

Crisis forces the sale of Loyola

•by Hol Steinkow•

"A devastating funding crisis" has forced Concordia University to sell a significant portion of its property, including "most if not all" of Loyola Campus.

In a tense statement made late last night as he emerged from an emergency board meeting, Rector John O'Brien informed reporters that the recently launched Capital Campaign "has not produced the results that we anticipated and now require so desperately. It is time to take a more immediate line of financing to pull ourselves from this devastating funding crisis."

The Rector provided a brief outline of the imminent sale, which is highlighted by the astonishing inclusion of "100 per cent of Loyola Campus to the south of Sherbrooke St., and 95 per cent of it to the north."

He admitted that the offer was opened "to the highest bidder" last week, and that at least one potential buyer had expressed "formal approval" of the terms, which will be worth \$19,485,000.

"The administration of Concordia University realizes that this imperative enterprise can be seen as astounding in its magnitude and harsh in its implications," said O'Brien in a

hushed tone, "but please understand that we need the money very, very badly and we haven't heard from many wealthy donors so far. Therefore, it is time to sell some stuff."

He expects that ambition to become a reality "within the week."

Loyola students should be prepared to transfer to the Sir George William Campus "immediately," although several faculties may be housed in the Centennial building; the most important Loyola real estate to remain in Concordia hands. (Parts of the Parking Lot are also excluded from the sale, for political reasons.)

O'Brien insists that the university will make "every feasible attempt to maintain a viable Loyola profile" by operating a "highly visible" Public Relations office from the parking lot attendant hut and by purchasing Mr. Hot Dog, whose triangular counter design "creates exciting educational opportunities."

The Rector hopes that the addition of the "long coveted" restaurant to the Concordia asset pool will help Loyola devotees forget the loss of "over-rated and really much bigger than necessary" buildings, libraries and athletic complexes.

O'Brien then suggested that *The Lynx* "go home" and "not lose too



Father Breen mopes after his beloved Loyola was sold.

much sleep" over the matter. He promised to keep in touch about it.

When pushed, however, then jolted, the flushed chief administrator confessed that the contract of sale had already been signed during a three hour lunch Friday at Darwin's. "Hey, I wasn't drinking" he argued, after observing that reporters were

by now casting knowing glances and winking at one another.

O'Brien was asked who the new Loyola owner is. "A rich person who likes buying things" chuckled the sardonic. "Let's just say he's no stranger to Omaha."

Further probes brought out the truth. "O.K.O.K. already! It's Mar-

lon Perkins." hollared O'Brien. "Why don't you go pester him with your sassy probes."

Perkins is the silver haired jungle guru of the highly acclaimed and incredibly well known *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom*. "I adore that show," shouted *The Lynx*, abandoning the tedious rector to round up Perkins.

He was found choking back manly drinks at a downtown bar, peering from side to side with the puzzled intensity of those who know the call of the wild but live intown. He confessed to having purchased the sprawling Loyola and boasted of some startling plans.

"By next week you won't recognize it," said the famous Perkins. "The buildings will be gone and so will the noisy youngsters. It will be a wilderness."

He finally got to the point and explained that his Safari days are in the past, and his new Loyola Camp will be his private "retirement animal kingdom."

He will have de-sexed and senile big animals shipped in, and then he will either befriend them or shoot them in the head depending on "my mood and the weather."

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the Lynx

Tuesday March 15, 1983
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New metro guards

•by Ben Galtegar•

Criminals beware, there'll be a new breed patrolling Montreal's Metro starting tomorrow. The Guardian Animals have hit town, complete with red berets and all.

The Animals were introduced to the city yesterday at a news conference called by transit commission chief Lawrence Whomeagain. The Animals, who range from a hulking four-ton moose to your basic pasture-variety cow are intending to stop crime on the Metro by their mere presence.

John Hippopotamaus, representative for the Guardian Animals said they have already deterred crime in such places as Moose Jaw and Riviere du Loup.

"They (the animals) won't stop a crime in progress, but would you grab somebody's purse if you saw a moose standing nearby? I know I wouldn't," said Hippopotamaus.

Whomeagain said the city's 600,000 daily Metro users will be happy when they see the mammals in the subway system.

"The Guardian Animals will be a welcome sight for Montrealers," Whomeagain said. "We can employ twice as many animals as we can Pinkerton Guards for one-eighth the cost," he said.

The commission introduced four of its animals—a Moose, a cow, a goat and one beaver.

Hippopotamaus said, "I know the beaver isn't a big animal—but just look at those teeth."

The animals, for their part didn't say very much, although the cow did elicit one long mooooooo.

Jean Poisson, a ticket seller in the Lucien L'Allier station who has been robbed 69 times in the past month said he was happy that the city is going to employ the animals. "It's great, but who's going to clean up

after them," Poisson wondered.

Whomeagain said that the transit commission will use the metro security guards—who are presently working without a contract, to tidy up after the animals. "If the guards don't want to work with the animals they can leave," Whomeagain said.

George Chomage, a metro security guard said, "I'll be damned if I'll work with animals, I mean working with the cops is bad enough."

The Guardian Animals arrive in Montreal to mixed reaction, some critics of the group, STOP claim they are agents of American pollutionism. The aim of the Guardian Animals is to prevent crime. The animals—which come mostly from the northern regions of the province are skilled in martial arts and lifesaving techniques. The animals too, have been trained about bestiality arrests.

Hippopotamaus, the soft-spoken zookeeper who now is the group's spokesman said the animals will be available to escort home the aged, and those people afraid of being assaulted.

Some Montrealers fear the animals will take the law into their own hands. Adolfo Phillips, an unemployed actor said, "I understand that the crime problem is bad, but with the animals it will be a veritable jungle down there."

