here for the tickets, about 20 of us."

Norman Fridfinnson was there.

"I drove 70 miles from Arborg to see Wilcox."

He doesn't go to RRCC. He has a friend who does.

Gerald Robert was there.

"I found out from a phone call."

Robert isn't a student at RRCC. His friend is.

Dean Orbanski, Todd Sigvaldson, Mike Ramsey, Cara Alatt, Brent McDonald, Terry Damyleyko, Greg Smith, Coleen Lough, Leah White, Glenn Kotzer, John Carlosen and Buzz Hobanson were there. Some of them go to RRCC. Most of them don't.

"I don't know if I could come up with the exact per cent of students to non-students," Kathy Bortoluzzi, program coordinator of the SA, said.

"It was a real mixed bag," she said.

They were the lucky ones. They got tickets.

Wilcox fans waited two days before the concert for tickets to "return" to the SA office. The day before the concert, the sign said: sold out. The tickets hadn't returned.

"C & I Sales were out selling them to students at the grassroots level," Bortoluzzi said.

"We had hoped some tickets might be returned to the office, but they were all sold," she said.

Even though Wilcox filled the South Gym to capacity, the SA only broke even, according to Bortoluzzi.

The event was still a success, judging from the crowd's reaction, she said.

STUDENT BUSINESS LOANS

Do you want to be your own boss?

If you are rich in ideas on how to start your own summer business, but poor in the funds you need to put your ideas into action, there's a good chance you qualify for a Student Business Loan.

If you are currently a full-time student who will be returning to school this Fall and you are legally entitled to work in Canada, you may be eligible.

Details are available at Canada Employment Centres, Canada Employment Centres for Students, any branch of the Royal Bank of Canada, Quebec branches of the National Bank of Canada, and at the Federal Business Development Bank.

Or call toll-free 1-800-361-2126.

Challenge '88

BANQUE NATIONALE NATIONAL BANK
ROYAL BANK BANQUE ROYALE
Federal Business Development Bank Banque fédérale de développement
Canada

Breakfast With Wilcox

By David Somers

Saturday afternoon. I didn't know who this man was.

But in the dark hours of Sunday morning, after a two hour concert and a twenty-five minute interview, I am now a David Wilcox disciple.

One a.m. The new converts and old followers make their way to the exits. Three star-struck young reporters wait for their turn to follow Wilcox's trail to the post-concert lounge.

Wilcox's oversized guardian stands outside the lounge door. He inquires about the contents of the photographer's camera bag.

"No photographs of Mr. Wilcox."

The photographer says the roll was used up during the performance. We are admitted.

The first person to greet us is David Wilcox. He stands at the liquor cabinet and offers us a Jack Daniels.

We follow him to the couch. He reaches out his hand.

"Dave," he says and waits for our names.

We sit down. He isn't happy with the seating arrangement—our eyes aren't meeting.

He drops a wooden chair two feet in front of us. We are settled on the couch; Wilcox's performance hasn't ended.

He leans forward. Our eyes meet. The same eyes that darted and stared for two hours on stage.

What's next? The Questions.

The audience, Mr. Wilcox?

"I don't really look at the audience. But I could tell it was a different audience here.

"They sat back and listened. I played a few more ballads. Slower numbers like "Cheap Beer Joint."

The performance?

"We have about five nights worth of material so we won't get bored. If I'm scared I start sounding boring. My stage fright goes in waves. I don't try to kill it with substances."

The road?

"The travelling is taxing. It's a fair drive from Thunder Bay. I've been resting here in Winnipeg.

"I like places that are clean and private. We were once almost put up in a men's staff washroom.

"I like meeting people on the road."

Wilcox is known for his exaggerated stage gestures, Feldmanesque eyes and humorous facial contortions.

The image?

"The facial expressions caused trouble when I played in other people's bands. I would have stayed a side-man otherwise. But it would make me sad if the audience only saw me as a comedian.

"Hell would be a place with no sense of humor."

Wilcox twists about on his chair. The last two hours haven't slowed him. He laughs and asks questions.

His bassist, David Rose, and drummer, John Bouvette, lounge in chairs near the liquor cabinet. They look like they stepped out of a Platinum Blonde video. Wilcox looks like a loading dock foreman on a coffee break.

The contrasting image?

"We love it."

The music?

"I get my ideas from experience and inspiration. I write all the time.

"I play artistic chicken. A deadline really stimulates me. I'm a pressure man."

Are all your songs inspired?

"No, I just thought there should be a song called "Do the Bearcat."

What's in your Walkman right now?

"Nothing. Just a blank cassette. I like to listen to individual tunes. Eurythmics. ZZ Top. Northern Pikes.

"I won't name anymore. Some of them are my friends. They'll be upset if I leave them out."

Your albums?

"I like to leave a long time between albums. I don't like to be like a laying hen."

Breakfast at the Circus?

"Usually we record 16 or 17 songs for an 11 song record. This time we used everything we recorded for *Breakfast at the Circus.*"

The producer?

"I've had the same person, Sadia, for all five albums. She's someone who's judement I respect. She helped set up the band."

