

The Innis Herald





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"Outside of a dog a book is man's best friend. Inside of a dog it's too dark to read."

-Groucho Marx

Chaucer, Ombudspeople and You

What, you are wondering, is the connection between the three above-named subjects? Well, hold on to your calculators and new spiral notebooks, because I'm not exactly certain myself - but whatever it is, it's sure to be clarifying. You will soon become accustomed to this kind of editorial free-associating, for what editor in her/his (gender-neutral) right mind wants to actually choose a topic to write on, stick to it and achieve a kind of logical or coherent argument, not to mention conclusion? Not this type. I am a person of many opinions, ideas and experiences. But mainly, I am a person who lacks discipline in her/his (well, actually her) writing skills, as many of my professors have duly noted.

If you are a new student you may not be aware of this, but if you are a returning student you have probably been somewhat aware of stirrings around campus on the subject of gender-neutral language. We have all been too much aware of the his/her or s/he problem of essay writing, and the proper course to follow has been widely debated for years. Personally, I belong to the "their" school of third-person pronouns (graduated with honours), finding it a simple and convenient way of referring to any un-sexually-known subject. Many

people are adamant that "their" is plural and plural only, and thus the use of it in a singular context is unenglish (ie., ungrammatical) and evil. However, "their" has only recently been used as exclusively plural - a hundred years or so ago it was perfectly acceptable in reference to a single person when the gender was uncertain. The inimitable O.E.D. gives an example from Thackeray: "A person can't help their birth." Somewhere between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries some stuffy grammarians decided that Thackeray and those who preceded him were all wrong. Well, I say it's perfectly okay. Go ahead, say "they". Be radical. Encourage your professors to say "Each student may hand in their essay whenever they want" as often as possible - in the name of improving the English language, of course, and not cranking out terminally lazy students such as myself.

The reason that this topic is on my mind is due to the recent decision to change the title of "Ombudsman" to "Ombudsperson", now officially on the books. My question is this: Man, woman or person, what the hell is an ombud? Rather than just change the suffix, why not use a whole new term that actually seems to correlate to the job that is done

(whatever that is)? Being a woman, I'm sure that I would prefer not to be called a mailman (now letter carrier), or chairman (now simply just chair), but I think I'd rather be a mailman than an ombudsperson. Call me crazy. While I'm on the topic, may I recommend that we do away with "feminized" regular words, like actress and waitress? If you act, you are an actor, just like if you doc you are a doctor. A female writer is not a writress, so why should she be an authoress? How about veteranarianness for an ugly mouthful? The point is, we need not invent feminine endings if we don't consider the word or the job to be masculine in the first place. Doctor is not a masculine term, although historically most people in that field were men. The word simply describes a job, now occupied by both sexes. Does anybody say "professores"? No, thank God. Nor am I an editores. I think I've made my point (to death), and you may not agree, but I agree with me.

Speaking of you, my reading public, and your response to this paper... This brings me to my next subject. I will be blunt with you, and this is especially directed at the new students at Innis. The Innis Herald is your newspaper; if you don't contribute to it in your unique way, with your unique voice, I will

be forced to write all the articles myself in my boring, pedestrian voice. If we don't get any submissions for the next issue, I will simply have to use my old essays for filler. You will perhaps be particularly interested in my dissertation on Classical rhetoric in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*. No? Well it won't be my fault if it shows up. We at the Herald are very easy to please. If you live on this planet, you might have an opinion about something. And maybe, just maybe, you could write down those thoughts and pass them over to us. We especially welcome articles on the environment, politics, Innis sports, Student Society business, university experiences (the printable ones), music and drama. See? We're flexible. But we're likely to get mighty unreasonable if crossed - and the surefire way to cross us is to ignore us. Go ahead, write something. Join some groups around Innis (Film Society, Amnesty, Bart Testa Admiration Society) or start your own. Give Blitz some new tapes to play in the pub. But don't just sit there. Or, sit there until your butt turns to marshmallow; just exercise your pen and your mind before you find yourself losing at Jeopardy against the Pilsbury Dough Boy.

Karen Sumner



The Editor

ICSS Update

Loren Davie
VP Services

What is the ICSS?

The ICSS, the Innis College Student Society, is the student union of Innis College. It consists of all Innis College students, whether they be full- or part-time. If you are an Innis student, then you are a member of the ICSS.

Meaning What?

It means that you can vote at ICSS meetings. Most of the drudge work is done by the thirteen executive, but anyone can participate.

Participate in What?

We sponsor sports, clubs, social events (read: pubs), the Formal, trips to Hart House Farm, orientation, concerts, refugee students and all sorts of other stuff. The money for all of this comes directly from you, the members of the ICSS. The services are there for you to take advantage of. Almost everything is free.

Where Are You?

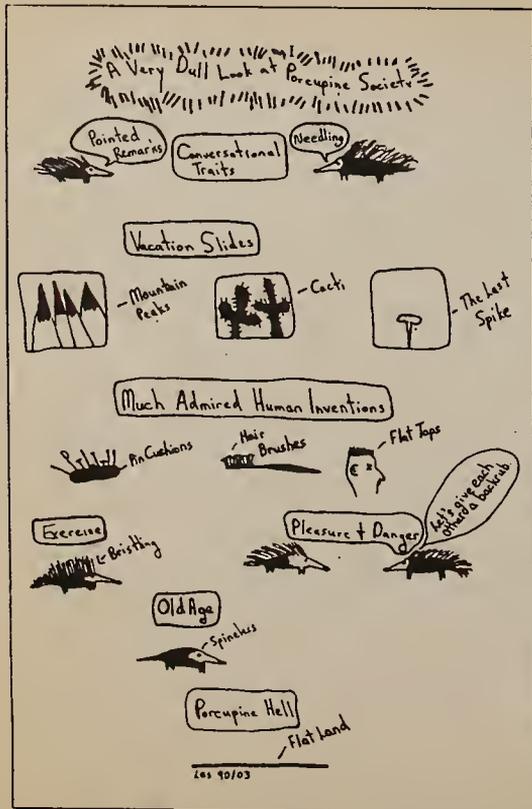
The ICSS office is room 116 at Innis. When you come in the main doors from St. George Street you'll find the Pit immediately on your left and us on your right.

When and Where Do You Decide Things?

We have meetings that are open to the public about once every two weeks. If you are an Innis student, come on out and participate and vote in the meetings. This is your college; have a say in running it. This fall (very soon) we'll be having some bi-elections to fill vacant positions in the executive. If you're really ambitious then you might consider trying out for one of these. (Please -- we need you.)

Where Do I Find Out More?

We're going to be bombarding you with info during the first couple of weeks while orientation is on. There will be all sorts of sign-up sheets at the First Year Dinner, and if all else fails, just ask the friendly entrepreneur that hangs around the ICSS office.



First Film Society Meeting

September 20, 5 PM, Innis Town Hall - Just Before
The Orson Welles Films.

Agenda:

What is the Innis Film Society?
Programming for January to April 1991.

