

HAPPY
VALENTINE'S

Agenda

Friday

- **DEBATING SOCIETY** meeting at 2 p.m. in H-635-2. For more info call 879-8404.
- **HEART ON BASH** presented by Recreation and Leisure. 8 p.m. at the Campus Centre. Special drink: Between the Sheets. Admission with a heart \$1, no heart \$1.50.
- **MAGDALENA ABAKANOWICZ** on her works, Musee d'art contemporain, 2:30 p.m., and again Sunday at the Museum of Fine Arts at 2:30 p.m.
- **STUDENT EXCHANGE**, reception for visiting students from the Textile of Sheridan College of Art and Design, Visual Arts Building, VA-243/245, 5-7 p.m.
- **CENTRAL CANADIANS WILL SHAKE WITH TERROR** as filmmaker Mike Jones reveals the disturbing practices of natives from our Eastern most colony (Newfoundland), excluding Florida, in his films and excerpts. Meet Jones at 8 p.m. in VA-114.
- **INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S WEEK** organizing Committee meeting, 5 p.m. in P Annex, 2020 Mackay, P-203. All welcome. Call Cynthia at 844-8345 or 879-4500.
- **MEDITATION FOR THE RELIEF** of stress and spiritual development. Speakers from the International Meditation Institute. 8 p.m. in H-820. Free.

Saturday

- **SAFARI, FIBRE SURFACE** event from the Dept. of Sculpture, Ceramics and Fibres. Beaver Lake, Banner Site, 2-4 p.m. Skates, sleds and snow. Come equipped.
- **WOMEN'S BASKETBALL**, Concordia hosts Laval at 1:30 p.m. in the Athletics Complex, Loyola.
- **WADE HEMSWORTH AND FRIENDS**. The singer-songwriter (The Log Driver's Waltz; Foolish You) will be at the Carriage House, Morin Heights, at 8 p.m.

Sunday

- **SVENGALI**, the 1931 film starring John Barrymore, at the Berman Auditorium, Cumminghouse, 5151 Cote Sainte Catherine Road, at 2:15 p.m.

Monday

- **VALENTINE'S DAY**. Sheets, Fibre Structure workshop intensive at the VAV Gallery, Noon to 6 p.m.

- **CONCORDIA BRIDGE CLUB** is playing a few rubbers at 8 p.m. in H-651.
- **CANADIAN CULTURAL PROGRAMMES** presents Louis Dudek, poet, at a reading of his works at 1:30 p.m., Royal Bank auditorium, Mezz-2, 1 Place Ville Marie. Free.
- **BOARD OF GRADUATES STUDIES** meeting at 2 p.m. in H-769.
- **LE VERITABLE SENS DE L'AMOUR** Etude biblique et discussion, in H-333 at 4-5 p.m. For info call Annett at 487-9888 or Pierre at 679-4189. Sponsored by the Concordia Christian Fellowship.
- **DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION**, movie at 6:30- and 8:30 p.m. in the McGill Leacock Auditorium, rm 142.

Tuesday

- **STUDENTS OF ANTONIN BARTOS** will present a concert with the works of Bach, Vinas, and others. At 8:30 p.m. in Loyola Chapel. For info call 482-0320 ext. 611.
- **ULTIMATE FRISBEE**, indoor intramural, Feb.-April, at the Athletics Complex, Loyola. For information call Vladimir at 879-5840 or Jeff Hall at 483-5732.
- **POETRY AND PROSE** of Sri Chinmoy as read by the master on tape. At 8:30 p.m. in H-615. Free. For info call 282-0672.
- **FREESTYLE FRISBEE** demo, half-time intermission between McGill and Concordia basketball game. Featuring Jeff Hall and François Hébert.

General Information

- **SECOND YEAR FILM AND SOUND** students will be having a playback of first term work Tuesday Feb. 15, 7:30 p.m. in the Bryan Building room 208. All welcome.
- **CANCELLATION NOTICE**. The Graduate Students' Association will not be presenting the Krishnamurti video-tape series.
- **HOW IS YOUR GRAMMAR?** Take advantage of "refresher" lessons on the University's main computer. No account needed, or knowledge of "computerese". Drop by Language Lab in H-523 between 2 and 6 p.m. daily.
- **TUTORING IN SCIENCE** subjects offered by Science College students. Free. Leave your name in H-1260.

• **LOGO CONTEST** for Poli Sci students sweatshirt. Leave suggestions at either campus, the dept. Deadline is Feb. 20. Open to all poli sci students; winner gets a free sweatshirt. Call Darquise Tardif at 483-2952.

• **NEW YORK FOR \$79** Can. Includes 2 night hotel, return by lux. coach, all taxes, for info call 879-8490, H-508-2.

• **BORDEAUX PRISON VISITS** each Wednesday aft., a group of students meet a small group of men at Bordeaux. If you would like to be part of this group, call Anne Shore at Belmore House, 484-4095.

• **BEATLES AT THE BEEB**, on CRSG 89.1 FM Fridays during "Entertainment Spotlight", 2-2:30 p.m. Beatles early music recorded at BBC in 1962-3. Heard in Reggies, the caf, The Link, etc. Call 879-4598.

• **RADIO FREE AMERICA** broadcast weekly on CRSG 89.1 FM Wednesdays at 1:30-2 p.m.

• **TELL YOUR LOVED ONE YOU REALLY CARE**. CRSG 89.1 FM is taking Valentine's Day messages today to be broadcast Tuesday. Write your message and preferred broadcast time on a sheet of paper and deposit it in H-647 or 642. We'll do the rest. Cost free.

• **RELAX FOR ONE WEEK** in Florida for only \$259 US. Join the fun from Feb 18-27. Includes round trip, luxury coach and 7 nights accommodation in Fort Lauderdale, hotel taxes paid. For info contact 488-4389.

• **ACAPULCO MID-TERM BREAK** vacation Feb 19-26 for \$415 US, quad occupancy. Romano Palace, 747 Iberia Airlines, Contact Travel Resource Centre. H-508-2, 879-8490.

• **SINGLE PARENT FAMILY** development project, by the Council of Jewish Single Parents. People willing to participate in a brief, anonymous questionnaire are invited to contact us at the Canadian Jewish Congress at 931-7531, ext 267. Funded by \$15,000 from a Canada Community Development project.

• **SKI WEEKEND SMUGGLERS NOTCH** for \$93 Can. Contact Travel Resource Centre at 879-8490.

• **THERAPY FOR WOMEN WITH EATING DISORDERS** is being offered at the Montreal Centre for Personal Growth. For info call 284-0062.

• **CANCELLATION NOTICE** Swimming program at the Olympic pool is cancelled due to the strike. Refunds may be picked up at the Athletics Complex, Loyola or the offices at SGW.

That's all, folks

Classified

Teaching Japanese: private, fees reasonable, call 934-4805.

Amplifier: For electric guitar, 100 watts RMS, 4 speakers, dual channel, with phaser included. Asked price: \$550.00. 661-8422 weekends from 12h to 18h.

Harlequin romances wanted. 671-0450.

Cheap! Intellivision cartridges, nearly new - \$25. Call 337-6516.

Need extra cash? Contact CRSG in room 647. Tel: 879-4595.

Extra money part-time. Can you tutor courses that you've taken? then call 849-3416.

Lost: Young, male, black and tan German Shepherd, Friday Feb. 4. Wearing collar with SPCA tag. Please call 484-5939.

If you have saleable clothing, furniture, etc., I am organizing a co-op apartment sale. If interested call 935-3473.

Papers typed and proofread. Call 487-3997, Mrs. Anderson.

Wanted: ride to New York, call Joe 488-0894, or Danny 738-9822.

Lost: thin, silver I.D. bracelet. Of great sentimental value. Phone 842-3363 Chris. Reward.

Lost: 3 keys on hiking boot chain; reward, 484-9766.

All electronic repairs: cheap prices, excellent quality. Leo, 279-1979.

Wanted: McCrimon, J.M. Writing with a Purpose. 7th ed. Writing Prose: Techniques and Purposes. Canadian ed. T.S. Kane et al. The MNL Handbook. 937-6011 extension 569 (days) 488-2293 (evenings).

Apartment to share: Large 7½ adjacent Westmount Park. \$250/month heated. Available immediately. 871-9605 (day) or 932-3764 (eves).

For sale: X-country skis, poles, shoes. 277-4760.

Translator wanted English to French. Call Xceteras 879-4314 or 525-0522.

Con. U student looking for English-speaking family to live with. Downtown area. 631-3831.

Computer Science students: are you tired of waiting for a terminal? Well, get your own terminal now at a low cost. For more information call Dave, 456-2911.

Typist: experienced. Student term papers. Vicinity Loyola campus. 484-3451.

English tutoring service: Specialized, individual sessions; "At home service available; proofreading; translation in English; public speaking and oral presentation techniques; TOEFL review for foreign students. 3465 Côte des Neiges, Suite 52, Tel. 933-8106 for appointment.

Typing Services: Resumes, term papers, etc. A.V. Stanley, 482-9124.

Typing: \$1.10/page. 849-9587 or 488-3172.

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Typist reliable: IBM Selectric. Will pick up and deliver. Call Ruthie - 684-7475.

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Taxaide: tax returns, overnight service, basic fee of \$10.00. Call 672-5626 or 671-8301.

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Photos - Weddings: reasonable rates, also theatre modelling, and general resumé photos at student rates. Now is the time to book for weddings. 481-3925 or 727-3435.

West Island Secretary does typing at home. Fast, accurate, reliable. Reasonable rates. 695-9882.

Typewriting: theses, reports, etc. 14 years' experience. Rapid service (\$1.50/page IBM). Mrs. Paulette Vigneault, 625 Milton, App 1104 Tel: 288-9638. Translation in several languages.

Typewriters for sale: 1) Brand: Brother Charger 11—\$65, 2) Brand: Royal 202. —\$55. Contact James. Tel: 934-0579.

Litrabex: Typing, editing, proof-reading, resumé, IBM III's, fast, accurate, bilingual. Info: 489-3962.

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Typing, IBM Selectric, bilingual, reasonable rates, same day service. Professional work/accurate/fast. Call Lise: 255-9483.

Wanted: Part-time fitness instructor. Graduate or student with exercise science background. Experience preferred but not necessary. Located on West Island. For more information phone 695-5109.

Call **COMPTech** for tutoring: FORTRAN-BASIC-TIME SHARING, COMPUTER LITERACY etc. Tel 769-6060. Classes start soon.

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Join The Link



Last meeting
before the study week break for all Link staffers and anyone new who would like to come and participate. There will be no staff meeting on Feb. 18 or 25th so do try to come today and get pressing business out of the way.

Going, going, gone

The Link will not be publishing Friday Feb. 18, Tues. Feb. 22 or Friday Feb. 25 because everyone will be away skiing instead of here reading newspapers. That means that if you have a story or classified ad or display ad or agenda item that needs to get into the paper before study week, you must get it in today, Friday, for publication in the issue of Tuesday, February 15.

MEDITATION FOR RELIEF OF STRESS & SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT
Presented by the International Meditation Institute of the Himalayas, India and Montreal, Canada

A technique of thinking, feeling and experiencing which allows you to rediscover yourself.

Fri, Feb. 11, 8 p.m.
SGW Campus H-820

CARE
Dept. 4, 1312 Bank St.,
Ottawa K1S 5H7

Not a moving story

•by Lisa Kahn•

What goes up must come down, right? This ain't necessarily so, in the case of Concordia's escalators.

Contrary to popular opinion, there are actually perfectly good reasons for the frequent lack of 'live' escalators in the Hall Building.

"Otis Elevator told us that servicing a 12-storey building was stretching the ability of the escalators; but that it could be done. They also told us that we could quadruple the number of students and it would still be okay," said Vice Rector Jean Pierre Petolas, who was involved in the planning stages of the building.

"If there is always one escalator out, it is a sign of a good job," said Jim Nairn, director of Nagle Elevator, which has the repair contract on the building's escalators.

"There can be no temporary repairs... we have to repair rollers and adjust chains. It's a hard job," he said.

The escalators were installed when the Hall Building was built in 1966. They have been in operation for 17 years—a ripe old age for any mechanical device. Hence, during last summer's governmental inspection it was decided that they required a complete update and overhaul.

In charge of this delicate task is Nagle Elevator Co. Inc., which also looks after our elevators, as the name indicates. There is a four-man crew on duty. Two are continually at work, and two are on call.

Apart from the work required to bring these oldtimers up to the new standards, there are a few other major factors which must be considered. There are the hours of operation and speed of the escalators, as well as the very heavy volume of traffic.

The escalators are turned on at 7:30 a.m., and they run until midnight. This 16½-hour day, combined with the weight of the thousands of people who use them, adds greatly to the wear and tear on their internal organs. Even empty escalators would require constant maintenance; when they are loaded all the time the chains stretch much more.

Frank Papineau, Director of Physical Plant, says that problems are a continual part of any mechanical system, so even at the best of times not all escalators can be in constant

operation.

"I guess it's going to be a way of life from now on, at least until August (because of the overhaul)," he said.

The escalator that is most often stopped is the one from the sixth to seventh floors. One week, Nagle decided to post a guard there. The escalator did not stop once.

It would seem that "the enemy is us." Students. The reason that escalators are stopped when no one is working on them is that some joker pushed an "emergency stop" button.

There is a man whose sole responsibility is to check for unscheduled halts, but he often does not find out right away. The simple turning of a key brings back life, but this cannot be done immediately, except by maintenance men. Both Security and electricians have keys as well, but they have to check with maintenance to find out what the trouble is.

Escalators can be thrown out of whack if students run up and down them, or up down ones, or down up ones. However, according to Nagle employee David Kinkaid, the biggest problem is malicious damage.

This vandalism includes ripping off handrails, and dropping live cigarettes and newspapers onto the steps. The escalators hardest hit are those near Reggie's, especially on Friday nights.

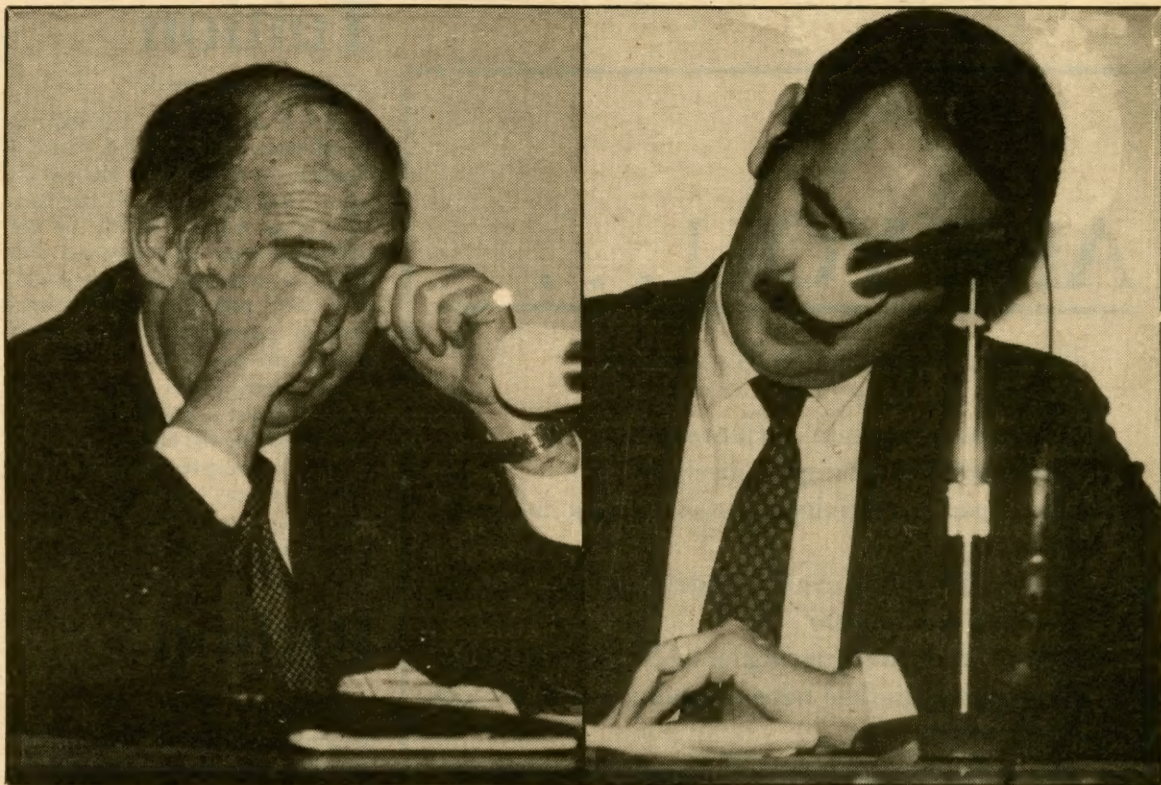
Added to these factors, there is the daily task of repairing the teeth of the "comb plates," and cleaning out all the accumulated slush, salt, and sand. All the regular maintenance and the overhauling must be done during the day, for overtime would cost too much.