David Wilcox?

"I'm from Montreal. I live in Toronto.

"I'm single; you can say that. My father was literally the father of this country. He has children everywhere."

Your success?

"I'm grateful for it. I keep my eye on it."

The oversized guardian tells Wilcox "the retailers" are waiting.

Wilcox stands. He shakes our hands and remembers our names.

We walked out. I feel I know David Wilcox, and in the dark hours of Sunday morning, I'm glad I do.

photo by Colin Corneau

Breakfast at the Circus

David Wilcox- ***Breakfast at the Circus***
(Capitol-E.M.I.)
By Harry Schwartz

One of Canada's most renowned guitarists, David Wilcox, has finally released an album of new material and it's about time.

Known for his live playing in particular, Wilcox's studio material is sometimes overlooked but not for long, as his latest release, *Breakfast At the Circus,* shows off his guitar virtuosity that for years we could only see live. Not to say that he is of the Steve Vai fast and furious mold, but he is more of a melodic and blues oriented guitarist exhibiting a variety of styles from one song to the next.

The title track starts things off in a story-telling manner as he describes an adventure any child would dream of and that would be breakfast at the circus. With a soft and melodic use of all the instruments, the listener flows along from verse to verse like down a slow-flowing stream only broken up sporadically by a catchy chorus.

The album changes its flow somewhat with songs like "On A Roll" and "Fire In My Bones", a track which really lets Wilcox loose as he shows his truly remarkable talents. That will certainly be a highlight of future Wilcox tours as will be the sarcastic "Layin's Pipe" which features the line "layin' pipe, to satisfy that woman."

Both are excellent examples of how Wilcox comes across live and that is energetic and a pleasure to see.

On this album, though, you also get to see musical styles ranging from the blues ("The Song He Never Wrote") to pop/reggae ("Invisible Shield") to rockabilly influenced ("Let It Flow").

It is this variety that enables this Montreal-born guitarist to stay fresh and appealing over these past few years instead of getting into a musical rut that is almost impossible to get out of. With this compilation of bar room rockers, Wilcox certainly has nothing to worry about.

photo by Colin Corneau

UNICEF CARDS
AVAILABLE NOW

FOR INFORMATION AND ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE

1-800-268-6364

Unicef Canada

Movies

Good Book, Bad Movie

By Anthony Connolly

For years bibliophiles and celluloids spoke of the perfect marriage. Like bagels and cream cheese, bad blues and bourbon; the novel and the movie were to be a match made in heaven. Simple equation: great book, sold millions equals great movie, hence make millions. But in mathematics and marriage there are quirks.

Bright Lights, Big City is a quirk. A huge quirk: an awful marriage of words and film. Bookworms and movie-freaks should give *Bright Lights, Big City* a wide berth, for *Bright Lights* is for those who haven't yet read the book or haven't been home from sea to view a flick in eons.

Aptly subtitled, *Bright Lights* should be penned: *Trite Lights, Pig City* because the movie is a well worn tale of woe simply infested with the cutsey-wootsey face of Michael J. Fox. As Jamie Conway, *Bright Lights* coke-snorting protagonist, Fox hogs all the scenes and snorts all the coke; nothing is left for the superb supporting cast.

The novel, written by Jay McInerney in 1984, was acclaimed as the 80's version of *Catcher in the Rye:* a story of misguided youth bent on destruction. The novel was lauded for its unique style, the use of the secondary personal prose, in the rites de passage of a struggling Kansas-born writer living in harsh New York. Jamie Conway, the writer, is taken prisoner by the environment of New York, bridled by his past and shackled by the death of his mother. The imprisoning effect causes Conway to withdraw and to live a life of abuse and neglect. Drugs become the key to unlock his misery and mystery of life in New York. But instead of freeing him, the drugs serve to reroute Conway into the catacombs of underground New York. New York clubland and transvestites replace mother's freshly baked bread and the wheat fields of Kansas. Conway loses his wife, his job and his identity while travelling this fast lane.

Like novel; like movie, the best scene comes when Conway realizes his plight. He has been invited to a party by his best friend Tad Allagash, played adequately by Kiefer Sutherland, to confront his wife. Phoebe Cates, who plays Conway's wife, says her only line in the film—a killer: "So how's it going?"

Conway laughs so hard that his nose starts to bleed—due no doubt to the rotting effect cocaine has on the nose septum. Conway whirls in delight, as his world comes crashing down around his ears. From there, Conway comes to terms with his loss of innocence and begins to climb out of the dregs of Manhattan to start anew.

Great story. Should have made a great movie! Natuk, Nyet, no way Jose: *Bright Lights* is lousy. The main fault, say critics, is that the film never takes off. Well, *Bright Lights* forgets to even bring its luggage; baggage movie-goers have come to expect in a flick.

There is no explanation of character, no motivation stated, no linking of dialogue nor thought. Fox begins the movie via an inner dialogue, as was the case in the book, then drops it like a bad hit of acid. Characters, like Tracey Pollan's role, are introduced and dropped with hope (from the director) that they will live on in viewers' minds. Symbolism is used heavy-handedly in the film while sparsely in the novel resulting in a deluge of sappiness.

