Lend us your EARS

Students' Association
Annual General Meeting

January 20, 1988, at 12:00 noon
in the White Lecture Theatre

presentation of R.R.C.C. Students' Association's Financial Statements

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ALL STUDENTS WELCOME

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Future Staff Job Action Unlikely

Tentative Deal Reached After Instructors Call In Sick

By Anthony Connolly

The limited job action exercised by the instructors on Feb. 2 may remain just that as a tentative deal was reached between the union and province Feb. 3.

Peter Olfert, president of the Manitoba Government Employee's Association, said the deal will be presented to the membership for a ratification vote.

The results are expected some time later this week.

The job action last Tuesday affected 850 students in the applied arts, business and nursing divisions as about 120 instructors called in sick to protest the protracted contract talks.

The 900 instructors at the province's three community colleges had been without a contract since September and had been in a strike position since Dec. 22.

At issue in the dispute were the hours the teachers would teach and wages.

Olfert refused to discuss details of the tentative agreement at press time.

Prior to the job action, Olfert was asked if the students' rights to an interrupted education were being violated. He offered no comment.

College president Gary Polonsky hoped the current negotiations would result in an agreement.

A strike, or interruption of any kind, to the college is a loss for everyone, he said.

"Both parties involved recognize the potential importance of this college to the province and city," he said.

Polonsky, who while working in Ontario was involved in a teacher strike resulting in his own daughter not graduating, said that all students will graduate as planned at RRCC.

In a similar labour dispute in 1973, instructors phoned in sick to protest a government regulation, Ray Newman, vice-president student services, said.

The Projector

Photo by Colin Corneau

Bill Jost in the Crazy Ox where it's fun to be a rebel.

Anti-Government Sweaters a Hit at Crazy Ox

By Pat St. Germain

"Manitoba—Where it's fun to be a Socialist?" sweatshirts may soon be sharing space with anti-Autopac sweatshirts in the Crazy Ox.

Store Manager Bill Jost said the Crazy Ox will carry the new shirts, created by Kanata Clothing salesman Bernie Glemus, if they sell as well as the "Manitoba" shirts.

After a story on Glemus and the "Manitoba" sweatshirts appeared in the *Winnipeg Sun* Jan. 20, the Crazy Ox "got calls from people all over Winnipeg," asking for the shirts, he said.

The store got a shipment of 24 sweatshirts on Jan. 20, and sold 18 the same day, he said. Another shipment of 36 shirts arrived Jan. 21 and a total of 50 had been sold by Feb. 4.

"Mine is sort of a novelty," Jost said. "I'm not exactly happy with the government, but whatever government we have people aren't happy.

"We usually carry only our insignia items," he said.

RRCC insignia sweatshirts sell for $25 at the Crazy Ox. The "Manitoba" sweatshirts are priced at $19.99.

"We weren't thinking when we set the price," Jost said. "We should have made it $19.88."

Both the Crazy Ox and Kanata Clothing are donating 50 cents per shirt sold to the Christmas Cheer Board, he said.

AGM Shows Income Up $84,000

By Pat St. Germain

All RRCC students were invited to attend the Students' Association Annual General Meeting on Jan. 20 to review the SA's financial statements.

But fewer than 25 students turned up to hear what happens to the $60 they each pay in yearly student fees.

Terry Pitcher, SA treasurer, said the SA executive had to "drag in about six students" from the hallways to make up a quorum of 25 students.

Voluntary attendance was up from last year when about 14 students had to be rounded up to make a quorum, he said.

Few students attending the AGM questioned the SA's financial statements for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1987 despite an $84,000 jump in income from student fees reported on the income statement.

Pitcher explained the increase after the meeting, saying $83,000 that the SA normally allocates to a fund for an intramural sports program with Keewatin and Assiniboine Colleges was retained as income.

The SA recovered another $19,000 from the fund last year after RRCC was expelled from the program, he said.

About $11,000 was used to buy the Fit Stop's Nautilus equipment when the health club closed its doors last year. That equipment is worth about $70,000, he said.

The SA spent about $4,500 more last year on student activities, including beer bashes, socials and noon hour entertainment than in the 1985/86 fiscal year, but earned almost $12,000 more from the activities than in 1985/86.

Activities are not expected to earn as much money for the SA this year because student participation at beer bashes and socials is down, Pitcher said.

see Time/4

AGM Apathy

By Pat St. Germain

Student turn-out was low for the noon hour Annual General Meeting to review the Students' Association financial statements on Jan. 20.

Despite bulletins and a full page ad in the *Projector* offering free coffee and donuts, the SA executive had to scour the hallways to haul in enough students to make up a 25-student quorum.

Roger Procyk, SA president, said student turn-out for the AGM is notoriously low.

The AGM is an opportunity for students to find out how their student fees are being spent, he said.

"One of my goals is to change the situation in terms of student involvement."

see Students/4

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News

Four Join SA

By Anne Courtney

Nominations for the second Students' Association by-election this year closed on Jan. 20, with only four people allowing their names to stand for the 12 vacant positions.

Lorie Kowalyshyn, SA vice-president, said this by-election was not a necessity, as the SA by-laws indicate that only one by-election per year is required.

"We could function on what we have, but we heard that some more business students were interested, so we re-opened nominations," she said.

All four of the nominees, who won by acclamation, were from the business administration division, although all divisions were allowed to nominate representatives.

Kowalyshyn said student apathy is largely to blame for the poor showing. She also said some students may be unaware of the minimal time commitment required by division representatives on the SA.

There will not be another by-election this year, Kowalyshyn said. The other eight positions will remain vacant.

Kathy Bortoluzzi: Partying and Letting Down Her Hair for SA

By David Somers

Kathy Bortoluzzi says at Red River "There's a time to work your buns off and a time to play wholeheartedly."

She is the new program co-ordinator, and her job is to organize the partying aspect of Red River Community College.

"I encourage students to do some heavy studying, but also to do some heavy partying, to let their hair down and play."

Her new job will include organizing barbeques, wine and cheeses, car rallies, and obstacle courses, for example. One priority is noon hour entertainment.

"But I'm open to suggestions from students. I'm always looking for new ideas like self-defense workshops," Bortoluzzi said.

"I'm also interested in some kind of communication between Red River and the universities, but there can't be an overlap. I want to tap the grassroots here first, like the trades and the tri-mester students.

"But right now, we're not working at full capacity. There's a lot of personalities out there, and I don't know if they're being tapped into.

"If you can't fill a gym for a bash, then something's wrong," she said.

Despite a "pretty hectic" task ahead of her, Bortoluzzi said she'll give the programming job her "best shot."

"I like people. I have a reputation for being a social convener."

Bortoluzzi has a B.A. in Recreation Administration from the University of Alberta and was a program director at the St. James YMCA before coming to Red River College.

Because her experience with Red River is limited, having taken a course here a few years ago, she says she's most interested in getting to know the students better.

"I'm jumping into this job head-on, trying to get a feel for the students. I'm hoping to go and meet some of them at the downhill ski trip to Fernie, B.C. in March."

One of her immediate priorities is to remind students about the WinterCourse activities at the college from Feb. 8 to 13.

Kathy Bortoluzzi can be contacted at the Students' Association offices or by phone at 632-2478.

Photo by Colin Corneau

Kathy Bortoluzzi ready to jump head first into partying as SA program co-ordinator.

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Editorials

From the Editor's Desk:

A Plea for Realism

Bringing an apple for the teacher was slightly more difficult for approximately 850 students on Feb. 2. Instead of the universe unfolding as it normally should, nearly 145 teachers called in sick as a one-day protest against protracted contract talks.

And with visions of lengthy picket lines dancing in our nightmares and the all-probing eye of the media converging on the college for the story, it was easy to lose one's perspective on what was, after all, a very limited form of job action. As such, a return to realism from all parties involved would do everyone a world of good.

From the students' standpoint, the specter of a long-term strike is frightening for reasons that need no further illumination. However, it is unlikely that anyone really suffered any more than a little inconvenience from the job action. In fact, it should have been viewed an opportunity to tackle some long-neglected homework.

Students should also find comfort in realizing that the education component of the MGEA is anything but a militant union. As such, threats of a lengthy strike that could interfere with our graduations are just threats and nothing more. Moreover, should the inevitable occur and the teachers do walk, the government would likely legislate them back before much damage could be done.

One would also hope that the teachers continue to look at the issue realistically.

Like any other worker, they should be entitled to the right to strike in the collective bargaining process. At the same time, though, one would hope that the teachers ensure that all other avenues are explored in the collective bargaining process so that students do not get caught in the crossfire.

The last and largest dose of realism is saved for the government. At the risk of making the government seem like the bad guys in this issue, it is high time that the department of education begin to recognize the importance community colleges play in terms of educating and finding jobs vis-a-vis the university experience.

And this recognition must be backed up by more than just cheap talk. In the past, the province's four universities have continually come out on top of the three community colleges whenever the subject of budget cuts comes up despite our superior job placement record.

If the government is truly sincere in wanting to get the most bang for its education buck, meeting the teacher's reasonable demands would be a good place to start.

Paul Samyn

Hall Talk: Autopac Rates Unfair

Ron Derksen | Laura Jean Stewart | Tanis Mandzuk | Byron Yakimow

By Jason Bell and Joanne Faryon

Red River Community College students appear to be unanimous in their disfavour over the recent Autopac rate hikes suggested by the provincial government.

In a poll taken by the *Projector*, students feel the Autopac rate increases are too much for Manitobans to accept and will ultimately finish the NDP government.

Ron Derksen, a first-year telecommunications student, feels the rate increases will hurt all students, stating his own rate will jump about 40 to 50 percent.

"It's unfair all right. I think it should follow the same guidelines as rent control," Derksen said.

"I won't vote for them, but they'll probably still get in," he resonded when asked about the NDP's chances in a future election.

Laura Jean Stewart, a first-year creative communications student, said the government is trying to recover too much money in one year.

"I think I'll have to cash in my RRSP to pay for my Autopac," Stewart said.

Andy Nardella, a second-year industrial arts student, agreed that the increases will be much too substantial for some students to pay.

"I haven't found out what my rates will be, but I'm sure there will be a significant increase.

"I don't think it will do the NDP government any good in the long run," Nardella said.

One student, Tania Mandzuk, a first-year business administration student, was totally despondent over the insurance issue and the provincial government in general.

"I have nothing to say about Autopac or the NDP government," Mandzuk stated firmly.

Byron Yakimow, a first-year meatcutting student, offered a different outlook in his assessment of the Autopac rate increases.

"I think too many people pulled too many insurance scams, like ripping off radios, and now the people are paying for it," he said.