ALL WELCOME!!

The Herald

August 1990; Volume 25; Issue 1

The paper that pays you back - with interest.

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Activism, Apathy and Other Social Diseases; or how to be smarter than your average bear. An Introduction for the First Year Student.



Nancy Friedland

Having recently been a first year student (that is, last year), I find that now, with a summer's perspective, I am in a position to judge my own involvement or lack thereof in U of T's various extracurricular activities. It is possible, and altogether much too easy, to just get lost in the university shuffle. But fortunately, you clever first year student you, you have chosen the small, somewhat friendly, somewhat artsy, somewhat "film noirish" Innis College. Here, you can get involved in the Cinema Studies Students Union, you can write for this very lovely rag and you can save the planet or -- by gum -- the universe. Or you can hang out with the Dead Heads in the Pub, if they have survived another year.

Beyond the hallowed halls of Innis, however, there lies much more. Not necessarily anything better, just more. More serious papers, more serious activist groups, more serious people, more serious seriousness. Yes, Dorothy, look beyond your own backyard and you will find the dark, grave underbelly of U of T. I, myself, have ventured there and I assure you it ain't Kansas.

Let me say that though there is absolutely nothing wrong with seriousness, if that's your bag. But by all means try something that might not be your niche, for that is the very purpose of first year. This was my experience of first year, although my words of warning come

from my own experience with this "seriousness" of which I speak.

Shortly after first year began I got involved in organizing and participating in an intellectual discussion group. In theory, and for awhile in practice, this was a great idea. It was an open forum for discourse on any subject. We talked a lot about feminist issues, the environment, politics. You name it, we had an opinion. But now as I look back I see that the discussions weren't so open. This wasn't critical discourse. Critical discourse would mean that we had to be critical. We were, but not of ideas or opinions -- of each other, or people who weren't at the meeting that day, or people who couldn't hear us whispering about them.

It was a very self-righteous group that only looked for reinforcement of its moral position regarding the issues. I found it very easy to get caught up in the momentum of this constant encouragement and patting of each other's backs. It gave me the power to accomplish a lot of good things. I spoke to my philosophy T.A. about the lack of a female/feminist perspective in the first year curriculum. I stood up for things the group believed in even when I was a minority outside the group. I felt that I had the power of all those very smart people in the group behind me.

But I also dismissed those views I had formerly respected because they didn't conform to the views of the group. Only now have I realized that those weren't entirely my beliefs I was standing up for. I had

forgotten how to think for myself.

In thinking critically it is also important, especially in the oh-so-cynical world of university students, not to become too critical. You will notice the constant banter in the letters written to various newspapers in which someone's rage and fury about some very minute detail in an article, or some small misprint in a book, is vented. You don't have to be much smarter than your average bear to realize that this nit-picking represents a certain loss of perspective on things. Ask yourself which is more important, the issue at hand that is being somewhat ignored, or the misprint over which oodles of people are up in arms?

Obviously, I've learned a lot from my involvement last year. Primarily, I've discovered that any group that is formed around a moral position is very powerful and sometimes dangerous. It means that you will be judging people not by their actions but by their beliefs, and if you have the right to do that doesn't everybody -- be it Greenpeace saving seals or the Ayatollah Khomeini condemning a man to death for publishing his beliefs.

So. There you have it. If the first year student has anything to learn from my mistakes let it be this: Get involved, do what you want to do, but don't get too serious about everything. Act as an individual and think for yourself. And, by gum, as a wise man once said to me, don't have such an open mind that your brains fall out.

Smut at Robart's

Mole

"Gentle Reader, we see God through our assholes in the flashbulb of orgasm." - William S. Burroughs.

The above line might well be offensive to some people. If it is offensive to you, dear reader, would you like to have the book banned? After all, it is in Robart's Library. Why should they carry this kind of filth?

Actually, the book isn't filth in my opinion. I also don't think it should be banned. Luckily, nobody has noticed it yet. I'm sure somebody would like to see it removed.

Last year, a group on campus wanted a map of a certain country to be removed from Robart's. It showed a part of their country as being part of another nearby country. This was not a geographical mistake, but an attempt by the map-makers to display the fact that their country was the real owner of the land. Suffice to say, the group representing the other country decided that the map promoted hate against them. Thus, they decided, let us try to ban the map.

Really, this is such a small difference of opinion. If anyone could ban a map or book because of political or other differences, Robart's would be empty. Why hasn't a Christian tried to ban William S. Burroughs? If I were a Christian, I would probably be so offended by the above quote that I would immediately try to ban his works.

Forget about this political and religious stuff. Do you want something really perverse? Try *Poedophilia* by Tom O'Connor. This book advocates child-adult sexual relationships. The author is convinced he's not sick, even though he likes to have sex with ten year old boys.

Better still, if you're into French literature and sexual perversion, why

not try all thirty-or-so volumes of the Marquis de Sade, available at Robart's and at Pratt. In particular, try *Les 120 Journées de Sodome* or *La Nouvelle Justine*, both of which advocate rape, anal sex, urine drinking, shit eating and murder as forms of sexual gratification. Why has nobody complained about poor old de Sade? His works are so evil and disgusting, so perverse, so vile, that I'm really surprised that nobody's spoken up. He must be feeling pretty neglected.

On a lighter note, Mordecai Richler had a fun summer, defending his book *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* (available at Robart's, those disgusting smut peddlers). A puritanical group in Essex county wanted Richler's book, as well as *The Catcher in the Rye* by J.D. Salinger and *A Clockwork Orange* by Anthony Burgess, banned because of their "vulgarity, sexual expressions and sexual innuendos." Richler wrote an article for *The Globe and Mail* where he described Larry Bastien, spokesperson for the Essex group, as having lived a very sheltered life and who had previously only used books to "prop up a window with a broken sash."

As that article in July 14th Saturday Magazine stated, "everyday is against censorship, but everyone has something they'd like banned." Very true. However, I would be mortified if anyone tried to ban de Sade's works. He may have been a woman-hating sex-fiend, but who cares? I've read plenty of his novels and I have yet to kidnap several Christians in order to cut holes in them to have more orifices to penetrate. After reading *Poedophilia*, I feel no more attracted to six years olds than the next average guy. And after reading *Duddy*, I feel no more inclined to... um... hummm... Didn't he make love next to a lake? Actually, that sounds like a good idea... Excuse me!