Bright Lights could have been a contender for the perfect marriage between lit and glitz but McInerney's screenplay pays too much homage to the novel. *Bright Lights, Big City's* translation from page to screen was an exercise not unlike dubbing terrible Japanese "Godzilla" movies into English: Out of sync, but with the best of intentions.

Hopper's *Colors*

By David Somers

There's a color conflict in L.A.

Rival gangs rule the slums of L.A. fighting for the upper hand in the crack trade. A subculture of 70,000 people revolves around drugs and murders, cars and guns.

Dennis Hopper's race through the squalid tenements and back alleys of East L.A. witnesses the violence of the two rival gangs: the "Bloods" who wear red, and the "Crips" who own blue.

Gang members live and die by their colors.

The police are unable to control the situation; they are merely one more group with guns.

Robert Duvall adds another solid performance to his resume as the world-weary cop who can be tough or lenient in his search for respect from the gangs.

Can Duvall do no wrong as an actor? In every movie this man makes it seems he was born for the role. *Tender Mercies, Apocalypse Now, M*A*S*H,* and now *Colors* will all be remembered thanks to Duvall's depth and range.

Sean Penn is another story.

After narrowly missing the Oscar nomination for his portrayal of Madonna's husband in *Shanghai Surprise* (which won la Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival) Penn was hungry for another meaty role.

He found it. As Danny McGavin, the young and brutal cop too impatient to learn from Duvall's Bob Hodges, Penn is given free rein by director Dennis Hopper to slug anyone within spitting distance.

Together, Penn and Duvall brave L.A.'s forbidden territory, coercing, punching, shooting and dealing with a whole lot of ugly types who wear the "colors". Ah, for the good old days of *Adam-12.*

Hopper's direction is inspired. Taking the cameras into no-man's land, he comes back with gritty, choppy footage that gets in to the action without forcing it into unrealistic directions.

Hopper is a natural to direct this type of film; Hopper has lived on the underbelly of society and his respect for it shows.

The story itself is fragmented, loosely rambling from acts of violence to—surprise—more acts of violence. There is a plot, but *Colors* isn't about to fall back on it too heavily.

And why is it that every American movie with two male leads ends up with the female lead as little more than an extra? To say the name Maria Conchita Alonso takes longer than her scenes in the movie.

The relationship between Penn's cop and Alonso's "homegirl" character suffers a senseless death at the hands of the writers, Richard DiLello and Michael Schiffer. Perhaps the writers were trying to make the point that things die so fast in East L.A. that no one really cares.

Snowy River: Plenty of Horses

By Jill Bemi

Return to Snowy River is an entertaining movie with beautiful scenery, a slightly complicated love story and plenty of horses.

Set in the Australian Highlands, this sequel to *The Man from Snowy River* centers around mountain man/drifter Jim Craig (Tom Burlinson) and the love of his life, Jessica Harrison (Sigrid Thornton), the daughter of a businessman played by Brian Dennehy.

Craig has returned home after an unexplained absence to pick up where he left off with Jessica. However, their love affair causes problems between the mountain men, Jessica's father and the bank manager's son, Alistair (Nicholas Eadie).

Alistair's jealousy of Jim leads him and many of his friends to drive away all the mountain men's horses. This forces Jim to chase after them through the Australian Highlands.

The brilliant camera angles of the Highlands combined with spectacular horseback riding gave the audience a breath-taking 100 minutes of entertainment.

The action/adventure in the movie is carried throughout the movie, never boring the audience.

Return to Snowy River is a pleasing movie ideal for viewers of all ages and entertaining to all who go see it.

Demi Moore: Pregnant Yuppie

By Marc Grant

The writers of *The Seventh Sign* submit this for your approval: a pregnant yuppie is the only thing that stands between us and the end of the world as we know it.

And why is this yuppie interested in saving the world? Is it because she feels that man needs more time to redeem himself? No, it's because she wants to give birth to her first healthy baby after several miscarriages.

Unfortunately, Demi Moore, the yuppie, should have focused more on saving this film than her baby—for a while watching the film felt like the end of the world. This is due to a script riddled with holes and Moore's stilted acting.

One of the major holes is a flashback sequence that takes place at the time of the Christ. In the sequence we see Demi, "The Stranger" and another of the prime movers in the story. The connection of the flashback to the two men is explained, but we're never really sure why Moore is there or what she did.

Moore's acting ranges from whining about her unborn baby to crying about her unborn baby. In every scene, Moore continues her lament about how terrible her life would be without a child. In all fairness, some of the blame for her lament should go on the shoulders of scriptwriters W.W. Wicket and George Kaplan, who also wrote the wretched film, *Spacecamp.*

The Seventh Sign has one saving grace—the lush photography. The film's opening sequence and many of the "sign" related sequences scattered throughout have a beautiful, rhythmic pace to them that set them above the rest of the film.

Overall, *The Seventh Sign* is horrid, but might be enjoyed by someone who likes bad religious thrillers. This film might also be popular with those who would like to see what Demi Moore looks like both pregnant and naked (the most frightening scene in the film—yecchh). Scale: five out of ten.