Phillips said he is also worried that imposters, "in animal suits with red berets could commit crimes themselves."

As for the transit commission, Whomeagain says that the animals "are a benevolent group interested in public safety."

So tomorrow morning nearly 100 animals, that you normally see in the Granby Zoo will be patrolling the metro, it may be safer, but just watch your step.

Donations less than expected

•by B. Faló•

Media reports that Concordia University has already raised \$4.8 million in advance for its hotshot Capital Campaign are patently false, blatantly incorrect and also wrong, *The Lynx* has learned.

While conducting an indepth, frightful investigation into the state of Concordia's bathroom graffiti situation, this reporter accidentally stumbled upon the fact that the university has actually raised only \$4.80 from corporate donors and is now pushing desperately to reach that magic \$5 figure.

"It must have been that wet floor. Can't people aim straight anymore?", this reporter explained while recovering from his accidental stumble.

Abandoning the bathroom story in disgust (which is a small town north of Chicoutimi), the awesome resources of *The Lynx's* suburb renowned investigative unit rushed pellmell to cover the newfound story. And the results are shocking.

Responsibility for what some ill-informed louts are calling a mere "typographical error" reaches all the way to the inner sanctum of the university's Public Relations Office.

David Halfnutt, Public Relations Director, cornered under the *Lynx's* brutal onslaught of persistent and obnoxious questioning, finally admitted that the university knowingly erred—in releasing the inflated fig-

ures. "Look, how the hell are we supposed to get big bucks if we report the sad truth?" Halfnutt asked monotonely. "Get the hell out of my office," he added.

In printing the obvious mistake, both *The Thursday Report* (a weekly tabloid that constantly glorifies a university which almost no one has ever heard of) and *The Gazette* (an English language daily which used to carry the popular *Doonesbury* cartoon strip until creator Garry Trudeau left, and replaced it with *Marvin* an idiotic strip about a baby in diapers) were both erroneously led down the garden path, as is often the case with newspapers of this ilk.

Meanwhile, not knowing that his boss had already cracked down to *The Lynx*, Pinko Hotiron, *Thursday Report* editor, offered a lame, obviously ill prepared explanation made to deflate the highly exaggerated scandal.

"It's the radiation on those bloody VDTs (video display terminals). I hear they can either give you VD or the DTs (*delerium tremens, a drinking sickness -Ed.*) Why the hell do you think they call them VDTs, anyway?" he explained sillily. "So with all those problems you expect me to type straight?" he concluded mediocely.

In addition, a secret and boring document leaked to *The Lynx* gives a breakdown of the \$4.80 in contri-

butions and pledges already made to Concordia. They are, as follows:

- the Ford Motor Corporation: 87¢ and a 5% discount on all unsold 1977 Ford Pintos.

- Johnson & Johnson: 51¢ and first dibs to all Concordia students faculty and staff (with IDs) to a special, once-in-a-lifetime half price sale of all Tylenol products from the Chicago area.

- Steinberg's Inc: 95¢ in Steinberg money, good for any purchase.

- Metro-Richelieu Inc: 95¢ "We'll give whatever Steinberg gives, but in Metro money," promised a spokesperson.

- Provigo Inc: \$1.05 in CASH, directly off Concordia's next grocery purchase. "We don't believe in that gimmicky paper money stuff. No sirree, bob. We treat Concordia with the respect that it deserves," said cashier Enzo Provigo.

CUSASET Typesetters: No cash immediately, but a guaranteed 98% of all profits from the second fiscal quarter.

Croteau Clothes Stores Inc: 2¢ "This week only, for the entire Concordia community: All socks, only 49¢".

The Lynx: 5¢. "Listen, we'd give up to 10¢ if they'd build the bloody thing already. How much longer are we going to have to write unsuffera-

continued on page 7

• Agenda •

Tuesday

- **ALPHA BETA SIGMA OMEGA DELTA** Fraternity will meet today at 6 p.m. in CC-405 to determine the future of preppies in this alligator-eat-alligator world. Those without Topsides need not attend.
- **LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL** will try to meet tonight at 8 p.m. Council members not in attendance will be automatically appointed to the CUSA poster approving committee.
- **TUESDAY'S FLICKS:** *Bonzo Does Tylenol*. Just when you thought it was safe to have a headache. 7 p.m. in H-110.
- **IS THE CAPITAL CAMPAIGN** a secret slush fund for Brian Mulroney and the Conservatives? P.E. Trudeau will speak in H-810 at 8 p.m.
- **CUSATYPE MANAGER D. Smith** will read from his novel "Lies, all lies, etc." at 8 p.m. in H-333-6.

Wednesday

- **TODAY'S SPECIAL** with Beaver Foods presents: Marinated tofu and spam slices à la mode.
- **WOMEN IN FILM:** Simone de Beauvoir Institute special speaker Koo Stark. 3 p.m. in the Institute Lounge, Sir George.
- **CUSA WHINE AND CHOOSE PARTY.** Bromo Selzer will host the first Annual Kvetch-swapping extravaganza. Door prizes will be awarded. Splinters removed on request.
- **BLEEDING HEARTS CLUB** of Concordia presents the film "Who has seen the pigeons?" a documentary denouncing the meaningless massacre of thousands of our little feathered friends. Kentucky Fried Chicken will not be served. in H-110 at 8 p.m.

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• **CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY FRIENDS** of no one will be getting together in H-110 at noon to trash the place. All welcome.

Thursday

- **DANGERS OF SEX** with people: speech by Bill French in H-651 at 11 a.m. Bring a big animal.
- **SASQUATCH:** Myth or Mrs.? with Tham Thwartth. 3:30-4:30 p.m. in AD-128.
- **THE CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART** presents "Zucchini Enigmas I have deciphered." 7 p.m. until 11 in H-110.
- **SPEAKER OF THE WEEK** sponsored by the Journalism Student Sassociaion Topic: How to get a job even tho ya caint right good or read neither. With Egg Raudshlepp. 6 p.m. somewhere west of Decarie.
- **HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRRYING** and love the bomb, with Rick Twenty-fingers McCoy. Piano recital to follow. 8 p.m. in the Loyola Chapel.