David Sumner

After eight hours of walking, the weight of my pack now hangs painfully on my shoulders and my hips; the subtle strap adjustments and weight shifts no longer provide even brief comfort. My feet and legs, although complaining of no specific ailments, have resigned themselves to providing only half-hearted support, increasing my tendency to stumble even on the flattest ground. My pack collides more regularly with the trees that lean over the trail, bouncing me through the forest like a demented fool. The sun has suspiciously swung around to my right which means I am walking south. I should be walking north. (I lost the map for this section of the trail several hours ago -- mental note: In future memorize all maps in the morning.) Did I turn myself around somewhere, am I retracing my steps? It's easy enough to do: Step off the trail to attend briefly to some personal business, come back and discover that you can't tell which direction you had come from. I know it can happen: I set such a precedent yesterday. I am exhausted, hungry and possibly lost. Furthermore, a disturbing thought has been forming steadily over the last kilometre and has now grown into a full-fledged conviction: Today I will surely be eaten by bears. Dark pine forest, wet

A Tale From Beyond The Bruce



moss-covered rock, open birch forest with lush fern covering, occasionally a small clearing filled with dead wood and dotted with short scrubby brush and wild flowers -- a continuously repeated cycle. Have I already passed through this clearing? I stare at what seem to be the same squat bushes, wild flowers, and sun-bleached dead logs I saw an hour ago. And before me winds that familiar but indistinct narrow path. Willied by my aching shoulders, I drop my pack and scout ahead. Sure enough, the clearing quickly changes into dark pine forest again. I walk back to my pack, but cannot convince my arms to heft it onto my back again. My mutinous body tells me it's time to set up camp. I examine the clearing, trying unsuccessfully to peer into the depths of the surrounding undergrowth. I uneasily conclude that camping here will ensure that I be eaten by bears.

I'm not being reasonable, I know. I'm tired and alone, isolated by dense forest, kilometres away from anything human. My thinking is foggy and irrational and, surprisingly, I am aware that it is so. Yes, there are bears in these woods, but they are black bears which I'm told do not attack people. Yet I remember reading somewhere that Ontario was an exception to this black bear maxim. More bears, a sign in the campground two nights ago announced, had been spotted

this year than . . . than when? I can't remember, but what does it matter? It is hardly comforting news. A mother bear and her cub were spotted near Lion's Head. A list of bear rules was posted: Don't leave food laying about, and certainly don't bring any into your tent at night. There are still several hours of daylight left, maybe I should move farther along the trail? I am somehow positive that there is no chance of being eaten by bears farther along the trail. But I now have the tent up and the contents of my pack strewn about. Despite my anxiety, I prepare to light a fire -- that great and comforting symbol of the triumph of humanity over the animal kingdom (including bears). There is plenty of dried wood about and I begin gathering it up. I arrange a handful of small twigs teepee fashion in the centre of a ring of stones, add larger pieces and set it alight. But before my symbol is fully ignited, I am startled by a horrifying sound: "Hhhhhrrrrrrrrmmmmpppphhhh!!!"

At once, I am bolt upright; my heart pounds. For the first time in my life the hair on the back of my neck involuntarily stands on end. My eyes dart over the brush in front of me. I dare not move although I feel the adrenaline pounding through my body. But I discern no movement and hear no sounds. My mind races -- isn't that a well trampled animal path leading under

the brush? Have I managed to camp directly in front of a bear's den? Keeping a wary eye on the bushes in front of me, I stoke my fire. The dry wood catches easily and I crouch beside it, hoping the smoke will drive away all beasts in proximity. Nearby lies a large but not unwieldy log. Hefting it, I am encouraged with visions of nobly defending myself from the onrushing bear. But the dreams of heroism rapidly blur and doubt fills my mind: Can I kill my bear with one blow? Isn't a rampaging wounded bear much worse than one that's feeling just fine? Will the bear rush at me on its haunches or on all fours? Will I need to swing high or low? What if there are two bears, or three, or four? Disheartened, I put down my club but keep it by my side. Maintaining a large, smoky fire seems my best defence. But again, that blood-curdling sound reaches through me and snaps me to my feet: "Hhhhhrrrrrrrrmmmmpppphhhh!!!"

Four nights ago, at my first campsite on this trip, I lay in my tent shortly after dark and patiently taught myself that each little noise was nothing more than the rustling of the wind through the trees or the light scratching of a loose tent flap. Such noises could not possibly be an eight-hundred pound bear tiptoeing toward me hungry for my human flesh. If I treated every unusual sound as a death-delivering crisis, I told myself, I'd never get any sleep.

Soon I learned to relax and fall asleep, in defiance to the nocturnal world around me.

Now, in the small clearing deep in the forests of the Bruce Peninsula, I stand trembling with a formidable log raised by my side, looking eye to eye, fleetingly, with my foe . . . a small brown hummingbird, perhaps the smallest creature in the forest. Taking no notice of me, my log or my fire, the tiny bird buzzes off into the forest with a resounding "Hhhhhrrrrrrmmmmpppphhhh!!!"

Ashamed, I drop my log, cook and eat my supper, read for awhile, make up my bedding and go to sleep. My bear fear, although diminished, has not quite dissipated and, in a flash of derailed defiance, I scramble out of the tent, lay my log by the entrance and pee on it for good measure, announcing to the beasts in attendance that this is my territory and I'm ready to defend it. As I drift into sleep, I realize that the fear of being eaten by bears caused me to forget entirely about the Massassauga rattlesnakes. Don't rattlesnakes seek warmth at night? In another panic of paranoia, I involuntarily wiggle to the centre of my tent . . .



ORIENTATION



Monday 3rd
LABOUR DAY 60⁺

Tuesday 4th
 last day for
 Upper-year students
 to Register

Wednesday 5th
 - First year Registration
 - University Tours
 - Shinarama
BBQ & Scavenger Hunt 00

Thursday 6th
 Centra
 Island

Friday 7th
 - SAC Carnival
 - Parade, Bed Race
 - SAC Concert
 Leave for Farm!

Saturday 8th
FARM!
 (the verb)

Sunday 9th
 (more farm)
Reap!

 go home

Monday 10th
THE Day.
 → classes begin ←
 First-year dinner

Tuesday 11th
 ?
 Surprise Night

Wednesday 12th

 Comedy Night

Thursday 13th

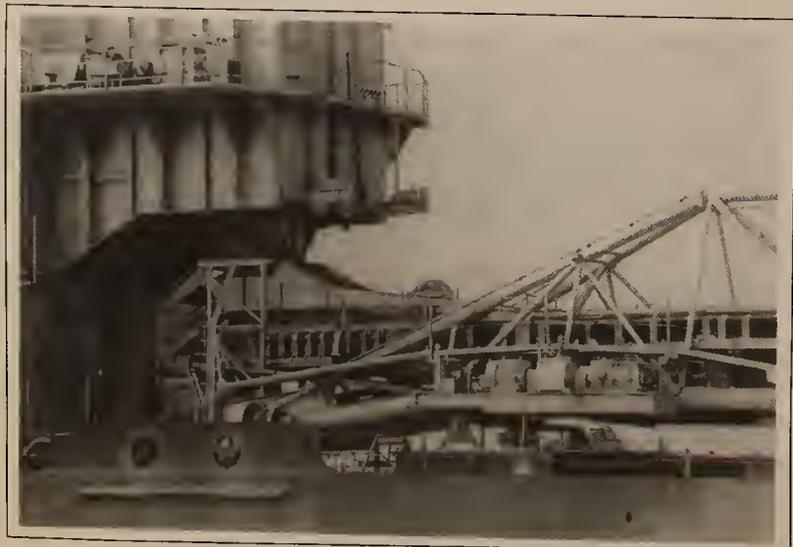
 Film Night

Friday 14th
Rub Night

Saturday 15th

 Parti
 d'house

Sunday 6p-10p 16th
 Blue Jays Game
 there's a burger
 bleachers play ball
 diamond
 high fly
 yer out!
 days 4005
 left hand
 holy cow!
 2-A-9
 perfect game
 miss 4
 going going gone



New Students: This is not Innis College. It's Vic.

