Classifieds

FOR RENT

Elmwood-2 bedroom house. Shared laundry, parking. Close to bus. $475/month and utilities. Available May 1. Call collect after 6 pm 1-785-1007.

FOR SALE

Synthesizer. Juno-106 by Roland. Features digital oscilators; 128 user programmable memories (16) 8 Div. patch chains, 2 groups of 64, each with cassette storage interface; Hold petal and patch-chain advance (F.S. not incl.); Stereo chorus; Polyphonic portamento; 16 MIDI channels; 61 keys. ONLY $950. Any interested audiophiles call 895-8196.

SERVICES

Friendship Seekers: Get together for prospective members to meet new friends on March 26, 2:00 p.m. at Centennial Library. Ph: 783-3876 Ask for Barry.

Winnipeg needs... The United Way

PERSONALS

Hi. This is Michael Jackson. I'm not home right no because I'm out searching for my monkey. Please leave your name and no. and I'll get right back to you...

Desperately Seeking Susan: C Tower at 12 noon March 25.

L'Art pour l'Art.

ELVIS: I have experienced a glorious new wrinkle on my brain in the form of a wanging existentialist crises. Sorry, but you might just join the ranks of the great unwashed. I really must get Wilde in 'earnest'. I use your replies as coasters. -Ursula K. LeGuin

Ode to the twin peaks of Chestnut:
Oh, to climb your majestic spires/with which to stand back and admire/with such lofty ambitions as these/why do I look and feel teased?/You stand there tauntingly/Haunting me, teasingly/If only I could/Once again mount thee./Wait a minute./Are we talking of hills of rock and rubble/Or of those things/That gets young boys in trouble. -E.Hillary

Recipe for Disaster: Add a Doer and a touch of Hemphill; a dash of Harapiak and a sprinkle of Anstett. Garnish with Walding and mustard. Half bake until the convention March 30.

Don't wind up in the drink.

Going for a swim when your head's already swimming is an open invitation to trouble. Water sports and alcohol just don't mix. So before you dive in, be sure you haven't been in the drink. The message in the bottle is quite simple – don't.

The Canadian Red Cross Society

TENNIS ANYONE?

OR GOLF, ARCHERY, HOW TO GET FIT or MARATHON RUNNING?
Instructional classes in these activities are now being organized by the Physical Education Department. Each of these classes meets once per week for one period and is open to all students in the college. There is no charge for these classes and all equipment is provided.

This is your chance to pick up beginner or intermediate skills in any of these sports. The timetable of Phys. Ed. classes is available at the North Gym. Check to see what's available during any of your spares and register as soon as possible. Classes are now beginning.

Any further information can be obtained from any of the Phys. Ed. staff.

Student Aid Appeal Board

The Student Aid Appeal Board will hold hearings at the College on Thursday, March 24 in Room C519. Students who wish to appeal their Student Aid Award should contact the Student Aid/Awards Office, Room C312, for an appointment.

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presently scheduled for

MARCH, 1988

KINNEY CANADA

Students in their graduating terms of the BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION & COMMERCE/INDUSTRY SALES & MARKETING courses are invited to attend:

Date: MARCH 18, 1988
Time: 11:30 am - 1:00 pm
Place: Room D-103

WHITEWOOD DISTRIBUTORS

Graduating students in the BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION (Marketing) course are invited to attend a GROUP PRESENTATION. These are scheduled an hour apart -- please book appointments, C-211, if you wish to attend.

Date: MARCH 22, 1988
Time: 9:00 am start (1 hour intervals)
Place: ROOM C-519

ACTIVE COMPONENTS

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION -- C&I SALES -- ELECTRONIC TECHNOLOGY

Graduating Students are invited to Attend

Date: MARCH 23, 1988
Time: 11:30 am -- 1:00 pm
Place: WHITE Lecture Theatre

Representatives of these companies will be briefing students on opportunities available for RRCC students.

PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND !

RED RIVER COMMUNITY COLLEGE Monday, April 4, 1988

RECEIVED APR 4 1988 PERIODICALS Learning Resource Centre

Student Fees Go to New Orleans

By Anthony Connolly

Five executive members of the Students' Association and a secretary from the SA office spent more than $6,000 and a week in New Orleans bringing back with them a binder of information.

The SA members attended the 68th Association of College and University International conference in New Orleans, hoping to obtain information on how to build a student union building and how to better organize the administration of student affairs, Lorie Kowalyshyn, vice-president said.

Roger Procyk, president of the SA, said the conference could be seen in two ways: as a perk for SA executive members and as a practical venture.

On the practical side, the conference offered the SA executive a chance to obtain differing perspectives on how student affairs are run, Procyk said.

Kowalyshyn said that information gathered at the conference will be passed onto next year's SA executive in order that they can act on it.

"I was overwhelmed by the conference and the information we got," she said.

The perk side of the conference was that all SA executive members' expenses were covered by students' fees, or ten thousand dollars allotted in the budget for conferences, Procyk said.

The six to seven thousand dollars spent account for a food allowance of twenty-five dollars a day each, rooms in the conference hotel, the conference fee of twelve hundred dollars and six round trip plane tickets, Kathy Bortoluzzi, director of SA programming said.

Bortoluzzi said that she haggled with O'Brien travel agency to get economy tickets, which eventually came to $468 each.

Bortoluzzi and the SA executive ran into trouble with the economy arrangements when they asked if one of the ticket names could be changed, Bortoluzzi said.

Don Hillman, executive director of the SA was supposed to attend the conference but had to pull out at the last minute due to family committments, Roger Procyk said.

The SA executive unanimously selected Alison Benoit, the SA secretary to attend the conference in Hillman's place, Procyk said.

The travel agency at first said no to the name change request from the SA, stating insurance reasons, Bortoluzzi said.

When the SA threatened to take their business elsewhere, Bortoluzzi said, the agency reissued the tickets but charged the SA one hundred dollars more for Benoit's ticket.

"We got a refund for Don's ticket," she said.

"They simply upgraded the ticket for Benoit," she said.

All SA executive members interviewed felt that Benoit was worth the effort and the extra one hundred dollars.

Procyk said that it was an accident that Benoit went to New Orleans but that she could only benefit from the experience.

see Trip/2

The Projector

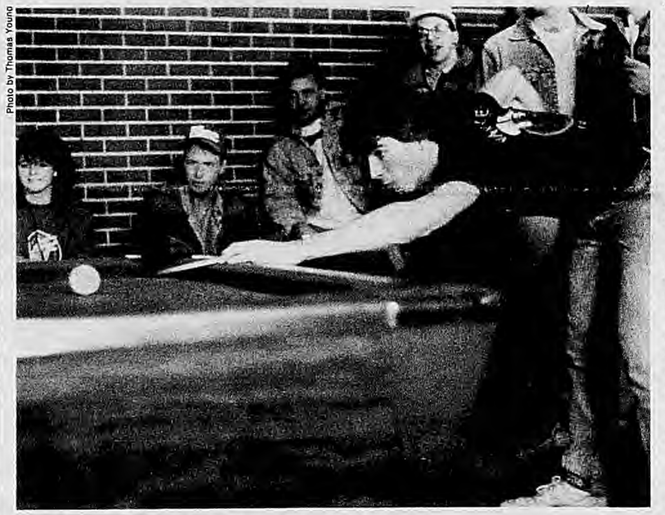

Photo by Thomas Young

Your Wallet is Safe with Us

By Pat St. Germain

The Students' Association is shopping for 24 wallet lockers to be installed outside the North Gym, now that the finance committee has approved a maximum $2,000 purchase price.