"Whether the NDP wins the next election or not will depend on how smart Manitobans vote.

"It will be easy for the PC government to capitalize on this one," Yakimow said.

Student Gets Raw Deal at Voyageur

Mr. Editor:

Lunch in the Voyageur Cafeteria used to be a good thing until one Tuesday.

I had intended on getting the chicken burger, but settled for the porkchop with mushroom gravy when I learned the kitchen had given the last burger to the two guys ahead of me. In addition to the porkchop, I got roast potatoes with gravy and a cup of coffee. All for just $2.45. Cheap, right? Good deal, eh?

Well, it was a good deal until I realized the pork chop, which had previously been hidden with gravy, was actually RAW. My first reflex was to throw up, but I held back long enough to get a refund first. I was offered another porkchop in place of the raw one, but I couldn't imagine eating any more raw pork. The first was bad enough.

I realize that the people who prepare these meals are not some kind of Superchefs who never make mistakes, but you don't need an IQ of 160 to tell when pork is still raw. I'm not going back to the Voyageur for a while, at least as long as I can live with peanut butter, baloney and cold pizza for lunch. Hopefully no one else will have to suffer the same fate of having their lunch wink at them.

Three cheers for the Voyageur, Raw Raw Raw

J. Sunset
Creative Communications

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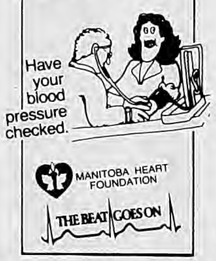
The Projector is written and compiled every two weeks by Red River students for Red River students. If you have any comments regarding the paper, please contact us in Trailer 'K' next to the student parking lot.

—We're back because no one would have us, except Riva.

Don't be a heartbreaker



Big Results From Partnership

By David Somers

A partnership agreement signed by Red River Community College and the Manitoba Research Council last September is expected to produce big results in manufacturing and technology, according to Erling Nyborg, executive director of the research council.

"The agreement has shown some specific initiatives already. We're working on one pretty big project, and we'll see some results six months from now," Nyborg said.

He refused to say what that project involves.

"We have a lot of industrial clients and we have a lot of training needs in industrial technology. Red River College has the training facilities."

Glen Hermanson, dean of technology at Red River, agreed that the partnership would be worthwhile.

"We've tried to identify potential firms that could use the training in computer aided manufacturing, for example," he said.

While the college and local industry have benefitted from work on projects like computerized drafting, Hermanson admits there have been a few problems along the way.

"There's a perception by the work force that they'll be replaced by machines which just isn't true. You still need people to operate the machines," Hermanson said.

"And while computerized cutters and sewing machines in the textile industry have had an impact on the labor force, it means there's better quality control."

Gary Polonsky, president of Red River, said that the partnership, as a link between training and research, would have direct benefits for Red River students.

"Students are able to go there (the Manitoba Research Council facilities) and do research. This should mean more full-time jobs for students," Polonsky said.

"While the partnership with the research council may help bring new industry to Manitoba, our bread and butter is still service to the students

"Partnering was never a major part of Red River agenda, but two years ago we had our operating model changed and it became easier to partner. We're now a fundamental partner with the private sector and a more major player in the economy of Manitoba," he said.

Polonsky and Hermanson agreed that the development of Red River's technology division depended on public funding.

"We need funding by the provincial and federal governments," Hermanson said. "Industry is changing constantly. Hopefully, we're prepared to meet those changes."

College Boasts 98 Per Cent Job Placement Rate

By Anthony Connolly

Red River Community College is the nation's foremost institute in job placement of its students, Ray Newman, vice-president student services, said.

"We want our people (students) to get jobs," he said, pointing to the latest figures of job placement which indicate that 97.8 per cent of 1985 RRCC graduates have jobs.

"Look, here, 83.1 per cent of the graduates got career-related jobs," he said.

Newman said that RRCC averages 98 per cent job placement of its students through a process of listening to the business community.

"We don't make up what to teach," he said, explaining that the college enlists the services of course advisory committees and is open to the advice of the publics the institution serves.

"As long as the information is good, we'll be on the right track," he said.

The college keeps close tabs on its graduates and monitors job placement by mailing alumnists surveys to be filled out and sent back. Close to 1,000 surveys were sent back from the graduates of 1985, he said.

The surveys indicated a number of significant areas in the job placement analysis, he said.

Of the students graduating in 1985, 9.8 per cent had a job before they left the college; 22.4 per cent had a job within one week of graduating; while .6 per cent had jobs after approximately two months, he said.

Newman commented that while 16.9 per cent of the respondents were working in non-career positions, he was pleased with the heavier end of the spectrum.

The downside to statistics of this kind and the informative order in place is that both can eliminate a course not in demand, he said.

"Last year we discontinued the professional photographers course because the market had simply dried up, he said.

Trades and professions in demand, he countered, that show up either through the course advisory committee or from the public will be looked into.

"The public tells us what to teach and we teach it," he said. "How can we go wrong?"

Average Student Has No Time

Cont'd from p. 1

Because the average student arriving at RRCC in September hasn't had time to think about student government, it's important to get information to them at the earliest opportunity, he said.

The SA will approach the college administration to suggest that information on student government be included in registration packages, he said.

Since RRCC programs are shorter than university programs, students may feel they don't have much investment in student government, he said.

Students Leave Early

Cont'd from p. 1

The SA's financial statements show term deposits held more than $251,000 at June 30, 1987—up from $211,000 as of June 30, 1986.

Some students left the meeting before a motion was passed to accept the SA financial statements, but Pitcher said he doesn't know if their absence will make the motion invalid.

Another motion was passed to ask the SA executive director to choose an auditor for the 1987/88 fiscal year.

Carl Heim, the auditor for the 1986/87 fiscal year, was killed in a car accident on Jan. 2.

Student Challenges Student Aid System

By Joanne Faryon

Student Aid in Manitoba needs to be examined and changed, according to a Red River Community College graduate.

Leona Edwards, a former business accountancy student, is taking steps to ensure that student aid applications be reviewed by the Department of Education and modified.

Edwards presented her proposals to members of the department at a meeting last November. Her interest in the department had begun more than a year before.

Edwards applied and received student aid while she was a student at the college in September, 1986. She received welfare benefits until the day of her loan notification, Sept. 8. She said processing of the loan took two weeks past that date.

"They (welfare) gave me nothing. I had no money for two weeks," Edwards said.

During those two weeks Edwards had to pay her rent and buy books for her classes.

"I took out a bank loan at 9½ per cent. I had no choice," she said.

Carol Sigurdson, Director of Student Aid, says Edwards did not inform the agency of her situation.

"I certainly would have intervened on her part if it had been called to my attention," Sigurdson said.

The department will sign a document informing landlords or schools of the student's predicament, Sigurdson said.

Student aid applications do not state that there is a processing period, depending on the financial institution, from the time of notification to the time of payment, Edwards said.

There is currently a task force in Ottawa who are looking into student aid, Sigurdson said.

The Pen is Mightier than the Sword

It's time again for the changing of the guard at the *Projector*. Anyone interested in becoming either the editor-in-chief, news editor or entertainment editor, please drop off a resume in the *Projector*'s mailbox in the SA office room DM20. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that includes all the fun a layout night can deliver, a reserved parking spot and a measly stipend from the SA. Competition closes March 4. (The *Projector* is an equal opportunity employer.)

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THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

Entertainment

Eikhard Takes Charge

By Brenda Fleming

After years of letting others direct her career, Shirley Eikhard is taking charge. So it's all the more appropriate that she's titled her first full album in 10 years just that—*Taking Charge*.

The husky-voiced singer started her stage career at 12 and had to deal with the adult entertainment world.

"I was trying to make adult decisions with an adolescent mind," says Eikhard, 32. "You can imagine the neurotic potential."

With the support of WEA records' Bob Roper, Eikhard set to work producing eight new songs on her own.

Although Eikhard is pleased that she has a lot of personal involvement in the album, she says it's also scary.

"That's the one thing about doing it all yourself. If it succeeds it's me, if it fails it's me, but at least in the end I can say it's an honest portrayal. Before there were too many people painting on my picture."

Eikhard was originally known as a country singer and wrote songs covered by the likes of Emmylou Harris, Kim Carnes, Chet Atkins and Anne Murray.

The singer's first album with Capitol had a country flavor, helping her to win Junos for Female Country Artist of the Year in 1972 and 1973.

Eikhard now ready to sing and speak for herself.

Eikhard left Capitol and moved to Attic Records in 1974, when she expanded her music to include pop, jazz, rock and R & B.

She formed Eika Records, her own label, in 1982. The Eika label produced seven singles, including "It's Understood" and "Someone Else", which also appear on the new album.

Eikhard wrote all of the songs on *Taking Charge* with the exception of "You're My Weakness", co-written by Madelaine Stone and Chris Waters in Nashville.

Eikhard is happy to be back after taking a break from the music scene. She says she took a "nosedive into obscurity" in 1978.

Eikhard's unique voice has been noted by critics, who have called it smoky and dominating.

The singer says sometimes it takes people awhile to warm up to it.

"It can be a hindrance but so far I've gotten a lot of positive response here in Canada."

She says test marketing in the United States has shown stations want to play her music because of the different sound.

Looking back on her childhood, Eikhard's best memories are those meetings with heros like Joni Mitchell and Gordon Lightfoot.

The worst part, she says, was dealing with the business side of her career and making decisions when she had no idea of the repercussions.

The difference now, Eikhard says, is that this time she's in charge and any mistakes that are made are hers.

"This time I can say no with conviction. This time Shirley Eikhard is speaking for Shirley."

O.J.'s OK

By Joanne Faryon and Jason Bell

O.J. Anderson—This guy is funny!

A combination mime, actor, singer, dancer, comedian, Anderson wowed the audience in the Tower Lounge, Wednesday, Jan. 27.

Anderson, 34, is a native of Anarbour, Michigan, although he tells everyone he's from Detroit because it's a "fun place to live if you're a bullet".

The one-hour routine was packed with snappy one-liners, jokes older than Anderson and audience-involved antics. And it all worked.

Anderson, normally labelled as a mime, proved his comedic talents went beyond the limits of a solemn, made-up face in the Marcel Marceaux tradition.

He captured the crowd's attention even before he went on stage. From behind the glass wall of the lounge, Anderson took pokes and digs at the passersby. From then on, the entertainer played to a full-house of wide-eyed giggling students.

With the aid of a cassette player, Anderson's own powerful voice and energetic movements on stage, he kept the audience roaring with laughter.

He took stabs at politics, relationships and television, usually getting his point across with the help of a member of the audience.