ALL NIGHT FILMS
 SEPTEMBER 13, 9 PM

Classic Television
 - Flintstones, Mary Tyler Moore, Underdog

Fistful of Dollars (Leone)

The Fly (Cronenberg)

The Last Waltz (Scorsese)

Weekend (Godard)

INNIS TOWN HALL
 All Students Welcome.
 Bring a Sleeping Bag

Breakfast (on the house)
 to Follow.

Innisiation

1990

(The Partyer's guide to the first two weeks in university.)

Welcome to Innis from the ICSS and the Orientation Committee (sponsorship plug). We're here to make sure that you get a lot more fun than sleep in your first two weeks here. If you don't feel jaded by the end of it then you didn't show up for enough events. So, experience the flavour (stale beer and nachos), and welcome to the rest of your academic life.



Labour day: Sleep in.

University Tours: Take one of these, especially if you're from out of town. U of T is one of the most convoluted, bizarrely designed organizations in existence, and it helps to at least find out where the bare necessities are located. You won't regret it.

Shinerama: Across Canada, across the city, across Engineeringland even, we all shine shoes to raise money for charity -- a worthwhile way to spend the afternoon.

Barbeque: On the Innis Green (you know, our backyard) we fire up the barbeque and cook whatever it is that we're cooking this year. Have a hamburger/hotdog/whatever on us. On the grass.

Scavenger Hunt: Can you find a genuine flash-frozen Woolly Mammoth? Or two subway transfers from the ends of the line? They're worth points!

Centre Island: A groovy place, especially if you've never been there before. It's part of the Toronto Experience. Lots of parks. And make sure you go on the Haunted Barrelworks ride in one of them.



SAC Carnival and Parade: Student's Administrative Council brand fun. Do not start wars with Erindale students. There are more of them.

SAC Concert: SAC uses its mighty muscles to pull in major Canadian talent. It can be a hell of a show.

THE FARM!!!!: If you only go to one Orientation event (and don't be so reclusive!), make it this one. We leave on Friday, we come back on Sunday. That's three days and two nights of something beyond just a party, at the amazing Hart House Farm. Do Not Miss This One.

First Year Dinner: We buy you dinner at Hart House. Free food, sign-up sheets, and staff and alumni sitting next to you making fun of the big shots giving speeches.

Surprise Night: We're not going to tell you (especially since we don't know yet ourselves), but we're sure it'll be surprising.

Comedy Night: We go to either Yuk Yuks or Second City and see some great comics. Take my wife, please.

Film Night: In Town Hall, all night, all amazing films. Jim Shedden and the Innis Film Society reach into the far recesses of the cinematic ether and pull forth some great flicks and cartoons too, doc!

Pub Night: La Pub, in La Innis Cafe, with La music and La dancing. Unfortunately, you'll need La I.D. to get in.

House Party: Party off-campus. You always need another party.

Blue Jays Game: Last event. Go to the Dome, cheer the home team and buy a \$5 hotdog.

You'll never get a chance to do all this stuff quite like this again, so take advantage! (Afterall, you paid for it with your fees.) This is a great chance to meet the people at Innis, who *are* Innis. This is the part of university education they didn't tell you about.

WRITE FOR THE HERALD!!

IF WE CAN DO IT
SO CAN YOU

Watch for the posting of the next deadline
- and be ready



The Fart Heard Around the World

Steve Gravestock

Art doesn't have to provoke or be particularly radical to be worthwhile; every work doesn't have to inspire the same sort of response that Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring* (riots) or *Ulysses* (bannings) inspired. The idea that an artwork must be radical (politically or formally) is a uniquely twentieth-century one which achieved axiom status with the surrealists and similar movements. The surrealists -- at their worst and most influential -- fetishized outrage and novelty often at the expense of analysis and craft. As a result, every artwork that didn't break new ground and lambaste the bourgeoisie and its taste for "realism" was dismissed as reactionary or irrelevant.

(To realize how twentieth-century this notion is, you only have to look at the rhetoric of the English Romantic movement. The poets involved considered themselves radical -- and were considered radical -- yet they emphasized craft and an awareness of literary history. They also attempted to connect themselves with English literary tradition, arguing that their most immediate, most influential predecessors -- the Augustans -- were the ones who broke with tradition.)

The result of this fetishization of radical style and radical politics is poor aesthetics in critics, audiences and artists and, therefore, lousy art. Crummy, confused, vapid charlatans like Patricia Roxema, Atom Egoyan, Spike Lee or Jean-Jacques Bénéix get enormous press and are rarely criticized, while brilliant, ostensibly more traditional artists like Gillian Armstrong can't get some of their best work reviewed or even properly released in Canada. The anti-bourgeois rhetoric doesn't even hold up. As Roland Barthes observed, the avant-garde depends on the bourgeoisie for its existence. If the middle-class didn't exist, the avant-garde couldn't either since it wouldn't have anything to object to. The avant-garde's supposed liberating break, furthermore, is a cul-de-sac since the demand to object to "realism" (especially narrative) restricts it just as much as the demand for realism confines the supposedly bourgeois artists.

Consequently, the experimental filmmaker Ernie Gehr conducts the same perception experiments that Man Ray did sixty years ago. The only difference is that Ray's stuff is still entertaining while Gehr's is boring. Ultimately this supposed radical art is co-opted anyway because, as the Marxist critic Christopher Candell pointed out, capitalism thrives on novelty. Something new has to come along constantly in order to keep the machine going. Sooner or later these guys all show up in museums or billionaire's private collections.

Some of the greatest works of art have a translucency quality because the artists understand the ambiguities and complications in whatever situation they assess. For examples, look at works by Renoir, Satyjit Ray, De Sica, Gillian Armstrong, Fred Schepisi or Jonathon Demme. Even the work of a supposedly totally radical filmmaker like Jean-Luc Godard, at his best, has the same lucid quality (see *Les Chinois*). These artists take sides, but they don't contemptuously dismiss those who disagree with them. They're not provocative, controversial or radical in the same way that overtly political (i.e., left wing) or formally radical works are;

in other words, they're not schematic or simplistic.

However, we live in very hegemonic times. James Joll, Gramsci's biographer, defines hegemony: "[The] hegemony of a political class meant for Gramsci that that class has succeeded in persuading the other classes of society to accept its cultural values." As Peter Brimelow points out, "by achieving ideological hegemony a social group can rule far longer and more effectively than the material basis of its power would suggest." Nowadays, liberal hegemony rules. The media consists almost entirely of knee-jerk, bone-headed liberals who are utterly incapable of assessing what's before them. Unfortunately, the media isn't the only member of this clique; practically every left-wing movement in North America toes the line enthusiastically.