At the SA meeting March 29, members passed a motion to charge users 25 cents until costs are recouped, and then make the lockers' coin and key mechanisms refundable.

North Gym facility attendant Karen Jamer said staff asked for the lockers, to be placed near the attendants station, after a spate of thefts from the men's locker room.

"There have been dozens and dozens of thefts this year," she said.

No thefts from the women's locker room have been reported, and security has not been a problem at the South Gym, she said.

Staff try to keep an eye on the locker rooms, and ask for student identification from people who are not familiar to them, she said, adding that attendants believe evening and weekend users are responsible for the thefts.

"It's not fair to our students to not have a facility they can use without having to worry about thefts," she said.

It's common for staff to have to call security to eject intruders, as they did on March 28 when a group of six or seven people became abusive after being asked to leave, she said.

The new lockers will measure about seven inches tall by six inches wide, and will be about six inches deep according to a manufacturer's brochure presented to the SA.

Bruce Campbell: last ball, last game. Page 8 Sports.

Sun Girls Get Ripped Off

By David Somers

If Pat Fraser could have her way, Sun Girl posters would die a quick and merciless death.

Fraser, the women's co-ordinator at Red River, is in charge of a committee which is drafting a new sexual harrassment policy for the college. The policy will also cover sexist literature, Sun Girl posters included.

"Sexism is a health and safety problem which poisons the atmosphere," Fraser said.

Fraser has had to take the matter into her own hands, literally. Recently, she sent a complaint memo to a department which was allowing students to display Sun Girl posters in the students' work area.

"After asking them three times (to remove the posters), I went in and took them down," Fraser said.

The fault lies not so much with the students, but with their department, according to Fraser who refused to name that department.

"I know who's responsible. I'm waiting for him to retire."

Fraser said she would also like to see an end to the sale of magazines like *Playboy* in the Crazy Ox.

"I don't know how much control we can have over the Crazy Ox. It's an SA business. I should go and talk to them."

She said the sexual harrassment policy statement in the SA handbook is too general and there is no set policy on the behaviour of instructors.

She called the lack of clear guidelines "abysmal".

A recent case of sexual harrassment at the college could have been avoided or dealt with much earlier if stronger guidelines had been place, she said.

While sexist literature at the college may be affected by the new policy, Fraser emphasized the importance of the policy's effect on sexual harrassment.

The new policy could be ready by June, and an educational campaign will follow.

Hillman Who? The man behind the trophy. 4

Hey Man, What's Your Sign? Check yours out. 4

Long Live the Beaver A remote control look at the boob-tube. 5

Sneak Previews Flip through our Flick Reviews. 6

Waitresses Know Score Find out who's playing with Truckstop Waitresses. 8

News

Advisory Boards Lack Trust

Photo by Kraft Hunter

Advisory boards keep RRCC hallways full.

By Anthony Connolly

The relationship between the Red River Community College administration and its course advisory committees is a precarious one, Myrtle Nichols, vice-president academic said recently.

The recent fiasco, between the advisory committee of the nuclear medicine technology and the RRCC administration is case in point, she said.

Advisory committee member for nuclear medicine technology course, George Dyck, said that they were not even notified about the possible cancellation of its course.

Nichols maintains that at times, and with the nuclear medicine technology course, the administration must temporarily shield the truth from committees while the government performs investigations into course effectiveness, she said.

The confidential nature of the governmental investigations is due to their relation with budgets, she said.

"They—nuclear medicine technology—would not be notified until the cabinet makes a budget decision," she said.

Two weeks ago, Nichols announced that the nuclear medicine technology course would not be accepting applications for next fall. A week later, due to the fall of the NDP government, Nichols had to reverse the announcement saying that the fate of the course would be in the hands of the new government.

The whole experience has left a bad taste in the mouths of advisory committee members for nuclear medicine technology.

A prominent member of the committee, who wished to remain anonymous, said that the results of the confidential talks between the RRCC administration and the government, being the cancellation of the course, was known in advance.

"We were not surprised," he said.

From now on the advisory committees will be looking over their shoulders, Dyck said.

Recently, vice-president of student services, Ray Newman, lauded the committees and pointed to the college's 97.8 job-placement percentage from 1985 as primarily the advisory committees handy work.

RRCC policy toward advisory committees is that they are to advise the administration on every aspect of their respective courses.

Nichols calls the committees very important but said her job is to be mediator between the government and the committees, at times this position jeopardizes the relationship between herself and the continual success of the advisory committees.

SA Trip to N.O.

Cont'd from p.1

"When you're at a job for a while, you need a bolster," he said of Benoit.

He said that Benoit was an important member of the SA and that the trip would help her to deal with students better. Benoit, Procyk said, is one of the only consistent employees of the SA who works the "front-line".

"Consider this: you watch people come in here, a year at a time, and go to conferences and you don't do anything," Roger said in Benoit's defence.

"Alison would have been well within her right to apply for the conference," he said.

"I was very surprised that they asked me," Alison Benoit said.

Benoit said that her job as SA secretary has her dealing with students on a constant basis and she felt that the conference could only help her deal with the students better.

Dan Guetre, SA vice-president student services at University of Winnipeg said taking a secretary along on a conference, with students paying the tab, is totally out of the question.

"We would rather select a student before we let a secretary go," he said. "A secretary doesn't get to sit on the board of directors."

Stu Smith, SA director of student services at University of Manitoba, said their union would be in trouble if they took a secretary to a conference.

"Maybe she deals with the public—but she's not elected," he said.

University of Winnipeg only sends those who apply for conferences and they are allowed to go only after an exhaustive investigation of the trip, Guetre said. Smith said the student union of U of M deals with each conference request separately and gives approval only on individual merit.

University of Manitoba's budget for conferences is $3,000, University of Winnipeg's on an individual basis. RRCC allotted $10,000 for its conference budget.

Roger Procyk, last year, complained about the conference system at RRCC saying that they do not serve the students' interests. This year he said conferences were a part of "professional development."

The Canadian Red Cross Society

-273° by Bruce Delikatny

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Editorials

From the Editor's Desk:

Dixie Deeds and Procyk's Perks

Meatcutters: sell those cleavers! You're in the wrong line of work. If you want a comfortable job that includes meeting new and interesting people, parties, and world travel, then join the RRCC Students' Association executive.

Parties? World travel? And the Students' Association? Yes, these things really do go together. A recent trip to New Orleans by six SA members at the expense of Red River students to the tune of six or seven G-bills proved to be quite an enjoyable experience: a good time was had by all.

And it's quite likely the students of this college are supportive of such junkets. After all, what better way to relieve those mid-winter blues than to head down to the Gulf of Mexico for some jumbo shrimp and jazz.

A trip like that must have had a beneficial effect on the mental and physical well-being of the SA. A healthy SA is a happy SA. And a happy SA is sure to make the students happy, too. We all benefit in the end.

Rumor has it that a restaurant waiter in the land of Dixie had to perform the Heimlich manoeuvre on SA president Roger Procyk, a fine head of hair of a man, after he began to choke on his own words. Last year, our man Roger spoke out against such trips being used as rewards for outgoing executive members. This year he coughed up the opinion that the trip could be seen, in part, "as a bit of a perk". Poor old Rog.