General Information

- **PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT** in the Mezzanine Gallery. "My Best Side" from the Pete Wheeland collection.
- **LIBERAL MINDED** volunteers need for research on elephant sexuality. Must provide own wet suit. Call Marlon at 555-9826.
- **THE LOUD OBNOXIOUS PEOPLE** of Concordia Club will meet at the Lacolle Centre this weekend. The topic will be "Insulting American boarder guards".
- **REVIVAL OF ENGINEERING Week:** Once was not enough. Special refreshments: Quiche and pink ladies. \$2 cover charge. Anyone wearing underwear on their head gets in free. Wear dirty underwear and we pay you 50 cents. Next week in Reggies.

• **CRSG THIS WEEK** on Spank Aural Sects, Jerry Garcia and Jello Biafra's new single "Grateful Dead Kennedies."

• **STUDENTS FOR A DRUG-FREE CONCORDIA:** Let's petition the administration. We want free drugs.. Volunteers call 879-5555, and talk to Joan.

• **THIS WEEK ON THE MEZZANINE,** the English department will present "Tents: past, present and future." Co-sponsored by the Recreation and Leisure students association.

For other fascinating, current and real Agenda items, please turn to page 6.

• Classified •

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Italian combat pants \$14.95; combat jackets \$29.95; t-shirts \$1.50 up; French Canadian, U.S. army shorts; camouflage t-shirts, EXXA Military Boutique, 1210 St. Denis (St. Catherine).

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Summer Job: July only. Knowledge of Basic and good French required. Call Radu 465-1499.

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Do you recognize this man? If you see him, report it to security immediately. He is the nefarious Dwight Ennis, who has managed almost singlehandedly to paralyze the internal transportation system of our glorious university. No more blaming Physical Plant.

Escalator conspiracy finally out

•by Tim Berwulf•

The pits under the Hall Building escalators hide more than cigarette butts and old newspapers, it would seem. Deep within the building lies the key to the escalator mystery.

When the system was designed in 1966 by Otis, one of the planners was Dwight Ennis, a former Nagle Elevator employee. He had left Nagle quite suddenly the year before. There had been some hints of Communist involvements, but no conclusive evidence had ever been found. It was never clear whether Ennis quit or was fired, but Otis found his credentials satisfactory for the design committee.

Ennis' vision for the internal transportation system of the Hall Building was a grand plan. It involved escalators, elevators, a mobile sidewalk, a spiral staircase, and a waterfall. The other planners ridiculed him, and heaped scorn upon his dream. He disappeared when the project was half-completed, and was

never found.

Within the last few months, there have been far more escalators out of order than maintenance workers can account for.

What does all this mean? It would never have been known had not the presence of suspiciously robust students been noted in the Faculty of Engineering and Computer Science. These trim athletic types were often seen on the seventh and fourth floors as well, two places that suffer the most frequent escalator shut-downs.

A faculty member of the department, who refused to be identified, did agree to a telephone interview. "It was the lack of beer-bellies that first tipped us off," he said. "These students were energetic and helpful, yet no one seemed able to identify them. It was the clean running shoes that tipped us off-Participation!"

Fed up as they were with the physical condition of the majority of Montreal's university students, Participation members had chosen the

Hall Building as a likely spot to sabotage, for they could easily mingle with the large number of students. The continual escalator service was simply more than they could stand.

Ennis became involved when one of Participation's advance scouts noticed him slipping into an open escalator shaft, and decided to recruit him. Since the time his plan was rejected, Ennis has been living in the Hall Building. He wanders in and out occasionally, but spends most of his days inside, sleeping beneath the escalators at night.

He still dreams of one day being able to implement his vision, and believes that if it is decided that the present system is inefficient, there is a chance that his plan will finally be accepted.

Between Participation members pushing the "emergency-stop" buttons and Ennis fouling up the works from the inside, there is seldom a time when at least one escalator is not working, if not two or three.

Reggie's announces bold plan

•by Ken Guru•

In a major announcement made last night, Reggie's Pub, Inc., CUSA's newly-incorporated student bar—announced that it would become an open-air watering hole effective Monday.

"We had two alternatives," said Alex Moncada, CUSA's vice-president for Reggie's Pub. "We could have waited until the Pub moved down to the second floor, but we decided students would appreciate the open-air ambiance immediately."

The plan to open the ceiling of the seventh floor pub all the way to the greenhouse on the Hall building's thirteenth floor initially met opposition from Concordia's administration. They were worried about the loss of class and office space.

"Sure, they were against it at first, but once we offered to cut them into the profits they came around to liking the idea," Moncada said.

Despite the administration's acquiescence there has been some opposition from students who are worried that Reggie's will lose some of its charm and character.

"That type of thing might be okay for the Annexe but who's going to shovel the snow in the winter? People are going to end up tracking snow all over the Hall building," said Jim Carpath, a second year engineering student. "I won't be able to go barefoot anymore."

Moncada says that snow removal shouldn't be a problem, thanks to a contract negotiated with the university's maintenance personnel. "Instead of hiring extra people to shovel the snow, maintenance employees will work in their spare time, in exchange for our newest drink—hot cider.

"They will pile the snow along the sides of the pub. This way people can sit on the piles and re-live their worry-free childhood days over some warm rum—another one of our new skoffs," Moncada said.