Your Chance To Be

PRODUCTION MANAGER or STATION MANAGER for

Student Radio CMOR

Send resumes attention of Doren Roberts at CMOR. Application deadline is April 26.

Off Center

By Sue Doe Nim

Spring and summer, the seasons that we all want to share with someone wonderful.

Unfortunately, relationships seldom develop without the ordeal of the first date. Various theories offer the first date as prolonged repenting of the original sin. Regardless of what approach one has, few things can inspire that range of emotions like a first date.

Women generally change between three and five times prior to their date arriving. The number of changes is a sure barometer of the date.

One change: nothing special; would prefer to stay home and wax her legs—has no expectations.

Two-three changes: standard; likely has already waxed her legs—average expectations.

Four-five changes: above average; thinks this is something special—high expectations.

Six and over: start searching the place for copies of Bride Magazine—dangerous mega-expectations.

A friend advises never wearing a long scarf on a date unless you plan on being Isadora Duncan revisited. It seems she had a rather nasty experience with a scarf. She accidently slammed it in the car door and was dragged across the parking lot before her first date realized he had taken on extra cargo. He never asked her out again.

Men tend to worry more about factors that they cannot control. They wonder if their date's roommate will turn out to be the one that they never called, or worse, the one they did. Most of these fears are groundless and that time would be better spent concentrating on places to go on a first date and creative conversation pieces.

Blind dates are the most perilous in the first date genre. Not only are you distinctly disadvantaged not knowing what your date looks or acts like, but you also face all the first date angst. Unless you are offered a briefcase full of U.S. dollars—never go on a blind date.

A friend likes to relate the story of her one and only blind date: he arrives an hour early. I have a towel on my head. He says: "I didn't know that you were Egyptian." He was such a geek, I asked for a private table at the restaurant, he thinks I want romance. But I'm terrified that someone I know might see me with this nerd. I had to leap out of the car while it was still moving to avoid any lip contact. Ack, never again!

I should mention that although this woman is enjoying connubial bliss with another man, her blind date geek is now her accountant. Perhaps something good came of this horrid night after all.

Basically, following a few simple rules will help reduce the odds of major first date trauma:

NEVER wear anything new on a first date because you are more apt to spill something, especially if said garment is white. Also, if the date is a complete disaster, it would be a shame to never wear a new outfit because it evokes painful memories.

NEVER take a first date to a comedy club. This is akin to attaching raw liver to your neck and jumping into a pool of piranhas. It is far too exhausting to your peripheral vision to be constantly checking on what your date finds humorous.

NEVER got to eateries that serve pasta, ribs or have French service. The potential for food fiascos—and fires—is raised ten-fold in these locales. Try to remain as mainstream and easy as possible when choosing that all important first place to be shared together.

By far the most important thing is to relax and comfort yourself that if you survive this, the second date will be much better. Good luck and happy dating.

A Touch of Motown

By Dennis Watson

Toronto's Masonic Temple Concert Hall was a good place to be on the 20th of March to hear one of the hottest voices to hit the music scene since Marvin Gaye. Terence Trent D'Arby gave the capacity crowd exactly what they had come to see: soulful crooning heavily peppered with sexual suggestion.

Playing primarily to a crowd of "trendy" teenage girls with more money than shame, D'Arby wasted no time in peeling off his T-shirt (Harley-Davjdson, no less) and contorting his abdomen while the crowd shrieked and declared their love for him. Granted his torso was sickeningly flawless, but the focus of the show did tend to wander from D'Arby's brilliant voice at times.

A cynical viewer may have found D'Arby walking that line between non-conformity and pretentiousness. At a point early in the show (he was still dressed) D'Arby announced, pleading for more crowd response: "I don't do this to make money. I do this because if I didn't I would be in an institution." And asking twenty-one bucks a ticket, he'll be able to buy his own institution before long.

Indeed, D'Arby is really beginning to make a name for himself in North America. Recent appearances on Saturday Night Live and Letterman, as well as a hot video of his first single, "Wishing Well" from his first album, *The Hardline According to Terence Trent D'Arby*, are making his name household. A refreshing change from the bubble-gum sounds of Madonna, Tiffany and (bleh!) Glass Tiger that are now polluting the airways and music charts, D'Arby uses a Motownesque sound and an amazing voice that is reminiscent of the great soul singers of years past. A modern funk influence is enough to keep him from seeming like a living time capsule.

Highlights of the show included the opening "Sign Your Name" and the Smokey Robinson composition, "Who's Lovin' You?". In fact, there were very few dead spots in the well-rehearsed show, except perhaps for D'Arby's own tribute to self-indulgence, a song titled "As Yet Untitled". This long winded acapella ditty demonstrates D'Arby's vocal range to its fullest at the cost of melody, modesty and momentum. A more successful acapella attempt was Cat Stevens' "The First Cut is the Deepest" which nearly brought tears to yours truly. Sam Cooke's "Wonderful World", featuring D'Arby and a lone guitar player, made for a chilling encore.