"I use to get my ideas from drugs," Anderson quipped, "but now I get them from all the stupid things in life."

Anderson acting out his birth, "something of importance to all of us," was a real crowd pleaser. The entertainer wrapped himself in a blue bag and proceded to give his rendition of a birth. The highlight was his search for "mom and dad," in the audience.

Anderson never failed to surprise his audience. His portrayal of a ski jump demonstrated Anderson's ability as a skilled mime, as well as a creative comedian. The crowd followed Anderson down a 50-foot jump during a slalom competition, or so it felt.

"My wedding reception," the finale of the show, involved more than a dozen members of the audience. Before revealing the theme of the event, Anderson staged the scenario, putting unsuspecting volunteers in peculiar positions. All was unveiled in the end, creating a hilarious finish to an hour filled with entertainment. All this, and it was free!

At times, some of the comedian's impersonations dragged. His three minute sketch on

see My Girl/6

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THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

Students Can't See Woods for the Forest at Tower

By Anthony Connolly

Waiting for Woods? Waiting for what? We're waiting for Woods.

Dumbfounded, the capacity crowd in the Tower Lounge, last Jan. 27, stared blankly at the microphone stand —performer Mike Woods was playing Mr. Invisible. Few of the restless natives braved the spectacle of waiting for Woods to arrive from the University of Manitoba's Celebration of Life and Learning.

He arrived 35 minutes late. "You're going to have to bash some heads over there," he told the somewhat gnarly crowd. Unfortunately, for those who failed to endure missed a performer seldom seen at RRCC.

His singing abilities, performing style, notwithstanding, Woods had moxy and wasn't going to be bullied by an irate crowd yelling: "Play us some ZZ Top!" (Kind of reminds you of a Valdy song, doesn't it; wait a minute, you'll get it.)

Woods turned the students' anger in audience participation. He began his set—throwing his song sheet to the dogs—with a number he said was a fond childhood memory. Woods' crooning, Cat Stevens-like voice was a perfect juxtaposition in singing "Dead Puppies" to an unsuspecting audience. Then he ripped into his rendition of "I'm a Wanker" accompanied by the now kindly crowd.

Now, sure, it's easy to say Woods used dirty songs; an old ploy in turning the audience around—but he did it with a guitar, his voice and one microphone. Some brilliant lightbulb in the Students' Association office forgot. So, for ten minutes Woods sustained this disadvantage like a real pro. Finally, finding a microphone ten minutes later, a student (ironically with a surname of Muzik; sound it out) had to hold the microphone up to Woods' guitar.

Now that's entertainment. Even Muzik joined in singing "Dead Puppies", revelling in Andy Warhol's fifteen minutes.

The set turned into a carnival-like atmosphere with Woods playing the crowd like a busker. He asked the audience for requests, and for the most part, played his finger off trying to please. On a number of occasions Woods improvised and changed the song's lyrics to make his point. Like these lyrics to the tune of Cat Stevens' "Moonshadow": All the students are leaving/I won't have to playing this (expletive) anymore/.

Hilarious and entertaining.

This Steven's composition was Mike Woods' calling card—he wasn't fooling around all the time— he was as sweet sounding and sincere as the man that gave us *The Cat and the Tillerman*.

Mike Woods may not be a "wanker" as he sung, but he was supreme.

Scholarship Notice

Applications are now being accepted for the following Scholarships and Awards; Application deadline is **February 15, 1988:**

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In memory of the late Mrs. Evelyn Bagot, former manageress of the College Bookstore, a $100.00 award is presented annually to a regular full-time student on the basis of performance (theoretical and practical).

XANA BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION Award
A $200.00 award is presented annually to a female student in the second year of a business or professional course on the basis of both academic standing and financial need.

For application forms or more information, please contact the Student Aid/Awards Office, Building C, Room 312.

HEALTH EMERGENCIES

Just a reminder that we have the following Health Services and Emergency Health procedures in place:

a) Health Centre located in the Mall of the College at HM-08, phone 238. Hours of operation are 7:45 a.m. to 4:15 p.m. Monday through Friday.

b) When the Health Centre is closed and an Emergency Health problem exists, call the Power House at 384. This area is attended 24 hours a day, seven days a week. If an ambulance is required, they will make all of the arrangements. If CPR or First Aid assistance is required, they will contact one of the trained Security Guards by radio, and direct them to the appropriate location.

My Girl Should Be Shorter

Cont'd from p. 5

The Temptations' "My Girl" could have been shorter. Anderson's opening on stage, eating an imaginary apple, was also a little weak to begin what was a memorable 60-minute performance.

If anyone came to the Tower Lounge to just watch O.J. Anderson, they were in for a big surprise. Audience participation is encouraged by the performer, and if that doesn't work, he'll grab you by the arm and pull you out of your seat and onto the stage.

Coming Events

By Brenda Fleming

Looking for something to lift you out of the post-Christmas doldrums? The entertainment scene can lend a hand.

Are you a frustrated sculptor? If so, run, don't walk down to the SA office and register for the Snow Sculpture contest Feb. 8. If tobogganing is more your style, register for the Toboggan Race Tuesday, Feb. 9. Both events will be held in the outside courtyard. And if that doesn't satisfy you, how about the Cross Country Ski Race? The fun takes place Thursday, Feb. 11. Don't forget to register at the SA. These events are all a part of a fun-filled week christened "WinterCourse" by the SA programming board.

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The Winnipeg Art Gallery Films for February take a look at Japanese films, including *Throne of Blood* Saturday, Feb. 13 and Sunday, Feb. 14. and *Woman of the Dunes* on Saturday, Feb. 20 and Sunday, Feb. 21. Films are shown at 8 p.m. in the Muriel Richardson Auditorium. Tickets are $4. In March, Brando buffs won't want to miss *On the Waterfront*, the Academy Award-winning film about corruption on the docks of New York. *On the Waterfront* will show Saturday and Sunday, March 19 and 20 at 8 p.m. in the Muriel Richardson Auditorium.

Diary of a Virgin Nymph

Getting the Heart of Valentine's

Diary,

At the risk of being a pseudo-existentialist, I ask—What is Valentine's Day?

Is it a creation of the retailer who unabashedly separates a lovesick fool from his money with commercialism wrapped in pink foil?

Is it a much needed catalyst for the negligent spouse to display unspoken but never forgotten sentiment?

Is it a prime opportunity for the prisoner of passion to act on that undercurrent of lust before it's too late?

Or is it just nature's cruel reminder that cupid's arrow has missed this target of astounding proportions ONCE AGAIN?

Yes, diary, Valentine's Day is falling upon me as I surrender to the fact that, not unlike the last 21 years, I shan't be bombarded with French cremes and foliage.

I've found in my many years experience as a solo, that the best way to combat the "pas de dude" blues is to wallow in self-pity.

First I think about those who do remember and even acknowledge me on Feb. 14. Platonic friends. Mom.

Once that's done, I count on my memory to depress me further and perhaps even drive me into a weeping state.

I vividly recreate the misery of fifth grade when I had to transpose an ordinary shoebox into a Valentine's Day mailbox intended to accomodate the plethora of cards from my classmates. Not since that day have I experienced the frustration of trying to get the doilies to stick on the box lid as opposed to my pastey palms. Then, upon completion, I stood proudly by my creation, fingers dyed red from tissue paper, only to discover that in my haste I had neglected to cut a slot in the top. I blinked back tears as the other fifth graders looked quizzically at my box, then silently lifted the lid in order to place their Valentines inside.

But the memory doesn't end there. To this day, I carry a grudge against my mother who was never astute enough to buy me the box of pre-cut Valentines. No, my mother purchased mine on Feb. 13, when the remnants of stock consisted of Valentines printed in abundance in book form that had to be cut out. My feeble little fingers still lacking any motor skills snipped and cut until cupid's arrow and any other protruding parts that interfered with my concentration or the direction of my blunt-edged pre-school scissors were completely hacked off of the card's design. But it didn't matter because we had all seen the very same Valentine messages SEVERAL times before. In fact, that one package of cards that everyone seemed to have became so familiar with each additional Valentine's Day that they actually have become offensive.

Fifteen Valentines that EVERYONE got:

1. The spaceman that says "You're out of this world!"
2. The bowl of fruit that asks "Orange you glad you're my Valentine?"
3. The blackboard that says "Chalk one up for teacher?"
4. The elephant with a hole where his trunk should be for your index finger.
5. The monster that says "You bring out the beast in me, Valentine."
6. The bee that says "BEE MINE, Valentine."
7. The monkey who says "Don't monkey around, be mine."
8. The majorette who says "Marching to your heartbeat Valentine."
9. The cowboy with two holes where his legs should be for your fingers.
10. The computer that says "Programmed to be your Valentine."
11. The house that says "Home is where the heart is, Valentine."
12. A magnifying glass that says "Eyed like to be your Valentine."
13. The shoe that says "You got sole, Valentine."
14. The moon that says "You're my star, Valentine."
15. The heart that says "Have a heart, be mine."

• • •

Actor's Showcase, Manitoba's Theatre for Young People, will present *The Oath*, a play focusing on a group of high school students which looks at issues like freedom of the press and peer pressure. Recommended for the 13 to 18 age group, performances are held Thursday, Feb. 11 at 7:30 p.m. and Saturday, Feb. 13 at 7:30 p.m.