Seeing as the SA has it in the budget for such little shindigs, the *Projector* staff will apply for an all-expenses paid trip to a college newspaper conference at a great little outdoor cafe near the Casino in Monte Carlo. Afternoon seminars take place on the beach. It should be a truly rewarding experience. The knowledge that we gain by comparing notes with other college journalists should make for a better *Projector* to serve and inform you: the students.

Hall Talk suggests that there is a groundswell of support for an entire student body exchange trip (all expenses paid) with the University of Tahiti and Other Exotic Islands. It's even been suggested that in a true show of fairness each executive member of the SA should personally come up with the necessary dough.

It's all in the name of fun.

David Somers

The Councillor Speaks Out

Dear Editor,

After perusing the sad laments registered by SA PR Director Lora Andrews in her letter, *PR Director Slams Projector for Attacking Seniors Banquet*, I had no alternative but to conclude that she misinterpreted the article in question and my comments therein.

The article, *Seniors Feast on $5,000 of Students' Fees*, deftly uncovered and written by Paul Samyn, was not so much an "attack" on the banquet, but more of an expose of the possible abuses of students' fees, primarily after the banquet ended and the seniors left. At the risk of sounding dogmatic, I must state that the *Projector* was well within its convention to publish a story on an SA expenditure it considered questionable.

I must also state for the record that I am in favor of the seniors' banquet. I believe it is a good exercise in community relations, but I feel there must be certain limits drawn in regards to cost. I can assure Ms. Andrews that the *Projector* and I are not alone when we regard the $5,000 cost of the banquet as anything but a parsimonious figure. I must also emphasize that in a time of impending government restraint the subventions the SA receives will likely be reduced, and when that happens there will naturally be a need to cut programs. The proverbial government *gravy-train* tends to lose a wheel or two in every economic cycle.

The *Projector* also reported that a party of sorts went on until at least 2 a.m., probably *long* after the seniors left and the banquet had ended. Nobody can convince me that the seniors did not return to the Lion's Manor *et al*, until the wee hours of the morning.

Therein lies my complaint. Students' fees were, in my opinion, misused. The incident is somewhat akin to the horror stories one hears going on in our bloated bureaucracy—anywhere you look you will see snouts in the public trough.

Ms. Andrews also said in her letter that my comments had no "validity" because I was not at the banquet. Where is it written that someone has to have complicity in something to be able to criticize it? Jesse Jackson has never been to South Africa, but I'm sure that doesn't stop him from chastising Apartheid.

Ms. Andrews' letter also reveals a keen sensitivity to criticism. I hope she realizes that no one accused the SA of any sort of Machiavellian conduct. All we've done is call into question some expenses we felt were at best imprudent.

I concede that abuses happen at all levels of government and in all unions and associations. That does not mean, however, that such actions should be tolerated.

Sincerely,

**James Crampton
Student Councillor
Applied Arts**

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.

—Sorry, Rog. Next issue.

The New *Projector* Crew

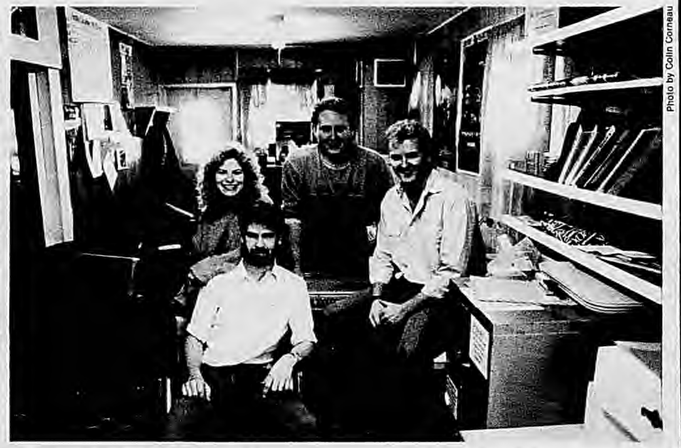

Photo by Colin Corneau

Guess which one is Joanne?

A Day in the Life of...

Don Hillman

Photo by Colin Corneau

Who is this man? And what is he doing with this trophy?

By Joanne Faryon

The office isn't very big. But it doesn't feel confining. It's tastefully decorated, with all the right colors. There's an oversized trophy adorning the filing cabinet. A plumply stuffed loveseat is parked next to it.

There's a man sitting in a chair at a desk against the wall. His hair is dark. It's also curly. His torso takes up most of the space in the chair. You know he's telling the truth when he says he lifts weights. He is 40. He might look younger to some. His name is Don Hillman, and you pay his salary.

Why do you pay Hillman?

He is executive director of the Students' Association. No, you didn't vote for him. Nobody did. Why does he have an office in that place where all the people you voted for have an office?

Hillman was hired, ten years ago. You once called him "Business Manager". Two years ago, he said he'd rather be called an "Executive Director". People who called from outside the college didn't know if they could tell a business manager the same things they could tell an executive director.

"I asked for the change because people thought a business manager just kept the books," he said. What do people think an executive director does?

Carol Blahitha, first year medical radiological technology student's answer: "He probably just chairs meetings and oversees everything." Barbara Lee, first year creative communications student's answer: "I don't have a clue what he does." Catherine Zak, a second year business administration student's answer: "I think he probably oversees the director." Hillman's answer: "I manage everyday business of the SA...I advise the council...I provide a sense of continuity for the SA from year to year."

What does this have to do with you?

Every year, about this time, the students vote for people to run this college. You've heard it all before. You have a president, a vice-president, etc. Just like a real government, right? Wrong.

According to the Corporations Act, you are a shareholder. The student council is the board of directors. The president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer and public relations director are the executive board of directors. Hillman is the executive director of the board of directors. Sound confusing? Thought you were just a student? Wrong.

You are part of a corporation. How? In 1974 the student association incorporated. Why? To protect themselves—ourselves—against lawsuits. Why would anyone want to sue you? Hillman's answer: "If you were at a school dance and somebody stabbed you, you could sue the president. He would be libel." And remember, you voted for the president. There's one more thing. You pay to be a member in this corporation. It costs six dollars a month.

Do you have to be a member? Yes.

If you don't, you won't get your marks and you won't graduate. That's what the Accounts Payable Department says. They are the people who bill you.

What happens to your money? If you attend the college for ten months, you pay $60 in student fees. They go directly to the SA. One-third of the money sits in a bank account. It's for a building on campus. It's going to have a bar and other fun things an SA building should have. When will this building be built?

Hillman's answer: "I can't really answer; it depends on how much money we raise." The remainder is used to pay executive salaries, conferences and other SA activities. How much do we pay our executives? Hillman's answer: "It wouldn't bother me to say how much, but the rest of the staff would get ticked off."

Do you, the shareholders, have a right to know?

Hillman's answer: "No. According to the act, you only have a right to see the annual report and the financial statement." The financial statement does not have a breakdown of the salaries. Shareholders are not even entitled to see the minutes of the council (board of directors) meetings, according to Hillman. But they release them.

As shareholders, do you share in any profits-surplusses the corporation has? No. The surplus goes into the building fund.

Do you decide what to pay the executive? No. They do.

Who signs the checks? They do. Any two signatures from Don Hillman, the president, vice-president or treasurer will do, according to Hillman.