As an indication of Terence Trent D'Arby's fast-rising popularity, the hall in Toronto was sold out a week before the show and Minneapolis' First Avenue (Prince's bar) was also sold out well in advance of D'Arby's performance. If D'Arby can stay clear of that aforementioned line of pretentiousness there will be no limits to his success. Of course, there are too many examples in the music industry of success having nothing to do with talent or ability. But if Corey Hart can make it sounding like Elmer Fudd, Terence Trent D'Arby should have his career guaranteed. Then again, so should I.

Check It Out...

By Sabrina Starr

Hey dudes! The Starr is still shining, and like, I can't believe it. And what's like even more awesome is the entertainment stuff that's coming up. Like, get out of town. It's just totally the greatest.

Check this out. Some absolutely brainy cats have made just the coolest movie. Like, it's really weird but it's also funny. The title just blows me away. Get this: *Tales from the Gimli Hospital*. Some local dudes made this flick and even acted in it. And it's cheap.

Like only three bucks man. Check it out between April 15-28. If you're a real keener and have to go to bed early, then like catch it at 7:30. If you're a real party animal then you can see it at 9:30. It's at that artsy building on the corner of Arthur and Bannatyne.

• • •

Check this out. There's this artsy kind of guy, Tedd Robinson, who's like totally famous for doing strange things in contemporary dance. And everyone's wondering what he'll do next. You can, like, find out for yourself at the Gas Station Theatre between April 20-30. All these really great dancers put on just one freaked-out show. They start groovin' at 8:30 p.m. But like, you might have to smash piggy over the head to raise the cash. It's $13 for adults and $10 for students. Like maybe you could just ask a friend who works for the money.

• • •

If socials are your bag, you might want to check these out. There's a whole bunch of business type people from the college who are having a social. They call themselves the Administrative Management Society (college chapter) and they're having a car rally or crib tournament, beer gardens and social. They're going to pull this off all on the same day. If you want to be a part of this crazed-out event then run down to the cave to sign up. It's $10 for the whole deal.

• • •

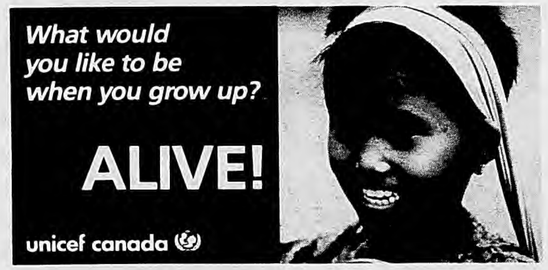
Those wanna-be nurses from somewhere in the college are having a social. But these guys and gals are having a Lyp Synch contest too. Like yeah, man, you can pretend you're just the hottest band. The big night isn't until May 14 but you have to sign up early in Room AB22 for the contest.

• • •

Don't forget to check out that rockin' Beer Bash/Fashion Show April 22. What a brainstorm, man.

Get up and soak up all these fabo events all you Red River rock heads, and keep following the Starr!

NURSING STUDENTS
ROCK & ROLL
SOCIAL
&
LIP SYNCH CONTEST
(Bring Own Tape)
Sign up in AB22
PRIZES
SATURDAY, MAY 14/88
RRCC South Gym $7.50 (E313)



South Gym
3:30 to 7:30 pm

Tickets go on sale April 18 in SA office.

Sports

"Serious sport has nothing to do with fair play. It is bound up with hatred, jealousy, boastfulness, disregard of all rules and sadistic pleasure in witnessing violence: in other words it is war minus the shooting." -*George Orwell*

Expos Could, But Won't

By Jason Bell

I have to quit kidding myself.

Why do I tell myself that this is the year the Montreal Expos will make all of my dreams come true? Why is it that I insist the Expos have the necessary ingredients to win the National League East division?

Since 1980, I have suggested the Expos are championship material, that maybe they could win it all. I think it's time I had my head examined.

No more will I scream and argue the Expos have the best personnel in the entire National League. I've been disappointed just too many times. They won't win. They can't win. There's no way. They're destined to finish in the middle of the pack again, repeating their disappearing act when the all-important months of August and September come.

But just for the sake of posterity, let's take a quick glimpse of what the 1988 Montreal Expos have to offer their diehard fans.

THE INFIELD:

At first base, the Expos are in fine shape. Andres Galarraga will continue to impress people this season, both at the plate and defensively. He's a big, strong kid who led the National League in doubles last year and should contribute in a major way this year.

The Expos have handed the second base reins to youngster Casey Candael. Candael's defensive abilities have never been in question, but his batting might be suspect. Look for Montreal to go with him for much of the season, occasionally replacing him with utility infielder Tom Foley, the Expos most important man coming off the bench.

Another young player will handle the short-stop position for the Expos. Luis Rivera, a speedy player with excellent range will take over the duties from Hubie Brooks who the Expos feel can fill a hole in right field. Look for Rivera to have a great year.