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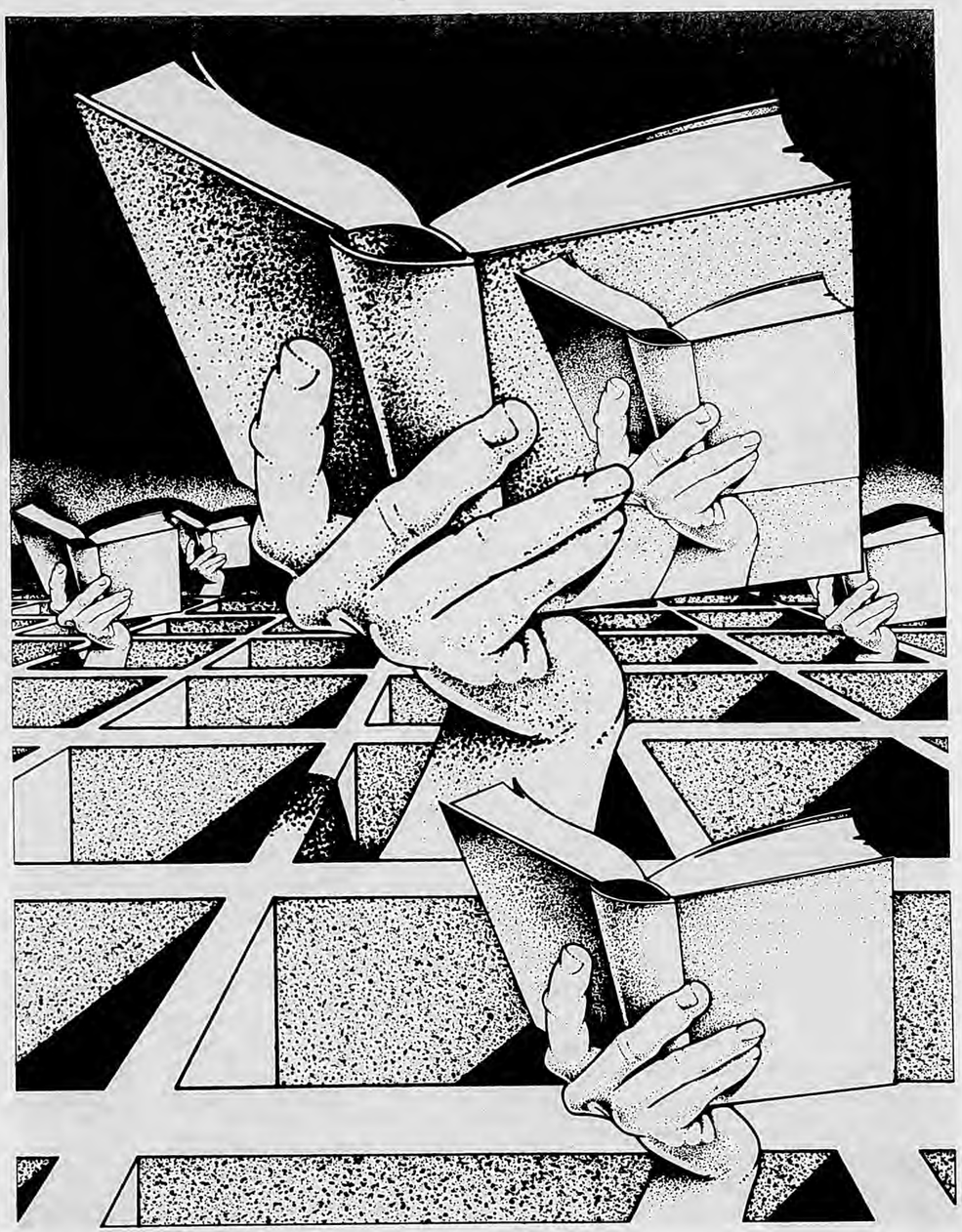
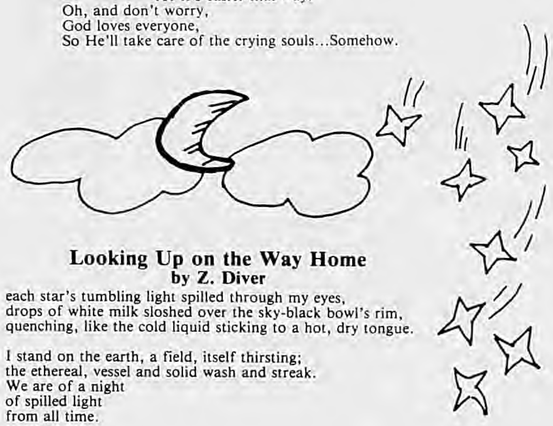
Finally, a big welcome to program co-ordinator Kathy Bortoluzzi who takes over from Steve Maitland booking RRCC's entertainment.

Literary Supplement



Please, Accept Me
by Bonnie R. Bell

Okay...So I'm different,
So I don't look the same as you,
or act the same,
My skin is a little darker,
or my eyes are a little more slanted,
I may speak with a slur,
or walk with a slouch,
I may smell of barns,
or sweat,
or ignorance,
I may hate myself,
so, in turn, I can't love you,
No, I'm not the elite,
not the top ten,
I may barely even scrape the bottom,
But here I stand...
still a life,
nothing more,
nothing less,
just me.
And I am different,
but can't you accept me anyway?
But you smile with your friends,
and walk your paved streets,
while here I stand,
alone,
different,
and feeling it,
and then you talk of love and Jesus,
where is this love? I've never seen it.
If it is so great why can't you love me...
or at least try to help me.
If there is such a forgiving, accepting love,
why have I never been exposed to it?
How can I see this love,
when I don't even have a friend?
So, walk your marbled roads,
and hug your cliquish companions,
and ignore a crying soul,
for it's easier that way.
Oh, and don't worry,
God loves everyone,
So He'll take care of the crying souls...Somehow.



Looking Up on the Way Home
by Z. Diver

each star's tumbling light spilled through my eyes,
drops of white milk sloshed over the sky-black bowl's rim,
quenching, like the cold liquid sticking to a hot, dry tongue.

I stand on the earth, a field, itself thirsting;
the ethereal, vessel and solid wash and streak.
We are of a night
of spilled light
from all time.

Oh, to be blind.

Sunday to Monday, July 26
by j.stewart

Prickly sheets grab at my hot skin, without holding,
and the constant tosses and turns loosed me, for a while
the sighs of my sleepless lover broke like a tide of air

The cocaine at 10:30 was mostly speed, we didn't know
but the clench after the snort was a form of warning

I came up with solutions for many things in the hot darkness
and sang a song with lovely Kate while on a cool white beach
and went to Montreal to visit old friends, they didn't know me
and the sigh of my sleepless lover broke like a tide of air

We both sat up and read for a while, eyes tired out
when the lights went down a world of swirling thoughts awaited

And the turns to the left meant some cool pillow, and a welcome
yawn
and the turns to the right yielded the heat of my restless lover
fighting the drug in her body to be ready for morning's 6:30 call
At times that swaying bed was hell last night, it was hell

Prickly sheets grabbed at my hot skin, without holding
and the sighs of my sleepless lover broke, like a tide of air.

Building A Room of One's Own
by Anthony Connolly
(dedicated to mojo man monsignor)

Slivers under the skin; you can never find them when the pain is at its worst. You search, in the graying and failing light, with nimble but cold fingertips hampered with the perception of a blind prairie mouse scurrying across the highway at night.

You stand, while all the other carpenters have gone home, in the skeleton of the house you are building. Every room is like a giant rib cage; you clad in a red flannel shirt resemble blood as you travel through the beam-outlined house. You are in what you think is the den. You call it the den, the kitchen, the livingroom and so on. Predicting the future from mere structure: the play of carpenters.

You go around, walking through walls with glee, collecting a day's strewn about tools: the hammer, saw and pail of nails. You notice, maybe for the first time, the sheer beauty of your work and that of your co-workers. The conjugation of an angle to form a corner, the finality of a well-placed nail, quick transition of room size and the stillness of the roof's cathedral; all constructed with grammarian-like perfection. You hold now, in your hands, the tools of the trade: the hammer, a verb that acts upon the construction; the saw—wood's pause—a comma; nails, periods; all organized together to put forth a statement: This is a house.

This is not your house. Your house doesn't whisper to you. This house whispers: Shouldn't you be writing? Where's that great Canadian novel? Selling out are we? You whisper back, when the carpenter's collective hammering has reached its drum like sound; I must work, to write, to feed myself. The hammer will hit the wood with more force than usual. You want to hurt the house because it keeps you from your writing.

You are now in the dark. You fumble around the house, that is not yours, until you find your lunchbox. You step off the house and onto the yard. The house, to passerbys, will seem to be the work of skilled carpenters not the bread on a starving writer's supper table. You are about to leave when the whispering house says to you: Hey, you can't leave, this is your prison cell. You run across the yard and down the road to your bus stop and wait; in fear of the truth.

You are seen as a carpenter on the bus; sawdust, tool belt and flannel shirt. Carpenter; raise high the roof beams and see a house. Writer; scribble down words, get published; what have you published? I see what you built. You are a carpenter.

An old Ukrainian bubba's wrinkled but agile fingers yank the wood splinter from your hand but can't help pull the story idea stuck in your mind. You leave the bus that nice carpenter who is building a house on Solace Bay.

You are home, your home with no whispers, an apartment with a bathroom, a Murphy bed and a rickety card table with an electric typewriter on top. On the floor, surrounding the table, manuscripts are piled like cords of wood.

You shower and then eat. After cleaning up you sit, like every night, at the keyboard until midnight, hammering it out with words. And like every night, you end up screaming at the typewriter. You see from the typewriter's cylinder comes not the printed page of words but—the imagined—haunting foam-like breath of wood: sawdust comes tumbling out.

Someday you will build a room of one's own in a house of one's own. And in that house; of walls, carpet and doors, will be a den. In that den you will happily hammer on the word processor while the carpenter's epitaph hangs lazily on a hook in the garage.

Passerbys, looking at the house, will see you through the window. And these passerbys will whisper: You are a builder, the heart of that house, a builder of words.

You keep a box of cinder by your desk for inspiration.

Whiskey Flow
by Anthony Connolly

"And chipped his two front teeth?" the barkeep asked the man across the bar. The man lifted his glass of whiskey to his lips. And froze. And stopped. To continue the story...:from a gurgling and slurping stream comes this flow: warm amber soul poured from the land..."This is honor my son," his father wheezed through his foggy-thick whiskey breath, airforce metal dangling off the chest of the navy blue, fly-boy uniform. Daddy is different. A stinky monster with sharp front fangs by my bed at night.

"I tripped coming out of the mess laddie,": whiskey runs like gutter rain, rippling across the worn out cobble-stone highstreets of Edinburgh and slides past teeth into warm bellies of brawny Brits. From bar time songs, pork chops always on Fridays..."Here's your pocket money, Willie"...red nose, gold heart, amber colored honor, winding like an endless Scottish stream; pushing aside the rust colored soil, washing the dirt from dead animals caught in the currents, swept away the fallen limbs of shelter-belt trees...to the footsteps of an airforce base mess hall.

The man throws back the whiskey. Gulp.

"You know in Scotland, distillers walk about their streams making sure nothing has been thrown into their source?" the barkeep nodded and handed the man another whiskey.

The whiskey makes him; feel warm, smell sizzling pork chops and hear the fading whispers of his Papa bent over him, reeking of whiskey, telling his boy that he loves him.

It is honor.

Envy of Manly Winds

By Anthony Connolly

It was a little after five o'clock on a blistery hot August afternoon. Ten or maybe fifteen times since lunch, Dack Arnott had left his work bench with his mouth firm and white. This time as he came away to look out the bay window he absent-mindedly flipped his baseball cap off and then back on to his bald head. Returning again after about ten seconds of worried gazing, he ignored his work on the bench and instead slumped on the love-seat beside his daughter.