Can they sign their own check if there is one other signature on it? Yes, according to Hillman.

The University of Winnipeg and Manitoba are both incorporated. Both have business managers. Both will disclose all financial information including salaries.

The U of W has an executive board of directors who are volunteers and advise the elected council, according to Randy Selkirk, vice-president academic. Their business manager, Louise Steike, has fiscal responsibilities. She is not a voting member.

The U of M's business manager, Micheal Crutch, is responsible for managing business, according to Ted Kennedy, director of communication.

Do they sign their own paychecks?

Ted Kennedy's answer: "No. I would say that would be a bit odd."

Does it seem odd to you?

Horrorscopes

By Clarence Voyance and Miss Tysism

ARIES
(March 21-April 19):
You will add to possessions. So go out and steal that little key chain you've been eyeing all week. Police play a paramount role.

TAURUS
(April 20-May20):
Focus on food. Try Beefaroni. It tastes awful, but it's cheap and filling. Romance is featured. You'll grow to love Beefaroni.

GEMINI
(May 21-June20):
What seemed lost will be found again. (Don't get excited, virginity and hair doesn't count.) Secret admirer comes forward. You wish he/she wouldn't stand so close.

CANCER
(June 21-July 22):
An attractive member of the opposite sex will become fixated with your appearance only to inform you about something hanging out of your nostril. Personal hygeine demands attention.

LEO
(July 23-August 22):
You become obsessed with old photographs of John "The Duke" Wayne with his shirt unbuttoned. Don't worry, it's only a phase.

Love is highlighted as your future mate will be located in the Buffalo Cafeteria on April 7 at lunch time. The trick will be figuring out which person it is. (Hint: He/she will have one eye-brow.)

VIRGO
(August 23-September 22):
Excitement abounds, if you enjoy dodging death. Avoid power tools, sharp objects and especially bus routes. Capricorns, Roland Penner look-alikes and waterfowl play a role.

LIBRA
(September 23-October 22):
You will enjoy a laugh if you travel by bus. Watch for the facial expressions of Virgos after near misses with Transit Tom. Remember, no bills please.

SCORPIO
(October 22-November 21):
A busy day for hospital workers as a number of Virgos will be wheeled in for assorted injuries (including at least one bus-pedestrian accident). Gary Filmon will come to you in a dream and instruct you to run naked down the halls of RRCC chanting "Gary Doer is the anti-Christ." Ignore him.

SAGITARIUS
(November 23-December 21):
Men will find you extremely irresistable now (which will be of some concern to Sagitarius guys). Your sister announces to your family of her upcoming marriage to CKND's Stan Kubicek. (Pray the stars are wrong on that one.)

CAPRICORN
(December 22-January 19):
Clandestine meeting with member of opposite sex may blossom into romance. You will receive a gift of affection. Be protected.

AQUARIUS
(January 20-February 18):
You are known throughout the zodiac as a real humanitarian. Do us all a favor and stick to vegetables today. Member of opposite sex will sweep you off your feet. Avoid janitors.

PISCES
(February 19-March 20):
Your intuition that there's something fishy in the Buffalo Cafeteria is on the money. It's the soup (complete with worms and tackle). Have some next time. It's good.

Diversions

Off in TV Land

By Jason Bell

I have a question that has been burning inside of me for some time. If the television show is entitled *The Young and the Restless*, then why does Katherine Chancellor get such a big part with so many lines?

This leads to another question that I've battled with for what seems like an eternity. If the woman who plays Ashley Abbott was once a man like she/he professed one morning on Donahue, then how come she/he looks so damn good? And another thing, does Danny actually take that singing career seriously? I would hope that Michael Damian gets a lot of car show appearances because as an actor/singer, he makes a good model.

Questions like these fester in my mind regularly as I sit lethargically in front of the television set and view the best programming available for the advertising dollar.

For example: the Cosby hour continues to garner most of the Thursday night public. Yet, the show itself along with the Lisa Bonet blunder might just be the most wretched 60 minutes available. Why do we continue to watch it?

Here's another question that has weighed heavy on me since about fifteen minutes ago. What's with this MacGyver guy and why hasn't he declared his bid for the United States presidency? This guy is a walking artillery depot. I've seen him make a semi-automatic rifle out of a shoe horn. I once heard this guy had always wanted to play professional hockey. If the rumor is true, then what stood in his way? Most teams today wouldn't mind a condensed version of the PLO.

Another thing. I wish Oprah Winfrey would choose a hair style and stick to it. Her indecisiveness is beginning to unnerve me.

I put this foward to you and ask that you ponder it awhile. Has there ever, or will there ever be, another child actor like Jerry Mathers? Masterfully, the tyke brought the Beaver to life, and the character has remained timeless ever since. Who else could have looked so good in the haircut older sibling Wally administered after the boys had spent their money foolishly?

Tears swell in my eyes when I think back to the time when the Beaver wore that outrageously drab suit bought by Aunt Martha. Although his classmates jeered loudly at his choice of wardrobe, the Beaver persevered and wore the garb, much to the delight of nice old Aunt Martha.

Yet another perplixity, this one without a definite answer. Do they have barbers in Heaven? If so, isn't it about time Michael Landon went in for a trim? At least the bangs.

This one is for the David Letterman freaks like myself. Could it be possible for Yuk Yuk's to sign Biff Henderson for one or two nights? The man is a comic genius!

Is Toodie on *The Facts of Life* starting to look foxy, or have I just been watching that show for too damn long?

Why doesn't the Grandfather on *Our House* go to the Gaza Strip and sort the whole thing out? He's solved larger problems on his show, hasn't he?

Finally, what's the deal with these Rich and Famous shows that are flooding television land? Hasn't Robin Leach got better things to do than trespass onto Connie Stevens' property and catch a glimpse of Connie's feminine hygiene products? We don't really need to see them, or Connie, for that matter.

We see enough of her on *Win, Lose or Draw*.

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Check It Out...

By Sabrina Starr

Like wow, man, entertainment is where it's at. Check this out: Fabo David Wilcox is comin' to Red River. Like, get out of town, man. Like, he's only just the greatest guitarist around. Like, his discs are really hot. Check this out: he's got five albums. You can see him for only eight bucks. Like, cheapo, man. But you have to grab them before April 9 or you gotta dish out ten buckeroonos at the door. Those cats at the SA hangout have got a whole bunch of them, so, like run down there and get some. Wilcox is gonna be rockin' at the South Gym. So, like get ready for a bitchin' time.

* * *

Hey dudes, check this out. Itsy bitsy teeny weeny yellow polka dot bikinis will be flashing all over the stage at the South Gym. There's gonna be lots of beer, because it's like a beer bash. What a brainstorm, man. It totally freaks me out. It's happening Friday, April 22. For sure everyone will be there.

* * *

Mr. Dressup is comin' to town and he's bringing all his friends. Like, you remember that guy who lives in a treehouse and that dog, Finigan, who was just too cool to talk. Maybe Aunt Bird will fly in just to check it out. They'll all be in town, April 10, doing like, puppet stuff at the Concert Hall.

This Starr plans on showin' you the way to the greatest entertainment news. So like, watch for me in this totally awesome paper.

Big City: Danceable Soundtrack

By Marc Grant

Record producer Joel Sill must have taken some pointers from the band M/A/R/R/S when he was producing the soundtrack for the film, *Bright Lights, Big City*.