Interested in tuition

•by Liz Cooke•

Any students who haven't paid their tuition in full yet better do so soon, because procrastination makes the interest go up. Students who chose to pay their tuition fees in two installments have faced interest charges since September. Until December the monthly rate was 1¼ per cent. As of Jan. 1, it dropped to one percent.

The second installment was due January 15, but students will not receive this final bill until next week.



He who sees no evil, nose no evil. He who nose no evil, says "eye cannot evil be." But Nose nose evil and nose eye's evil. But at the debate on Tuesday, both the eyes and nays sensed the approach of victory. But the nasal lose when the eye nose views on the subject of moral persuasion.

Moral right and liberal left

•by Rick Hughes•

The tongues were sharp, the wits biting and the rhetoric strong on Tuesday when America's radical Right met the liberal Left head on at Concordia University.

The event, a debate sponsored by CUSA programming, pitted Cal Thomas, Vice President and Canadian national spokesperson for the

Moral Majority, against George Cunningham, executive Director of George McGovern's Americans for Common Sense. (A coalition of groups formed after the 1980 American elections to fight the New Right.)

Although the politics were serious, the audience of approximately 100 students was well entertained as both speakers delivered speeches with liberal sprinklings of sarcasm, humor, invective, exaggeration and character slander. But Thomas and Cunningham, who have debated frequently, seemed to enjoy the mud-slinging and insults as much as putting their views across.

Thomas mocked the Democratic Party, as the McDonald's Party. "They do it all for you," Cunningham characterized the New Right as an extension of the fundamentalist religion's, "Old Time Gospel Radio Hour."

Thomas opened the debate with a 25 minute statement explaining what the Moral Majority is. He attempted to clarify the image of the organization which he said has been distorted by the liberal left-controlled media.

Thomas said the Moral Majority is a political, not a religious organization, of people with shared values, set up to "organize the previously uninvolved." He denied that the Moral Majority stood for racism, bookburning, segregation and, as he put it, that "women can best function when chained to the kitchen sink, with the chain only long enough to reach the bedroom and not the boardroom."

Rather, Thomas said, the Moral Majority is concerned with the

"moral, ethical, and spiritual decline" of America, and the erosion of individual rights, responsibilities, and freedoms by the state. He feels that this erosion has taken place over the last twenty years of liberalization of values in the U.S., especially pertaining to abortion, divorce, homosexuality, and pornography.

He also tried to rid his group of the "fundamentalist" label, saying it is used to characterize, "Anything from the Ayathollah of Iran to snake handlers in West Virginia."

Thomas said the moral majority is concerned with four basic issues. They are pro-life, pro-family, pro-moral, and pro-America.

Cunningham responded with a long and spirited harangue against the new right, their policies, and tactics.

He argued that the Moral Majority is in fact tied hand and foot to the fundamentalist religion movement, and that their approach to politics is inappropriate. "What is needed," he explained, "is not moralism, but moral realism."

The Moral Majority, according to Thomas, is not the result of the divine inspiration of Jerry Falwell, but rather of deliberate efforts by American conservative leaders to align the Fundamentalist "video ministers" with their party. The aim was to recast the image of the party because, Cunningham said, "the American public was not ready to accept the unvarnished uncensored conservative doctrine."

The key issues of the Moral Majority are chosen in such a way as to gain electoral support, and bring

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It appears few care about student politics

That nasty thing called apathy (I don't care if you don't care, but read on anyway) has taken hold of the Concordia University Students' Association (CUSA).

Only eight or nine nominations for the 28 positions of Legislative Councillor have been handed in as of yesterday. And while nominations forms for the slate of co-presidents has been seen circulating about, they haven't been handed in either. But according to sources in CUSA, four co-prez candidates (two slates) are serious contenders. Deadline is today.

If students vote in favour of the proposed CUSA by-laws, these people will be the incorpora-

tion's Board of Directors. They manage your student fees; might as well get your money's worth.

Two committees for the referendum campaign have members and will be accepting additional members: Pro-ANEQ and Pro-Incorporation. The deadline for formation of the no to incorporation committee has been extended to Friday Feb. 18.

CUSA has set aside \$500 for each committee to use for advertising, etc. While anyone can join a committee, formed by next Friday, right up until the referendum vote March 8, 9 and 10, once that deadline goes by: no money, no campaign, no nothing.

An Accounts official said they have been having trouble with their printing press, "so the statements can't be sent out until later this week."

This statement will include the 1 per cent interest for January along with the one-and-one-quarter per cent accumulation of interest for September to December.

So, students are expected to pay January's 1 per cent interest charge because they won't get their bills until mid-February.

The official at Accounts said that monthly statements should have been sent to students since September but there are some students who have not received any bills at all.

One student had paid her first installment in September and then waited for a notice which would inform her when she must pay the second. The notice never came.

"I started to get worried when I didn't get a bill by December," the student said, "I didn't know when the second payment was due. I started worrying that I'd be kicked out for not paying on time."

This student went in December to the Accounts office and inquired as to when she should pay her dues. The person at Accounts told her she "could pay now if she wanted." The student paid the balance of her tuition on the spot along with the one-and-one-quarter per cent interest accumulation for September to December.

If the student had not gone directly to accounts, she would have wait-

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Tuition

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ed for a notice, and the interest would have kept climbing. "Sure, I would have waited for a bill and I'd have to pay more interest," she said.

Another student paying by the two-installment plan received two bills, one in September, one in October. Both notices included the one-and-one-quarter per cent monthly interest charge.

The student has not received another notice and is therefore putting off paying the balance.

"If I was being reminded of what I owe, I'd get my ass in gear and pay right away," said the student. "This way, I put off and meanwhile the interest goes up."

Bishop

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taught himself how to "create jewelry" upon coming to Canada from

Amarkesh in 1955.

"Making jewelry is one of the foolish things I do. I don't try to sell it because it wouldn't pay." He then produces from a suitcase a pill-box he carved from an amber stone which he said would cost \$650.

George has been in the "store business" since 1960 and has had the Ze Boutique since 1975. He does not like the location very much.

"Bishop is dead as far as pedestrian traffic goes," he said. Georges says that he gets "a lot of freaks" in the store. Georges, however, is happy with what he does and will keep making jewelry "for a long time."

Link photo by John Jantak

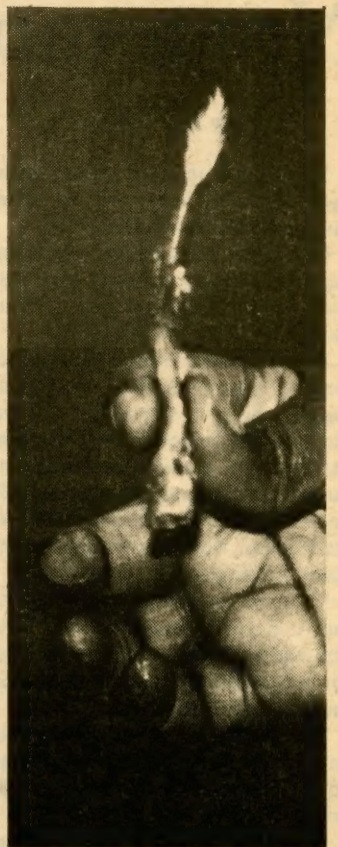
•Noriyuki Nakagawa•

•by Elizabeth Thompson•

FORDE-82

•by Frederic Serre•

Want your name in The Link?



It may not be the Colonel's but its feather lickin' good. A Concordia student got all the trimmings when she ordered the roast chicken dinner from the Hall building's seventh floor cafeteria last Wednesday. Holistic food is one thing...

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If potential were everything in life, Suzanne would have it made.

All her life Suzanne has adored animals. So no one was surprised when she announced the opening of her very own Animal Shelter.

She built her business the hard way, with far more grit and discipline than money or experience. How ironic then, that just when things are going well, there's another kind of problem.

Suzanne's become quite the

social butterfly. Everything she does, she overdoes, including drinking beyond her limit too often. She doesn't realise there are equally good reasons for self-discipline now as there were when she was just starting out.

Suzanne's at the crossroads. She can protect her future by opting for a moderate lifestyle, including the sensible enjoyment of beer, wine or spirits. Or she can gamble.

If you were Suzanne, which would you choose?

Seagram

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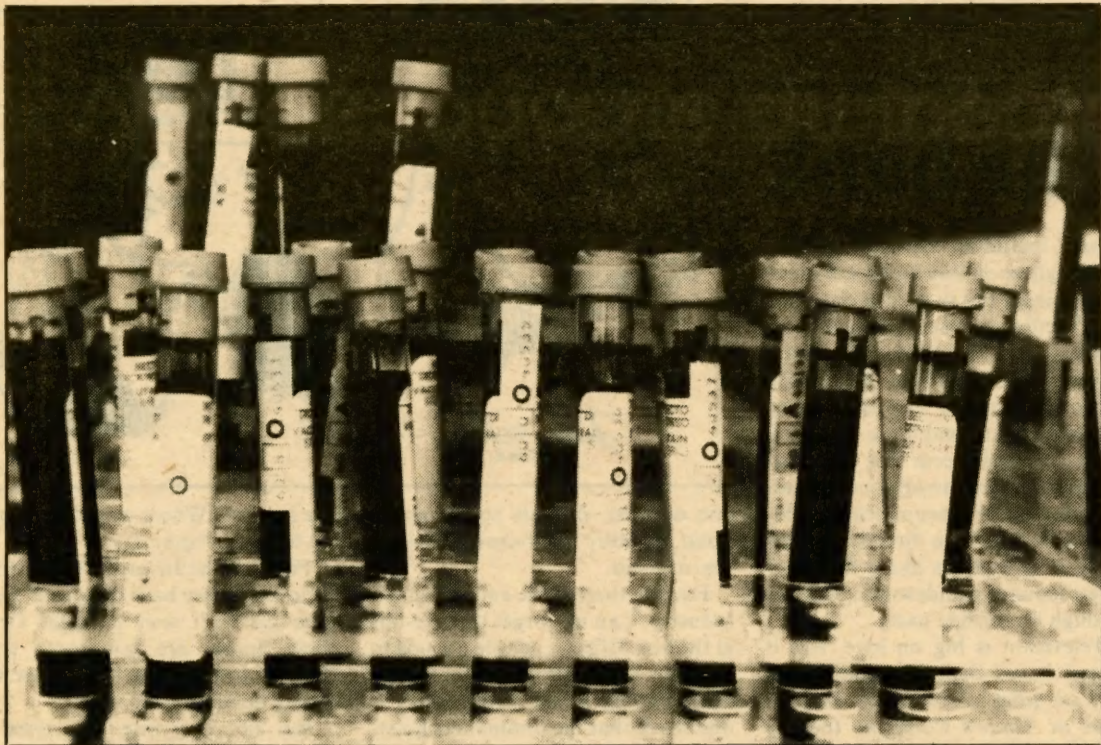
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The Link: Mitchell Baum

Future Concordia students? No, these are blood samples taken at the Commerce Student Society's Blood Drive Monday and Tuesday at Loyola. 786 pints were collected, 14 short of their 800-pint goal. If you missed out and are still walking around "tanked up", you can donate at the Red Cross Blood Donor Service, 3131 Sherbrooke East or 2180 Dorchester West. Do for others as you hope they would do for you—give.

Bishop Street: A Potpourri

•by Liz Cooke•

Let's take a trek, shall we, down Bishop Street, between Sherbrooke and Ste. Catherine:

One thing by night and completely another by day. This block virtually on Concordia's doorstep is made up of mostly restaurants, boutiques and a few bars. All of these businesses are housed in the greystone buildings which characterize portions of downtown Montreal. And all these places have a diverse and distinctive personality.

Bishop, between de Maisonneuve and Sherbrooke is the home of the famed Henry F. Hall Building. On the opposite side of the street are several restaurants which are convenient for students who like a treat after class.

La Bonne Terre restaurant is an earthy establishment, advertised by a simple wooden sign. Inside, the decor is old-fashioned and down-home. Framed prints of summer countrysides drape the walls above oak tables. The food is all-natural, including the desserts (made fresh daily).

Completely contrasting this informal eatery are Les Chenets and Restaurant Tricolore. These are expensive French restaurants, not exactly oriented for the student palate or wallet. The atmosphere in both restaurants is rigidly formal. The waiters dress in proper blue suits, the tables are perfectly set, the carpets plush.

Executive resignation

Mona Rainville, external vice-president of the Concordia University Students' Association, has resigned. Co-president Paul Arnkvarn announced her resignation at Monday night's Legislative Council meeting.

Executives are appointed by the co-presidents and ratified by Council. Search for a temporary replacement is underway.

Restaurant Bangladesh is a moderately priced place. Latif, a waiter there, said that many students come for the \$10 meal which includes many different kinds of curried dishes along with rice, bread and a dessert.

Latif says he likes working in the 10-year-old restaurant because "it is located in the heart of downtown and a lot of students come in." Latif said that students bring in the most business.

There are two more restaurants on the block: The casse croute L'Epinaud and a pastry shop called Mont-Blanc as well as museum La Gallerie. The block is also the home of a slightly off-beat establishment called Slime Café, Gallerie and Brasserie, which was opened last August. Inside the Slime, new wave music plays. The walls are decorated with brightly colored face masks, a garish, plastic bird and fixed into the wall is half of a nude sculpture. Prints and photographs of new-wave female models hang. The tables are small and made of white plastic. The chairs are plastic and pink.

A Wednesday afternoon I found the brasserie almost empty, save for the punk-dressed staff who amused themselves by playing video games which adorn the back of the joint. The manager-owner sat at the bar studying receipts. Above the very loud music, he curtly said that the decor and choice of music were of his own selection.

When asked how many people he employed, the manager said, "Do you have to know that? Well, I just opened. I work mostly by myself. Some staff." He abruptly returned to his receipts and ended the conversation.

Time to go on to the next block.

The annexe is located between De Maisonneuve and St. Catherine. The staff there is personable. Maureen has been working in the bar for two years. She said she enjoys her work because it "It's located in the mainstrip of downtown" and she gets to see first hand, what goes on in Montreal.