His daughter was now known as Mrs. Brothers. Donna Brothers was in her usual condition at this time of the day. An apron hugged her slim waist and was smeared with a reddish Italian sauce. She held a cup of herbal tea in her delicate hands. She seldom dropped her eyes from the window in order to take a sip of the tea. She placed the tea on the table beside the love-seat. Father and daughter they were now—alone. They sat side by side, shoulder to shoulder, and stared out the bay window at the back lawn of the Brothers' home.

Down by the water, near the dock, sitting on the grass, was the object of their collective concern. Andrew Brothers, Donna's son, sat quietly, head bowed. He faced the water.

"Red handed?" Dack asked, rubbing his chin. His eyes never strayed from Andrew.

"I'm not going to think about it," Donna said, for what seemed like the eleventh time this afternoon. "I made up my mind, dad, why worry, all boys—," Donna stopped herself in apparent frustration.

"Red handed though, Donna," her father offered while raising his wrinkled and blotched hands in front of himself.

"I'm not going to worry."

"But—," Dack began taking off his cap once more.

"Worrying about Andrew is my job," Donna snapped.

"He's young, Donna, and time will erase," her father offered. She turned to him and placed her hand on his knee.

"Dad, he is young enough to leave scars. Maybe forever. Too young. Never mind." Agitated, she got up. "Where the hell is Jonathan? It's about time he—".

Without waiting for an answer she already knew, Donna left Dack. Her father sat quietly adjusting his cap on and off his head.

"Red handed," he said like a child enjoying hearing himself say new words.

The walk from the back porch of the Brothers' cottage to the water-front dock was most often one of leisure. However, today, Donna was unconcerned with leisure as she marched down the winding path toward her son. As Donna approached, Andrew withdrew more to face the water. Donna noticed this and slowed her pace, half apprehensively and half gearing up for what would be a difficult conversation with her son. She sat on the grass beside Andrew, positioning herself between him and their small boat, *Manly Winds*.

Andrew winced at her presence. He blushed. He stared at the ground and scratched vigorously at a scab on his left ankle. Donna's amazed expression gave her inner thoughts away as she watched Andrew continue to scratch even after he drew blood. She gave a sigh and looked across at *Manly Winds* bobbing in the cradling ebb and flow of West Hawk Lake.

"Your father got that boat for you, Andrew, for your eleventh birthday," Donna stated. "A year later and you still haven't used it much."

Andrew raised his head for one brief moment but his mother failed to notice as she was looking at her watch.

"Andy, look, all men—," she shyly began but then tapered off as her son turned farther away.

"Andrew, look," she pleaded, "look at me, please, I am not a monster."

Just as Donna moved to grab her son and turn him around she stopped. Jonathan Brothers, her husband, came around the corner of the house.

He walked slowly toward his family, in a manner reminiscent of an early Robert Young. Jonathan's eyes were fixed on his wife. When he got to them he set his briefcase down beside Andrew and motioned to Donna (out of Andrew's sight) to leave the two of them alone. Donna willingly obliged.

As she walked back to the cottage, Dack looked through the window approvingly. His lips were no longer white and firm, for his brooding seemed to be over. He did up the zipper of his pants which had fallen.

Donna turned as she got to the back door, to see what progress—if any—her husband had made. She watched as Jonathan talked face to face with Andrew. She saw her son's head nod in what seemed to be approval. She watched as Jonathan ruffled Andrew's thatch of blonde hair. She saw the boy being hoisted by his armpits by her husband. Andrew hugged his father.

"Remember, just you and me, kiddo," Jonathan told his son. "Mum's the word." He gave a thumbs up sign to his son.

Donna moved wearily to the back porch's steps and sat down. Her mouth flew open when Andrew and Jonathan boarded *Manly Winds* and pushed off the dock. She went to get up when her mother came from the porch and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Leave them be, girl," she said, rubbing Donna's shoulders. "Boys will be boys."

"But all I wanted," she sobbed. "All I wanted..."

* * *

Some thirty years later at the funeral reception of Mrs. Donna Brothers, held in Andrew's livingroom, Andrew wept for the first time since her death; openly.

Chrissie, his wife, wrapped her arms around him, but willingly he broke from her and the room full of guests. Andrew went out his backdoor to his garage.

Inside the garage, dust and old greasy boxes made their home. Andrew climbed a ladder up high into the rafters for a small box marked: Manly Winds. He brought it down with him. He then tugged at the tight green tape on the box with his fingers. He used his Swiss army knife on the staples. Once the box was opened, Andrew sat on the dusty and oil-stained floor with the box between his legs.

Inside the box was the pair of underwear he had stolen from his mother when he was about twelve.

Andrew retrieved, from the breast pocket of his suit jacket, a brass flip-top lighter his father gave him before passing away last year. Andrew torched the underwear and never told a soul.

Chrissie never gave Andrew a son.

The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier
by Marianne Vardalos

Two drachmas for a bottle of water to pour over your
dusty toes
Salt on your brow and more on your souvlaki
The doves in the main square feed from our hearts
The unknown soldier is still
I am prepared to meet the Mother of Alexander
But she never comes.

Haikus
by C.R. Procyk

The 'Haiku' is a traditional Japanese short poem that expresses or evokes emotion and simulates thought. The poet is allowed only 17 syllables to present mood, image, and suggestion. There is usually a 'kigo' or season word to suggest time of day, of year, or of life.

Haiku for a Suicidal Friend

I'd never have learned
to like beets if I had died
in my late twenties.

Canoe Encounter With A Bumblebee

Lake-drenched bee
climbs her bare leg, sun-dries wings, takes off
from my daughter's knee!

October Meditation on the Coming Winter

Fall—Winnipeg;
doorstep Main Street bum
sunwarms retinas through closed lids.

Other Lives
by Karen Crossley

Why don't we remember dreams
Except in tangled threads
That strung together make no sense
And make us laugh or dread?

If I remember what I saw
Last week, last month, last year
Why is it what I saw last night
Completely disappears?

If thoughts we think expand our minds
And help us learn and grow
Why should the thoughts we think in dreams
Break up and vanish so?

Could it be we lead two lives
One by day and one by night
Two souls contained within one mind
Separate beings with separate sight

If this be so (as some do hold)
I'd like to meet that other soul
If only for a moment for
There's one thing I would know:

"Tell me," I'd ask my other self,
"Does it annoy you too
That when you wake you can't remember
All that I've lived through?"

The Hot Dog's Anthem
(to the tune of "Those Daring Young Men on the Flying Trapeze")
by Jim Johnson

He skis down the hill
With the greatest of ease,
That daring young man
On his 210 Rossis.
He shoots down the steeps
And flys off the bumps;
He carves like a knife
And fears no jumps.
One day he proclaimed,
"I'm the best at this game.
I'll ski down this run
With my bindings undone."
He flew through the air
With the greatest of ease
That stupid young man
Minus his 210 Rossis.
He yelled loud and clear
As he bounced down the
bumps,
"I don't need my skis.
I'll just use my rump."

Sing A Song of Satire
by j.stewart

Sing a song of satire, politicians are in town
Saying this about that, and mugging like clowns
Saying SAVE when they mean tax, and lying through their teeth
thumping chests in the name of honesty, and stinking of deceit

Sing a song of satire, the tories are in power
Canada's "open for business", but closing any hour
and the country's almost bankrupt,
and the country's doing fine
and patronage is dead
unless you tow the party line

Sing a song of socialism, Ed is now the king
when he is elected, you'll hear the others sing
"What a dirty commie, a dirty socialist clot,
Let's hire good-guy Ollie, and hatch ourselves a plot."

Sing a song of sadness, Ronny's had the bun
they all trusted him for so long
now look what he's gone and done!
He's slept with his eyes open, and his ears don't seem to work
his mind is made of puddy, the smiling senile jerk
But Nancy wants some history to come from her poor Ron
She's going to put a jelly bean on the button for the Bomb!
And then she'll play Pavlov, and ring a little bell
and salivating Ronny will blow us all to hell!

Blue Note Table Napkin Sex
by Anthony Connolly

A

Racing across a frozen lake
I see the smiles of old friends
under foot they are suspended
I see her

She has blue lips and red eyes
dancing with her own arms
kissing her frosty blue breasts
she wails praise, in my sleepless nights,
to old friends under ice.

B

Sense
make of it
play it now
forget the reasons
and tell no one.

C

'Cause Uncle Jim
will spank me
i never bark
sit
never leapt
just solid
—sudden release—
!BARK!
i feel the wind
behind Jim's rage
i never bark
just shoulder
the
abuse.

D

Crimson flags wave
to a bird encased in glass
and yet it flies
full of carny wishes
mythical hope;
born unto a land of paradox
to live is to travel toward death
it flies toward its maker.

The Bugs in Italy
by Marianne Vardalos

Poets and playwrights tell their tales
Of how it survives when all else fails.
I know that I feel it
And that I've set it free.
But has any man felt it
While looking at me?
Lust comes and goes
Like a song in a play.
And in Italy
This song
Will come
My way.

Beaus and Eros

By Karen Crossley

A Greek watering his sheep near a well encountered a Roman fresh from the sea—a Pagan. He stopped what he was doing and waited.

"I come from Rome," the weary sailor stammered in his clumsy, schoolboy Greek.

The Greek hid a smirk, and waited.

"I have come for water," the Roman continued, laboriously.

The Greek saw his chance and seized it.

"What, all the way from Rome for water?" he asked in his very best Latin. "Has Rome run out so soon?"

The Roman was not amused. He sank down by the side of the well, unsheathed his great knife, and began to clean the mud from the soles of his sandals, slowly and with meaning.

The Greek just shrugged and busied himself drawing more water from the well.

"So," he said at last, breaking the heavy silence. "Are we to be conquered again?"

The Roman turned a bleary eye upon the wit.

"We make no war today," he snarled, lapsing back into his native tongue. "It is now the festival of Cupid, god of love. We shall spare your skins."

"Is it really?" cried the Greek, eager for knowledge. "Well, what a coincidence. It is a festival day for us, too, for spring is the time of Eros, god of—What did you say your god's name was?"

"Cupid, god of love."

"Surely not the son of Aphrodite?"

"Afro—who? No, no, Cupid, child of Venus. You know, the little kid with the bows and arrows?"

"A babe? You honor this day in the name of a babe? And call him god of love? What do infants know of love but what they take?"

The Greek was getting excited now, the request for water forgotten.

"The god of love is Eros, fool, Eros the golden youth—keeper of men's hearts and mate of their most intimate minds. Surely you know of Psyche? But of course not, for you Romans haven't a mind or soul among you. Small wonder you worship an ignorant babe!"