The inspirational lines "Pump up the volume/Pump up the volume/Dance/Dance" come up in the M/A/R/R/S song called—you guessed it—"Pump Up the Volume". This song must have been placed at the end of the soundtrack as a final explanation as to why Sill boosted the beat level on most of the album's songs.

Bright Light, Big City features many songs that have already appeared elsewhere. Among them are dance songs by New Order, Depeche Mode and the Noise Club. One of the more interesting songs is on by Konk called "Love Attack", which sounds more like something by Talking Heads in their early days.

The soundtrack features only two new songs, the first by Prince called "Good Love". This is not your usual Prince song. We do not hear the whining, lusty-voiced singer from previous recordings. Instead we hear a child-like whining, lusty voice screeching out the lines like some rodent being crushed by a rat trap. Longtime Prince fans should get a kick out of this one.

The other new song comes from Donald Fagen (of Steely Dan), his first release since his solo album, *The Nightfly*, in 1982. His song, "Century's End", is a much welcome addition for any Steely Dan fan, but seems out of place considering his dance-oreiented contemporaries. Producer Joel Sill, probably in some feverish dance-crazy fit, pumped up the beat too much, trying to make the song fit in. It didn't work.

"Kiss and Tell" by Bryan Ferry is also victim to Sill's heavy hand. This once lush song, released earlier this year on Ferry's album, *Bete Noir*, seems cluttered and dizzy with the added, pumped up beat.

In the end, despite the over production, this soundtrack succeeds in what it was meant to be: a danceable album targeted for the mass youth market. It's just a shame that some of the songs had to suffer from Sill's over production.

D.O.A: Film Noir

By Colin Corneau

Max Headroom does film noir—does this make sense to you?

Probably not. It wouldn't be the only thing in *D.O.A.* that doesn't make sense either, given the inconsistencies that exist. All things considered, however, this is a film worth seeing.

First of all, Max Headroom fits into all this by the directors, Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel, who created the character. Given this, the film was bound to be visually intriguing. Points here go to the beginning and closing sequences which are filmed in grainy black and white. This really adds power, intensity and emotion to this dark and shadowy film.

Second, film noir refers to a term the French coined for those dark, brooding detective films of the '40s, like *The Maltese Falcon*. These films had a complex mystery, strong characters, and a love that could never be. It's a refreshing and distinctive movie amid the endless stream of would-be comedies and bloody action flicks.

D.O.A. has an interesting twist to its story: a man must wade through a complex mystery to solve his own murder. He's got a 24 hour limit in which to find the person who's poisoned him with slow-acting radium. Dennis Quaid plays the chain-smoking, grimy professor Dexter Cornell who's given up on life. His quitting attitude has lost him his writing career and his wife, and turned him into a bitter man.

Then one day he wakes from a drinking binge to discover his life has been cut to 24 hours. Bodies start piling up during his search, and he gets blamed for his ex-wife's murder. "I'm a murder victim and suspect all in one day," Dexter quips grimly. He stumbles his way into a story that grows more complex, perhaps too much so.

Sure, complex plots are a welcome change, but I don't think one should have to figure them out by committee. The confusion reaches its peak during a confession by an icy socialite, where so much is so hurriedly talked about that the characters might as well have spoken in Swahili.

I also had a problem with the loud rock soundtrack, which was really out of place here. I highly doubt if the driving beat of some generic rock band is an appropriate soundtrack to find out about one's imminent death. Listening to it, I get the feeling that it was added to make this film more marketable. Too bad, because the end result is a weakened film caught between yesterday and today.

However, should you have a reasonable tolerance level and be looking for an entertaining, unique film, then be on arrival for *D.O.A.*

Hawkeye's New Life

By Debbie Bowers

A New Life—how boring, how trivial, how cliche, how...REAL!

Alan Alda wrote, produced and starred in his latest film-making venture, *A New Life*. Although we've already established the title is, at best, an existentialist's worst nightmare, this movie is a "must see".

What makes it so appealing is the fact that it is about apparently nothing but, well, life. Specifically, it deals with the problems one may encounter (if the Russians don't send the bomb first) when they reach middle-age and get divorced.

A New Life reveals how Alda and co-star Ann-Margret cope with their "just-divorced" status and "just found" freedom. Naturally—in the movie business anyway—both Alan Alda (Steve) and Ann-Margret (Jackie) soon locate...significant others.

Steve hooks up with Kay (played by Veronica Hamel of *Hill Street Blues* fame) and the two of them engage in some pretty serious hand-holding. However, Steve (Mr. Stocks and Bonds) and Kay (a doctor) soon find out how two demanding careers can screw-up a perfectly sound and relatively stable emotional attachment.

Meanwhile, Jackie meets Doc (John Shea) who is a waiter by day and sculptor by night. Doc has really nice...hair and is much younger than she is. The two end up living together with Doc's large, heavy, ominous, wooden sculptures dispersed throughout Jackie's apartment.

While all of this is going on, Steve always has his best buddy Mel (Hal Linden)—who Kay hates—to confide in. Hal Linden is marvelous. He comes across as being a shallow, selfish, chauvinistic (and divorced) stud who enjoys young girls. All in Alda, the movie is very, very entertaining.

Alda, who has also written and directed *The Four Seasons* (1981) and *Sweet Liberty* (1985), admitted in an interview with someone other than myself, that *A New Life* is not a movie about morals. As a writer, Alda said, "a movie with a message is like a commercial: As soon as you realize you're hearing one, you turn it off."

Perhaps it is that philosophy that makes *A New Life* a thoroughly enjoyable and NEW experience. So, if you're one of those people who always has to find the "hidden meaning" in things—and I know you're out there—DON'T.

Go see it. You'll come out of the theatre thinking: "What was that all about?" And then you'll smile and laugh and say: "Who cares? I liked it!"

Biloxi Blues A Hit and Run Movie

By Marc Grant

Neil Simon didn't want to take any chances with his latest film *Biloxi Blues*.

Simon wrote the screenplay himself based on his successful stage play.

Then, he hired director Mike Nichols, a man who knew Simon's style after directing four of his plays on Broadway. Finally, Simon asked Matthew Broderick, who created the part of Eugene Morris Jerome on stage, to play the part again for the film.

Biloxi Blues is the second play of his autobiographical trilogy which begins with *Brighton Beach Memoirs* (a box office flop in 1986) and ends with *Broadway Bound*.

What Simon has always hoped to achieve was to transfer the success of his stage plays to the screen, and in *Biloxi Blues*, Simon may have done just that.

Biloxi Blues tells the story of Jerome's journey into manhood while at boot camp in Biloxi, Mississippi near the end of the second World War.

The film opens with another journey—one on a train that is heading towards Biloxi. On this train we are introduced to the major characters who—at first—appear to be the usual stereotypes used in comedy.

There are the two childish trouble makers, Hennesey and Selridge, a Jewish intellectual, Epstein, and of course, Eugene, the narrator and center of the story.

These characters fire food and spitballs at each other until the train arrives in Biloxi where they meet up with the crazy Sgt. Toomey, played by Christopher Walken who has specialized in playing crazy people.

It is here where the actors start to break from their cliches and act more realistic. The film itself breaks away from its mold and starts to examine different types of comedy, from slapstick to verbal.

Some of the best examples of this comedy are found in two scenes: one where Eugene visits a hooker, Rowena, and the other when Sgt. Toomey, stinking drunk and carrying a gun, brings Eugene into his office so he can shoot Eugene in the head.