Friday and Saturday nights are

their busiest, the clients being 18 to 27 years old. "Beer," Maureen said, "is the best-selling drink on the weekend."

Claude, a waiter, said that during the week, lunchtime is the most hectic time. Clients include businessmen and secretaries who work downtown. The food, he said, is of all varieties: European, American and Canadian. The best-selling drink during the week is wine.

Juido, the manager of the Annexe said: "I love working here because the people are great fun to work with."

Café Prag is a Czechoslovakian restaurant with a unique flavor. The decor features old-fashioned wooden tables, a wooden floor, dim lights, and the rich smell of coffee.

A waitress, who did not want to give her name, has been working there for seven years. The restaurant has been in business for 20 years and has always had the same menu.

"Nothing much has changed," the waitress said. "We have the same things. We still specialize in homemade desserts. I always made good cheesecake, apple strudel and a nice chocolate fondue."

She said that the restaurant attracts many students because it is inexpensive. A complete meal can cost anywhere between \$2.50 and \$8.00.

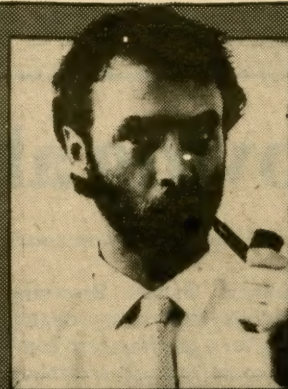
Next door to Café Prags sits Cheap Thrills, a used book and record store. It is cramped, messy and always busy. And you can usually find a great bargain there. So, if anyone has a favorite old album, Cheap Thrills should be the place to hunt it down.

If a different style of dress is your fancy, Ze Boutique is your store. Here, a person can buy clothes imported from Italy, Afghanistan, Bali, Japan and Saudi Arabia. Georges, an elder man, runs this quaint place along with his wife Irene. Georges is in the place during the day with his Irish setter, Tyrone, to keep him company.

Georges also makes his own jewelry. He carves it from sterling silver, amber stones or whale's teeth. He

continued on page 4

Out Of The Pages



•by Don Pittis•

"I say, you seem to have quite good enough manners and speak well too, though I can't place the accent. Where did you study? Oxford? Cambridge? My God, you wouldn't be an old Eton boy would you?"

"My apologies, sir, but I have stolen you from your age and placed you in quite an unfamiliar one. Though as well educated as any in my world today, I took all my formal training at public schools. (Public we call them because they are paid for by the state and every member of the public-at-large is required to attend.) Later, I continued my education at government-funded, public (in the same way) university.

"Asking if one comes from Oxford or Cambridge is no longer a compliment and coming from Eton would be a positive liability."

"I'm afraid that to be a contemporary intellectual, one must have a tendency toward socialism, give voluble support to the right of equal opportunity for all and loudly proclaim those of one's forefathers of humble birth, first generation farmers or manual labourers being veritable coups."

Sitting in the columned half-darkness brooding on my future. The smell of the river was thick and rich in my nostrils. The present had a feeling of pleasant endlessness and I could quite happily have soaked myself in the approaching night but for the past that pushed from behind.

I am not ashamed of my past. Not in any specific way, anyhow. It's as good a past as most and without a doubt better than many. But still it nudged at the peaceful present. Gently at first, from a dark edge of my quiet consciousness, then firmly and rudely. Like a determined grandmother on a crowded but it thrust its sharp elbows into the small of my back and shoved.

At the end of a hard day's work, sitting savouring the cool breezes that carry the sweet night in their flutter and blow the flies away, I have often been able to toss such thoughts aside.

"Is this all your life is going to be?" demanded the voices of the past. "Up at six and in bed by nine? Spilling your youth and your sweat for the Company miles from nowhere?"

Somewhere in the distance an ancient tree gave up its fight against the constant winds and crashed to the ground.

"You were always going to make something of yourself. Be somebody. If you died tomorrow no one would even know you were gone. They would fly out your body and fly in a replacement."

The wind was gusting now, little gusts that tossed the needles of the trees up and dropped them again. It would rain soon.

"What about your education?" asked the voices. "Are you going to let that go to waste? After all those years at school, you could get a good job if you tried. You know, you're executive material."

"Think of your parents. You don't want them to think you're a failure, do you? Think of your friends. They all got good jobs years ago. Mark and Sally have three kids already."

The rain was starting now. It was a fine fresh rain, almost like mist on the wind. Sweet green smells began to pour up out of the damp earth as I made my way along the dark familiar path back to camp.

And warm raindrops trickled down my neck.

Coming home drunk

Many the eyes
Are glowing bright
Kicked out of a smoky bar
Many a friend
I drank tonight
Out ever an endless jar
Many a lie
I told as right
And many a lie I heard
Was more important
We believe
The fellowship than the word

Surely you can do better than that. Get your prose and poetry in for our literary issue. The deadline is March 11 so you have the whole of study week to get your material cleaned up, typed up and into either one of our offices. Please be sure to have your name and telephone number on every submission. Prose triple-spaced, please. Poetry double.

Loving all the way to the bank

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

If Elizabeth Barrett Browning were alive today she would probably be working for a greeting-card company. She could be busily scribbling little ditties on the subject of love (in 40 words or less), and reaping a handsome profit on the residuals. She would also be helping her greeting-card company to reap ripe residuals.

Actually, she might be having problems getting a job writing these little ditties because of stiff competition. The love market is a pretty crowded field, loaded with everyone from unemployed barbers to teenage heartthrobs.

'Tis the season to be jolly. Oops, wrong commercial. 'Tis the season of love. It seems that our society can't just do things when we feel like doing them, but only within care-

fully prescribed time periods. Christmas is the season of brotherhood. Even if you hate everyone for the rest of the year, during Christmas you're expected to be in good cheer and help out your fellow people. Bah, humbug! But the season of brotherhood is long past, and the season of love is upon us. It is time to exploit love for fun and profit.

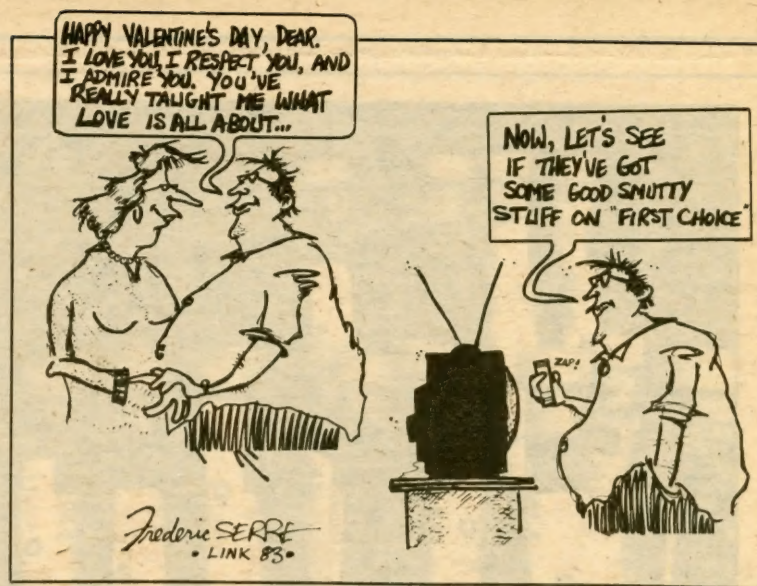
How do I exploit love? Let me count the ways. First there is the greeting-card business, selling little cards full of sophomoric sop. Be my Valentine. Why? Because it's Valentine's Day and everyone loves everyone else, even if you hate them the other 364 days of the year.

Second, there is the flower business. Say it with flowers. Why can't people say it in words? It's so much easier (and cheaper, too).

Third, there is the media. News-

papers, including *The Link*, are exploiting love on this Valentine's Day by spelling it out in special classified ads. Spelling it out costs fifteen cents a word (for *The Link*, more elsewhere). While people are busily showing everyone else their love, newspapers are making a nice little profit. It would seem that these ads represent a breakdown in communications, wherein people can't communicate their love directly to their loved ones (sounds like a funeral)/lovers (sounds clandestine), but only through an outside party.

Television is big on love. But if people based their expectations of love on what is shown on *Hart to Hart* or *Three's Company* (not to mention *Happy Days*), we would not be able to bank upon a very successful relationship. Of course, there is always *Love in the Afternoon*, as



one network calls its soap operas. Solid, healthy relationships, every one of them.

Fourth, there is the entertainment industry. Can we forget the line-ups at the box office as people queued to cry their tearducts out. *Love means never having to say you're sorry* is one crock that the filmmakers hoisted upon the public.

Singers/songwriters are big on love. Can anyone think of any successful one who hasn't elucidated on

the subject? Where would the world be without *Puppy Love*.

Fifth are the advertisers. Who can be loved if they have dandruff? Or if their car isn't sexy enough? Or if their clothes are last year's style (heaven forbid)? Or if they use the wrong deoderant?

But not everyone who tries to promote how great love is, increases their profits. In tennis, love is a score of zero.

Happy Valentine's Day.

• Letters •

Le Québec, le perdant

To the Editors:

C'est bizarre. Cette grève entre le gouvernement et le front commun ne m'inspire pas grand chose. C'est là l'une des rares fois où je me trouve partagé entre deux factions adverses. Je suis pour les deux parties également. Elles pour-suivent toutes les deux des buts très nobles: l'une l'indépendance politique et culturelle, l'autre la sécurité sociale et économique.

La meilleure porte de sortie serait sûrement une entente négociée entre les deux. J'espère vivement qu'elles ne se fassent pas trop de mal mutuellement, car en définitive c'est le Québec tout entier qui en paiera les conséquences ou la "note". Nous souhaitons qu'elles sortent toutes les deux à bon compte de cette crise et qu'elles épargnent surtout la province (ce futur pays?) d'une catastrophe.

Dans le cas contraire, ce sera une bataille après laquelle il n'y aura ni vainqueurs ni vaincus, pour paraphraser un célèbre écrivain, alors que ce sera le Québec qui en souffrira le plus.

C'est bizarre, certes, mais je viens de me rendre compte de quelque chose. Si Mr Lévesque veut apprendre aux gens à souffrir pour les habituer aux maux de l'indépendance (Haïti, Cuba, etc. sont passées par

là), il n'a qu'à le dire ouvertement. Et si les chefs du front commun, les Larberge, Charbonneau, Corriveau ne veulent le bien-être aux idées qui ne nourrissent pas mais qui apportent un salut d'un autre genre, qu'ils le fassent savoir également.

Vu que nous trouvons en face d'une lutte fratricide, nous ne voulons nous prononcer ni pour un groupe ni pour l'autre. Toutefois l'une des observations, la plus valable peut-être, qui nous viennent à l'esprit pour l'instant, c'est qu'on ne doit pas logiquement et humainement laisser périr le Québec, et ceci relève de la compétence et de la responsabilité des deux groupes en litige: c'est une tâche qui incombe aux deux parties également.

Gérard Hector

An invite to write

To the Editors:

Well, well, what do you know!! After months of ridiculous and silly articles in your bird cage liner, finally something worth reading. No, no, don't worry, your articles are still battling 1000; it was a letter to the editor that caught my attention. I refer to the letter from Patricia Moser titled "A personal manifesto". Now why can't you guys write like that? Why can't you see the funny side of life instead of the serious and stupid one?? However, I did not write this letter to criticize

your fish wrapper. I wrote this to praise and congratulate Miss/Mrs. /Ms. Moser. I wish I could talk her into writing something for us. We can always use a witty and humorous writer.

If you print this, and she reads it, I can be reached through the E.C.S.A., Rm. 880-10.

Florin Feldman
Ass. Editor
The BOGGE News

Shoddy treatment

To the Editors:

Does anybody know what the "Seminar Room" of the Liberal Arts College on Mackay Street looks like? It sounds impressive enough, until you go downstairs to the dingy narrow room in the basement. This is where our Montreal-born poet Seymour Mayne, visiting professor from the University of Ottawa was invited to read on February 3, 1983.

Seymour Mayne, enterprising editor of numerous literary publications, translator, author of more than seven volumes of poetry, winner of the "J.I. Segal Prize" and "York Poetry Award", was spared the humiliation that we felt as serious followers of the Canadian literary scene: for reasons unknown to the few of us who attended, Professor Mayne did not show up. Given the embarrassing conditions, we were relieved!

Other guests whom we had the pleasure of listening to, have been received in surroundings befitting their status as contemporary literary figures. Furthermore, these noted

authors have been hospitably received by the English department.

Obviously Seymour Mayne's reading was insufficiently planned for and publicized. Where were the members of the Liberal Arts College who had invited the guest? Was no one planning to introduce him to the visitors? When we arrived at 2:55 (the reading was scheduled for 3:00 p.m.) the room was empty—it had not even been prepared for a reading session.

We are concerned and indignant about this shoddy treatment to one who has given so much of himself to other poets and to Canadian poetry. Seymour Mayne, we hope to hear you soon in happier circumstances!

Murielle Poirier
Jeannette Breton
and others present

Write off the cruise

To the Editors:

I am very excited about the possibility mentioned in your Feb. 8 edition, in the article on cruise missiles that "a handful of letters sent to one MP makes it 'the issue of the day' in parliament."

If this is true, and I hope it is, perhaps it is not too late to stop cruise missile testing in Canada. I will write to my MP to ask that this weapon which makes nuclear war much more probable be banned from my home.

Will you?

Do you want the words "Canada" and "cruise missile" irreparably linked? To find out who your MP is

and where to write ask the reference librarian at Norris or Vanier Libraries. Please act now.

Claire Damecour

Message to the chair

Open letter to CUSA:

To the Editors:

There is a simple and civilized solution to the CUSA legislative council's most recent difficulty.

In spoken words, to address and individual who chairs at a meeting, let her or him be referred to by name, or by name and the title accorded her or his sex.

In written form, in theory or when in doubt, let her or him be generally referred to as "Chairperson." In practice, in a particular instance where the sex of the person is known, let she or he be written first as Chairperson. And subsequently, in the same report of article (following the introduction of an individual's name), let she or he be referred to as Chairwoman or Chairman.

Aimée Leduc

Awe and admiration

To the editors:

Soon after *Lily Briscoe: A Self Portrait* was published, I read it and I was filled with somewhat of a shock to see a lacklustre review of her autobiography relegated to the

continued on page 7

Pasta and Friends

To the Mariette Women (Langley Hall)
Dear friends,

Just a small note to thank you all for the help and support you gave me in organizing the first annual Mariette spaghetti dinner last Sunday.

If it were not for all your help, the big "Spaggett" dinner would not have been possible.

You're a great bunch and I love you all,

Leslie-Ann

Letters

continued from page 6

lower half of a page devoted to a Ubysey story on herpes (*The Link*, Feb. 1). Worse, the headline—"Briscoe's work shuns social shelters"—is completely incomprehensible to me, and it's wrong. Mary Meigs is the author, not Virginia Woolf's character. Also, the space-filling graphic of (male) hands breaking chains is gra-

tuitous and ugly.

That CUP copy is republished in *The Link* is all very well, but it saddens me that this writer dwelt on guilt and self-deprecation which are only a part of an overwhelmingly positive and rewarding book.

Aimee Leduc

Geddes a prize poet

To the Editors:

About that negative critique "The Acid Test Gets a Pass Mark" in the

Entertainment Section of *The Link* (Nov. 16, 1982). Please be advised that Gary Geddes' book *The Acid Test* won the national poetry prize from the Canadian Authors' Association.