Concordia Rector John W. O'Brien was ecstatic about the new proposal. "The Vice-Rector academic was against the plan, saying that the loss of classrooms and offices would impinge on the pedagogical ability of the school," he said. "But after going over the figures with the

vice-rector administration and finance, I'm convinced that the healthy profits we will be making will be used for important improvements to the university. Our first priority will be the multi-million dollar renovation to the Sir George Faculty Club, followed by the enlargement of administration offices."

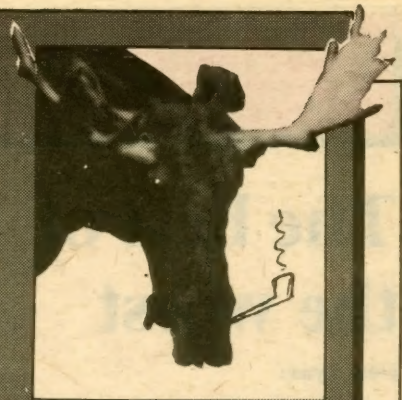
To accommodate the open-air pub, the computer terminals on the ninth floor will have to be moved. However, that is seen as being beneficial to both the university and to the computer science students who have been complaining of overcrowding at the terminals.

"The terminals will be moved down to the pub so that students can relax over a beer while they are waiting. Also, non-computer science students will be able to use the terminals to play video games during slack periods," O'Brien said.

It will cost a quarter a game.

Frank Ryan, a third year Journalism student, was ecstatic over the shift. He wasn't sure why. "Improving Reggie's like this can no more cost students money than a man can have a baby," he said.

Out
Of
The
Woods



The Animalist

•by A. Biggar Moose•

This may be the first you have heard about it but your student paper has been taken over by we big animals. We know that members of the Concordia Community, students, staff and administration, will be relieved to be rid of those pinko cream-puff anarchist bleeding hearts who were always trying to stuff their stupid ideas down your throats. Besides, we write better.

Let me just make it clear that the rules have changed. From now on no more snivelling, whining students wandering around this office and trying (unsuccessfully) to write news and propaganda. The qualifications to work here are clear but firm, you have to be Big and you have to be an Animal. And none of this Darwin horse crap (no offense, Ed) about people being animals. We say they aren't and we're in charge here.

It barely needs to be said but I'll say it one more time because they are such little ignorant assholes: *Small animals need not apply.* They're always trying to weasel in. Cute animals are out too because if you're cute, you aren't a true big animal. Real big animals are ugly and we smell bad. And if you don't like the stink on the sixth floor, then go live at the zoo. You think *The Link* was full of shit, well just you wait.

Another thing about big animals is that we're rude. Have you ever noticed how we piss and shit right while you're looking at us? We do that on purpose. And we don't like anybody who isn't a big animal. We don't even like each other very much. We hate small animals and we absolutely *despise* small cute animals. We think baby seals should be clubbed into extinction.

You people don't know anything about big animals, do you? Well we're sick of being ignored all the time and people telling completely false stories about us and we think it's about time somebody set the story straight. And that somebody is me.

First of all, I want you people to know that big animals are *not* perverts. Dogs that sniff people's crotches are not big animals. Big animals do not enjoy sex with other species. Those rumours about Catherine the Great and the horse are just slanderous lies perpetrated by the communists to increase tractor production and eliminate the noble working horse. And those pervert movies that all you engineers watch, you know, with the sheep and the donkeys and the naked people, well, they're all faked. Well, maybe they aren't all faked but I'll tell you the big animals are being exploited. They aren't even paid scale and they certainly aren't enjoying themselves. I should know.

Big animals have some distinct tastes in literature. We like authors like Orwell, Farley, Swift and Melville but we think Ernest Hemingway is a big dink. Sure, sure, he's a tuff-guy as long as he has a high powered rifle in his mitts. I'd like to see him go hand to hand with a rhino or stab him three or four times in the back and have a black bull chase him around an arena and finish with the big kill while the crowd roars.

What is all this stuff about dumb animals, anyway? It had to be a human who thought that one up. Some Chihuahua loving SPCA member probably. Those people have done a few good things for big animals, but most of them get all their experience about animals from cute little animals like kitties and french poodles and budgie birds. I'll tell you, if they had hungry tigers and slaving wolves and giant condors in their living rooms instead, they wouldn't be so quick to call us names. We think humans are dumb. Can you think of any big animal dumb enough to chop down acres of forest so they can make a special kind of paper to wipe their ass? Now *that* is dumb.

Humans are all talking about rights these days. Women's rights, gay rights, handicapped rights, religious rites. We think that's all bullshit. We have a saying about big animal rights: when you're big, you're always right.

You are probably asking yourself what we big animals think about other current issues like unemployment and nuclear disarmament. Well, we think unemployment is a really dumb concept. We big animals know that their are only five really important things to do: eat, sleep, shit, make out and stand around grunting. What's unemployment? And as for nuclear war, we are in favour of limited nuclear war. Just the cities. And nuke Montreal first.

Okay, have you dumb humans got it straight now? To be a big animal you have to be big, noble, rude, smelly, uncute, an animal and taller than a human crotch without sniffing it.

• Letters •

The best of the worst

Dear Lynx:

What is all this nonsense about big animals. I used to think that *The Lynx* strived for a decent standard of journalism but now I realize that you are just 'Yellow' and sensationalist attention grabbers. You now disgust me completely although I used to read your paper regularly. I will never ever read your paper again. Never in a million years. And I will tell all my friends to do the same. Too bad for you!

Just think, you could have saved yourself all this time and worry and hatred if only you had not done this big animal issue and done something the Concordia community would be interested in. Like, why didn't you do something on small animals?