At the hot corner, third base, the Expos are strongest with veteran Tim Wallach. Wallach is easily the best defensive third baseman in baseball. He guards the left field line like a mother hen, almost never giving up the extra base hits to his side. He has a great throwing arm, and is issued very few errors by the league at his position. Wallach is also the Expos' power hitter, and will definitely succeed in equaling or bettering his batting totals from last year. He's a strong candidate for the all-star voting, except for the fact the fans insist on choosing aging Mike Schimdt ahead of him.

OUTFIELD:

Tim Raines is one of the best all around players in the game and will carry the Expos as far as he can go. The fastest man in the National League (I don't recognize Vince Coleman because I hate the Cards) Raines will again challenge for the batting title, lead all players in runs scored, and steal 50 bases. The man called "Rock" (take a look at his tree stumps for legs) is the most talented player to ever wear an Expo uniform. Sorry to all those Chris Spier fans.

Mitch Webster is a fine center fielder and will probably have his best season as an Expo. Webster is stroking the ball with power this yar, and he also covers the field like a blanket.

Hubie Brooks will continue to contribute in a big way for Montreal this year. Brooks is adjusting to right field smoothly and he will most likely hit over .300.

PITCHING:

Starters like Bryn Smith, Floyd Youmans, and Dennis Martinez will have to perform like they have shown they can. For the Expos to have a chance, the starting rotation must win at least 60-70 ball games.

In relief, the Expos have Randy St. Claire, Tim Burke, Bob McClure, and Andy McGaffigan. All are experienced bullpen residents with an abundance of talent.

Manager Buck Rogers will try and pull the team together. He's a highly competitive man with innovative ideas and the respect of his team.

That's the Expos for 1988 in a nutshell. Looking it over, the Expos seem to have the talent to go all the way. This has got to be their year!

Wait a second. Who are they trying to kid?

Muscle Into the Weight Room

By Colin Corneau

Red River's muscles aren't the only thing improving at the North Gym's weight room facilities lately.

The equipment and services have improved markedly over the last two years despite athletic staff cutbacks that would appear to put a cramp in the program.

Fortunately, the improvement hasn't gone unnoticed by students and staff—the weight room sees at least 150 people a day, according to facility attendant Karen Jamer (who stressed that they weren't all at the same time).

The new leaf turned in the spring of 1986, when Red River's varsity program folded. The Students' Association was left with a $10,000 trust fund with which it bought new weights at fire-sale prices from a closing Fit Stop outlet last May.

However, with equipment counter attendant Byron Solvanson's position being terminated, the weight room was off-limits after 4 p.m.

To make it all more accessible, a student was hired last fall to allow after-school use, following department of education approval.

The demise of Rob Young's job as athletic therapist made way for a Fitness Appraisal centre, run by instructors Jack Kaplan and Jack Rutherford.

More approachable than Howard Manshein, the weight room can be your stomping ground by simply attending an orientation (dates and times posted in the North Gym) and getting a weight room card.

Facilities and services are then yours free of charge.

Given the $30 charge for the two universities' weight rooms and Red River's excellent equipment, it's a bargain of biblical proportions.

The weight room is in the North Gym and is open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Mon-Thurs., and 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Friday.

Maple Leafs: Hogtown Weenies

CENTIPEDE

By James Crampton

The Toronto Maple Leafs are to the sport of hockey what Marcus Brutus was to friendship. (Look it up in Bill Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, if you must.)

The last time the Leafs won the Stanley Cup, the Beatles were still together, Robert Kennedy was still alive, America was still in Vietnam, and Man had not yet walked on the moon.

The year was 1967, our nation's centennial. The Leafs won Lord Stanley's Cup with a pack of aging, toothless veterans (except for Dave Keon) who defeated a much younger and more talented Montreal Canadiens squad in seven games, preventing Les Habitants from a second five-year dynasty.

In 1968 the Leafs pledged to start phasing out the veterans and start re-building a new team to take on the challenges of the ever-expanding National Hockey League.

Well, it's twenty years later and the job isn't done; for the past two decades they've been the unparalleled laughing-stock of the NHL.

The luckless Leafs have been taunted and bullied, ridiculed and scorned. They've been called the Maple Buds, the Mainly Grieves, and, my favorite, the Toronto Make-Me-Laughs. The derision hurled at them is warranted.

These disparaging comments are justified when you look at the team's record over the past two decades, both on and off the ice.

Even though they've managed to field competitive teams during the mid-to-late 70s, this current decade has been a Gothic horror tale for Harold Ballard's once-proud franchise.

They've only made the Final-Four in the playoffs once since 1967. They did so by beating the New York Islanders in a seven-game quarter-final series decided in OT by Lanny McDonald.

That was in the 1977-78 season, and, predictably, they went down to Scotty Bowman's French-Canadien juggernaut in four straight.

Ballard has a totalitarian control over the Leafs. The team might be the only one in professional sports where an owner calls all the shots, and where scores of managers cower and grovel, letting fat Howard exercise his every whim.

If a prudent man had been in the owner's chair the Leafs could have produced a winner.