We have just learned this from reading McGill's *Scrivener*, Winter issue.

Congratulations Gary Geddes!

J. Breton
M. Poirier

We thought you should know: *The Link* welcomes Letters to the Editor and Comments. All submissions should be typed, with name and phone number included. Drop them off at *The Link* offices at Sir George or at Loyola.

Join The Link

No union at Ayerst

•by Frederic Serre•

In a secret ballot vote taken yesterday, production and research workers at Ayerst Laboratories of Ville St. Laurent overwhelmingly rejected a proposal to affiliate with the teamsters' union.

The ballots were cast throughout the day and by the evening the results were: 301 against, 102 in favor and five abstentions. Out of 424 eligible, 408 voted.

Jaques Pilon, a teamsters union spokesperson feels that the company used several tactics to influence the workers. He says that anti-union pamphlets and posters distributed during the week, and the arrival of three company administrators from the United States on the day of the vote had a major effect on the voters.

"The vote shows there was a sense of fear and there were a lot of pressure tactics used," Pilon said.

"People were even scared to come and vote at the secret ballot because of the influence."

The vote results come in the wake of an announcement made on Monday by the Quebec government to relocate 230 jobs to be lost when Ayerst transfers its research department to New Jersey.

The company blames Canada's patent laws, which allow any group to produce drugs first developed by large drug manufacturers such as Ayerst.



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OPEN VALENTINE'S DAY

Does giving a card mean I Love You?

•by Natalie Mahmet•

The dominant romantic myth of our culture suggests that love moves in a straight line upward to a final state of completion in which lovers dwell "happily ever after." While this notion has enabled poets to avoid starvation and movie moguls to live in splendor, it has little to do with love in the real world.

Love is never static, but always in the state of fluctuation. Its unpredictability is one of its main attributes. However, mythmakers have erected a quite misleading structure of expectation and had given the impression that love subdues, rather than thrives, on change. "Love conquers all," they say, the main thing conquered being uncertainty.

We just have to look at the romance novels. The hero (being the man) eventually erases all pain and confusion when he confesses his love. All problems are solved when love is declared; the couple go off in the sunset to live happily ever after.

Anyone who has ever been "in love" can tell you this is nonsense. Love progresses, it is true, but never in an unravelling line, never without slips backwards and to the side. There is no stable input to love, but a series of plateaus leading to new possibilities for change and growth. This is the wonderful thing about love. It is always creating new opportunities for renewal.

Yes, I believe there is such a thing as "romantic love" but we romantics often try to believe such a love will solve all problems or not cause any. That is where we have to set ourselves straight.

Yes, love can create new opportunities for renewal. But to achieve growth in love takes more than a misty-eyed devotion to amour. It takes patience and hard work. Love does not progress by itself. It must be nurtured, and it can't exist if one is not realistic about the problems it can encounter. When a relationship comes too easy, is too quickly intimate and there is no seeming conflict, beware: that is the kind of magic that will inevitably crash.

Real relationships grow slowly and with conflict, and no two are alike. One must not compare their relationship to another's. There is no such thing as a perfect mate. What we need to learn is not the perfect set of qualities that lead to the perfect relationship, but how to develop our own best qualities from inside ourselves and work with what we have.

As one student stated "when I first met my girlfriend there were many things about her that annoyed me. At first it drove me crazy. I always wanted a perfect mate and a perfect relationship. I finally realized that there will always be arguments as well as good times. It's all part of growth and change."

Relationships require continual adjustments. You often have to regain your balance and you can't do that if your behaviour is rigid. If your love is to remain alive, you must be active and flexible. The alternative is a forced and

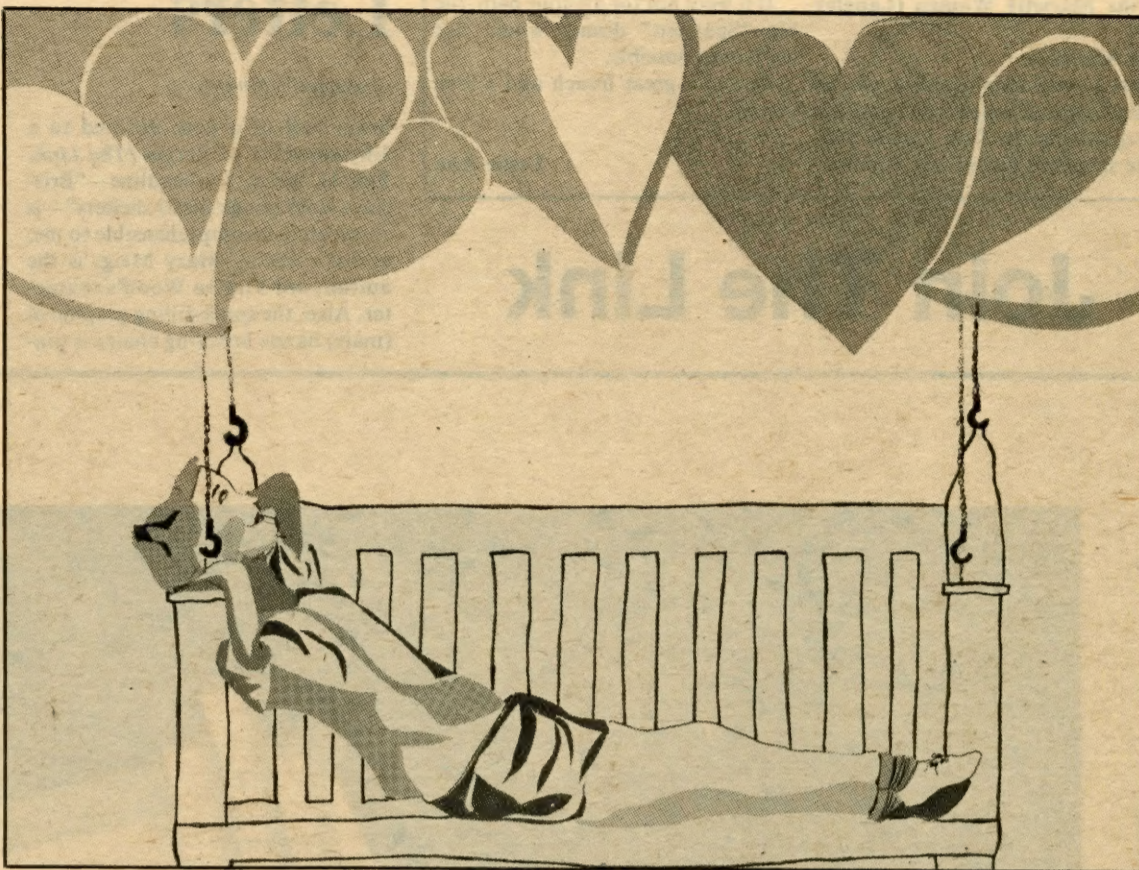
false sense of coherence which only leads to stagnation. Standing water, goes an old proverb, breeds only disease.

The pool of possibilities must in any relationship, be stirred to foster progression. In a good relationship a couple must accept each others idiosyncracies and work on improving communication. Rather than avoiding change, they should let it into their relationship, allowing for individual growth and slips in expectations as the patterns of relating evolve. Relationships evolve best when you are neither so exclusively self-interested that there isn't room for the needs of others, nor so unaware of your own needs that, you lose your identity in meeting the others demands.

What is a lovable person? I believe a lovable person is one that is trustworthy, loyal, cheerful and honest. A very important quality is that person must be an independent human being. Being independent, being able to take care of yourself, is a very attractive quality. We're all drawn to the person who has a sense of self that's strong yet not petrified into rigidity, who has enough emotional strength to share.

And all that caring and humor and acceptance that ignite love flow from that strong still center.

Before you can touch other people, you've got to have a firm grip on yourself; if you're using all your emotional energy on yourself, you've got little left over to lavish on anyone else. It's easy to be open with others if you're happy about yourself; it's easy to



Graphic: June Cooke

spill warmth when you feel that way about yourself; it's natural to be responsive when your responses aren't being jammed by static from your own self-doubt.

Nushka Stebe, a student at Concordia, says "being lovable comes from knowing yourself well enough to understand your feelings and trusting them." In love, loyalty involves a mutual reciprocal relationship with compromise built into it. If it's a two-

way street, it's loyalty. If it goes in only one direction, that's servitude. Loyalty takes work and patience, and at least occasionally, self sacrifice.

Sometimes, it means something as small as turning off an interesting show to console your lover or it may mean something bigger: standing up to your parents, for example, and insisting that your lover is not a bum. Whatever it may be, if it's a mutual thing it

helps broaden a relationship. One must also remember loyalty must come from a whole person, someone with their own opinions and values.

It is unrealistic to say that a relationship can only be perfect if two people are alike. Every individual is different and it is this individualism which creates growth and spark. It forces you to grow, to see reality through someone else's eyes.

A pagan day then and now

•by Natalie Mahmet•

Valentine's Day originated from pagan times, although the name is Christian. In ancient Rome, wolves were a great menace. The

Romans had a god named Lupercus who was supposed to keep the wolves away. In his honor, there was a festival every February at which young people drew

lots for game partners. This is the way they choose their mates.

Later, when Valentine, a priest in Rome was made a saint, his feast day was established on the fourteenth of February; the two events were eventually combined to form the day we know as Valentine's Day.

According to a book called *Popular Antiques*, by John Brand people celebrated this day as early as the 1700s, social groups met in the home of the wealthy on the eve of Valentine's Day to carry out a custom very similar to that what was done in Roman times. Young women wrote love messages on slips of paper and placed them in vases. The young men drew the names by chance. The woman's name on the slip was the one they would court. These young men often presented gifts to their Valentines.

The custom of sending sentimental messages gradually replaced that of gift giving. In the United States, Valentine's Day became popular during the Civil War. Esther A. Howland, an American, took the idea of the "love messages" and made a business out of it. She started publishing these messages and made over \$5000 in the first year. In England, verses from famous books published at the time were copied into Valentine cards. These

cards were often elaborate with lace trimmings and imitation gems.

Today Valentine's is still considered an important event. It is a time in which people show their love for each other by exchanging gifts or by declaring their love through greeting cards and classified ads.

If you're for gift giving here are a few suggestions to making your shopping easier.

Buy a present based on your knowledge of the person preferably something he/she wouldn't buy themselves. The best gift whether practical or whimsical, should support the person's interest or personality. Some of the nicest gifts are the ones designed not only to please the receiver, but also the giver.

For example, a bottle of wine is a nice gift to share. A good gift, is one that gives the message "thank you for being yourself". A bad gift says "I wish you were someone else". Giving a squash racquet to someone who is a little overweight and who hates sports is trying to change that person into something he/she is not.

Many people say Valentine's is commercial. I try not to see the negative aspects of it. Like all romantics, I feel it's a time to express love and give joy to a great many people.

Can't Buy Me Love? Let me count the ways...

That's \$2.60 for the card, \$24 for the roses, \$10.50 for the chocolates, \$42.70 for supper, \$20 for the tickets, \$12 for drinks, and \$8 for the taxi. That's a total of \$129.80

\$129.80... And how much do I owe you as well for 12 French kisses, 20 minutes of fondling, 17 minutes of oral sex, 8 minutes of intercourse, 20 minutes of chit-chat, 2 cigarettes, and breakfast?



V. KATZ - LINK '83

Cults mirror some of society's problems

•by Karen Herland•

Mike Kropveld, director of the Hillel Students' Society Cult Project wants people to realize that cults are not fringe groups.

"The media represent cults as groups of weirdos who are removed from our society," he said. "That isn't true."

Kropveld should know. He became involved in the Creative Community Project in California a few years ago. Kropveld spent two weeks with the group before he returned to Montreal to collect his belongings. It was here that he learned that he had just left a recruiting ground for the Unification Church.

He feels that the media's dramatic accounts of food and sleep deprivation lead people to believe that it could never happen to them.

"It's not that blatant," said Kropveld at a talk he gave recently for Naches, a Jewish gay and lesbian group.

Kropveld described his own experiences. He had gone to visit his cousin who became involved with the Project six months before. His cousin was later kidnapped from the group and now works as a physiotherapist.

"It was great," said Kropveld. "Everyone knew who I was and kept telling me what a great guy I was."

This technique is called love bombing. The recruit is made to feel guilty for not participating in the games and lectures that go on almost non-stop all day long. Members of the group act hurt if the recruit does not sit with them or eat with them.

The activities often involved constant chanting or singing. "Chanting, speaking in tongues, meditation, these are all used to keep your thoughts down," said Kropveld. If the recruits are kept from thinking, they no longer question what is happening.

Recruits are rarely told about the group's relationship to Reverend Sun Myung Moon, leader of the Unification Church, until they have been with the Project for months. By then they are so swept up into their new routine and weakened by lack of food and sleep that they have not got the strength to leave.

So how could that happen to you?

Kropveld said that prime candidates are

upper or middle class young people, especially when they are in a transition stage between jobs or schools.

Typically, you are approached by a very likeable person who seems concerned about you and who seems to have all the answers.

Kropveld said the poorer people are not as easy to recruit. "If you're worrying about where your next meal is coming from," he said. "You're not going to be attracted by someone talking about values and God."

Kropveld said that it is usually strong believers in the system that are willing to go with the recruiter and meet the 'great group of people' that is casually mentioned.

According to Kropveld, people have lost faith in the government because of issues like Watergate and Viet Nam in the United States.

Religion is the "last bastion" in the belief system. "People begin to question the contradictions in the religion they were brought up with," he said.

That is the prime time for a recruiter to come along and offer a new belief system. The process is basically a transfer of faith from one leader, be it God or the government, to another like Reverend Moon.

"Cults are an extension of our own society," said Kropveld. "They are a good mirror to the problems in society."

Kropveld used the October Crisis as an analogy of how easily we can be led by authority figures. "People lost their rights overnight." The typical reaction was, "If it doesn't touch me I don't have to worry about it."

Kropveld was careful to make distinction between what he calls "destructive" cults and mainline religions.

"The main difference is the deceptions that these groups use," he said. "They aren't up front about who they are."

Whereas other religions are taught in conjunction with a set of beliefs, these groups put the leader above a value system. "They teach that the end justifies the means," he said. "That God's law supercedes man's law."

Kropveld cited numerous instances where these groups had broken the law. For example, a few years ago, the Church of Scientol-



ogy lost several of its higher officials to jails on charges such as breaking and entering government offices and bugging Internal Revenue Service meetings in the United States.

But it is not necessary to look that far. Members of the International Society for Krsna Consciousness (ISKCON) often sell bumper stickers around Montreal.

"They break the law left, right and centre," Kropveld said. "In Montreal you must have a permit to sell." Though members carry ISKCON I.D. cards these are "not a license."

Of course, cults are also separated from other religions by their use of mind control. There is very little contact with the outside world. No newspapers, televisions or radios are allowed at recruitment centres.

"The idea is to get you into a childlike state," Kropveld said. "They take away your freedom of choice and your decision-making power." Once they have done that it is easy for them to exert power over you.

"If you get people to think the way you want them to," he said, "soon they will behave the way you want them to."

Kropveld said that another way to recognize a destructive cult is by finding out if the leader lives in great wealth while the followers live in poverty.

Such is the case with the Unification

Church. Reverend Moon has written that he wants to rule the world as a unified theocracy. His disciples believe that he can and Kropveld believes that he will if people do nothing to stop him.

"People, don't take him seriously enough," he said. Kropveld then outlined Moon's extensive holdings all over the world including a number of corporations and four large newspapers, one of which is the Washington Times.