The current political climate is very similar to that in the McCarthy period. The only difference is that then, if you were branded a Communist, you were toast. Now, if you're branded racist, sexist or homophobic or accused of any of the other cardinal liberal sins, you're toast. In the McCarthy period, the historical roots for communism -- the reasons why it was a long-standing political movement or perspective -- were never considered. History, politics and economics ixnay with the bathwater, stage right. Pauline Kael noted that McCarthy and his supporters reduced politics to a *reductio ad absurdum*. It didn't matter whether people opposed communism; the person who screamed loudest against it was the most ethical, and politics deteriorated into "are you for me or against me?". Presently, the historical, political and economic bases of sexism etc. have been lost. They ixnay stage left. It doesn't matter if you understand sexism, you just have to scream the loudest against it. Actual issues are obscured by this hysterical atmosphere.

(Feminism is paradigmatic of the way liberalism is going (read declining). Feminist issues are invariably presented abstractly in the grand liberal tradition. All women are discriminated against in patriarchal society, right? However, what does a bored housewife in Beverly Hills have in common with a black, unwed mother in Detroit; what does a single career woman share with a factory worker? If we assume their problems are the same or stem from the same source, aren't we ignoring whose situation is more urgent? Bourgeois feminists have also relentlessly politicized everything. If everything is political, nothing is political. The political sphere-expanded infinitely turns into something so enormous real political change or even analysis becomes impossible since real issues - like poverty - are obscured. We end up saluting people for changing the title of ombudsman to ombudsperson.)

Liberal hegemony manifests itself as a hideous variation of Puritanism. Anything that doesn't blandly reassert liberal values is hopped on immediately and viciously. In these times, a work that provokes is probably far braver and far more urgent than something that's balanced and lucid. Which brings us to the two finest movies of the summer.

The best film I saw this summer (so far) was Irwin Kershner's *Robocop II*, written by Walon Green and Frank Miller. Basically, the film is pure satire with no real

plot. It just barges along from one target to the next. (It's the kind of movie that forces you to dredge up synonyms for *pummel*.) You either get the jokes or you don't, but if you don't the filmmakers aren't going to wait for you. It opens *sans* credits with a parody of commercials featuring a gleeful John Glover. Advertising a car protection device that literally fries thieves, he ends his spiel rapturously by announcing, "and it doesn't wear down your battery!"

By barreling from one juicy satirical piece to another, Kershner avoids the campy, self-congratulatory tone that marred the first *Robocop*. At the same time, there are some relatively subtle comic flourishes. The president of Omnicorp -- the evil corporation that plots to take over Detroit -- has gleaming upper teeth, but his lower choppers are hideously yellow, like a diseased, vicious old dog's.

The pace probably accounts for some of the negative press reaction, since liberal film critics like to be congratulated for getting the joke. However, I think the film was panned primarily for the targets it satirizes. It just hits a little too close to home. There's a concise, nasty jab at business women and liberal feminism through Dr. Faxe, the psychologist who reprogrammes Robocop with a ridiculous new set of sensitive directives so that he'll be a more palatable role model. (One of the directives is always poll opinions before you act, a sound principle for a crime fighter.) Faxe recalls Glen Close's character in *Dangerous Liaisons*. She has power and she's a great manipulator, but she's totally dehumanized because she has to be utterly ruthless in order to succeed in the corporate world.



The film was most frequently criticized because one of the most vicious drug-dealers, Hob, was a kid. In the *Christian Science Monitor*, M. S. Mason worried that impressionable children would look up to Hob as a role model; film critic Dave Kehr was appalled and insisted that trashing the innocence of childhood myth was unforgivable and dangerous. I'm sure both critics are well-meaning and concerned and all that but maybe they should stop publishing until their respective shuttles land. I doubt if kids are running off to see *Robocop II* to find role models. They aren't that comy. Any kid that would see Hob as a role model would have to be seriously corrupted, maybe even deranged, already. Besides, kids don't fetishize movies like this one; it's a little too sophisticated and they tend to reject things when they sense something's going on that's above their heads. Finally, kids can

sometimes separate fantasy from reality even if concerned journalists can't.

Kehr's objection is insidious and hypocritical. He is not objecting to the fact that kids are corrupted or drawn into the drug trade. He's objecting to the fact that the image of innocent children is being trashed. Hob is included in the film partly because childhood innocence is a fantasy and partly to illustrate how poverty corrupts.

The film also implicitly criticizes the West's rampant anti-drug hysteria. The drug dealers aren't the real villains, the corporate executives are. The campaign to shut down the drug dealers is a smoke-screen to hide the really evil stuff. Omnicorp's attempt to take over the city. The film also has several great performances to recommend it. Weller as Robocop, Allen as his partner, Dan O'Herlihy as the president of Omnicorp, and Gabriel Damon as Hob stand out. The real sensation though is Belinda Bauer. As Dr. Faxe, she manages to make pomposity, fauity and ruthlessness sexy.

For an even finer example of hegemony or hegemony in action though, you might want to check out the reaction to Renny Harlin's *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* scripted by a group of writers including Daniel Waters (who wrote *Heathers*), and starring Andrew Dice Clay. Virtually every review was identical and virtually every review completely missed the point. Bashed viciously by the press all summer long even before the film came out, Clay was called racist, homophobic and sexist. It was a hideous spectacle oddly reminiscent of a feeding frenzy. The liberal media (or rather media) must have seen him as God's gift, a nice fat one they could knock out of the park. After all, Clay is a very easy target: he's not exactly brilliant or erudite and his persona is clearly patterned (ludicrously) after working class Italian machismo and all good liberals know that they're undereducated, too muscular and, by definition, beat their wives, and since he's white and working class he's probably a member of the Klan too. (It's not too difficult to see how racist these assumptions are.)

Always at the cutting edge of this sort of thing, the *Village Voice* hit a new peak in yellow liberal journalism by comparing Clay's concerns to the Nuremberg rallies. This is stupid and malicious since Clay is Jewish. I'm sure I haven't researched Clay's background as extensively as my esteemed colleague at the *Voice* but I'm pretty sure he's never been personally involved in any attempts at genocide.

This virulent reaction is somewhat understandable however. Clay became notorious for his stand-up act and, though he can be amusing at times, for the most part he's exorable. He attempts to send up machismo and shock the audience, but he's simply incapable of establishing any context for what he is doing. (Technically, he's a disaster; his timing is usually hideous.) He also tries to shock the audience but he lacks the inventiveness to be truly, entertainingly shocking and he simply ends up being crude. Worse, like all shock comics from Lenny Bruce on, he feeds on his audience; if they respond to his outrageousness, he'll push on. Unfortunately, Clay deals in very crude stereotypes and when his audience eggs him on his art turns crass, stupid and unfunny.