On the whole, the movie is a lot of fun and would probably appeal to somebody who wants to sit back, relax and watch. it won't win any awards, but it's a solid piece of entertainment. If you need a scale: on a scale of one to 10, *Biloxi Blues* gets a seven.

Feedback

Are six SA staff too many to send to conferences? Yes / No

Comments:_____

Please return your responses to the Projector mailbox in the SA office room DM20.

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ART SHOW/SALE

Students throughout the college, with artistic capabilities, are urged to participate in this event. The deadline for entries is on April 22, no later than 4:00 p.m. The work will be displayed in the Tower Lounge and the LRC for two weeks commencing April 25 to the 26th.

The format for the art show is as follows:

1. Open to all students. $1.00 per entry. When mounted the work should be no larger than 16 x 20 inches.

2. Media: acrylic and oils; pen and ink/water colors; pencil/pastel/charcoal.

Registration forms will be available in the SA office on Tuesday, April 5.

All artwork must be encased in a tube or a cardboard portfolio and submitted to the SA office. The Anicinabe Club and the Students' Association are not responsible for damaged artwork.

Crampton's Choices

By James Crampton

Only in America could so much attention be paid to such a useless and trivial spectacle as the Academy Awards.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and its long-running annual awards show has steadily declined in credibility over the past decade. Oscar's night out was once a star-gazing extravaganza back in the Golden Era of Hollywood, when Bogart walked the earth in a crumpled trenchcoat and Bob Hope showed up year in and year out to emcee the ceremonies. But now the four-hour show (at least) is just another example of Hollywood showing how silly it can be.

Silly? Perhaps that is too mild a term. Ludicrous, perhaps. Ridiculous might even be better. How else can you describe an awards show which has Telly Savalas and Pat Morita singing the opening number (as they did at last year's Oscars)?

Even typical American-oriented nationalism and politics play a role in the Oscars. The Yanks go to lengths to make sure their *movies* don't compete with the superior artistic *films* of Europe; so to prevent a European incursion into the Best Picture category, Oscar has a special award for Best Foreign Language Film, in which the world's better *filmmakers* like Franco Zefferelli, Ingmar Bergman, Francois Truffault and Bernardo Bertolucci have battled in relative obscurity.

American *moviemakers* are not really jealous of their European counterparts, but they are suspicious of them. The Spielbergs and Coppolas and Kubricks of American cinema may say they appreciate European cinema but in reality they regard films like Bergman's *The Seventh Seal* as a threat to the cultural triumphs of Sylvester Stallone and Brian DePalma.

The Americans are, however, eternally jealous of the British. The Brits cannot be relegated into a special category with continental Europeans. The Yanks and the British share a common language (although the Americans tend to bastardize it) and that circumstance has evolved into a heated cinematic rivalry.

The rivalry has resulted in many British victories on Oscar night, but not many in the Best Picture category.

Other than *The Bridge On the River Kwai, Lawrence of Arabia, Chariots of Fire,* and most recently, *Gandhi*, British films are ignored by the exalted Academy for the Big Prize. Over the decades, such British films as *Becket, Sleuth, The Elephant Man,* and *A Room with a View* have lost to inferior American efforts, mainly because the voters of the Academy are dominated by Americans and the U.S. movie-going public is essentially ignorant of anything that doesn't have thousands of rounds of ammunition, car crashes, fiery explosions and scores of dead bodies.

At other times the Academy has been guilty of blocking a foreign film from being placed on the ballot. Case in point: the 1985 British film *Brazil*, a somewhat Orwellian futuristic black comedy directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam. *Brazil* won international plaudits, including the Los Angeles Film Critics Award, but at Oscar time it wasn't even nominated. Politics plays a key role in awards shows, and the Academy Awards is the most political of all.

The tragedy of the Academy Awards is the Academy itself. They are a narrow-minded group of people bent on promoting American cinema as an American institution, like Mom and Apple Pie. Actually, that seems to be the rationale behind the Academy Awards—a promotional gimmick without need or want of fairness, objectivity or ethics.

Objectivity is not part of the Academy lexicon. The late Richard Burton is proof of that. The often-nominated Welshman always went home empty-handed (except during the years he was married to Elizabeth Taylor). Burton was, arguably, the finest actor of his generation, and definitely the greatest voice in modern theatre. But Dick never got any respect from the Academy, not even in the form of a sympathy vote. Henry Fonda, Geraldine Page, and Paul Newman (all Americans) won Oscars with performances which were nowhere near their best, but the Academy felt it was their *turn*, and therefore awarded them Oscars by casting sympathy votes.

The Academy has credibility problems in their supporting acting categories as well. In 1980, Timothy Hutton won Best Supporting Actor for *Ordinary People*, but his role was far from a supporting one, in fact, Hutton is in almost every scene, and when he's not, his character is being talked about—much like the title role in *Hamlet*.

Actually, I wouldn't be surprised if the Academy in its wisdom ever nominates an actor to a supporting category for playing Hamlet. (I digress.)

The pro-American theme at the Academy Awards will continue this year, as always, but there will be an expected foreign victory for Best Picture.

The two front-runners are Bernardo Bertolucci's sweeping oriental epic *The Last Emperor* and John Boorman's poignant *Hope and Glory*, a touching and humorous story of a small boy in London during the Blitz.

The most financially successful of the five films nominated are *Fatal Attraction* and *Broadcast News*. Both are American efforts and only *Broadcast News* has any chance of challenging for the Big Prize. *Moonstruck* is not a factor.

There will be a near sweep for the Yanks in all the other categories (sounds like the Olympics, doesn't it?). Cher will win Best Actress for *Moonstruck*, if for no other reason other than the Academy realizing that it's her *turn*, even though Holly Hunter's endearing performance in *Broadcast News* as the obsessive, workaholic producer Jane Craig may be more deserving.

One would assume that the Italian actor Marcello Mastroianni would sooner or later win an Oscar on sympathy votes, but the Best Actor category is too competitive this year. Jack Nicholson's intense performance in *Ironweed*, Robin Williams' manic role in *Good Morning Vietnam* and Michael Douglas's devious protrayal of the American Dream gone awry in *Wall Street* are all worthy of that little statuette.

The Oscars, like American foreign policy, are predictable. Whichever film takes Best Director will almost certainly be named Best Picture. Whoever wins in the supporting categories will be forgotten in a matter of months. There will be flag-waving and much rejoicing. Pageantry and dysentery. Cher will walk out onto stage wearing little more than a cobweb. The *show* will be broadcast live by satellite to nations whose Gross National Product is less than what Jack Nicholson makes for one film. And the entire show will last as long as it takes most people to read *Les Miserables*.

Old Building, New Theatre

By Joanne Faryon

There's an old building on the corner of Arthur and Bannatyne. It's called Artspace.

You might have heard of it before. There's lots of neat things inside.

On the main floor, just up the stairs and to your left, is a theatre. Its' called Cinematheque.

It doesn't show big-budget Hollywood flicks. And it doesn't cost big-budget bucks for admission.

Dave Barber, co-ordinator of the Cinematheque, says the theatre shows a diversity of films, including animation, documentaries and experimental films.

The theatre, which made its debut in February, 1987, seats 120 people comfortably. It's funding came from various sources, Barber said. The seats were donated from a theatre in unusual," Barber said.