Kropveld has been director of the Hillel Students' Society Cult Project for five years. He is the only full-time staff member and is helped by a handful of volunteers.

Kropveld works with individuals and their families who have been involved in cults. He shies away from deprogramming, a sometimes violent method used to get people out of cults, but he is willing to speak to any member who seeks him out.

The Project also gives speeches to interested groups, in and out of schools. "50 per cent of the fight is preventative education," he said.

The Project is financed by the Jewish community. Money comes from parents' groups, private donations and honorariums for the speeches Kropveld gives.

Kropveld is not in favour of legislation *continued on page 10*

The temple of believers: control by guilt and fear

•by John Jantak•

The International Society for Krsna (pronounced Krishna) Consciousness (ISKCON) was founded in the United States in 1965 by A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prahbupada. Originally from India, his objective was to make the entire world Krsna Conscious.

He opened and began operating several ISKCON centers throughout North America, managing to attract as many as 10,000 full time devotees. Since his death in November 1977, many splinter groups have developed within the organization. Members of ISKCON are more commonly referred to as the Hare Krsnas.

"We would be up from two in the morning until ten or eleven o'clock at night," said Kevin Richman, describing his daily routine in an ISKCON temple in Vancouver.

"Aside from attending the mandatory daily lectures, we were kept busy throughout the day, holding religious services, cooking, cleaning, doing the laundry or soliciting funds on the street," he said. "It got to the point where I couldn't function anymore. I felt like a human robot."

Richman spent six months living in the temple before he finally left. He was unable to keep pace with such a rigorous schedule and it was taking its toll on his health and sanity.

He originally became interested in ISKCON after attending one of their lectures in Vancouver. He found that they were able to provide answers to his questions about God that other religions were unable to do.

In November 1974, he was persuaded by the devotees to join the temple. Richman described the living conditions in the temple as terrible.

"Children were poorly fed and they were often malnourished. Women were always condemned and they were treated like dirt because they were considered to be subservient to men," said Richman. "Men were asked to renounce their wives because it was felt that they would deprive their husbands of their spiritual life." Devotees put pressure on Richman to leave his wife who was also a member.

All members were forced to attend daily indoctrination classes, Richman said. The classes were held at five-thirty in the morning and attendance was compulsory. Devotees were allowed only three hours of sleep a night.

"It made you more susceptible to the conditioning process," said Richman. "Everybody would be in a state of semi-consciousness and there were even devotees who would fall asleep during the lectures because they were so tired." *continued on page 10*



The Link: John Jantak

Temple

continued from page 9

Richman said that individual thinking was strictly frowned upon. It was felt that such radical behavior would break the cohesion of the group and it might have caused members to question the lifestyle they were leading.

One of the things Richman disliked the most, was having to ask for donations. All the devotees were told that the money that was collected would be used to publish books, but Richman seriously doubts that.

"I hated it," he said. "I didn't feel good about distributing the pamphlets because they would all contain the address of the temple and I didn't want anybody to visit that place," he said.

"People would come to one of the Sunday services and they were told how good temple life was, which wasn't and isn't true," said Richman.

He said that people would be fed a large vegetarian supper which was free, unless people cared to make a small donation.

People thought that the devotees were able to eat as much as they wanted. The reality was that the devotees were starving.

"A couple of days after you join the movement, you discover that you're actually asked to give up eating," Richman said. You would be given small amounts of food. For example, breakfast would be a slice of bread, a bowl of soup and an orange. "That would hardly be enough to sustain you for an entire day," he said.

"It got to the point where I would have to go to the supermarket and

secretly buy food for myself because I was so hungry. I would even steal food from the temple itself. There were other devotees who would do the same thing."

Richman said that there was no official leader of the temple. "Everybody would more or less keep watch over each other.

"We were all crazy," he said. "We were all telling each other 'you can't sleep,' 'you can't eat,' you can't do whatever. The amount of restrictions we were forced to place on ourselves was incredible."

Even after he left the temple in 1975, Richman still continued to attend services on a part-time basis. It took him another seven years to totally disassociate himself from the movement. The most difficult aspect of it all was having to come to terms with the guilt-anxiety he had to endure.

"Guilt and fear is their number one weapon. That's why I was scared to leave. At one point, I was even afraid to breathe. That's how effective their indoctrination is," he said.

Richman cited instances where some devotees were physically threatened and assaulted for wanting to leave or for refusing to perform the required duties around the temple.

"There are at least two or three people who I knew that became so freaked out when they left, they had to be committed to insane asylums. They simply couldn't function in a normal society. That's why the majority of devotees who leave the temple, eventually return," he said.

While Richman was attending the temple part-time, he was constantly approached and asked to move back into the temple.

The pressure would be so great, he would have to stop going for three to four month periods. He would then

return and the pressure would begin again. Finally he moved back to Montreal a few months ago.

His disillusionment with ISKCON grew when he began his own personal investigation into the organization.

"The entire thing with ISKCON is that they take Hinduism, which is a bona-fide religion and they misrepresent it for their own purposes," he said. "Even when members go soliciting for funds now, they usually dress casually and they never identify themselves as being associated with ISKCON."

While Richman considers himself fortunate to have broken away from the movement, he has no regrets about his experiences.

"For myself, it was a positive experience because I managed to learn a lot about myself and Hinduism which I probably never would have learned elsewhere," he said.

"I'm not advocating that people go out and join the movement because there are other, more positive ways to discover yourself without going to extremes. I would never want to go through it again," he said.

ISKCON uses similar methods in Montreal. Their temple is on Pie IX Boulevard in East Montreal.

Attention English students, literary minded students, creative students or students who just like reading! *The Link* is planning a literary issue for the end of March. If you have any ideas or submissions or if you just want to help, come by *The Link* and see Claire. Please bring ideas in first for discussion before the mid-term break in February. Come to room H-649 and let's talk.

Cult

continued from page 9

against cults. He feels that would be a totalitarian measure similar to ones used by the cults themselves. This is why Kropveld feels that the education provided by the Project is so important.

"It comes down to questioning and not just following blindly," he said.

So what do you do if you are approached for money on the street?

Kropveld said that the people asking for money on the street are true believers. "They see things in black and white terms," he said. "Everything is good or materialistic and satanic." And to the believer you fall into the latter category.

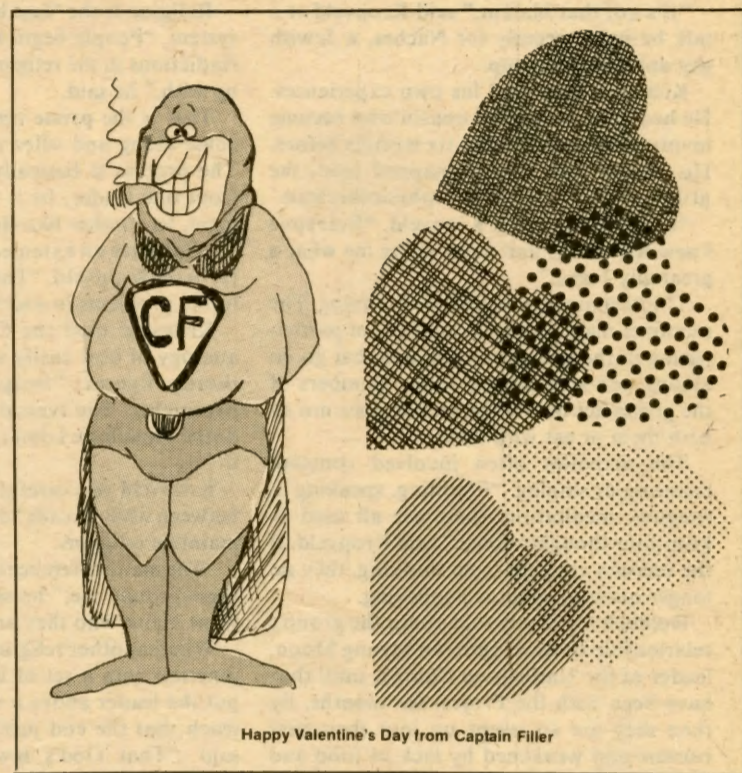
If you get aggressive you will only confirm their beliefs. Instead be firm and persistent. Ask to know where your money is going.

Krsna followers will usually mention a mythical farm or drug rehabilitation program. If you ask for I.D. they will show you their ISKCON card.

"Don't feel guilty about saying no," Kropveld said. "People are too willing to accept what they hear at face value and give."

Kropveld said that these groups make most of their money that way. Some members can bring in two to three hundred dollars in a day.

Kropveld ended the meeting by saying that though cults are bad, that is not the main problem. "We have to understand how this can happen in a 'democratic society' and fill the void with something constructive."



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The Holy Business: a place for one and all

•by Joe Germain•

It all started one sub-zero night in Calgary, navel jewel of the West.

I was sitting at my desk near the entrance of the building, just doing my low-paying nightwatchman's job, flipping for the hundredth time through the pages of a yellowing copy of *Travelling Times*.

In between Puerto Rico and the Bahamas, she came along; the endearing elderly lady from the 20th floor, whom I trusted, respected and considered a friend. She came up to my desk and plopped a heavily laden purse on top of it. She pulled a large spray can from the bag and knelt next to my regulation-fitted black shoes. Dumbfounded, I watched her as she sprayed the entire surface of the shoes and parts of my trouser cuffs and socks. She clambered back to her feet and said something that had a sort of rehearsed ring to it:

"Admire the superior shine."

"Great!" I lied as I wiped the transparent goo from my trousers. She then pulled a stack of colorful magazines from her Pandora's bag. She laid them out in front of me and began to lecture me on the titillating images on the pages: Toaster ovens, hibachis, gaily patterned dishcloths and a myriad of detergents.

It began to dawn on me what was going on; the sweet old lady was trying to sell me these nice things in order to pull herself from some dire financial situation, the sort of trouble North America is made of. I forgot about my measly salary, that month's rent and the pile of bills; "How much for the shoe polish?" She offered me a bargain price. Sweet old lady. I gave her a five dollar bill, the full price. Her face glowed with the kind of smile that would sell a million Pepperidge Farm apple pies.

Subsequently, she suggested how I might help her a great deal while helping myself. How fascinating. I thought as she showed me a colorful graphic that explained how her shoe polish and toaster oven company worked.

"If you joined us, you'd be that circle there," she said, pointing to a small circle surrounded by still smaller circles. This group of circles was in turn linked to another and yet another bunch of circles, which she described as herself, her superior and all the people 'like me' that had sought to improve their lives and incomes. It looked somewhat like a molecular structure graph.

She described at length how 'bonus money' came down from the company and was distributed in decreasing shares throughout the system of 'circle-people.'

"So," I interrupted, "the more money I earn, the more bonus money you earn, and still more for your superior and..." "Yes!" She replied, beaming.

"It's like a pyramid system," I blundered. "No, no, no, no!" She yelled, her face suddenly tinged with red.

I decided to help the old lady. I told her I wanted to join her company. She arranged for her boss, or 'distributor' in her company's jargon, to call me the next evening.

"Ullo?" I was eating a bowl of overcooked Beefaroni when 'Don', the dean of sales, rang me up. He invited me to attend an induction meeting for new members that was to take place that night.

"Well, I'm kind of tied up tonight," I lied, not being in the mood for any such outing. "I guess you're not really interested in our company," he said in the third sentence he had ever spoken to me. "Well, uh...er..." I wasn't sure what to say, such was my bewilderment. "That's okay buddy BECAUSE WE DON'T NEED YOU ANYWAY!" he yelled before hanging up noisily on me.

I invected in his name and returned to my noodles. Three hours later, my phone rang again. It was Don, the rude pyramid circle. "I talked with my superiors at the meeting and we decided to give you another chance..." He

said dryly. "Uh...er, great, thank you!" I said.

The following week, Don, tall, bearded and very business-looking, picked me up in his big sedan and drove me to another induction meeting at the northern end of the city. Jets roared down to the airport nearby as we entered a drab architectural building.

Don gave some money to a doorman and followed him into a brightly lit room. It was filled with people in business dress, each accompanied by a young person in faded jeans; odd couples like Don and myself. Don introduced me to a half-dozen of the well-dressed people, who turned out to be other 'distributors.' "We're all one big family," he said to me after the sixth handshake.

Everyone sat down on plastic folding chairs to watch some movies about the pyramid company. I tried to watch the films but I couldn't help noticing that all the 'distributors' heads were bobbing up and down in unison. "How many times have you seen these movies?" I whispered to Don. "50 times, maybe more," he said, his eyes never leaving the screen.

Eventually, my attention wandered back to the 'Wonderful World of Sales' film. At this point, the same circle diagram appeared and a peppy voice explained its significance. The heads bobbed in a wider arc during that scene. The film ended with the great guru, the president of the company, saying: "We want you to go with us or we won't go at all!" "Although I didn't quite grasp what was meant, that sentence echoed in my mind.

The meeting continued. A short stubby man who laughed at regular intervals spoke of the circle chart once again. Then, another cheerful middle-aged man gave a demonstration of the company's 'superior products'. A drain unplugging liquid ate ferociously through a styrofoam cup and a mean laundry bleach turned wine into water, among lesser miracles. The session was capped with a row of equally broadsmiling people telling 'us' inductees how the company had pushed their economic and social lives to new heights, previously unattainable. "We're one big family!" said a chubby lady at the end of her confession.

After the meeting, Don drove me back home. On the way I said: "This is all very nice, but I'm a zero when it comes to selling stuff." "Ah-ha!" he exclaimed. "You don't need to sell anything—our products sell themselves!" His enthusiasm was almost contagious.

Not long after, the 'Big Day' came around. I went to Don's highrise apartment which was, incidentally, almost exclusively furnished with the company's wares. No woman or pets.

There, he remitted to me a sale's kit: A number of colorful brochures, tapes and a selection of cleaning products for demonstrations. "Congratulations," he said, extending his hand, "you're in business now!"

My own business had cost me a mere \$110. Well, \$120 after my cheque bounced.

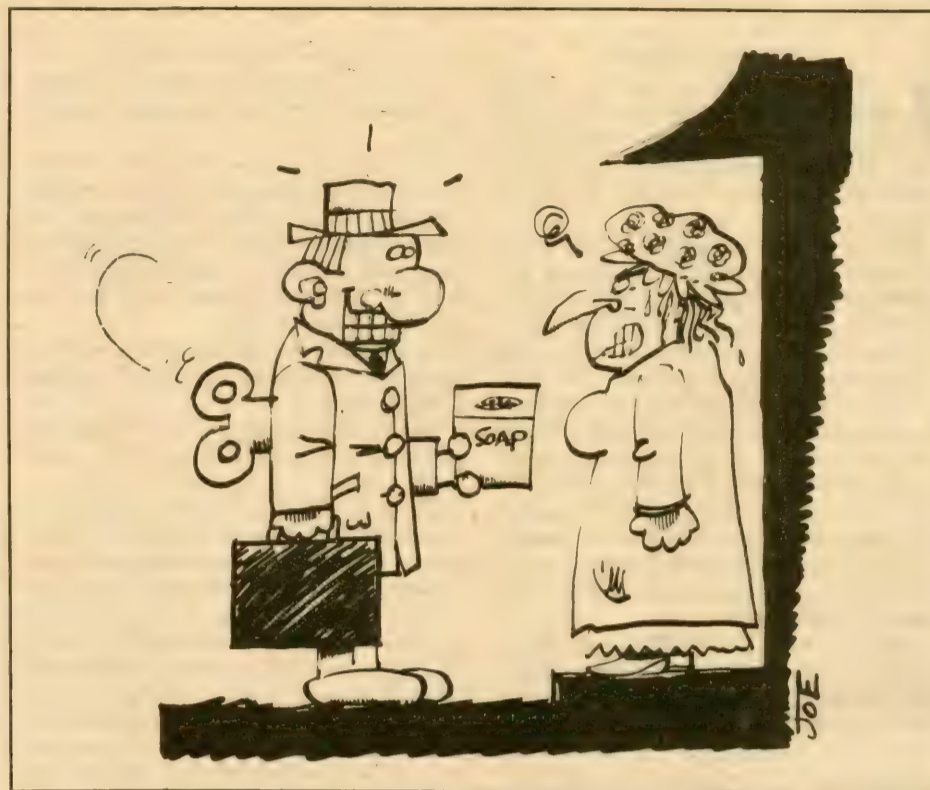
Our next encounter would be my final briefing. It would cover the 'tactics' of selling the company's concept. I would have to listen to the kit's tapes several times beforehand, Don had warned me.