Clay's film persona is far more successful. He recalls a very early Sly Stallone, only with a strong sense of the absurdity of machismo. In *Casual Sex?*, Clay played Vinnie, a ludicrously macho weight lifter from New Jersey; the character was clearly intended to be pathetic although the portrait wasn't malicious or cruel. In *Ford Fairlane*, Clay plays the title character, who's supposed to be an ace detective and a major Casanova. However, Fairlane is a totally incompetent investigator. He's so inept that he doesn't know who the villain is until that person shoots someone right before his eyes. This incompetence infects your whole view of the character; if he's this crummy as a detective how can you take the rest of the stuff seriously?

The Casanova stuff is sheer adolescent, rude little boy fantasy and consciously intended as such. In one scene, Ford and the heavy metal groupie he is protecting hide out in a sorority house; the house is presented comically as an adolescent's paradise. At no point is it intended to reflect any reality other than the reality of Ford's juvenile fantasies. In fact, the music business setting -- Ford is a rock and roll detective -- and the visual style are enough to separate the whole film from reality. (The movie looks like a video.)

It helps that Harlin is almost perfectly suited to the material. Every character makes an immediate impact and you look forward to seeing them again. (Ed O'Neill, Maddie Corman, Gilbert Gottfried, and Lauren Holly all do nice comic turns.) Technically, it's easily the best directed movie this year.

The Fairlane character is a traditional, vulgar comic figure. Like everyone he thinks crude thoughts; unlike everyone he's completely unable to censor himself. His crudeness is funny simply because it's so dumb and presented as such, but it also has a kick to it. Politics and public life have become so genrefied that any vulgarity carries a hell of a subversive wallop. And Clay can be truly vulgar, in an endearing way.

The actual objections to the film have little to do with politics and everything to do with prudishness. In the *Varsity*'s review, the writer had two basic objections. The film's "torrent of abuse directed towards women", and Clay's frequent references to his penis. The writer certainly left out any example of this abusive treatment other than her claim that all the women were presented as bimbos. As I've pointed out, this is presented comically, as a fantasy.

Besides, treatment of both sexes is pretty much equal; Ford's kind of a bimbo himself. What really got the writer worked up though were Clay's references to his penis. Once again these are comic because his obsession is infantile. However, if you're disgusted by all anatomical references you probably won't get the joke. Who would have thought that the fall-out from sixties liberalism would turn a four-mouthed, working class descendent of Lenny Bruce into a real political radical? It takes a liberal to turn someone who makes farting noises with his armpits into the summer's one true cinematic hero.

EF

Heaven on their Minds

Shedden Some Light on the Film Society



Jenny Friedland

The commercial for *Jesus Christ Superstar* was on TV awhile ago and so I remarked that Jesus looked more like Lorenzo Lamas than he does the Messiah. (Of course, he doesn't really look like Lorenzo Lamas but he looks like Lorenzo Lamas would if he were in that role.) Anyway, everybody laughed at my joke and some people suggested that Andrew Lloyd Webber sucked and thus it was no wonder that Jesus looked like Lorenzo Lamas.

But one cannot judge a production by its advertisements alone and so I forked over a hundred thousand dollars and went to the O'Keefe Centre to see the real thing. I have seen two other productions of *Jesus Christ Superstar* as well as the movie and I am also the proud owner of the soundtrack. This, I verily believe, makes me an authority on the subject and I conclude as follows: Contrary to all popular beliefs that like to go contrary to everyone else's popular beliefs, Andrew Lloyd Webber doesn't always suck. Sure *Cats* was weak and sentimental but *Jesus Christ Superstar*, with lyrics by Tim Rice, can offer a funky alternative to Sunday school. However, your car stereo can often provide more enjoyment than the live production.

At the O'Keefe Centre there seems to be a huge discrepancy between where the music is coming from and where the voices are heard. The voices are miked while the orchestra is playing out of sight down below and the two elements never manage to coalesce before reaching your ears. The resulting effect is that the production takes on a very high schoolish quality. It is weak and not suitably harmonized. I saw one production in London in which the music was played by a small rock band as opposed to a full orchestra and the band sat on the stage instead of in the bowels of the theatre. As I recall, the sound was most triumphant.

It is my opinion that in order for a person to have a following, like Jesus or the guys from New Kids on the Block, they must in some way be appealing. Jesus had brains, sure, but he couldn't have gotten his message across if he wasn't kind of sexy as well. In this production

Jesus, played by Stephen Leheh, is about as appealing as Lorenzo Lamas' grandmother. His portrayal of Jesus lacks the charisma and presence that one likes to see in their Messiah and truly, Axl Rose would have been better suited to the role. Everyone in the cast wears the hippie type African/Latin American baggie pants and vests currently sold on Baldwin, except Jesus who wears white. For symbolic reasons this was clearly acceptable, however, Leheh seems to be wearing long underwear wrapped in a contour sheet. Couldn't he have worn shorts? The one redeeming aspect of Leheh's performance is that he gets very nice pectorals which you go to see when Pilate whips him.

Milton Craig Nealy as Judas, and Alex Santoriello as Pilate are quite good. They manage to lend a little personality to their characters and came across with the pizzazz that Leheh so dearly misses. But Bertilla Baker as Mary Magdalene is as much of a drag as this character always seems to be, supplying the two really boring songs of the show. The production's best performance is given by Lee Smilek as King Herod. He places his character in a very nineties context, surrounding himself with spandexed M.C. Hammer type girls, singing into a visible microphone attached to headphones, and decked out in head to toe leather. He is a pimp-like trick, rapping out bits of his song, telling Jesus he's got "n-n-n-nothing to lose" and easily the most worthwhile part of the production. The rest of the cast members have a tendency to look like Gowan, which, as I need not explain, is very upsetting.

The set seemed interesting but my hundred thousand dollars could only get me upper balcony seats and so I couldn't really tell. Overall, I have to say that the production wasn't too swell. The music and lyrics which make *Jesus Christ Superstar* interesting were not suitably presented and are better listened to in the comfort of your own home. The performances were weak, especially Jesus, of all people. And to indicate the full extent of my boredom allow me to mention that most of my time was spent musing over how much the O'Keefe Centre looks like Beth Tzedek synagogue.

Jim Shedden

The Innis Film Society is one of the key reasons the College is known "out there" in the real world. More than just home to the University's Cinema Studies Programme, the College also houses one of the city's most vibrant repertory film series, which offers weekly (at least) screenings of avant-garde films, European "art films", and other types of film you aren't likely to see anywhere else in Toronto. In fact, for several years now, the Innis Film Society has been the most active exhibitor of avant-garde film in the city.

The Film Society's programming favours films made outside of the mainstream of Hollywood feature narratives. This isn't a hard and fast rule, of course -- this fall's series opens on September 20 with an Orson Welles double bill, *Touch of Evil* and *The Trial* -- but, on the whole, you are more likely to see films unrestrained by commercial imperatives, more personal in nature. Avant-garde films, while often narrative (or partially narrative) are more often motivated by the filmmaker's desire to explore philosophical, poetic or political concerns.