The Roman, still waiting for his drink, was getting a little tired of this. Religious holidays mattered not a whit to him and he didn't much care if Cupid was a baby or his own grandfather. But he supposed he must make an effort to keep the peace.

"Ah yes," he said. "How interesting. And the water?"

But the Greek took no notice for now he was in full stride.

"A babe! A little mewling, crawling, whining child! Typical, just typical. This speaks poorly for your race, you know. Eros, that brave, excellent youth, reduced in Rome tothe status of a child. You are children yourselves to believe in such—such —blasphemy!"

And now the Roman had had enough. Rather than waste his breath, he simply rose to his full height and raised one arm to crush the foolish, prattling little shepherd.

He was stopped, quite suddenly, by the touch of an arrow—a minute sting just below his shoulder that tickled, then bounced harmlessly away.

Now thoroughly enraged (and very thirsty), the Roman turned to face his unknown assailant. But there, in the bushes, he saw only a girl. A Grecian shepherdess.

And his heart gave a thump—and he chased her through the trees.

And the Greek would have laughed had he not also been stung, and also seen a girl, in the trees, et cetera.

The funny thing was that the Roman, as he ran, praised Cupid for his marksmanship, and the Greek, as he ran, sang paeans to Eros, for both had forgotten that young girls can shoot arrows too.

The Pipes Are Calling
by C.R. Procyk

You remember Danny?
Black Yamaha 1100 GS?
Kept the rubber merchants employed?
Smoked away from every go-light,
brake pads screaming for mercy at every whoa-light?
He could burn a back tire bald in the time it takes
Telly Savallas to shave in the morning.
Seen him bank his bike on bends so low
his rubber pegs were pavement-scraped to the bare bone.
The guy should have invested his bread in Dunlop.
Or maybe life insurance.

Saw him yesterday.
Doing maybe eighty
mph
by the CNIB
charging an orange light.
(Well, that's what you get for living on credit.)
Who-needs-a-helmet Danny.
Airborne.
The Human Cannonpumpkin.
Well all you can anticipate
doing eighty through an intersection
is disaster.

Blue Trans-Am, Ontario plates,
(I swear the guy was from Waterloo)
anticipated green and jumped the light.
Like an anthropologist's pottery shards,
clean bits of cranium flashing white
in shattered jig-saw puzzle pieces
on hot black asphalt.
Grey matter smattered,
spattered copiously on the Portage trail.
All the Queen's cowboys and medicine men
couldn't put Danny together again.

Bike looks like the sculpture project
of a third year Fine Arts student.

Nicest Guy I ever saw
carried off
in a Glad garbage bag.

Untitled
by Anonymous

Drums that drown
to the beat of my heart.

Empty souls hovering.

Dull eyes
longing to embrace beauty,
not quite sure
what beauty is.

Restless nights
of cold darkness.

Empty rooms
behind closed doors.

A star in the midnight sky.

Numb.

No one wishes anymore.

Untitled
by Anonymous

Take my hand
and see through my eyes
Feel the shudder
down my spine
and the tear
roll down my cheek
Hear the music
spin dizzily through
my head
making me weak
Do not turn,
but look into my eyes
Do not speak
but tell me you understand
Feel my pulse
of hope and fear
and freedom
Realize your dream
and inspire mine
Do not understand
all I say,
but listen
to the thoughts
behind it.

• • •

Someone, someplace
showed me a dream
of love
and tears
and deep dark secrets
with skies of blue
and fields of green
and images of people
dancing,
and laughing,
and crying.
Where the nights never end.
And the days last forever.
Where the sun shines always
And the shadows hide us all.
The music fills the sky
and the stars
reflect in your eyes.

Untitled
by Anonymous

Look into my eyes
but you will see nothing.
Colors will melt into a blurr
and twist into a thread.
Time will meet in one moment.
Space will fall into a
sixth dimension.
And Pandora's box will not exist.
Reality becomes a dream,
And dream reality.
Death holds no fear
for life does not exist.
Words echo with no meaning.
And our minds shall float aimlessly.
Into the night.

White In Greece
by Marianne Vardalos

I wish I were a mountain-dwelling God wrapped in a white Cloth toga.
For then I would hold the answers to all the earth's Secrets.
I wish I were a newly baptized baby wrapped in a white satin gown.
For then I would be cleansed of the world's mysterious evils.

The Frenchman
by Marianne Vardalos

Steady of emotion
And quick of wit—
A reservoir of bittersweet
Tries to be magnetic.

Laming best acquaintances
With an acid tongue—
Vocal soldier only though
As from the troops he's run.

He never guessed that I was so
Disgusted by his frankness
His every verb's a rancid one
Enhancing his brash rankness.

His presumption is that he did
Thrill, and provided me a friend
But while he talked, I'd just
wait for him to leave again.

Adriatic
by Marianne Vardalos

Adriatic
Aquatic, Ancient
Advancing, Abounding, Attracting
Acropolis, Athens, Adonis, Asp
Approaching, Appearing, Applauding
Authentic, Admired
Atrium

Freedom
by Shirley Becker

Freedom,
To me it means not having to answer to anyone,
Not telling anyone what I am going to do
Or where I am going.
To be able to walk on a lonely country road
With no one around.
To do what I please.

The atmosphere is quiet,
Except for a few birds singing in the background.
There are no other human beings out there.
I don't have to worry about time
Or what has to be done with it.
I don't have to worry about people bumping into me,
Or blowing their car horns at me,
Or walk signs
To tell me when I can
Or can't
Cross the street.

On that lonely country road I can walk where I want.
If I want to walk in the middle of the road
I can.
If I just want to stop and stand there
I can.

If you do this in the city
People might think that you are crazy.
If you happen to stop in the middle of the city road,
Drivers will get mad at you.

In the city,
The drivers will start blowing their horns.
On this country road, I am free
To do as I please.

On this country road you are not trespassing on anyone's land.
You are not invading anyone's privacy.
This
Is what freedom means to me
Being independent
Not controlled by anyone else.

Midwest Highway —Fall
by Gloe Cormie

Blackbirds in spent sunflowers
rise up like
little cinders from a bonfire
as we drive by.

A nuclear warhead is hidden
in the earth
just off the highway
indicated only by
air vents resembling skeleton
legs

The Fall is
all this death
Camus would say

No matter
spring keeps
blossoming
miraculously
each year.

Week Day Dusk
by Gloe Cormie

Cedar bough
with white dusted berries
fresh green underneath
the evening in meditation

As I walk
a dog barks
bird sounds
weave in between
the silence

The world pauses
from the battles of
reclassification
and professional striving

All the rest are in
limbo except the
gardener
with rich black earth
underneath his fingernails

Oregon Timber!
by Gloe Cormie

Open semi cargoes of
long stripped logs
thunder daily
to their tranformations
into houses, chairs, tables
but also croquet mallets and
a plethora of designer toys
and products for those
born with platinum spoons
not merely silver ones

Many have tried to dam
this lumbering stream
into a healthy rivulet
No! wail the comtemporary
baroque—they still need more
lost forests to underscore
their excesses

Letter-poem to Shirley M.

January 21

Shirley M
Free Spirit
At large
4U2 R0K

Dear Shirley

If it's true we choose
our parents
pray
does it follow
we get what we deserve
based on the Santa Claus principle
of naughty or nice?

Loved being there
seeing your autoerotic climax
most tastefully hilarious
masturbation scene seen
anywherever.

Mom loves you
Swinger
from limb to limb
(I love your limbs)
but watch out for
chainsaw rationalists dying
to cut you off
at the past; trying
to cut off
your trunk.

Hey Shirl
break a halo,

C.R. Procyk

Values
by C.R. Procyk

The shop:
I was there when
he laid out 350 bananas
for his new leathers.
Holy Sado-masochism but he looked snug.
Fit him like a paint job.
Muscles and testicles bulging
in all the right places
to make him sex symbol of the mud oval;
a regular Rambo of the Raceways.
No Aberdeen Angus in the original outfit
ever looked that good.

The track:
I was there when
the man with the cannon.
pulled the trigger.
Thirteen Rambos (God these guys compete)
roared off the line
hurtling headlong for the first turn
like a pack of lemmings
headed for deep sea
without their scuba gear.
Well he's first out of the turn
creating the legend of the Horseless Headman—
riding nothing but a prayer
with his trusty, rusty steed close behind
adding injury to insult.
Like Joe Metis falling off his buffalo pony
in the middle of the herd.
You ever been trampled by
13 rice-burners on 26 Pirelli nobbies?
A guy could get hurt.

The hospital:
I was there when
they carried Elvis Pretzel
in on the stretcher.
God he was tough.
Not a scream,
not a whimper but
in the recovery room
when I told him
how they had to cut him
out of his new leather suit,
he cried so hard the doctor ordered
1000cc of normal saline
to replace the tears.
Myself,
I would have written a prescription
for the best litre bottle of anti-depressant
the Liquor Commission sells.

Le Miserable
by C.R. Procyk

I know it froze last night
and yet I have disremembered
how cold it can be
at 80 miles an hour
in the open air!

Collar leaks, cuffs leak.
Fingers cramp, thumbs numb.
Shoulder tense, back aches.
The cold rushing wind makes
eyes stream. Muscles scream
at black clouds and dark shrouds
of chill mist and damp air.
It starts to rain—no fair!
Chin drips and bike slips
on wet curves. Frazzles nerves.
Spine chills, bladder fills.
Now my teeth begin to chatter
drowning out the engine clatter.
Thank the Lord it's only a matter
of twenty miles to the next stop
and gas bar and coffee shop.
And long wizz in men's can;
hot water warm fan;
coffee mug in cupped palms
and hot soup to juke box songs.
Down the road a white spot!
I think I smell a coffee pot.
Pain between the shoulder blades.
Horizon darkens, light fades.
West wind shifts to north a bit.
The water pools just where I sit.
An ESSO sign, it's white and blue.
I'm almost there, ah-choo, AH-CHOO.
Slow down, slow down, the pavement's slick
and gravel shoulders play mean tricks.
Stay until these clouds roll through
and warm and dry your body too.
Coast to the pumps, shut 'er down.
Soaked to the skin, dismount to the ground.
Hey what's this sign in the window say?
Oh no, Good Grief: We're Closed/Ferme.

Exam Time

By Tim G.F. Lawrence

The dreams are always the same around exam time.

The alarm's shrillness dying to an impotent clickety-clickety-click...click...click as the clock's spring unwinds like a printer's trot beyond the tape. The futile burst of mechanical energy has failed to pierce the armour of unconsciousness that the weakened mind, saturated with a half night's study has donned.