"Tactics, he started, "are essential for success in this business, for people have many misconceptions about it. Thus, we must have an efficient strategy in order to convince people to join us." I asked him to elaborate.

"For example," he said, "I used tactics when I first spoke to YOU. I put your guard down by hitting your super-ego in the bulseye (telling you you weren't good enough for the business). Then, of course, I called you back and you fell right in line. Aren't you glad there's tactics?"

Heavy psychology, wonderful!

He rambled on about that style of tactics and Freudian theory and then settled down on the focal point of the business' success



strategy: "In order to succeed with us, you have to believe in us. I mean believe TOTALLY. You can't convince people unless you truly believe in what you're pushing."

I gathered the full magnitude of what he was saying the moment I looked at his impeccable three piece suit and watched his never-waning gaze. "You mean, I have to brainwash myself?" I said inquisitively. "Exactly!" He beamed. He complimented me for being an excellent student.

The following evening, Don drove me to my 'First Strike'—my first attempt at enlisting new circles to the diagram. I dreamed of having a complete diagram with my very own imposing circle at the very top. Any Jo-Blo could do it, with a little time and patience, and friends.

As I got out of the car, Don gave me one last 'you can do it' pep talk. I marched resolutely in my three piece shining armor toward the home of the people I was to indoctrinate. They were acquaintances whom I had met in the setting of a previous blue-collar job. They were friends; in this business I was to deal only with friends, as this was not a door to door business.

As I approached a set of timeworn steps I experienced stagefright. But I had rehearsed my lines well. Everything would go smoothly. The products would sell the business. I reminded myself as I rang the doorbell. Jack answered the door. He was wearing a dirtied undershirt and held a beer can in his greasy palms. He kidded me about the suit. I told I had been to a funeral and he invited me in after saying 'oh...' Luckily, he didn't ask me why I went to funerals with a briefcase. I plopped the briefcase on a wobbly kitchen table and sat between Jack and his tired-looking wife.

"So, what's up, Joe-Boy?" Jack asked. I wasted no time. I entered Phase 1: I asked them if they would be interested in making a bagfull of extra money with just a few hours of easy work each week. Jack laughed: "Of course, who wouldn't be?"

Ah-ha! I thought, they were biting the bait. My confidence redoubled. Phase 2—I wiped the sweat from my forehead and told them about a great business that they could start for themselves.

Something went wrong. Jack's wife asked me if I was talking about...She used my company's name. Don had warned me never to speak the company's name in front of potential 'dealers' till the time was right, which meant after they had decided to join. "NO." I told her bluntly. Jack inaugurated Phase 3 for me; "Great, Joe-Boy, but I can't sell a dollar bill!" I told him that anybody

could succeed - the products sell...

His wife was becoming increasingly suspicious. She asked me the same question again. "NO." I insisted.

Phase 4: I pulled a circle diagram from my briefcase. At that moment, the woman became furious. She was now sure that it was THAT company.

I never got to phase 5- The drain de-clogger tearing through the styrofoam cup stunt. Jack's wife had joined my company a year before and she let me have an earful, for one reason or another. I left their home in a hurry, apologies flowing from my mouth and a barrage of four letter words emanating from the woman.

Minus two friends. I didn't have many friends in Calgary. "Don't be discouraged by one strikeout," Don said to console me, his satellite circle, as I rejoined him in his leased jalopy.

Although badly shaken by that first attempt, I didn't give up. Not right away, in any case. I tried to make my \$120 investment worthwhile. My landlord, my neighbours, my friends at work, all were subjected to my tactics. All reacted like Jack's wife for they too had been in this business at one time or another. It was becoming awfully lonely in that cold western city.

Oh yes, a few people did express interest in buying the products without joining the business, but I shooed them away; 'we' wanted people, friends, to JOIN the company, the only way to get to the top. The whole population of the world should join the company, I believed.

Well, that's all very nice, but I couldn't sell abject prosperity. So, inevitably, I tried to get a refund on my sale's kit. No dice, I was told. I managed to pass it on to another distributor (bless him) for \$35.

FINAL REPORT ON 2 MONTHS IN THE 'BUSINESS:

Sales: 1 cologne at face value-\$8.00

Time used for company: 80 hours.

Profits: NIL.

Losses: \$85.

Circles added: ZILCH.

The last I heard of Don he had left his high-paying carpenter's job to do his business full-time. I guess he's still driving young people to meetings, First Strikes and lecturing them in his brilliantly zombie fashion. I never saw the old lady again.

What about you? What would you say about owning your own business? Your own unspoken Amway...I bet a bunch of Amway salespeople will soon be writing to the Link, telling us how much they believe in the system, by 'Devos' All-Mighty!

A la découverte du théâtre français à Montréal

•par Caroline Parent•

Il s'appelle Francisco Olaechea. Francisco tout court pour les amis et les autres. Ça fait plus intime. Voilà qui est bien à l'image du théâtre dont il est un des directeurs artistiques: le théâtre de Quat'Sous.

A l'aise derrière un bureau coincé entre une porte et un escalier, il parle avec un enthousiasme débordant de ce théâtre dont le nom fut inspiré de la célèbre pièce de Bertolt Brecht: *L'Opéra de Quat'Sous*.

La compagnie vit le jour en 1955 avec *Orion le Tueur*, pièce de Maurice Fombeurre. Sans théâtre fixe, la compagnie trimballait ses pénates ici et là, souvent au Gesù, jusqu'à ce que Paul Buissonneau achète, en 1965, cette vieille synagogue au 100 Avenue des Pins est. Yvon Deschamps, Claude Léveillé, François Barbeau, Jean-Louis Millette et Olivier Prat en étaient également les membres fondateurs.

La vocation du Quat'Sous est, et ce depuis le début, de promouvoir le théâtre québécois, souligne Francisco. En effet, des 150 oeuvres présentées depuis 1955, on relève 84 productions québécoises, 15 adaptations québécoises et 51 productions étrangères.

Michel Tremblay, par exemple, est presque considéré un auteur classique au Quat'Sous. On y a vu sa première oeuvre, *En Pièces Détachées* (1969), de même que *Hosannah*, *A toi pour toujours*, *ta Marie-Lou*, *La Duchesse de Langeais* et *Les Anciennes Odeurs* qui remporta un franc succès il y a deux ans.

Selon Francisco, le théâtre québécois est en période d'évolution. Finies les créations collectives. Finie l'attitude "C'est québécois, c'est bon". Terminé le grand idéal du théâtre instrument de changements sociaux. En avant la relève! René Gingras, par exemple.

Le Quat'Sous, subventionné par le Conseil des Arts de la Communauté Urbaine de Montréal, le Ministère des Affaires Culturelles et le Conseil des Arts du Canada, dispose d'un budget annuel variant entre \$400.000 et \$500.000. Et aux dires de Francisco, la compagnie n'est pas affecté par la récession.

De fait, le Quat'Sous a présenté autant de productions (75) au cours des cinq dernières années que pendant les vingt premières années de son existence.

"Le théâtre qui va survivre aujourd'hui, c'est le théâtre qui va créer des événements, qui va provoquer la réaction. "Tiens, ça c'est à voir absolument," dit-il.

Les Larmes amères de Petra von Kant de Rainer Werner Fassbinder est présentement à l'affiche jusqu'au 12 février. *La Résistible Ascension d'Arthur Ui* de Bertolt Brecht

sera présenté du 16 mars au 10 avril.

Le coût des billets est de \$9 et \$10; \$8 pour les étudiants, les mercredi, jeudi et dimanche soirs.

Un objectif du Quat'Sous cette année est de permettre au public de rencontrer les gens de théâtre par le biais de colloques. Il s'agit d'une première au Quat'Sous et Francisco espère que le public répondra en force. La salle, qui compte 159 places, se prêtera d'ailleurs bien à ces échanges.

Un complément du Quat'Sous est le 4 Saouls-Bar dont Francisco assure la direction artistique.

Créé en 1968, son but premier est de servir de tremplin aux jeunes artistes d'ici et d'ailleurs.

Motus et Paillase, clowns français et Claude Besson, chanteur Breton, se produisent sur la scène du 4 Saouls-Bar (qui, soit dit en passant est celle du théâtre) jusqu'au 20 février. Ce programme double, formule nouvelle est présenté le dimanche à 15h30, les lundi et mardi soirs à 20h00 ainsi que les mercredi et samedi soirs à compter de 23h00.

Encore une fois, les étudiants bénéficient d'un tarif spécial de \$5 et \$6 le dimanche alors qu'en temps régulier il en coûte \$6 et \$7 du billet.

Pour réserver vos billets, composez le 845-7277.

Le Monument National

Le Monument National, avec son noble escalier de marbre, ses parquets de bois franc et sa décoration néo-classique, est sans aucun doute le plus vieux théâtre de la métropole.

Construit en 1894 pour le compte de la Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste, on lui avait d'abord conféré la vocation d'école polytechnique. Il devint par la suite théâtre de tournées et d'opérettes.

L'histoire du Monument National est étroitement liée à celle de l'École Nationale de Théâtre. Bien que ce ne soit qu'au début des années 70 que l'école fit l'acquisition du théâtre, ses élèves y jouent depuis 1965.

Les étudiants, au nombre de 145 cette année, présenteront six pièces en français et six en anglais.

Les oeuvres jouées sont sélectionnées en fonction du développement artistique des étudiants.

"Dans un certain sens, on se fout du public," de dire Freddy Grimwood, gérant du théâtre.

Subventionnés par les trois paliers de gouvernements, l'école et le théâtre jouissaient l'an dernier d'un budget se chiffant au-delà d'un million de dollars.

La récession affectera quelque peu les étu-

dians cette année. De fait, on prévoit réduire l'utilisation du grand plateau du Monument National et exploiter d'avantage les studios. Un premier studio occupe une partie du troisième étage du théâtre; un deuxième est le studio André Pagé, annexe de l'école (l'ancienne cour de justice des juvéniles) situé au 5330 rue Saint-Denis.

Néanmoins, les spectacles présentés demeureront comme par le passé d'une grande qualité. Après tout, c'est cette école qui a formé les Gilles Renaud, Robert Gravel, Martha Henry, Jennifer Dale pour n'en nommer que quelques uns. Mentionnons également que Robert Charlebois et Louise Forestier y ont également étudié quelque temps.

L'École Nationale de Théâtre, fondé en 1960, ne se limite pas qu'à l'enseignement de l'art dramatique. Tout le côté technique des productions présentées (décors, costumes, maquillages, éclairages) est assuré par les étudiants des ateliers concernés. La mise-en-scène est cependant confiée à un professionnel.

Les 16, 17, 18 et 19 février prochains, on pourra applaudir *Ironie du Tort*, création de Marie-Christine Tremblay, étudiante en écritures dramatique. On prie les spectateurs de prendre place sur la scène du grand plateau du Monument National et non dans la salle.

De même, *Strawberry Fields* de Poliakov sera présenté les 15, 16 et 17 février prochains au studio du théâtre, 1182 boul. Saint-Laurent, près de Dorchester.

L'entrée est gratuite et le lever du rideau est toujours à 20:00 p.m. Même si le théâtre compte 750 places, soyez-y tôt... et attention à l'escalier de marbre!

Pour l'horaire des spectacles à venir, composez 842-7954.

Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde

Schopenhauer a écrit quelque part: "ne pas se rendre au théâtre, c'est comme faire sa toilette sans miroir." Voilà qui n'est pas le cas des 100.000 et 150.000 spectateurs qui combent chaque saison la salle de la plus vieille compagnie théâtrale montréalaise: le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde (TNM).

Miroir ou pas, le but premier du TNM est, et ce depuis sa fondation en 1951, de refléter les préoccupations de la société.

"Le théâtre ne doit pas offrir ce que les gens demandent mais faire découvrir aux gens des choses qu'ils sentent confusément," de dire Olivier Reichenbach, directeur artistique.

Mais en période de récession, l'application de ce principe s'avère quelque peu difficile puisque le public d'aujourd'hui, semble-t-il, se répartit en deux classes bien distinctes.

D'une part, explique Reichenbach, il y a les spectateurs qui insistent plus que jamais sur le fait que le théâtre devrait être ou doit continuer d'être un outil d'engagement social, presque politique.

Par contre, poursuit-il, un grand nombre du public cherche dans le théâtre, comme dans le cinéma ou la télévision, une évasion.

Quoiqu'il en soit, le théâtre est pour Reichenbach un instrument de prise de conscience "parce que l'art est par définition un geste contestataire, un geste subversif contre un ordre établi."

Il tient cependant à préciser que le théâtre n'est pas une tribune politique: "C'est avant tout le domaine de l'esprit plus que le domaine de la matière."

Au TNM, la programmation est axée en premier lieu sur les grands textes classiques français, puis sur les créations canadiennes et finalement sur les pièces contemporaines, d'avant-garde d'ici ou d'ailleurs.

Mais encore une fois, la récession et le gel ou la diminution des subventions obligent la compagnie à mettre au rencart certaines pièces dont les distributions, décors, costumes sont trop élaborés.



The Link: John Janiak

"Depuis cinq ans, nous avons perdu de 30 à 40 pour-cent de notre pouvoir économique réel. Il faut alors faire preuve d'imagination, rétablir la situation en montant moins de pièces par saison mais de meilleure qualité," explique Reichenbach.

Le budget global du TNM cette année est de plus de \$2 millions. Le tiers de cette somme est consacrée à la production; le reste est alloué à l'administration et à la promotion.

Selon Reichenbach, le TNM s'engage, par la force des choses, dans une voie nouvelle et a atteint une certaine maturité.

"Un théâtre comme le TNM a une place fondamentale dans la vie artistique et culturelle de la province. C'est un outil de création unique qui est enrichi d'un passé très important. Ce ne sera plus le TNM que c'était mais il reste quand même une sorte d'attachement à un prestige..." de dire Reichenbach avec un brin de nostalgie dans la voix.

A compter du 18 février, sera présenté *Le Tir à Blanc*, une comédie d'André Ricard. Il en coûte \$12.50, \$11.25 et \$7.25 du billet. Cependant, si vous êtes âgé de moins de 25 ans, vous bénéficiez d'une réduction de 40 pour cent si vous achetez votre billet une demi-heure avant le lever du rideau.

Le TNM est situé au 84 rue Ste-Catherine ouest, angle Saint-Urbain.

Réervations et renseignements: 842-8047.

J'aimerais, en terminant, préciser que le choix des théâtres dont le profil est tracé ici est arbitraire.

Il est sans contredit que le théâtre du Rideau Vert, le théâtre d'Aujourd'hui, la Nouvelle Compagnie Théâtrale, le Théâtre Populaire du Québec, et j'en oublie sûrement occupent une place toute aussi importante dans la vie culturelle et artistique de la métropole.