But Ballard's will has killed the team, year after year. He wanted Lanny McDonald out of Hogtown. He quarelled with Darryl Sittler. He couldn't tolerate Laurie Boschman's religious views, and, worst of all, he instructed his GM not to draft Grant Fuhr because he didn't want a black goaltender to wear the Maple Leaf.

A generation ago, every boy growing up in English Canada wanted to play for the Leafs. That sentiment has gone now. When the Leafs said they would choose Craig Simpson first-overall in the 1985 entry draft, Simpson balked. He said unequivocally that he wouldn't play for Toronto, and in doing so, he humiliated the Leafs to the whole sporting world.

Unless Ballard loosens his Stalin-esque grip on the team, another generation of Canadian kids will sooner want to play in the Italian Hockey League rather than skate at Maple Leaf Gardens.

The Shark Goes Belly Up

By James Crampton

The first sign of spring is not the arrival of the first robin, it is the crumbling of Greg Norman at Augusta.

Like so many other golf fans, I sat watching the Masters Golf Tournament last weekend hoping that Norman, Australia's Great White Shark, would win the PGA's most coveted award—the green jacket of the Augusta National Gold Club.

Norman didn't win, of course, but at least this time he didn't crumple on the 18th green, clutching at his throat and cursing in an incomprehensible Aussie dialect.

No, he really wasn't even in it this year. Perhaps he's been spooked by the past two Masters. The Shark, you see, loses more playoffs than the Washington Capitals.

But he's arguably the best player in golf. He's in his prime, both technically and mentally. The problem is he just can't win the big tourneys.

Norman has trouble with the back-nine at Augusta, especially the 10th, which seems to be designed by a Nazi scientist. Unlike so many other golfers, Norman never pulls himself from a rut. While Nicklaus and Crenshaw will turn adversity around and spit in its eye, Norman chokes and gasps at the very sight of the dog-leg 10th.

Not that Norman is the only golfer to be tortured by Augusta. Sandy Lyle, the eventual champion last weekend, almost lost it all on the last day when his tee-shot on 18 went into a cruel sand trap. A great sand shot got Lyle out of the sand and into a green jacket. Had that happened to the Shark, he would have folded up altogether and buried his head in the sand.

Norman tied for fifth spot last weekend, finishing four shots of the pace.

He did earn $36,000, however, which should be enough to throw a few shrimps on the barbie back home in Sydney.

But Norman knows that no amount of money will buy a Masters green jacket.

In the past year he represented student interests in meetings with Finance Minister Eugene Kostyra and Minister of Education Roland Penner. On your behalf, he met on numerous occasions with College President Gary Polonski. He successfully represented students in disputes with their departments. He represented your concerns on numerous committees on and off campus as well as carrying out the day to day duties of the SA president. For representation that's experienced and effective,

RE-ELECT

ROGER PROCYK

President of the Students' Association

Don't go searching for the next president. He's right under your very nose!

ROBERT KADAS

For a thorough & detailed job in office you couldn't ask for a better person.

LET'S GET DOWN TO WORK

AND

VOTE

IQBAL JHASS

for

TREASURER

VOTE

ANNE COURTNEY

for

Public Relations Director

Communicating with you —for you.

The Choice is Obvious

VOTE

Colette Odowichuk

for SA PRES

Your Vote Counts!

The student's choice is the student's voice.

DARCY BALLANCE

for

Vice-President

Classifieds

FOR RENT

Cozy 1 bedroom apartment. Hugh livingroom, bathroom and dining room. Air conditioning, hydro, cable, parking and security doors—all for $390/month. Sublet June 1st. New lease July 1st. Phone 338-7249.

WANTED

Urgently require writers capable of providing a regular feature column in ARTERRA, the monthly newsletter of Canadian Artists' Representation Manitoba, an advocacy and lobby group for visual artists in Man. Applicants should have considerable knowledge of the arts scene and event in Man. especially as they relate to visual artists. Send current resume samples of recent writing, type of column proposed and intended frequency of submission to Tyrrell Mendis, Editor, ARTERRA, 221-100 Arthur St., Wpg. MB R3B-1H3. There is no deadline.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Troubleshooters Sports Assoc. in conjunction with the Manitoba Provincial Election cordially invite you to a Support Your Party Party, Friday, April 22, 1988 at 49 Euclid at Sutherland at 8 p.m. $7 per person.

Vanna White says "Win big money" on April 29, 1988 when AMS presents a "Wheelin', Dealin' Day". Events include: car rally, cribbage tournament, beer gardens and a social. Advance registration for car rally and card tourney at 11am to 1pm today through Friday in front of the cave. Only a limited no. of tickets. So don't delay, get those tickets today!

PERSONALS

Melita & Ericksdale: Happy Birthday you video vixens. Love your director and heat source.

FREE BEER! Now that I have your attention...Hi! I'm Debbie Bowers and I am running for vice-president of the SA. I'm a first year cre-comm student and I want to hear from *you!* Got a gripe? Let me know—I want to make *next* year the *best* year! On April 21, vote Debbie Bowers for vice-president.

Presumption of Death: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of one Otis Earvin LaSalle, or having any information concerning the aforementioned party contact Goldstein, Hamlisch & Washington, attorneys, barristers and solicitors.