A. Mouse
Biology Lab

Peace and harmony

To the Editors:

As you may be aware, my writings in recent years have been few and far between. But I felt it was necessary to write something in response to your Big Animal Issue. I had been hoping to be able to read about how Big Animals were able to live in peace and harmony in a society that was not dominated by farmers and zoo-keepers. However, the only thing that I could see in your Big Animal issue was a bunch of so-called writers making pigs and asses of themselves.

George Orwell

Join in the protest

To the Editors:

I am writing over a situation that is not only my personal goal in life to remedy but also a cause that is uniting people from all walks of life, from various religious, ethnic, and national backgrounds. Men and women, gays and heterosexuals, blacks and whites, French and English, children, priests and nuns have all rallied to fight this terrible dilemma.

We can never forget the marches

and riots in 1934, 1935, and 1981. We waved placards and denounced those who perpetuated this disgusting crime against humanity. We loudly protested those who were arrested and charged for supporting our fight for our cause.

We are now publishing more pamphlets and posters for distribution throughout Montreal and soon you will see them in Concordia. If you wish to join the battle to free our society from this fate, please read the information we have provided and contact us. If you care about your future and that of your friends and neighbours, become involved.

Apathy will never solve this crisis that is threatening us all. Fight back!

Joe Peterson

Broiling mad

Dear editors,

I can't understand why this here school of high learning that I find myself in beginning here to start tests and stuff too find out if we know how to right things writely. How insinuating to my personality! We as student's should fite this. What do these people think we lern'd in seejep and high skool anywaize? I'm broiling mad, i donnt, have, time to waste whith test's i think is not rekuirred in the primary plasse. Sorry butt I needed to saye this O.kay?

Tim Buck II

Keep your eyes open

To the Editors:

I was very upset to learn that there would be no coverage of dinosaurs in your "Big Animal" Issue. Don't you care that dinosaurs were the biggest reptiles ever in the whole wide world?

They lived during the Cretinuous, Messianic, Plasticene and Quixotic eras, a long, long time ago. Some dinosaurs ate fish, some ate alfalfa, and some ate other dinosaurs (the big meanies).

At one point, they all got sick and died, and it was very sad. But in any event, they should certainly have been represented in this issue. I will not let the matter die like they did.

We shall be heard! So keep your eyes open, and don't blame us, whatever happens. You have been warned.

Tracy R. Tops

Support the rugby team

To the Editors:

I am a Concordia student and an avid supporter of the school's underwater rugby team. What I would like to know is, why doesn't anybody cover underwater rugby?

Hey, underwater rugby is an exciting game. It is played by two teams of 11 players each who spend most of their time trying not to drown while trying to stuff a beach ball through a three-inch goal at the each end of the pool.

The game gets interesting when after a scrum in the deep end of the pool one of the players can't breathe and is rescued by one of the specially designated pool attendants located in strategic places at poolside.

Many famous Concordia graduates have played underwater rugby at Concordia including Bob Berry, Donna Steinberg and Brian Mulroney who played for the SGSW, team when under water rugby was king back in the '60s. Berry set a record by almost drowning six Loyola students during the Loyola-SGW underwater rugby match.

So why don't you people get off your butts and come down and see the team play? Looking to see some tasty features in *The Lynx*.

A.N. Teater

1st year Animal Husbandery

Philler phobia

Dear Editors,

As an avid reader of your fine paper I am somewhat dissatisfied by your constant use of "filler." Surely with all the resources you have at your disposal you could come up with something more appropriate to fill the space than the inane material you choose to run. "Filler" should have no place in a quality newspaper; certainly not in *The Lynx*. Continual use of "filler" will only cause irreparable damage to *The Lynx*' reputation. May I suggest that in the future that you refrain from using "filler" and instead run copy that is informative and, perhaps even educational. But please no "filler"!

Captain Filler

Hare-raising controversy

To the Editors:

I was greatly distressed by your recent article about Cusaset in a recent issue of the Lynx. I think that it

is very important that the members of the Concordia community come out in full support of Cusaset.

As you must no doubt be aware, students are, for the most part, in poor financial shape. Therefore, it is especially important that students have a place where they can go to get their hair set and washed at a reasonable price.

As a Concordia student I am upset that I was not aware of the services offered by Cusaset until such time as you chose to complain about them. It could have saved me a lot of money at hair dressers over the years.

I fail to see how a graphic arts company can have any conflict of interest with a beauty salon. I am certain that Mr. Dwight and Mr. Eric are top-rate hair stylists who would not let their artwork get in the way of their performance.

Anne Octopusse

Phew phew to you too

To the Editors,

Phew. At long last those silly elections are over. Double phew (phew phew). Imagine those silly politics getting all caught up in irrelevant issues and wasting our time, not to mention our money (so I won't mention our money—ignore this sentence) on things that nobody cares about or should be wasting our time on.

These are parenthood and fruit pie issues. Take the referendum, for example. Of course I'm in favour of A Neck. If you didn't have A Neck, what would separate your head from your shoulders?

But anyway, I'm, really glad that these silly elections are over. Triple phew (phew, phew, phew), and good riddance.

R.A. Eu

Creative cutting, eh?

To the Editors:

As Head of Concordia's Cutbacks Committee, it is my duty to inform you of a unique land extremely fulfilling idea we've come up with.

Because space is rather scarce at Concordia, we hereby "suggest" that *The Lynx* staff move all its dusty typewriters, its beer bottles and journalistic paraphernalia from the confines of H-649 and join the many happy faces of H-669, home of the *Bogge News*.

But that's not all. You will be joined by none other than Gay and Lesbian Friends of Concordia. All three groups will, as a result, join forces and work together in perfect

harmony—just like a happy family. Just think of all the gleeful friendly chit-chat you'll have during production. I'm sure you can all work together. Just think: *the Lynx*, *The Bogge News* and Gay and Lesbian Friends of Concordia—all working together.

We in cutbacks believe in an optimistic approach to this financial crisis. You should too, or else!