The Link: John Janiak

Passion et Suspense Sans Discours

•par Caroline Parent•

Une grande histoire d'amour ne se traduit pas forcément à l'écran que par des dialogues farcis de "je t'aime". Dans *Le Retour de Martin Guerre*, on ne retrouve pas de discours enflammés et pourtant la passion est omniprésente de plan en plan.

Et quand la passion se double de suspense avec une telle force, une telle intensité, un film comme celui de Daniel Vigne devient une expérience bouleversante.

L'histoire de Martin Guerre est un peu dans le ton de *Brimstone and Treacle* de Richard Loncraine. On y retrouve un climat similaire de mystère et de tension.

France. Midi-Pyrénées. Village d'Ariège. 1542. Deux adolescents, Martin (Gérard Depardieu) et Bertrande (Nathalie Baye) se marient. Tout ne va pas si mal que les paysans ne conçoivent pas qu'un jeune couple tarde tant à mettre au monde un enfant. Martin devient alors la risée du village et fuit pour ne refaire surface que huit ans plus tard.

...On l'accueille en héros puis peu à peu des ragots de voyageurs remettent en question son identité: et si cet homme était un usurpateur (Bertrande est fortunée)?

Dès lors, le doute s'installe chez les spectateurs. Tantôt on a foi en celui qui se dit être Martin Guerre, tantôt on croit à l'imposture. Bref, l'incertitude plane jusqu'à dernière scène.

Si l'intrigue de ce film est aussi fascinante, cela tient de la force de cette "pure et vraie histoire".

Le souci d'authenticité du cinéaste y est également pour quelque chose. Dans une entrevue accordée à La

Presse la semaine dernière, Depardieu révélait que pour reconstituer l'atmosphère du XVIe siècle, Vigne s'était assuré la collaboration des pensionnaires d'un asile d'aliénés pour avoir des "têtes à la Brueghel, à la Bosch".

Du côté technique, le gros plan est à l'honneur et les images, signées André Neau, baignent dans une chaude lumière.

Quant à l'interprétation, elle est impeccable. Candid et envoûtant,

Depardieu a le physique et surtout le talent de l'emploi. Baye, pour sa part, jou de façon convaincante et chaleureuse. Elle est émouvante sans être mélodramatique.

Un seul reproche: la scène où le mystère s'éclaircit fait un peu trop "arrangée avec le gars des vues". Cependant, le choc réalité-fiction n'en est que plus spectaculaire.

Le Retour de Martin Guerre est présentement à l'affiche du cinéma Le Dauphin.



Carnival a Chance to Show Off

So you couldn't get the part as a walk-on in that last film made in Montreal? Don't despair, auditions for thespians will be held at Concordia in the upcoming weeks. In this case, the Theatre department is looking for people who have an act.

The play *Indians* by Arthur Kopit will be on the second week of April and to accompany it, there will be a Carnival. That's where you come in. For this carnival they need performers, tumblers, jugglers, singers, dancers, you name it and they will tell you if they want it.

"We want this to be a complete entertainment package," said Graham Campbell of the Theatre department.

Auditions for those interested in performing in the carnival, which will precede the play every night of the run until 7:30 p.m., will be held Sunday, February 27 at the Chamelon Theatre. An appointment for an audition can be made by phoning 482-0320 extension 582 and asking for Donna. Campbell said that the emphasis will not be so much on skill, but in the participation in the spirit of a carnival that will be the deciding factor in choosing acts. "Interest is the key," said Campbell.

Bands? You want bands, we got local and we got imports.

The band that never says die, though they may sing about it, **Deja Voodoo** are playing at the Cat's Paw tonight. Cheap fun music from a cheap fun band.

A large quadruple bill of **Let's Be Architects** (L.B.A.), **Red Shift**, **Radical Revox** and **Porno** are playing tomorrow night for a "broken my heart party."

Next week, **Our Daughter's Wedding** are returning to Montreal. They played a successful show two months ago at Cargo and are coming to Glace on Stanley St, February 24. Electro pop for pretty people at a pretty people place. What more can you say?

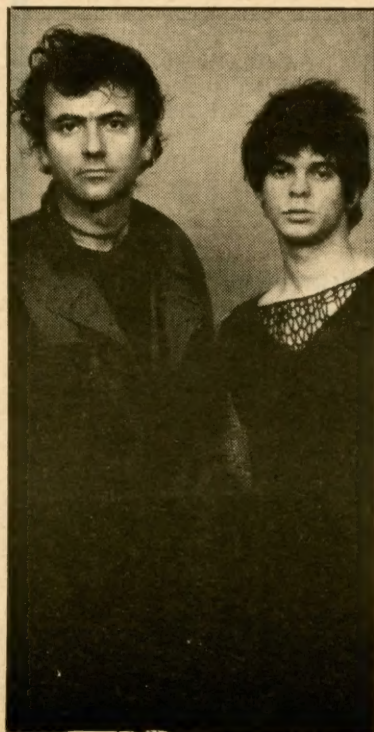
Then there is the big one. Coming back from the midterm break, on March 1, the **Gang of Four** are playing at Club Soda. Tickets are \$10.50 at Dutchie's only. For those of you who wonder if Marxist dialectic is the hope of the future if capital fails us now, this show, their third in Montreal but first in two years, will answer them. Do you love a man in a uniform?

The following night the **Members** will be at the Glace. This \$7.50 event will have tickets available at all of the usual outlets, Dutchie's, Rock en-Stock etc.

The event to keep your eyes and ears open for show-wise is **Wall of**

Voodoo opening for the **Stranglers** coming to the Spectrum sometime soon.

Hard times may be hitting the clubs in Montreal, but that does not mean that they will go down without a fight.



Out Of My Mind



•by Jim Carruthers•

Stinking lousy typewriter hasn't written anything decent in three weeks!

Things have been busy, though. All the skinheads and "punks" got their cheap thrills at \$9 a shot to see *The Exploited*, a young, loud and snotty band from Scotland with short haircuts.

A recent article in the *Daily* said that the screamer for the band earned \$15 a day; so, hey, everybody knows that they are not in the business to rip everybody off and become rich. Well, somebody is, what with \$17 price tags on imported records and whatever the market will bear for trendily ripped clothes with the artful 'Kill all the rich pigs' and 'Eat the rich' written on them. You'd think slogans that promote suicide-cannibalism would be against the law, but as P.T. Barnum once observed—well, you've heard it before even if they have rooked you in again.

However, what is wrong with these rich people pretending to be poor and calling themselves punks so they can dress the role and get people to give them attention is that it is a symptom that is widespread irrespective of what sort of costume we cover ourselves with.

This costuming usually comes out when people get upset because the lively arts get mixed up with, shock-horror, politics.

What gets irksome with this reaction is that these people never consider that whatever they do, especially in arts and entertainments sorts of things, it will be mixed up with politics.

Entertainments is a curious blend of hype, business, art, and politics, with a large dose of foolishness. This becomes apparent as we near Valentine's Day and all the commercial hacks sharpen their knives (did you take out an ad in *The Link*? Ha, got another one).

Though mushy words originating from Greek and Roman times have been touted as proof that Valentine's is not just another commercial ploy to make us good corporate citizens, it can't be denied that the major influence of the masses comes from the media that provide us with entertainment. Very few people have heard or care about the classic romantic poets; they are too busy watching *Love Boat*, where a \$600 wardrobe, a bright smile and the proper mushy words wrapped in a \$20 bill will get you all the love you can stand.

Romantic love has been one of the biggest sellers going when songs, movies, books, magazines and theatre are concerned.

The strength of the fallacy that media love will conquer all is that it is so soft and ephemeral that you can't attack it. If you do attack media love, you are labeled a cynic. However, cynics must fall in love, otherwise where would they come from?

Love songs and adverts for chocolates tell us that if we are not in love we are freaks; however, giving moderation its due, Ann Landers tells us that she does not necessarily support celibacy. If you can figure that you are all set.

The Exploited are not just a band, they are all of us. When we follow the party line and refuse to make our own politics, when we buy heart-shaped candies to rot our lover's teeth, when we shell out more money than it is worth to buy an imported record to prove that we are rebelling against Mum and Dad and our safe middle-class homes while we eat their food and get our spending money from them so we can to to university, we are the exploited.

Most students are the exploited as they run in the rat-race of university so that they can graduate to the rat-race of the grown-up world out there. University students are the pre-elite of society, yet if you asked most students they wouldn't realize it. They are just here for good marks and a good job, forget about developing their minds to think; that makes it too difficult to get a job and watch a colour TV.

The only thing that really matters is that you try to fight being one of the exploited, not by dressing outrageously or taking trendy political radical views that the boring old farts of the 60s tell us is what is wrong with students today, but by thinking.

For example, what about amusement tax? If you don't enjoy yourself, do you get a rebate? No. This doesn't mean that you must be a dour cynic, it just means that if someone tells you that you have to spend a large amount of money to have a politically correct good time tell them that they are only tools of those who want us to be the exploited and enjoy it.

A little bit of anarchy is good for you, but not if it is pre-packaged. Create your own anarchy, don't buy it off the shelf.

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Morality

continued from page 3

conservatives back to power in the USA said Thomas.

He said their main tactic was to co-opt the leadership of single issue groups, such as the pro-life group, politicize it, use it as a tool, not necessarily to deliver on that issue but to use it to get votes for their real conservative agenda.

Cunningham gave two criteria for how the New Right picks its issues. First, "Can this issue be simplistically stated in a way that will emotionally inflame an identifiable block of people to vote and behave in a way that may be contrary to their historical, political, and economic interests? Secondly, does the issue lend itself to direct mail solicitation and other fund raising techniques, so that the issue will essentially pay for Thomas' presentation reflected that simplification of issues. His dis-

ussion of his group's pro-family position is a case in point. Those not in favour of the model of the family as the paradigm of stability, love and commitment are in favour of, "a life of musical beds, multiple partners, where you change your spouse like you change jobs."

Cunningham, on the other hand, tried to deal with the complexities and grey areas of these issues. At times it worked, and times it did not. He never managed to come clear on the issue of pornography, on which the Moral Majority is very clear. Cunningham's stumbling over the nuances of pornography and censorship reflected the left's hesitation about aligning itself with the right-wing religious anti-porn movement, while wanting to reflect progressive and feminists' views against pornography.

But Cunningham scored points on the pro-life, pro-family questions by discrediting the right's simplifications of these issues. On abortion he said, "The Right concentrate their concern on the child in the period from conception to birth. As a former fetus myself I would feel a lot better about their compassion, if when they were reducing food stamps to poor families by 20 per cent, if when they were knocking out the feeding program for mothers and infants, if when they were taking \$30 billion out of social programs, if the Moral Majority would somewhere have said, 'Hey Mr. President, that's wrong'."

On the pro-family question, he explained that only 15 per cent of American families fit the ideal model of the Moral Majority.

"The economic policies of the right are bankrupting and breaking up the family in the U.S.," he said. Cunningham continually tried to bring in the issue of the right's economic policies, which Thomas had ignored in his speech. Thomas countered by saying that the left tries to bring everything, all questions of good or bad, right or wrong, down to economic issues.

After a question about the budget, Thomas responded with his McDonald's metaphor, and said that the philosophy behind the conservative budget is to restore the spirit of cooperation between people. Rather than have governments help you in times of need, people should help each other in community spirit.

Cunningham blamed the Moral Majority for creating a climate of negative campaigning, and for creating disrespect for the constitution by advocating a constitutional amendment to solve many of their issues.

"It's interesting that these groups, which base their whole belief on hands of government, tend to turn to government to enforce their own social beliefs," he said. He charged that it is hypocritical of the media to accept the involvement of the left clergy in such things as civil rights, but to criticize the right clergy as fundamentalists interfering in the affairs of state when they speak on issues such as abortion. Cunningham said that there is a difference between commenting on secular issues, and engaging the moral authority of God in resolving them.

Thomas also chastised the left for crying foul when the Right adopted tactics such as boycotts, when the left has been using those tactics for years.

Cunningham responded, "Ya, but God didn't tell us to do it."

Cunningham responded, "Ya, but God didn't tell us to do it."

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Bishop's routed; (gulp) 4th time

•by Scott Howarth•

Into the valley of death rode the Bishop's Six; Stingers to the right, Stingers to the left. And when the smoke cleared, the Legion from Lennoxville had been decimated 11-0 by Concordia's firepower.

The win Wednesday night was just what the doctor ordered for the women's hockey team following a disappointing weekend at the Invitational Women's hockey tournament where they dropped two games.

While Wayne Gretzky was busy in Uniondale, N.Y., netting his four goals, Corrine Corcoran went on a scoring rampage of her own, picking up two goals and five assists during the Stingers' 60-shot barrage.

The crowd (pardon the exaggeration) was barely settled into their seats when Stinger Maureen Maloney opened the scoring at the 28 second mark of the first period after she picked up Edith Langlois' rebound.

Lynn Barbeau and Corcoran topped the score to 3-0 six minutes later largely due to the dazzling puck control of Corcoran who easily went around Bishop's defence.

The Bears' goalie, Kelley Patrick, knew she was in trouble when Claire Hilliker's blast from the top of the circle found the net and bounced out before she could say Rick Wamsley.

Maureen Maloney's second goal with just one second left in the first

period added insult to injury and was an omen of the carnage to follow.

Despite the Stingers' domination of the first period, they looked anything but sharp and hungry. Then again, getting "up" for Bishop's is like the Italian army getting "up" for the Ethiopian army in Abyssinia, 1935. It's difficult.

Julie Healey got her name on the scoring sheet when she fired Langlois' pass high into the right side of the net at 2:15 of the second period.

God knows Kelley Patrick tried. The shell-shocked goaltender eventually succumbed to an avalanche of unchallenged shots by the Stingers' marksmen (or is it markswomen? markspersons?) at 6:56 when Sue Flynn's wrist shot squeaked by to make it 7-0.

Lynn Barbeau contributed an exciting individual effort six minutes later when she swept down the left side of the Bears' zone, faked the goalie to the right and neatly stuck it in on the short side.

Stinger goaltender Sandra Blackie, filling in for an injured Denise Bienvenu, earned her keep late in the second period by stopping Bishop's Laurie Schoolcraft on a breakaway. Schoolcraft tested Blackie again in the third with a hard, rising shot on yet another breakaway but Blackie stood her ground.

Maureen Maloney completed her hat trick early in the third period by rapping home Julie Healey's rebound from five feet out to boost the score to 9-0.

The Stingers finally started to show some enthusiasm as they continued to swamp the Bears' defence. Passes were crisp and on the mark, plays were thoughtfully set up and they moved the puck with confidence.

Were it not for the valiant and often brilliant efforts of Kelley Patrick; Bishop's would have been blown out of the rink, Concordia peppered here with shot after shot while her defence and forwards stood around like they were waiting for the 105 bus.

Edith Langlois had so much time to score that she was able to bang home her third rebound of a Corcoran shot at the 4:27 mark. It was rumoured at the time that a doctor was asked to check the pulses of the Bishop's players to determine if they were, in fact, clinically dead.

Concordia's last goal of the evening came from Corrine Corcoran's stick at 8:34 when she unleashed a sizzling slapshot from just outside the faceoff circle that beat Patrick cleanly.

YOU DON'T SAY: Wednesday's win was Sandy Blackie's second shut-out of her brief goaltending career.