Curious Chick: Your insensitivity knows no bounds. You must know that I've been dealt a staggering emotional blow and am still reeling. Everyone knows. -ELVIS

ELVIS: You can read! It sounds like you have a Fatal Attraction complex. How charming. It makes you seem all too human. I like to think that you wear boxing shorts to bed and have a Philistine's taste for art. I had a craving for mayo last night but I couldn't find your name listed in the ingredients. Yours in perpetual, cerebral obscurity-Urusula K. LeGuin.

Thanks to Joan K., David W., Pat P., Alison B., Chris S., Kathy B., Brendan F., Les H., Barb M., Shirley M., Paul S., Gord G., Andrew M. for your pledges. 10 laps. -Sparky Gillianne & Dad.

You can make the difference. How and why, you ask? By voting in the executive elections on April 21. You will want somebody who is capable, responsible and dedicated to the job of treasurer. My name is Romano Guzzo and I will help you to get the most out of your student fees. Vote Romano Guzzo for treasurer.

To all the students of RRCC: Please support my bid for the presidency of the SA. I am capable of inheriting and upholding the noble traditions of those who have served before me. All I ask is that my wife gets a new pair of shoes every other week. -Ferdinand Marcos.

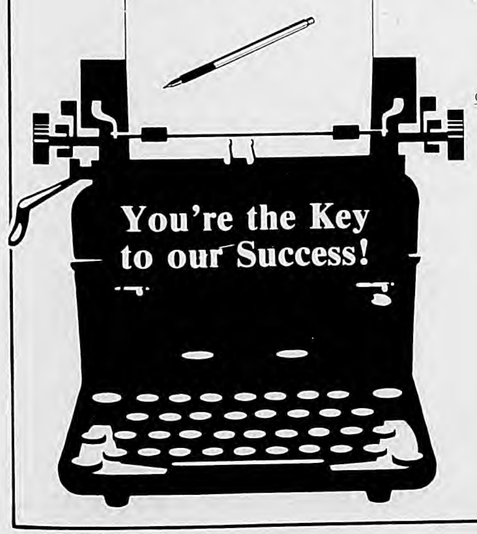
The students voice. Darcy Ballance for vice-president!

On April 21, vote for a voice with communications experience. Vote Anne Courtney for Public Relations Director.

So much for my coffee money. The SA gets the "perks". -The Plaid Leotard

Do you know who's on YOUR SA executive? Do you know what the SA does with YOUR student fees? Do you know that YOU have a say in these matters? If you want to know what's going on at YOUR college—vote for someone who will tell you. Elect Colette Odowichuk for YOUR SA president.

The *Projector* needs good writers.
Lord knows we don't have any now.
If you have any degree of talent whatsoever, please contact the *Projector* editors in Trailer K.



SUMMER employment

If you are interested in securing a summer job - BE SURE to contact the CEC office, Rm. C-211.
Information is available regarding:
- *Regular summer job listings*
- *Federal and Provincial Job Programs*
- *Career-oriented summer employment*
- *Out-of-town job opportunities*

Take advantage of this service available at:

Canada Employment Centre on Campus Room C-211

Canada

RURAL STUDENTS PLANNING TO RETURN TO THEIR RURAL ADDRESSES FOR THE SUMMER

- For those students who will be seeking employment in their local areas, a reminder that the following rural Canada Employment Centres will be accepting registrations for summer employment.

Brandon	Morden	Steinbach
Dauphin	Portage La Prairie	The Pas
Flin Flon	Selkirk	Thompson

- You are welcome to drop by the CEC Office, C-211, to pick up student registration cards which you complete and take to your local office when you are available for work.

METRO WINNIPEG STUDENTS seeking Summer Employment

- The Canada Employment Centre for Students in Winnipeg will be located in the Bestland's Building, 325 Main Street. With regards to registration forms -- no pre-registrations will be accepted -- clients are to apply directly to the CEC-S as soon as they are available for work.

Canada Employment Centre on Campus, C-211

- Students who will be returning to school and seeking summer employment are welcome to register with the office on campus. These registrations will be used to contact students after you have left campus regarding career-oriented summer positions. While you are on campus, it is your responsibility to watch the bulletin boards in your area for job postings as well as checking the job board in our office regularly. All jobs are not posted on the individual bulletin boards.

Following is a sampling of positions now being advertised.

Sales Representative:	Seeks student from Bus. Admin. (Mktg) or C&I for summer relief. some travel.
Receptionist	Downtown for 6 weeks term -- Typing: 45 wam
Secretary/Asst. Project Manager	Available May. -- Exp. in general secretary duties - typing 45 wam - Prefers Bus. Education or Secretarial students.
Administrative -- Distribution -- Driving Positions (14 vacancies)	Must apply by April 22nd
Serving Personnel Bartenders	Catering firm -- to work in private dining room.
Fast Food Supervisors	Grand Beach -- End of term to September/88
Convenience Store Supervisor	Some prev. supervisorial backgrd. Ordering stock, scheduling staff, supervise staff of ice making operation.