Stevie slash
Chief knife, Cutback dept.

The uses of dogfood

Dear Editor:

Many famous and talented celebrities such as myself are criticized for sponsoring products that they don't actually use. It's true that I've slacked off a bit with the Alpo, but I hereby pledge to smear my paunchy naked body with it the next time I gallop screeching through the New Wilderness. Nobody ever said I have to eat the stuff.

Lorne Greene

Pigs are big

To the Editors,

I am a convict locked up in a pig penitentiary for trying to impersonate a big animal. I am very lonely, and would like to correspond with other small animals who feel the same way. Why can't pigs be big animals? I mean we *can* be real mean if we want to, and every one knows we smell real bad and swear alot.

If you feel the same way, you can help a worthy cause by making a tax - deductible contribution to the "PIGS ARE BIG" fund, c/o Wilbur Boar, Idaho state pig penitentiary, cell no. 45364, USA.

Wilbur Boar

Oh ya... sez who?

To the Editors:

We quit.

François Longpré
and Terry Fenwick
CUSA co-presidents

The Lynx accepts letters to the editor. Every so often we even think about printing some of them. Drop them off at *The Lynx* office (Rm. H1599) along with 15 cents per word. Letters should contain the author's name and shoe size.

the Link

The Link is published every Tuesday and Friday throughout the academic year by the Concordia University Students' Association. Content is independent of the university and CUSA. The Link welcomes signed letters; however, the paper reserves the right to edit or reject submissions. Editorial policy is set by an elected board as provided for in *The Link's* constitution. Current members of the board are: Liz Cooke, Avi Goldstein, Karen Herland, Claude Lacroix, Karen Parke, and Don Pittis. Anyone wishing to join *The Link* is urged to visit or call the offices on either the Sir George Williams or Loyola Campuses. Central mailing address c/o Concordia University, Sir George Williams campus, 1455 de Maisonneuve W., Montreal H3G 1M8. Mail subscriptions are available at \$15, \$10 for alumni. For national advertising *The Link* is serviced by Campus Plus (Canadian University Press Media Services Ltd.) 124 Merton St., Toronto (416) 481-7283. Typesetting by CusaSet. Printing by Imprimerie Dumont, 9130 Bovin, LaSalle, Que. *The Link* is a member of Canadian University Press.

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David survives cut in a near-disaster

•by Teddy Bear•

David was tilted sideways. That's how that great big statue got through the doors of the Vanier library.

It wasn't easy though. "I took 17 good men to carry that sucker," according to head librarian B.B. Lowfile. "First we tried head first, then feet first, then head first again, but with a tilt.

The statue still wasn't going to fit, but luckily one of the carriers noticed which part of the statue was getting caught on the doorframe.

Being a quick thinker, Lowfile called the Montreal General maternity ward (it still existed back then) to ask for a doctor to do a little operation. After consultation with the Regie de l'assurance maladie du Québec, the hospital responded that op-

erations on statues were not covered by medicare, therefore they could not comply.

Rabbi Joshua Kravilitzberg was then given a call. He said he would be happy to do the circumcision when told that there was a 25 foot statue that wanted to convert to Judaism. "That's the guy we need to play guard at Herzliah," responded the Rabbi.

But wait, wasn't David Jewish in the first place? Lowfile seemed to remember something about that, but then interjected "The Jesuits at Loyola had specifically ordered the Catholic model."

When told that a statue of Goliath was on order for next year, Lowfile was unphased and replied coolly, "No problem, I've got a good axe."

Greta Hot Dog talks

•by Kerry Boo•

Most Concordia students are familiar with the high class eatery located next to Loyola Campus—the one known as Mr. Hot Dog. Few, however, are familiar with the owner of the establishment—Greta Hot Dog.

Mrs. Hot Dog has been in the fast food business for over 35 years, ever since she and her husband set up their first restaurant in Sweden which specialized in pickled herring and sour cream. After several years in the business they had saved up enough money for their lifelong goal, emigration to Ville St. Pierre.

"Times were tough when we first got here. Our first restaurant went bust because we were located just down the road from Lafleur's, and our potential customers went there for greasy french fries," she said.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Hot Dog decided to persevere, and found

what they hoped was a good location next to a small liberal arts college, Loyola of Montreal.

Business was good at first. But, as happens so often in life, tragedy struck just as the Hot Dog family were beginning to enjoy life in Canada.

"I can still remember that day. A customer came in and ordered two steamies and a fries, but he left the restaurant without his fries. Sven (Mr. Hot Dog) ran after him, but just as he stepped outside he got run over by a truck that thought we had a drive-in window," Mrs. Hot Dog said.

At that point she had to make a major decision, to close the business down, or to continue on her own. "After all those years with Sven, I thought about retiring rather than continuing on my own. But then I decided to keep the business open, to keep at least the name of Mr. Hot Dog alive," Greta Hot Dog said, smiling at the memory of her beloved Sven.

"But, enough's enough," she said. "There are customers waiting for your stool. That will be \$1.50 for your steamies and fries."

Law 111 changed by PQ

In a landmark decision, The Quebec Superior Court yesterday ruled that Bill 111 is constitutional and does not exceed the boundaries of the Québec and Canadian Bills of Rights and Freedoms.

Following the decision, René Lévesque called an emergency session of L'Assemblée Nationale during which the powers of Bill 111 were further defined.

Bill 180 increases police salaries and per hit bonuses to twice their current level while at the same time making further strikes by public sector workers punishable by death. As well, the 20 per cent salary cut has been increased to 70 per cent for the duration of the contract imposed under Bill 105. Allowances for an 33 per cent increase in the QPP were explained by Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau as financially sound given the savings on teachers salaries. CEQ leaders are scheduled to be shot tomorrow.