Because of the non-commercial, independent nature of the majority of our screenings, we are often able to have the filmmakers present at the

films to introduce them and to answer questions after. For instance, beginning in the second week of the fall series, the Film Society will present five guests in a row. On September 27 Klaus Telscher, one of the most important avant-garde filmmakers working in Germany right now, will be present to screen and discuss his work.

Two weeks later, Warren Sonbert, a legend of "underground" film, will show one of his sixties classics *Hall of Mirrors* as well as the more recently completed *Friendly Witness*, in which, as one New York critic puts it, he "tosses off the three best music videos ever made by making everything -- even a line of camels -- boogie to the beat of three 1961 golden oldies."

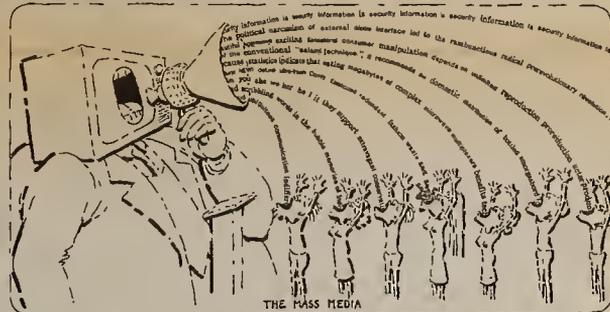
Sonbert's appearance will be followed on October 18 by Bill Gilliam, not a filmmaker but a composer, who will screen selections from films he has scored, including Bruce Elder's *Lamentations (Manumet to a Dead World)* and *Consolations (Love is an Art of Time)*.

On October 25 we will present Florida filmmaker Sandra Davis in person with three of her films. Davis will be present the preceding evening at The Euclid Theatre (College and Euclid) to discuss the role of symbolism in woman's avant-garde cinema in the U.S., especially in the works of Marie

Menken, Maya Deren and Gunvor Nelson. At Innis she will discuss how symbolism has continued to be an influence in her own films.

While we mainly screen films in the Town Hall at Innis, this year will see the Film Society experiment with other venues. On November 1, for example, we will present an evening of sixties "underground" films at the Rivoli on Queen Street West (just east of Spadina). The evening will focus on Andy Warhol and his entourage of Factory "Superstars". No films directed by Warhol will be screened (since there will be a retrospective running at the Cinematheque Ontario this fall), but several films in which he appears will be shown. Perhaps the highlight of the evenings will be the rarely screened *Warhol's E.P.I.*, which stars, of course, The Velvet Underground. The film is mainly made from footage at a Velvet's concert in Chicago in 1967. Other films in the programme also feature music by Blue Cheer, John Cale, Steve Reich and The Fugs.

Our fall schedule for the Film Society can be found elsewhere in The Herald. We will have our first meeting of 1990-91 on September 20, 5 pm in the Innis Town Hall (just before the Welles films) where we will discuss our schedule for January - April 1991 and, believe it or not, also start planning for 1991-92. All are welcome.



Waking Up the CSSU

Mole

I arrived at Joey Schwartz's apartment at seven a.m. Friday morning to ask him a few questions about the Cinema Studies Student Union. I had come directly from work as had Joey, who had been up for two days straight completing take-home exams and working at the CBC. I was a tired interview, but worthwhile.

"Joey," I began. "Um, wake up Joey."

"Okay, yeah, of course," he stammered. I prodded the Union's new President awake with my pen and asked him how the Union began. When was it started?

"Um... last year," said Joey. I asked him who had the brainstorm for this idea. After all, Cinema Studies has existed at the U of T for quite awhile. It seemed odd that there hadn't been a union before.

"Who started it? Um... last year's President, I think."

A brief perusal of this year's President's Anti-Calendar gave me the answer I sought. As Joey dozed off, I noticed that the former President was Stephanie Savage. I was still interested if there was any help provided by the Cinema professors at Innis in setting up the Union. Was Kay Armitage involved? Cam Tolton before?

"No, not really. Bart Testa dropped by occasionally."

When asked what Testa did for the Union, Joey replied that he was quite often the projectionist for their mini Film Festivals. I then asked Joey if last year's Andy Warhol retrospective was a C.S.S.U. event. According to Joey it wasn't. However, they did sponsor a retrospective on Jean-Luc Goddard and Douglas Sirk. The films were screened in the Innis auditorium (Town Hall) and were very well received.

As a note of trivia, I asked Joey what was the first film that the Union showed in its infant year? Surprisingly, it was Joey Schwartz's own *Stonehead*, a short film that was screened as a pre-feature to the Douglas Sirk Films. Since Bart Testa, a cinema enthusiast who calmed at Innis, was probably the projectionist, what did he think of Joey's film?

"I'm not sure if he was the projectionist that time, but Bart saw *Stonehead* at the Hart House screening. He told me it was sleek but immature, I think. Mind you, I don't think Bart likes student films much."

We discussed student films for a moment and decided that Testa might be right in his opinion. We also

expressed hope that he might like the film that we were planning to make together. (Send all donations to 177 College St, c/o Mole. We need about \$2000 for our little masterpiece. No, the fact that they're immature students doesn't worry us.)

To get involved with the Cinema Studies Student Union, simply raise your hand in class when your Prof asks if anyone would like to be the Class Rep. Your duties, according to the eternally tired Joey Schwartz, are to discuss things with your Prof (wake up Joey!) and complete info for the Anti-Calendar. As of the writing of this column (Aug 13th), there are no definite plans for special screenings or events. If you would like to get in touch with Mr. Schwartz, cross your fingers and call 966-0593.

"Sorry I couldn't be more helpful," said Joey. He dozed off on his couch, and I quietly left with my notes. I was now determined to be a part of this young Union of celluloid intellectuals and scholars. University life is too short to ignore such an opportunity. So, dear readers, become a Class Rep for your cinema class. Judging from the interview, take as many ideas and as much inspiration as you can. The Union depends on YOU.

Environmental Studies

Isobel Heathcote

Innis College sponsors two environmental programs, Environmental Studies (B.A.) and Environmental Sciences (B.Sc.), to provide students with the background necessary to understand and contribute to current environmental issues.

The programs emphasize the integrated nature of real-life environmental problems, and their historical and cultural roots, through the analysis of case studies. Students discuss what the problem was, the nature of the available data, who the "stake-holders" were, what steps were taken to resolve the problem, whether available decision-making processes were effective in addressing the concerns of the various parties, and whether proposed remedial actions actually worked.

All the Innis environmental courses stress a "hands-on" approach. In IN1420Y (Environmental Research Seminar), for example, we place students in client groups where they conduct

research under the joint direction of program staff and the client.

Although the approach and structure of the courses remains consistent from year to year, emphasis and/or content (especially particular case studies) may change as the current environmental agenda changes. Recent projects and case studies have included uranium mining at Elliot Lake, lead pollution in Toronto, and the development of regulations to control industrial and municipal pollution discharges.