The subconscious bird jealously guards this nest of fresh laid knowledge—refusing to allow her brood to wake lest the shredlings of facts flutter away amidst the commotion of rising.

Tumbling figures, unwrinkling concepts like warm shirts in a dryer; they are safe, they are absolute.

This brilliant womb within a womb, within a bed ... AWAKES!

"Wake up! Hey, wake up!" the instructor shouts like a gunshot.

"Huh, what?" you mumble pathetically.

"I'm afraid the exam is over young man. You seem to have slept through it."

"B-b-but I...I just got here. I mean, I'm awake, er, I'm asleep. I mean I'm not in bed I, I..."

"I'm sorry, but the exam is over. You'll have to hand in what you've got..oh...you have nothing...well, better luck next time. HarHarHar! Haaa ha ha ha Better luck next time!

"...time, time, time..."

"...Get up son! It's time to get up. You've got a big exam today."

"Oh, my gosh, what time is it?"

"It's past eight. You must have slept through your alarm."

"Phew! No, I didn't Ma. The exam's not till eleven. I think I'll just snooze for a while yet. Don't worry. The alarm will get me up in plenty of time."

The dreams are always the same around exam time. The alarm's shrillness dying to an impotent clickety-clickety-click...click...click.

This City Has A Park
by Anthony Connolly

We are on the open road. Heading home. A butter pad of a sunset melts on the griddle horizon. We watch it set over the steady stream of cars heading the other direction. Where we came from. Away from home. You imagine that the cars are fleeing some giant hideous auto-eating gargoyle. She feels guilty for abandoning the camping trip so early. Aborted through uneasiness. We flee uneasiness. She says that it will be fine. You hear her but would rather watch the cars, as you drive, then answer her. You nod though.

Traffic, a city's little sickle cells of plasma. They speed along polluting the air as they fart down the asphalt. They cause, you feel, such diseases as: congestion (try rush hour), diarreha (always running) and intestinal tie-ups (cloverleaf mania).

The blood of the masses: en masse. Those whom drive, drive to leave the city, to be somewhere else than amidst their own petty lives, or so it seems.

It's better in Bahamas.

Come back to Jamaica.

Oh if only I have enough money, I'd move...

Ad infinitum...(Latin you think).

Home sweet home is yesterday's moldy apple pie crawling with lizards. The people, we see in their tin coffins racing the other way; they leave the city to sit in the woods only to wish they would have brought the VCR.

We feel like spawning salmon heading up stream; impregnated with these thoughts. Thoughts of existence you might say. She says maybe we are getting old. You say that maybe so but we are the smart ones anyhow. She agrees with a firm nod of her tiny head and rubs your neck affectionately as you drive. We feel good that we bucked the many to do what the few are doing. The few are doing what the many are afraid to do. To be, as we say, unaltered.

She begins to dream to pass the time. She fancies herself a royal princess ladened with jewels. This princess courts a great luxury in the fact that she is also afforded ample opportunities. Opportunities to wield magic. She lives al life of wanting: although she is prim and proper about it. She travels from Sri Lanka to Italy in a day. These ventures she does so to collect the eight wonders of the world in her pocket. To keep them within her reach; the royal miss becomes the maiden of the world. As maiden she frees the world of fear by giving each continent one of the eight wonders, she gives the world bank her wealth to feed and educate the Third World. And to you she gives a guitar.

You fantasize the world a giant entropomorphic Pandorian box of riddles. An omnipotent wizard philosopher cum bard hovers over the whole configuration. The world in a box, to be wound up tight and let go, within the limitations of the box. A philosophical thesis by which the wizard proves his universal brilliance is this display: Atoms upon atoms, matrix directed ants upon the dirty hill of computer bytes and all in ecumenical wonder. Walking dead flesh plod across the box's expanse; decay, decay the matter spins in the box like yarn on the wizard's spool.

He creates that which procreates. Energy into matter, matter into molecules and molecules into blobs called humans. Humans into humans. Love, the wizard's greatest entropic folly: he made accidently for us.

She yawns as we pull into our apartment parking lot. We decide to leave the camping gear in the car overnight. Out here it is cool. Inside our warm bed we hold each other in sleep.

We see in sleep our globe, as the moon appears on the neon-blue black night sky on our side; a Chinese, golden amber-red sun edges the globe's lip.

We are in the park. This city has a park. Green carpet lined with blue velvet shadowless trees guard a slippery silver moonlit stream. Upon the ground you lay a forest green blanket. She settles down, bottle of white wine tucked under her arm. Goblets propped up by her left hand as she leans down on the right elbow to sit. You sit the guitar in one hand then swing it around to an awaiting lap. She pours the wine into the two gaping vessels with care. You tune the guitar. You begin to sing. She smiles. You sing like you have never sung before. Like a robin. She cries; small rivers of silver upon pink blush cheeks; you cry in spite of yourself. She says she loves you. You nod singing your praise for her.

We speak as the moon's rays flicker and bubble down and across the sheet of water. She speaks of Florence, Italy and the blonde waves of grass we will run through. You speak of the mysterious loch waters of Northern Scotland and the cabin we will live in. You writing; she restoring furniture.

Under the blinking and twinkling of heaven's starry gaze we embrace. Easy in the park in the city.

You give the wizard's love.

She empties her pockets.

We are easy. We have somewhere to go. We have a park.

We are wizards and wonders.

We stare in wonder at the sight before us, on the highway heading home, unflinchingly we drive straight through the gossamer of our dreams and directly into the blazing eye of God.

It's Always Worst the First Time
by B.R. Bell

Alone against a barren world,
I sat silently drinking it,
it tasted foul in my mouth
but I clenched my teeth,
Surely there was worse.
Then the dawn came
it was morning.
The taste came back and I spat
it out
but knew I had to digest it,
It's always worse when you
fight it
don't give in
just put up!
And through clenched teeth
I faced it again,
It was true,
Little by little it gets better,
Finally it is so much of you
that you wonder why you ever
fought it.

Exposed
by B.R. Bell

The silence is broken
with shards of glass,
She stood naked,
Naked.
And the world could see,
Her painful look,
They stared in awe
for she was naked,
Not clothed in shields.
Her facade was gone
and they saw her shame,
Every eye looked
but no one could see,
every head turned
but their arms were stiff,
every brow arched
as she covered her breasts,
For she was naked
and she could not hide.

The Guy Outside
by j.stewart

The waitress has something that catches
can hold with a glance
of dark brown eyes and
what?

The waitress works and asks, collects
but I think I see her
lying beside me
we feel good and
warm...

There's a guy sitting outside in a V.W.
and she runs out
they smile
they kiss

When she asks me what I'd like
I shadowbox with my pen
and demand
monotone
beer.

Beginning of Life
by Deb Debutante

The chameleons tasted salt
and spat it out.
In vibrant colors, it
fell to the earth, shattering.
Saline splinters in the dead earth.
Burrowing, being unearthed, burrowing again.
A never-ending cycle of death and darkness.
And then—brief light.
But only for a moment
were they satiated by the sunlight,
spun of fragile lemon threads.
Eyes and hands lifted the soil,
disturbing their rest,
until they could no longer abide it.
Lashing out,
they sear blind eyes with
rainbow hues of pain.
The chameleons crept by,
ignoring the crystalline predators
created from their gut.
The struggle continued.
The end of an era,
the beginning of an age.

Bizzare Stucco Fight No.18
by Andrew Maxwell

I Met her in a liquor store
In Venus, Tennessee
I cured her migraine headaches
And she stole some German tea.

I drove her to her trailer park
"My name is Jane," she grinned
Then washed her hair 900 times
Before she let me in

In public she was Swedish
But in her sleep she spoke
About Indira Ghandhi's cat
While trying not to choke

In April we were reckless
By June I went insane
She smoked my grand piano
And I sold my lungs to Spain

"I love you more than French Fries"
she chirped one moony day
But left me for some powdered milk
And decongestant spray

HeeYuk
by Jes Kidding Folx

I see you were smiling, by what chance?
A moment of emotional joy, or a split in my pants?
I could only guess why. You know why we guffaw?
Do they say a sub-conscious response, a scientific law,
a release valve, escapism so utterly vital
to keep us from a rubber room, a chainless cycle.
How about people who laugh with their nosey, nasaly chortles?
Is that a genetic whoops, like claustrophobic turtles?
Have you laughed at this yet? I haven't, I wrote it.
Shall I go on? Well maybe for just a little bit more.
If Frank Burns were alive and whining this very day,
his staccato cackle would blow my neurotic laugh away.
But this mindless wandering is a distraction of sorts.
Sort of like an anemic midget choosing a pair of shorts.
If you haven't already, the next time you laugh at us,
don't think until you've calmed down, with your hair all a muss.
Then remember the way your body shook with a pleasure
that we haven't the need nor the talent it takes to measure a laugh.

The Skier's Prayer
by Jim Johnson

Lord, keep my edges sharp
And the paths they carve round.
Guide me not along the paths
Of rocks, icy slopes and long liftlines.
Lay me down on hills
Of heavenly powder.
Keep my skis along
The straight and narrow.
Do not let them go asunder.
Banish the dread powder snake
That entwines itself round my boots,
And causes me to stumble.
Guide me safely through
The Valley of the Shadow of man-eating moguls.
Grant me these wishes
And I shall never want.
Amen

Freddie Goes to Haiti In Bad Flick

By Anthony Connolly

Director Wes Craven in his latest effort, *The Serpent and the Rainbow,* took a nightmarish wrong turn off "Elm Street" and ended up in Haiti. When he got to Haiti he realized that fact was stranger than fiction.

Haiti is Zombie Haven; yes, that's right Boris Karloff fans, the walking dead. Craven takes this new-found truth from the pages of Canadian ethnobotanist Wade Davis' book entitled, you guessed it, *The Serpent and the Rainbow.*

Davis, while investigating the uses of tetrodotoxin, a derivative of a Haitian datura plant, comes across the Zombie powder poison. The book then follows the scientist's voyage from the back bushes of Port-au-Prince back to homeland Harvard. The book is an engrossing look into the phenomena of the walking dead, the Haitian religion and lore that preceeds it and investigates the face of death itself. Wade Davis became a legend, the likes of Indiana Jones, to the scientific community as well as the literary establishment.

Craven, with this opus of scientific fact, is inspired enough to make a movie of Davis' exploits. The result is a movie that exploits the most fictional-like aspects of Davis' story and ditches the horrifying truths of Davis' book. Oddly enough, the facts of the book would have made for a scarier movie.

The fiction of Craven dilutes the terrifying realities of the Zombie culture in Haiti. Craven easily could have made a documentary. Instead, lazily, Craven guides an audience, near dead with boredom, through a stereotypical horror flick.