Bishop's goalie Kelley Patrick saw the puck a lot on Tuesday night. 60 times to be exact. Concordia's Lynne Barbeau is seen scoring in the top photo, while in the bottom one Stinger Liette Hunzicker (no. 8) waits for a pass from an unidentified teammate. Patrick was active in the Bishop's net but her teammates fell asleep as Stingers slaughtered Bishop's 11-0.

The future is now

•by Bryan Wolofsky•

Mark Oleson, Dave Reid, and Alain Metellus are young Canadian Track stars who have a bright future indeed.

All three of them showed just what kind of promise they have during the recent Ottawa International Indoor Games.

Oleson ran a strong 8:14.5 in the 3000-meter race; Reid finished second in the mile and Metellus was the most impressive.

The 18-year old Montreal native equaled his personal best of 7'3 3/4" in the high jump in finishing second in the high jump to Toronto's Milt Ottey, a man who's jumping better than anyone in the world today.

All this bodes well for the Canadian national track team which hasn't had too much luck recently. In the 1976 Montreal Olympics, the last olympics that Canadian track athletes competed in, the team failed to win a gold medal. The track teams lack of gold was part of group effort that gave Canada the dubious distinction of being the first country ever to host an Olympics and never win a gold.

But it's possible that all this could change with the appearance of these three newcomers.

Matellus' second place finish was a big improvement over his disappointing fifth place finish in the Commonwealth Games last fall in Australia.

What is just as impressive as Metellus' second-place finish was the fact that the high jump field

also included perennial American high-jump winner Dwight Stones and Greg Joy, who won a silver medal for Canada in this event in the 1976 Olympics. Joy has been struggling lately due to a combination of trying a new approach to the bar and a nagging foot injury. Oleson's performance in the 3000-meter is part of his training to peak for the world cross-country championships in Europe this summer. His performance in the Ottawa 3000 shows just how far he has come in one year, because last year at this time he was running this event in high school meets. The Ottawa race field included such great African runners as Suleiman Nyambui and Gidemas Shahanga. Although Oleson is capable of running the 3000-meter in under eight minutes, his 8:14:5 was run in what was a very slow but tactical race.

Reid impressed everyone in the mile. He took the lead midway through the race, almost as if he was daring Eamonn Coughlan and Thomas Wessinhage, who were entered in the race, to go after him. Coughlan, who owns almost every indoor mile and 1500-meter record there is, hung right behind Reid until the race's final stages. He and Wessinhage finished one-two respectively, but Reid's third-place finish could be a hint of things to come.

There could be better things ahead for the Canadian national track team.

McGill ends five year jinx

•by Joey Berdugo•

The long drought has finally ended for the McGill Redmen. After five long years of frustrating losses the Redmen finally defeated the Concordia Stingers 2-1, Wednesday at McConnell Winter Stadium.

It was labelled the game of the year for the Redmen by McGill sports promoters and their many fans that attended went home jubilant.

Before last week McGill was once again ending their season without a playoff berth. All that changed however, when the fourth place team, Trois-Rivieres was penalized for playing with an ineligible player for five games. Consequently, they were forced to forfeit the points they gained in those games. Thus enabling McGill to jump into a fourth-place tie with Les Patriotes.

The Redmen were ready for the Stingers Wednesday. Knowing a win would probably seal a playoff berth for them, they gave it their all. Concordia on the other hand, played one of its worst games in awhile. Coming off a successful trip to San Diego the Stingers were obviously suffering from jet lag. That coupled with the fact that four of their regular defencemen were missing helped the Redmen to victory.

Brian Taylor opened the scoring in the first two minutes with a short-handed goal. Paul Bedard sent Taylor away with a pretty pass and he made the most of it by faking the goalie one way and then putting the shot over his shoulder. After that point the Stinger offence was unproductive. Tim Bossy tied the score at 1-1, 10 minutes later sparking the Redmen into action.

The main problems for the Stingers were their inability to clear the puck out of their own end and their lack of offensive attack. The Stingers played with two regular defencemen, Mike Walker and Alain Boudreau. John Sliskovic and Paul Bedard left their forward spots to help out on the blue line and junior-varsity players Bob Martone and Steve Letwin played a few shifts.

This lack of defence hindered Concordia who, for the most part found themselves trying to prevent goals instead of scoring them.

Allan Crawford scored the winner in the last minute of the first period on an assist from Tim Bossy. The next two periods were scoreless with the majority of good chances going to McGill.

It wasn't until the end of the game when time with running out that the Stinger's mounted an attack. Alas, it was too little too late. The win placed the Redmen in sole position of fourth place. If they were to remain there they would meet the Stingers in the best two of three semi-final.

Men's Hoop QUAA

	G	W	L	GF	GA	PTS
Concordia	6	6	0	477	409	12
McGill	6	3	3	521	429	6
UQTR	6	3	3	457	455	6
Bishop's	6	0	6	373	487	0

Women's Basketball QUAA

	G	W	L	PF	PA	PTS
Concordia	7	5	2	465	426	10
Bishop's	6	4	2	464	348	8
McGill	7	3	4	404	428	6
UQTR	6	1	5	359	490	2

Men's Hockey CIAU

1. U. of Toronto (1)*
 2. Concordia (3)
 3. Saskatchewan (4)
 4. Moncton (2)
 5. Brandon (5)
 6. Dalhousie (6)
 7. Alberta (7)
 8. Laurier (8)
 9. Manitoba (9)
 10. Western (10)
- * Ranking last week.

Football Notes

•by Link Sports Services•

Skip Rochette wants your body.

Who is Skip Rochette you might ask? Well if you are interested in playing football for Concordia next year and you are a full-time student, Rochette wants you to report for spring practice on Tuesday, Feb. 15 at 5:00 p.m.

at the Athletic Complex or Thursday, Feb. 17 at the same time at the same place. If you know who Skip Rochette is already, go to the head of the class. If you don't you will if you go to football practice. For more information call Skip Rochette at 482-0320 Extension 737.

CAN LOVE BE CLASSIFIED?

To my bug. Thanks for helping me get back on my feet. I love you and always will.

Your Dammit

Petit Papillon: I did, I do, I always will.

Chabs

Héliène: L'amour c'est pour toujours. Je t'aime.

Greg

John: Let's stop living this lie.

Steph

I love you Peter

God

Zifa: You are the love of my life. I love you with all my heart.

Danny

Monu!! Happy Valentine's Day! (I want spinach fatior).

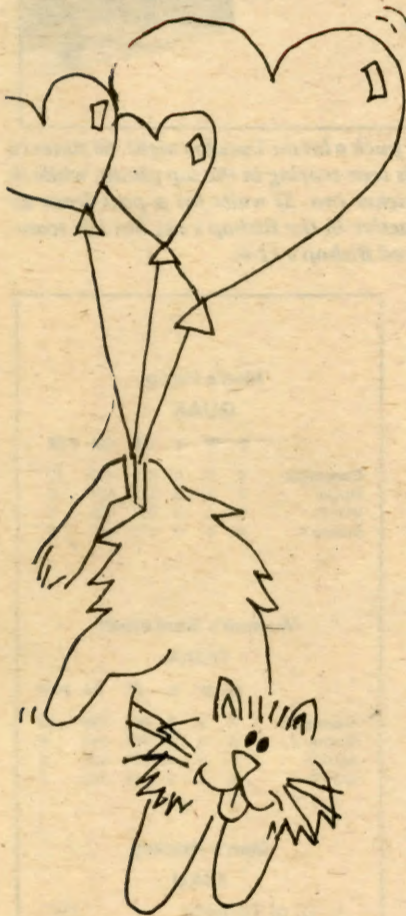
Love, Moween

To my little rat: I love you! It's that simple!! Happy Anniversary!

Forever yours, Sue

Hi Guys! Will you be our buddies on Valentine's Day?

Love, 2 "Icky" girls



I care about what you can be... Be my Valentine.

Love, an admirer

Robin loves Shell.

Happy Valentine's Day to the Theatre Department. Especially second year Scenography students! Thanks for the loads of learnin' and lovin' we've shared and room 228. Hey Mr. Bill, why's spot on the theatre floor and Dodn, can we test stress factors for the "bridge" of the "enterprise"? Luv, Little Red

Luv, Little Red

Happy Valentine's Day to a classy lady, my number one under the sun and stars.

Love, C.C.

My dear Shatzy: I am your devoted Valentine.

Snorky: I loveses you!

From Cookie

Sweet Poupsette - alias Nibsette I loved you from the first day I saw you and still do. P.S.: This is not a proposal.

G.M.

Cherished Moose: I carry your heart...Thanks for all.

Love, Shakespeare

To His Omnipotent yet benign supremacy, we thy lowly serfs debate ourselves before Thy greatness. Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of Death we shall fear no evil for thine is the editorship, the power and the glory. Not forever, not forever. Amen.

To the two I love to like. My favorite Californian and landed immigrant. Be my Valentines.

Alan

Elaine:

Your every constituent, emotion, body, intellect, Awesome perfection in its very essence.

Each minute fraction I happily recollect, Every wonderful second in your presence, Are memories cherished with my love.

To the world I speak of you, Soft and tender, free like a dove. May your happiness again renew.

Take care—"moi"

Buck: To my favorite mountaineer, let's have a game of checkers.

Your ex-bootsy

Freedodom, mon amour. Je t'aime.

Luce xox

Pete: You are lovable, handsome, witty and intelligent, you big bobohead.

Love, Lou

Sweetnitud: You're the (best) driver (around); you still send me; even your jokes make me laugh! Want to put on bathing suits? Ah, remember N.Y. I love you more each day.

Love, Sweetie

B - You have the nicest blue eyes.

J.

Chicken-Little - Will You Be My Shimika Valentine?

Dear Nadia: You don't seem to understand that I'll love you through anything, anguish or hell. And now on Valentine's Day I'll hope that you'll appreciate my love. I adore you.

Tony

Gloria: I love you. If you don't believe me, look under your pillow.

S.F.

Andrea F. You are everything I want and need, and are the most important and precious person in the world to me. Please come back as soon as you can. I miss you a lot. Happy Valentine's Day honey. I love you.

Glen

CUNASA Members: Still thinking of you and working for you.

Your Administrative Council.

Nwaessien: Our love is forevermore.

From lma

Kim: Love you very much, Arr Err.

Jim

To Alfafa, Costy, Moose, Pasquale, Paul, Roy, Sam and Tucc... Roses are red Violets are blue

We will always be friends No matter what y'all dol ...C.B. and the Prep.

Mario: It's V.D. go out & "Get sum action".

Miss Dynamite: Which is worse, getting The Bomb dropped on me or getting a kiss from an explosive? I'k like to say...I love both!

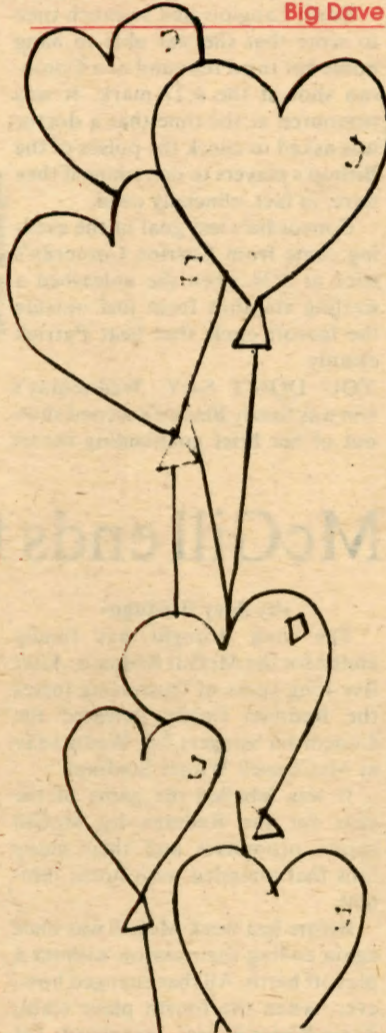
Happy 1st

Antiginish: Love the way you play hard to get but the baby is yours. Should've got your geology rocks off elsewhere!

Love Laced Blue Jeans

ABRACADABRA

Big Dave



If there were a way, I would say thank you for all your love and support. Thanks K & C. I hope you will always be there.

Love CAM

Jacquie:

How can I love thee When you're 4800 km away?

Dearest Bosie: To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance, but to love one's alter ego is a reasonable facsimile.

Yours forever, Oscar

cher marvin: i wish you all the love in the world; je t'aime taillenent, maintenant et pour toujours! always luv'aime.

dafne

LOVE NEVER ENDS. BONZUISHITERUYO. SHIAWASENINARONE. YUKO FOREVER. NORIJYUKIKABABA.

Dear Theresa Tkalec: Be my Valentine! Your secret admirer,

G. Dalley.

HEY LYSE!

Have a good one.

xxx Annie-Pie.

Dear Schmo:

"Old-fashioned love that's better than new" is just another way to say "I love you".

Love always, Mojo

Dear Black Panther: You are very special to me and I love you.

Your little cabbage

To Gaby M: My heart will always belong to you.

Guess who?

Michou: You must be special, your name's in print.

Anonymous

To my love of all time.

Robert, my Valentine, though we are so apart and so far from each other, my thoughts are endlessly with you - my best friend, my lover. I see your happy smile, and feel the warmth of your heart.

So though I may be over here, we are never truly apart! Happy Valentine's Day! From the girl who loves you so far away.

Dear Nancy, Tammy, Tina, Nina, Barbara, Betty and Clara: Happy Val's Day with love from your good friends.

Billy, Bobby, Peter and Sidney

Dearest Patrick, me in love? Never!

Kiss off Lise!

To my darling Nicky - the Bogart of my heart. Our love changes but I shall always hear its quiet song echoing the joy of being with you. "As time goes by".

Love, Lucy

MM - You have a nice smile.

L

Oiga: will you be my Valentine? Smooch, smooch, hug, hug.

Lonely warm Panda

Dear 006: Thanks for being a terrific buddy and friend.

Love, 005

Dear Hartland: "L'amour vie."

Love, Catherine

Pooh: Take _____ Sada; yes right here. Aw c'mon please. Cuddles, kisses & lots more.

Scepter the Magnificent

P.A.L.:

No distance too great No time too late Always be true Ik hou van jou.

Green Eyes

Embers: A definant hot one. Have a Happy Valentine's Day.

J.C.

My people, just remember I still love ya. Do you speaka my language?

Crazy Bob

Di, you're still amazing. Sorry about the ten kids. All my love,

Bob

To my Valentine (Kevin), my best friend. For always being a fun companion, for being you. Happy Valentine!!!

(Anita)

melissa, caroline, suzanne, angela: miss you all, take care.

dave

To Daly & Sama: Sir George has two crazy guys Who we got first, 'cause we're more wise Stuart and Eyo are your names, We're going to play your little games.

To your dismay, it's your mind we love, your bodies, we'd not touch with gloves.

The day we start to take you serious, we'll be put away for being delerious.

So mango's your favorite flavour, only diamonds will change our behaviour.

Of course, we're made of sugar and spice, we'd never say that it's not ni...ce!!

Your April bets with April showers you'll get wet For Valentine's our time of year You're not mad, now are you dears?

ODE TO AN ENGINEERING'S VALENTINES

VALENTINES
One day in the year
Where girls to us are so dear
NORMALLY
Guys dig real deep
In order to show they're not cheap
And all our affection is genuinely shown
By all the money that we've blown
HOWEVER
This is a time we won't be that cold
In a world that is so bold
We're saying our passions are true
In this poem, especially for you.
J.T. & THE FRITZ
With thanks,
R.N. & THE BEAR
FOR MY 3 IOVES, RJG