The programs are administered through a Program Committee and an Advisory Committee; five student members are elected to each. Program staff rely heavily on the opinion of students in developing new courses, so program offerings have evolved in response to student needs.

Ms. Heathcote is the Director of the Environmental Studies program at Innis. If you are interested in finding out more about the program, consult the handbook or contact Prof. Heathcote at her office in the college at the phone at 978-4144.

SEPTEMBER 20

7:00 pm: Touch of Evil (d. Orson Welles)
9:00 pm: The Trial (d. Orson Welles)
Free Admission.

SEPTEMBER 27

Klaus Telscher (West Germany) in person with his films.
Presented with the cooperation of the Goethe Institute Toronto.

OCTOBER 4

Ramona's Nephew by Diderot (Thanks to Dennis Young)
Wime Schuur (Michael Snow)

OCTOBER 11

Warren Saberton in person with his films.
Hall of Mirrors (1986); Friendly Witness (1989)
Presented with the assistance of the Harold Innis Foundation.

OCTOBER 18

New Cinema with New Music Concerts
"Composing for the Cinema: Bill Graham In Person"
with excerpts from Bruce Elder's Lamentations and Convolutions

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24 - EUCLID THEATRE, 8:00 pm
Pressure Dome Presents American Avant-Garde Film w/
Sandra Davis.

OCTOBER 25

Sandra Davis in person with her films.
Metamoral Pilgrimage: Matter of Clarity, Architecture of Desire

NOVEMBER 1

Underground Films at the Rycolt.
An evening of "underground films" starring the likes of Andy Warhol, Jack Smith, and Gerard Malanga. With music by The Velvet Underground, The Eggs, John Cale, Steve Reich, Terry Riley and Blue Ötzer, among others. Films include: Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable; Oh, Don Watermarka (Nelson); Chrunium (Rice); Where Did Our Love Go? (Sontag); and Kustom Kar Kommandos (Angel). Price: only \$2.00.

NOVEMBER 8

One-Man Show (Complete films of Peter Kubelka): Moskalkin Vozvrasht, Keleser, Schneewasser, Annull Rainer, Unser Altkalender, Pausel

NOVEMBER 15

Short films by Toronto filmmakers. (This show will concentrate of films not in circulation). Filmmakers may submit work (16mm preferred, but we can accommodate super 8) by phoning 656-0906 or 978-7790. DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: October 7.

NOVEMBER 22, 29 & FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30

The Art Gallery of Ontario and the Innis Film Society present:
The Films of Pat O'Neil.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 7:00 pm, Innis Town Hall
By the Sea; Bump City; 762; Plane Good, Easy Out; Down
Wind; Foregrounds

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 7:00 pm, AGO Jackman Hall

Saugus Series; Sidevinder's Dolly; Sleeping Dogs (Peter
Luh); Let's Make a Sandwich; Last of the Peshmergas

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 7:00 pm, AGO Jackman Hall

Water and Power (1989, 60 min., 35 mm)

THE INNIS FILM SOCIETY FALL 1990

Screenings take place on Thursday evenings at 7:00 in the Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue (at St. George), unless otherwise noted (there are many exceptions).

Admission to the films is \$3.00 except where otherwise noted.

A subscription for the whole series (September through April) may be purchased for \$35.00. The subscription does not allow admission to the Art Gallery of Ontario screenings.

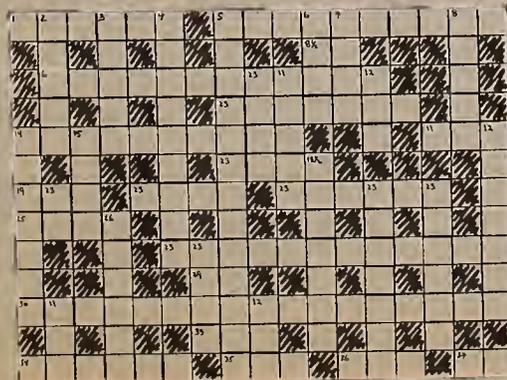
For more information, please call 978-7790.

The Innis Film Society appreciates the assistance of the following: the Ontario Arts Council; the Toronto Arts Council; the Innis College Student Society; the Association of Part-Time Undergraduate Students; and our generous private donors.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 "RHODODENDRON IS A NICE _____"
(ROYAL MUSIC LYRIC)
5. ORAL MISERIES
- 8 1/2. TWO VOWELS
9. UNDERGARMENT FOR BARESHOULDERED
BUTOM BABES. (2 WDS.)
13. WHERE YOU KEEP YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS
OF EX-LOVERS AND ALSO BITS OF STRING
14. CAPITAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK MISPELLED
16. BOTTOM OF MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
18. SEMI-PRECIOUS BIRTHSTONE
19. SNITCH
21. MASOCHIST'S OBJECTIVE
22. COMPUNCTION
25. UNENJOYABLE DUTY
27. VANITY FAIR AUTHOR CREMATED
(2 WDS.)
29. NEGATING PREFIX
30. SAD ABOUT DAD (3 WDS.)
33. HAIR CARE
35. SOAP SUBSTANCE
36. CRAFTY ITALIAN STALLION
34. WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO WATCH
LETTERMAN OR A PENIS IMPERATIVE
(2 WDS.)
37. YES IN MADRID



THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKS:

Welcome and welcome back.

To the new students: You have joined a college where your ideas and views are respected and sought. Half the seats on college council and most of its committees are filled by students; the intramural sports teams cannot exist without you; the *Herald* writers and reporters. Don't hesitate - join in!

To the old hands: This is the last year of my term as principal. Your participation in all aspects of the college has made the last six years challenging, rewarding and *never* dull.

Many thanks!

John Browne

SUBMIT YOUR FILMS

16mm preferred
deadline for submissions
Oct. 7th

for info
call 978-7790/656-0906

drop off films to room 131
INNIS College 2 Sussex Ave
mon-fri 9-1, 2-5pm



new
undistributed avant-garde

INNIS
FILM SOCIETY

screening Nov. 15 7pm

DOWN

2. WIMP
3. JOHN BELUSHI STATE
4. DARRYL HANNAH IN BLADERUNNER
(TOM CRUISE IN REAL LIFE)
5. LAURENCE NOVEL
6. CYLINDER
7. WKRP'S AD MAN
8. DEAD KING
10. BORN TO _____ (YORKVILLE
BUMPER STICKER)
11. BAT'S GUIDANCE SYSTEM
12. SUPERDUPER!
14. FEATULENCE
15. CONSUMES
17. BOA LOCOMOTION
- 18 1/2. THE OREILLES
20. DRUNKARD'S ASSOC'S
25. HARVEST 100%
29. CHEAP AND SLEAZY
26. LEG JOINT IN WANT
28. _____ LIKE A HORSE
31. AGAIN AND AGAIN ARR
32. WE HOPE YOURS HNT OPEN