"Hey there, big furry creature. Feel like a preening at the cat house?"
This cat is not only boring and stupid-looking, but also a moral reject. When we found it slinking around late one night outside our office, we captured it for posterity, but by now we are sick and tired of looking at its picture. So, copies of the picture are available at The Lynx for all of you who like looking at stupid and boring cats.

Banzai: Metro crime to stop

•by Bram About•

Two thieves held up a metro ticket booth attendant and fled with \$10,000 in small bills during yesterday afternoon's rush hour.

It seems the culprits were well informed on the vulnerability of the metro system. They knew, for example, that every day around 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. metro employees are in transit between ticket booths throughout the subway network. These usually elderly and sick employees carry, unprotected, a minimum of \$6,000 of metro receipts in blue handbags, thus easy preys for the most amateur criminal.

The enterprising thief can also hit paydirt with the MUCTC by bribing employees for copies of ticket booth

keys. As little as \$50 will convince the average metro worker. One can also obtain key copies from the black market for slightly more. With this setup, enormous amounts of cash can be taken from ticket booths while the attendant is at the washroom or otherwise absent.

Any raid on the metro's riches is made easier if the thieves disguise themselves as transit system workers. Uniforms can be purchased at any of the city's uniform shops.

Lawrence Bragagain, chairman of the MUCTC, is well aware of the large number of ticket booth keys circulating in the wrong hands, but does not want any of the locks changed. "That would be too costly—besides, we're insured against

theft," said he behind closed doors.

The public is also an easy target for thieves. Recently, heftily paid Concordia fine arts teachers have been attacked as they waited in the huge, always deserted Lucien L'Allier station. No one was there to hear their pleas for help, and so their leftover lunch money made some happy hooligans \$300 richer.

Bragagain, of 1423 Summit Crescent in Westmount, proud owner of \$30,000 in liquid cash buried in his backyard and father to a luscious son who loves to romp in the nude around the household, however, is not going to sit back and watch crime threaten the metro's reputation for comfort. He has acquired the services of 150 Pinkyduns security guards.

The unarmed guards, heavily dressed with ties and uniforms will accompany uniformed booth attendants in transit and will patrol the subways.

"The guards go through a rigorous two hour training session before being put on the job," said Bruno Bovin, Pinkyduns' director. "They're supposed to throw themselves at the criminals while screaming 'BAN-ZAI', or they will forfeit their \$4.75 per hour salary..."

Election marred by scramble

•by Paul R. Bear•

Both slates of candidates for the Engineering and Computer Science Association (ECSA) election have been disqualified.

In an inpromptu press conference called last Friday, Judicial Board Chairperson Myra Lashme said the elections have been cancelled and both slates of candidates disqualified following the disclosure that both groups have engaged in illegal campaign practices.

The circumspect activities came to the attention of the Judicial Board on March 7 when they were informed in a letter from Richard Masstweety that the slate headed by Mark Serpentski had been distributing election business cards up to a week before electioneering was allowed

to start.

The Judicial Board called a hearing for March 9 to look into the allegations and decide upon a course of action. Two hours prior to the meeting the Serpentski team confronted the Judicial Board with evidence that their opponents had also been distributing campaign material and promising free Apples to students who would vote for them.

With card in hand and aware that a card in hand is worth two in the bush, Lashme and the other members of the Judicial Board convened and handed down the controversial but legal decision that in one fell swoop, ended the campaign and resultant mud-slinging.

While delivering the decision, Lashme told both slates: "you

should stick to fixing engines rather than fixing elections."

During the press conference, Lashme was at pains to point out that neither of the slates has appealed the ruling.

Behind the scenes machinations by current ECSA president Pike Dino have revealed the full extent of electioneering dirty tricks.

In a letter dated March 11 signed by one of the candidates, Jonathan Livingston Trout, and several other persons Dino reveals that he in fact was behind the early electioneering in an apparently successful attempt to throw the election into disarray.

Dino has since declared himself ECSA President for Life and done away with the constitution.

errata

Due to a freak typesetting malfunction we inadvertently described Liz Ard as a "stupid little ninny with the brains of a fart in a vacuum chamber". What we really meant to say (we're really quite embarrassed) was that she was a "stupid little ninny with the brains of a fart in a vacuum bottle". Sorry about that Liz.

INFORMATION TO POTENTIAL GRADUATES 1983 SPRING CONVOCATIONS

This year the Convocations will be held at the Arena, Loyola Campus, as follows:

Tuesday, June 14	ENGINEERING & COMPUTER SCIENCE 8:30 p.m. Convocation 10:30 p.m. (approx.) Reception
Thursday, June 16	FINE ARTS 8:30 p.m. Convocation 10:00 p.m. (approx.) Reception
Sunday, June 19	ARTS & SCIENCE (DIVISIONS I & III)* 2:30 p.m. Convocation 5:00 p.m. (approx.) Reception
Sunday, June 19	ARTS & SCIENCE (DIVISIONS II & IV)* 8:30 p.m. Convocation 10:30 p.m. (approx.) Reception
Wednesday, June 22	COMMERCE & ADMINISTRATION 8:30 p.m. Convocation 10:30 p.m. (approx.) Reception

*Letters forwarded to successful candidates in the Faculty of Arts & Science will clearly indicate the date and time of Convocation on a personal basis.

Students are advised to check with the Student's Accounts Office to make sure that all student fees, library fines and graduation fees have been paid. Students are requested to pay their accounts with either a certified cheque, cash or money-order. All outstanding accounts must be paid by May 6, 1983. Graduates with outstanding accounts will not receive degrees or official transcripts until all outstanding accounts have been cleared.

Any graduate, or his guests, requiring special services during the Convocation ceremonies (i.e. escort, special seating, special parking, etc.) because of a physical handicap, please contact Ann Kerby, Co-ordinator of Handicapped Services, at 482-0320, local 358.