David Pullman's performance as Dennis Allan, a.k.a. Wade Davis, is most unrememorable. Each line Pullman delivered acted as hypnotism for the as yet not asleep. His acting challenge, in this movie anyway, was to fall over and writhe on the ground like an acid head. Oh! Look out William Hurt, here comes Pullman and his Shakespeareian performance of the tumble and roll!

Simply put—Pullman was boring.

Cathy Tyson, Zakes Mokae and Paul Winfield play the supporting cast to Pullman's slap-stick horror routine with equal distaste for their profession. Winfield, most notable currently as the mirror man on NBC's *The Charmings,* spouts out one hokey Haitian folklore line after another. Tyson plays a Haitian psychologist; that in the movie sends photos to American pharmaceutical companies, of Zombies, for no explained reason other than to give Dennis Allan impetus to go to Haiti and meet her. Mokae, yeah, you know, Mokae(?), is the flick's villain. He plays the corrupt head of state security whose control of the country is by acquiring their souls through VooDoo magic.

Mokae's character leads to the biggest fault with Craven's film making abilities. Craven leads the audience to believe that Baby Doc's administration was the evil behind the Zombifying of Haitians. In one of the worst acts of propaganda in recent cinematic history, Craven shows the Duvalier's fleeing the country, Haitians being freed from the shackles of living dead and the emergence of a rainbow. What's the point, Craven? Baby Doc was actually a VooDoo leader? Come on, grow up.

Wade Davis is not listed in the credits, thank goodness, for if he were, he surely would be rolling over in his own Zombie grave.

The film's buzz-phrase, "Don't Bury Me, I'm Not Dead," applies not to those on the screen but those unfortunate few who will pay $3.50 to see this horrible horror flick, only to be buried in a heap of Craven dung.

For once, read the book.

Poitier In Travelogue

By David Somers

In 1967's *In the Heat of the Night,* Sidney Poitier delivered a classic performance as an intense black cop battling hatred in a southern white town. Twenty years later, in *Shoot to Kill,* Poitier comes back to the cop role but this time competing with the elements in the dark northern woods.

Shoot to Kill could be subtitled *Virgil Tibbs Goes Camping.*

Just as Poitier's Tibbs tracked the murderer in the hostile, unfamiliar territory of the deep south, Poitier as FBI agent Stantin tracks a more elusive murderer through the hazardous, uncharted Rocky Mountain wilderness (and Vancouver).

Poitier, as in every role he takes on, commands attention on screen. He communicates his emotions and thoughts through the most sparing lines. The camera doesn't need to draw attention to his every move because the audience is kept mesmerized by his potential energy.

But aside from Poitier's powerful portrayal, *Shoot to Kill* does not have the depth of the earlier film.

Shoot to Kill is essentially a chase film.

Agent Stantin (Poitier) is called in to investigate a diamond theft and murder carried out by a mysterious villain.

The murderer flees toward Canada and poses as a member of a fishing party in an attempt to hike across the border.

Stantin is in hot pursuit and enlists the help of a wilderness guide (Tom Berenger). The interplay between Poitier and Berenger allows an average chase film the chance to explore the complexities of the lead characters.

But the wilderness scenes, though visually stunning, tend to lack the quick pacing necessary to maintain the excitement of the chase. Too often the director, Roger Spottiswoode, warns the audience of upcoming dangers.

Not-so-subtle warnings at the edges of towering cliffs remind the audience that danger lurks. Well, so much for suspense.

But Spottiswoode does provide this ingredient by carefully hiding the murderer's identity before revealing it midway through the film (at the edge of a cliff, no less).

He also throws away the scenes involving the murderer and his hostage guide (Kirstie Alley). What would have been an excellent opportunity to add some depth to the characters is instead a series of dull, one dimensional scenes.

Spottiswoode doesn't take the audience into the killer's mind. All the mystery about the killer's motives and identity that is painstakenly built up during the first half of the film is never clarified. The director never explains why characters do things, he only shows their actions.

So what *Shoot to Kill* suffers in shallowness, it makes up in the depth of Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger. Had two actors of lesser ability been cast in their roles, *Shoot to Kill* would have been a B.C. travelogue.

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WINNIPEG JETS, A GREAT CANADIAN TEAM MOLSON

1988 RENT INCREASE GUIDELINE

Manitoba Housing
Muriel Smith, Minister

MANITOBA'S 1988 rent increase guideline has been set at 3%. This guideline applies to most rental units including apartments, single rooms, houses and duplexes. Some exceptions are units less than 5 years old, those government owned or administered, and premises with a monthly rent of more than $688.

If you believe your rent increase is unreasonable, whether it's above or below the guideline, you may object in writing within 30 days to:

LANDLORD AND TENANT AFFAIRS
302 - 254 EDMONTON STREET
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
R3C 3Y4
TELEPHONE 945-2476 IN WINNIPEG,
1-800-782-8403 TOLL-FREE OUTSIDE WINNIPEG

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS ABOUT LANDLORD AND TENANT MATTERS

Q: *How often can my rent go up?*
A: Normally, your rent can be increased only once a year.

Q: *What notice is required to increase my rent?*
A: You must receive three full months written notice of any rent increase from your landlord.

Q: *I am a new tenant. Can the landlord increase the rent above what the previous tenant paid?*
A: Not necessarily. Rent is fixed on the suite for a 12-month period. If you are in doubt, contact Landlord and Tenant Affairs.

Q: *I've objected in writing to my rent increase. Now what?*
A: Landlord and Tenant Affairs will adjudicate the objection. Pending its advice, you are required only to pay your landlord the 3% guideline increase. Should you or your landlord disagree with the recommendation, you may still appeal within 14 days. After a review, a decision will be made that is final and binding.

Hockey Team Out to Win Cleanly

By Jason Bell

Winnipeg Jets General Manager John Ferguson would probably choke on his stogey if you told him that to be a winner, you had to be the most gentlemanly team in your division.

Then again, Fergie isn't the GM of the Red River Wings Oldtimers Hockey Club, a team this year trying to win the proud label as the least penalized team in their league.

"I made it a goal of our team to go out and win the trophy again this year, and we are well on our way," said Ray Newman, vice-president student services at RRCC and playing manager of the Wings.

"The coveted Grandma Byng trophy is the ultimate prize of the Inner-City Oldtimers Hockey League," said Newman.

"It was actually someone's old gold trophy that was collecting dust in his basement. He decided to fix it up, replace some of the fixtures, and donate it to the league," Newman said.

Players from the RRCC staff and administration include: Glen Morrison, George Anderson, Ken Sjoberg, Barry Smith, Ken Allen, Roy Pollack, Gerry Harrison and Ray Newman.

"Glen Morrison from the Civil Technology department is our goalie, but he was once a defenseman who took the net-minding job when our regular goalie hurt his back," Newman said.

"He's done very well considering the first time he put on goal pads was when he was 45 years old. Gary Polonsky fills in when Glen can't make it," Newman said.

The Wings entered the league in 1976 through the brainstorming of Health Sciences instructor Barry Smith.

"We had 16 college staff members in 1976, but some have since dropped out," Newman said.

"We received our jerseys from the St. Vital Wings when they folded, and put Red River on the front of them," he said.

Originally there were 10 teams in the league, and four teams have since been added. The teams are generally comprised of people who have taken active part in the community over the years.

"I coached hockey at the juvenile level in St. Charles for a number of years, so this allows me stay a part of the game I love," Newman said.

The Inner-City Oldtimers League uses most of the standard rules of hockey, but also has a few of its own.

Players have to be 37 years of age and older. Guys who have played pro or semi-pro hockey have to have been out of it for at least five years, or be over 50 years of age.

"When we started back in 1976, you had to be 35 or older to play, but some teams had guys who were around 30. We allowed them to play but they had to wear armbands to identify them and the team could only have two of them out on the ice at the same time," Newman said.

"It was a unique rule, but one our team never had to worry about because we were the oldest team," he said.

The league disallows body contact, slap or snap shots, and high-sticks over the shoulders. A fight is rare but will result in an automatic three-game suspension.

Most of the 28 games are played at Pioneer Arena, although some are scheduled at the Keewatin, West Kildonan, Sam Southern and River Heights arenas.

"I'm the ice co-ordinator and our times to play include Sunday mornings and some Saturday nights," Newman said.

"We've played an exhibition game against the Canadian Forces Base team, and have also played a team in Fargo.

"Right now, we are trying to line up a series with a Grand Forks team and trek across the border in March or April," he said.

"The main thing is we are here to have some fun. If someone is really competitive then he's in the wrong league.

"We love it, and it keeps us in shape. We only win about 10 percent of our games but we're always right in there," Newman said.

"It's just a hell of a good time."

Hopefully, for the Wings, a dynasty will have started with winning the Grandma Byng trophy last year.

"Our motto is: if the opposing player gets around you, let the goalie stop him," he said.

"We go out of our way to be nice on the ice!"

STUDENT LOAN NOTICE

In order to keep your Canada Student Loan in interest free status, you must either:

-negotiate a Canada Student Loan with your bank for the current academic year

OR

-obtain a Confirmation of Enrollment (Schedule 2) from Red River Community College to verify your registration as a full time student for the current academic year.

For more information, please contact the Student Aid/Awards Office, Building C, Room 312.

WinterCourse

Monday, Feb. 8
Registration: pick up kits for all events.
Snow Sculpture Contest
12 noon to 1:00 pm before Bldg. D
(Ten teams max. Cash prize of $100!)

Tuesday, Feb. 9
Toboggan Race
11:00 am to 1:00 pm before Bldg. D (circuit)

Wednesday, Feb. 10
Tug of War Challenge
12 noon to 1:00 pm before Bldg. D

Thursday, Feb. 11
Cross Country Ski Relay Race
12 noon to 1:00 pm. Starts on top of hill.

Friday, Feb. 12
Snow Sculpture Judging

*PRIZES FOR ALL EVENTS!!**

*Weather temperatures will determine whether daily events will run or not.

Below -20°C: Activities will be cancelled.

HOTEL & REST. PRESENT...

FEBRUARY FIESTA

WIN 7 DAYS FOR 2 IN THE SUN & FUN OF ACAPULCO!

-STARTS AT 8PM
-RRCC, SOUTH GYM
-TICKETS $8 BUCKS
-PRIZE FOR BEST DRESSED MEXICIAN

7 DAYS INCLUDE: HOTEL & AIRFARE
TAKE YOUR TRIP ANYTIME 'TILL THE END OF APRIL '88.

DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND SOCIAL MOVED UP TO FEB. 13

TICKETS AVAILABLE IN F205