The theatre is currently featuring their first "Annual International Festival of Really Bad Films" ending April 9.

Catch *The Maniac*, Friday, April 8, and *Godzilla vs. Megallon*, Saturday, April 9. Both shows start at midnight.

The regular season of features will begin in mid-April. Showtime starts at 8 p.m. Admission is $3.

Off Center

By Sue Doe Nim

News hot off the press from the Winnipeg Humane Society—finally a way to cook crustaceans with compassion.

Yes, lobster lovers, you now can humanely lull the poor devils in to a Perry Como state before cranking up the element and boiling the hell out of them.

The newsletter says: "The trick to this method is that crustaceans slowly lose consciousness when the water is gradually heated to warmer temperatures, allowing them to be totally unconscious by the time the water comes to a boil." Marvelous.

Several questions are raised here. What kind of sadist actually sat and timed the alleged 20 seconds of pain shell fish are said to endure; and by what method was the subject monitored? Is the fact that you are still going to kill the crab, clam, or whatever, being overlooked? Will this lead to lulling other beings in to a false sense of security before killing them? Why don't the people who dreamt this one up spend their time and energy on improving the world for man?

Call me a cynic, but I really find this hard to take seriously when world hunger still exists.

* * *

Did you know that there is a copy of the Manitoba Public Accounts in the government publications part of the LRC which lists the salaries of government employees?

Go down and check out how much your instructors are worth to the Manitoba government. You may be in for a big surprise.

* * *

Speaking of instructors, we are all pleased that the flu bug that plagued them in February has abated. Posters thanking the students for their support during this time were more often than not defaced. Really, what choice did students have?

* * *

Spring—that wonderful schizo time of the year, when you never know what to wear or what you want. The halls are filled with unique outfits ranging from beach to toboganning wear.

Spring—usually means that you are almost out of debt from Christmas. Does anyone remember what they gave or got? Does anyone remember Christmas?

Spring—means income tax time. The Canadian government shows its commitment to students by allowing a claim of $50 for each month that you attend school full-time. That is the same amount they allowed 10 years ago.

Spring—means that you don't have to arrive at the crack of dawn to get a spot with a plug-in. Isn't that a great place to be at 7 a.m. with the wind propelling you through the frozen air? Give me shelter.

* * *

I noticed for the first time that the speed limit in the parking lot is 15 kph. I have never observed anyone going at that speed around here. I decided to try it out and let me assure you that you can't muster up the inertia to surmount a speed bump. Who thinks these things up?

* * *

Question of the week: Why would three large adult males allow themselves to be called the Pips?

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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

Jets Own Cup

By Jason Bell

Can't you feel it? It's sweeping the city. You know what I'm talking about, don't you? You must! Listen closely, everyone in this fair city is talking about them. They're playoff bound and the excitement mounting could cause heart palpitations if not taken in small doses.

It's our beloved Winnipeg Jets, of course, as if you hadn't already guessed. Aren't they fabulous! Poetry on ice, or was it lightning on ice? It doesn't really matter, they're both.

Totally awesome scoring power and a steadfast defense along with the young, confident goalies makes this an unbelievable hockey club. I can almost hear the thundering crowds stampeding to ticket outlets everywhere.

This is a team destined for greatness. How can they possibly miss? With the talent they have this season, all the rest of the 20 NHL teams may as well trade their equipment in early for prime green fees at their favorite country clubs. The Jets are all set to fly high! What a great slogan that typifies this franchise.

Just look at how well they've played the last month of the season. The Jets have gone from three games above .500 to four games below .500. Currently, they're riding an eight-game losing streak, just two weeks before the start of the Stanley Cup playoffs. What a time to get hot!

So what do you think? Don't tell me you're confused? How, how can that be? I think I've explained the situation quite fully. The Jets are heading for incredible heights. They're in perfect position for this time of the season.

Oh, you don't think so, do you? Well then, forget everything I've said and lets listen to the experts who run this hockey team. Just because I've followed them since 1979 doesn't make me an authority, eh? Fine, take it from the horses' mouths.

Let's start from the highest perch of the Jets hierarchy. No, not Chuck Babcock. Let's go even higher. Put on your oxygen masks as we go straight to the top to president Barry Shenkarow and find out what he has to say about this fine hockey team.

"I think we're making progress," says Shenkarow.

"I don't think we're that far behind Edmonton and Calgary. We will still do okay in the playoffs."

There you have it, and if you can't trust Smilin' Barry, who can you trust?

If we descend to the next level, we find General Manager John Ferguson repeating the same words as his boss.

"I'd say we have a hell of a chance to beat Edmonton. Why not, we've played well against them all season."

Coach Dan Maloney has been saying the same thing all season.

"We just have to keep working hard. If we do that, this team can go a long way come playoff time."

There now. What did I tell you? The Jets are doing just fine. Everything is really starting to come together for them.

Imagine what could happen once the Jets dispose of Calgary and Edmonton. They would meet up with a Norris division team to decide the Campbell Conference champion.

We're talking a cakewalk here. The Jets have owned the Norris division, posting six wins, five losses and three ties. They're infallible against these weaker teams.

Which leads them to the pinnacle of any hockey season—the Stanley Cup finals. Picture this: the Jets versus the Montreal Canadiens. Two teams with equally winning traditions become adversaries for hockey's most coveted prize. Montreal has outscored Winnipeg 17-3 in three previous games. Montreal has scored more goals than the Jets and have allowed 60 fewer than the Jets this season. Montreal is sitting atop the tough Adams division with 98 points, while the Jets lie idly in third place in the Smythe with 72 points.

How much closer can any two teams be? It's a dream series come true!

But let's catch our breath. It's only the end of March. There's still plenty of hockey to be played before the playoffs begin. We can't look too far into the future.

But as I stare blankly at my television screen as Ray Bourque scores a weak overtime goal to beat the Jets 4-3 in Boston Garden, I can't help feel a stirring inside. Things really are falling into place, aren't they.

Will RRCC Rebels ever score again?

Varsity Sports: A Waiting Game

By Jason Bell

Wait and see.

That's what Red River Community College staff and students were told two years ago regarding the possibility of re-establishing a varsity sports program within the college.

At a May 1, 1986 student council meeting, council voted almost unamimously in favor of discontinuing funding to the varsity program.

Ray Newman, vice-president student services said he was very disappointed in the varsity athletics decision.

"I attended that meeting two years ago personally to try and change their minds," Newman said recently regarding the 1986 decision.

"The council was quite adamant about chucking the program," he said.

The Students' Association and the provincial government were jointly funding the program, but when the SA pulled out, the government followed.

"I guess their thinking was that if the SA didn't want it, why should they continue to fund it," Newman said.

The reasoning behind the SA's withdrawal from funding was a lack of success by the teams at the national level, according to the May 9, 1986 *Projector*.

Newman disagreed with this, saying he felt the programs had improved to a point where the RRCC teams were competitive on the national level.

"We were just starting to make inroads," Newman said.

"We had done very well and we had some quality players, especially in volleyball," he said.

Newman could see no new discussions ahead, saying the impetus would have to come from the SA.

Roger Procyk, president of the Students' Association, said nothing substantial has come up lately involving the rebirth of the varsity program.

"We really haven't discussed it lately. It's a costly venture, and a lot of money was put up before it went down," Procyk said.

"I do think it should come up in student council meetings in the future, but we have to start small," he said.

Procyk said at this stage it would be impractical to vote and say, "Let's go ahead with it."

One step towards some kind of intervarsity play would be to send Gina Gooch and Pasquale Pescatore, the female and male badminton finalists, to other parts of the province to compete.

"I'd like to get hold of these two people and have them play in Brandon, or The Pas," Procyk said.

"It's just a step, but then we could go from there," he said.

The varsity sports program, then, may not be a dead issue. But it looks like students and staff of RRCC will have to keep on waiting.

Truckstop Waitresses Dribble to Success

By Oscar Madison

On the second floor of RRCC's Building A there are six men. Six men who don't appear remarkable in any way other than they are tastefully dressed and carry no briefcases. In the fall of 1987, though, these men separated themselves from the ranks of mediocrity and formed what would in time be known as RRCC's premier athletic dynasty: the Truckstop Waitresses.

Now, after their second intramural basketball season, the Waitresses have yet to be defeated—or even challenged. Of their ten games this season, only two were won by less than twenty points while the average margin of victory was 35 points. And only two teams this season were able to score more than 35 points against the unforgiving defense of the Waitresses. How is it that these six dominate the game so effortlessly? "Teamwork," replies the ever-so-cool team forward/center Dan Morrow.

Indeed, the Truckstop Waitresses share a comraderie which rivals that of the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team and perhaps, the Osmonds'. Ron Balingit, the team's guard/sex symbol once said in a moment of genius that the Waitresses move so well together, they could put the Temptations to shame, or at least make it big at Radio City.

On the other hand, the Waitresses are not above a little bumping and grinding...or even strangling. Self-designated enforcer/goon Kelly "Flash" Caldwell always draws a crowd under the basket (and in shopping malls). And after a rebound and a quick shovel-pass to an open man, the Truckstop Waitresses' fast break begins with the sound of high-scoring Tim O'Toole shrieking "Gimme the ball! Gimme the ball!"

This is the fast break that the Waitresses used to immobilize the Staff basketball team on March 18th and crush them, 100-36. The game's high scorer was the ever-dependable and grizzled veteran, Jim Groom. Who, in fact, is *not* enrolled in a prison-release program.

The sixth Waitress, Dennis Watson, is actually a schizophrenic and luckily, one of his nine personalities is that of a legendary black power forward who once played for UCLA and then for the NBA's New Orleans Jazz. Dennis had a few bad games when he played as a Viennese street merchant and as Betsy Ross but his team-mates covered for him.

This kind of teamwork has made the Truckstop Waitresses an unstoppable force in RRCC intramural basketball and has popularized "high fives" at the urinals in men's rooms.

*(The Waitresses would like to use this opportunity to challenge any team of six players to a game of ball at a time mutually agreeable to both teams. Unless you're chicken.)

Campbell Pockets Pool Tourney

By Thomas Young

In the last match of the Labatt's pool tournament the air was heavy with suspense and the audience silent in anticipation.

It was the ninth and final game in the play-off. The score was tied, four to four. Only the eight ball was left on the table.

Taking careful aim, Bruce Campbell, a business administration student at RRCC, won the first prize of $100 and a jacket.

Waving the money, Campbell said that he won it for his fiance who had encouraged him throughout the tournament.

"I told her I'd win for her. She loves (the game) and is very supportive," he said.

"I just pictured myself winning today. My horoscope said I was going to win today as well."

"I couldn't let anything bother me in a game like this with a guy like Zenon. To miss a shot against him could mean losing the game," he added.

Bruce Campbell, now 21, has been playing for the last six years. He started when he was 15 years old.

"Pool is a great relaxer between studying. It takes a lot of concentration."

"With each match you play you get closer and closer to winning," Campbell said.

The second prize of $50 and a tote bag was won by Zenon Piech.

Though not happy about losing, Piech showed a lot of respect for his opponent.

"It was a tight game, he's a good player and it was good competition," Piech said.

"I enjoyed it. I choked. Those things happen. If you don't get nervous it wouldn't be fun playing," he added.

The tournament was held in the RRCC's all purpose room and was sponsored by Labatt's Brewery and Hudson's Bay Vending.

Mixing water and alcohol can get you in over your head.

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Anyone interested in being the Station Manager or Production Manager at CMOR please submit your resume to Doren Roberts, Station Manager, by April 15, 1988.

The Manitoba Theatre Centre is producing an exciting new theatre festival called The Winnipeg Fringe Festival from July 16-24, 1988. The Fringe will take place in 5 indoor venues in the Exchange District from noon till midnight each day. There will be 200 performances from 45 different companies from across Canada, the U.S. and The United Kingdom participating. Be a part of the behind-the-scenes action. Join the MTC volunteer core. For more information call Liane at 956-1340. Office hours: 9 to 5.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The Manitoba Floor Hockey Association is accepting team registration for the 1988 Men's Open tournament from April 25 to May 1 at the Duncan St. Arena. Ages 17 and up. $2,000 cash prizes. $150 team entry fee. For more info. call 694-3668 between 6-9 pm weekdays.

PERSONALS

To the tall, blonde, curly-haired athlete of C & I Sales term 3: looking for a night of romance—want to be swept off my feet by your "crusin' check". By the way, men with toy cars drive me wild—"hurt me, beat me, show me you care"—don't you hate it when that happens. Forever yours, BAMBI.

Urusla K. LeGuin: Your hard-boiled words have skewered me. "Is there no pity sitting in the clouds/That sees into the bottom of my grief?" Am I some Pat Sajak-like lizard whom you muse over while waiting for the rinse cycle? Are you some socio-pathic cynic with a Fear of Flying? I made potato salad last night. -ELVIS

Shiela P.P: Caught your dart act the other night—next time will wear protective gear. You shot your arrow (dart) through my heart, but you have a habit of doing that to people, don't you "Silky". -the "co-pilot"

How many Dragearans does it take to sharpen a sword?

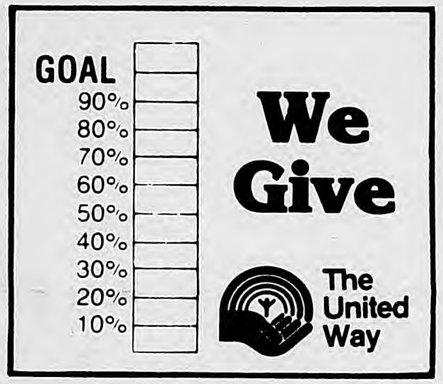
To the high credibility source of C & I Sales: skillet scramble cooking for nic-nic. Choice of little nic-nic, medium nic-nic, or serious nic-nic. Seriously considering oligopoly. However, liked donut idea better if accompanied by an "uq-le-e" -"excellent"

La Dolce Vita is a capitalist extravagance masquerading as socialist dogma. Who is this Fellini guy, anyway?

Dear Elvis: Aside from preferring *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* to *Crime and Punishment*, what other criteria must a girl meet in order to get her phone number in your little black book? -A Curious Chick

Photo by Colin Corneau

We'll go anywhere to get a story, except here...



Inviting Sports Stories for the *Projector*

The *Projector* would like to invite all members of Red River Community College, both staff and students, to contribute any sports stories, results of intramural games, or ideas for stories they might have. All contributions would be greatly appreciated. We hope we can get them printed.

Coming Soon!

...A Social Event you won't want to miss!

Stay tuned for more details.

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