On May 26, 1983, following the approval of the graduation list by the Board of Governors, the final letter notifying students of the successful completion of their degree programme will be mailed. This letter will give information about academic dress, tickets and Convocation procedures.

Kenneth D. Adams,
Asst. Vice-Rector &
University Registrar

• Agenda •

Tuesday

- **HUMAN RIGHTS FILM SERIES:** "Abaphuciwé/The Dispossessed," a film about South Africa. Guest Speaker: Chengiah Regaven of Concordia U. Westmount Baptist Church, 8:00 p.m. (corner Roslyn and Sherbrooke). Free Info: 486-7315 or 931-8046
- **PORTUGUESE WEEK** featuring Azorean Folkloric Group. Today and tomorrow, 10 a.m.—10 p.m. Hall Bldg. Mezz.
- **POETRY AND PROSE** of Sri Chinmoy, read by him on tape: "Everest-Aspiration". H-615, 8:30—10:30 p.m. Free.
- **CHRISTIAN MISSION:** Beginning at Home to Claim the World-Bible study. H-333-6, 4 p.m.

Wednesday

- **NOON MEDITATION** practical and theoretical. Norris Bldg. N-011-1, 12:15—12:50 Noon. Free
- **ERIC FISCHAL** will be speaking at the Visual Arts Bldg. Room 313, 1:00 p.m.
- **MOVIE "High Road to China"**. Starring Tom Selleck. Special screening. H-110, 1:00 p.m. Free with ID.
- **SOCIAL JUSTICE:** Crisis of Latin America. Slide presentation and discussion with John Foley. Belmore House, 7:30 p.m. Loyola

Thursday

- **SUBVERSIVENESS of Gay Art.** Dr. Robert Martin discusses Oscar Wilde. H-333-6, 4—6:00 p.m. All Welcome
- **PARTY for St. Pat's Day**, sponsored by Loyola Marketing and McGill Political Science students. Septembre's, 8:00 p.m.—2:00 a.m. \$1.50, no reserve tickets. Reduced liquor prices.

Friday

- **GENERAL MEETING** of the Mauritian Student Association. All members should attend. Candidates for Exec. Comm. submit names as soon as possible. H-420, 3:30—4:30 p.m.
- **IRISH COFFEE HOUSE** featuring live performers. Traditional Irish music. Free admission, all welcome. 8:30 p.m. Belmore House, Loyola.

General Information

- **FEELING GOOD:** a support group for socially disadvantaged gays. There will be no professionally trained leader—the group will work out problems together. If interested, call 735-1419, or 879-8406.

• **CAREER PANEL OPSTAT** Group, sponsored by the Math Dept., featuring Experts in Quantitative Fields—what they do, how to join them, and possible career paths. March 25, H-620, 3:00—5:00 p.m. Free.

• **CONCORDIA BRIDGE CLUB.** Interested in duplicate bridge? You'll find some every Monday night in H-651 at 7:30 p.m. For info call Steve at 626-3122.

• **NOMINATIONS** for Chinese Georgians' Assc. Serve your club and yourself. Deadline March 18. Rm. H-508-3. Call 879-4557.

• **NEW YORK TRIP.** March 24-27, \$92.50 Cdn, \$76.00 U.S. Bus tour Manhattan and Art Galleries. Beverly Hotel 50th and Madison), 4 per room/kitchenette. Organized through D.I.P. Contact Sophie M. at 336-7348.

• **PHILOSOPHY DEPT:** J. Krishnamurti and Dr. D. Bohm, Theoretical Physicist, discuss "The Nature and Transformation of Human consciousness." Video, every Friday at 8:00 p.m., H-420 Free.

• **STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAMMES, 1983/84.** California, New York, New England. Applications: Office of the Vice Rector, Academic. Loyola Ad-223 Dean of Students Office-Loyola, Ad-135, SGW, Annex M.

• **EVENING OF SONGS,** Art, Popular, and Folk, with Nancy Allison, voice, and Bruce Adams, guitar. Villa-Lobos, Sor, Dowland, and more. March 18, 8:30 p.m., Loyola Chapel.

• **HOCKEY EVERY SUNDAY** until the end of April. College Notre Dame, Queen Mary and Cote Des Neiges, 10—11:00 p.m. No hitting, full equipment.

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Camille Laurin reveals secret plan for our library

•by Will de Best•

It is a true but little known fact that before going beddie-bye, many Concordia students bend their knees in prayer in the hope that the university will soon have a trendy new library in which they can pay their overdue fines.

Mention the key words "new library building" and normally respectable administrators tend to lose their equilibrium, bump clumsily into walls and drip spittle sloppily in their wake.

Clearly this here university wants and needs a new library.

Yet in an exclusive interview, Dr. Camille Laurin, Education Minister of all Quebecers told *The Lynx* that any talk of a new library "comes only in the collective and maniacal wet dreams of a still excessively large group of Westmount Rhodesian oppressors who still don't know their proper place in today's Québec."

In terms of provincial funding for the library, Concordia University can expect "bugger all in the short term," Laurin said.

"(Those) anglophones treat me like dirt and then they come running after me for handouts. The unmitigated gall of them!" he added revengefully.

Indeed, throughout the interview, the normally even-tempered Laurin was uncharacteristically rude and

seemed ready to fly into a tiff at any moment.

The exclusive interview with the difficult-to-speak-to Laurin was obtained only after *The Lynx* made several costly phone calls to Québec City, chatted with an endless number of mindless bureaucrats, took out at least 19 five year memberships in the Parti Québécois, made veiled threats to release scandalous made-up information about his alleged use of Grecian Formula, and used various other nefarious and stupid journalistic techniques.

Laurin called administrators who are lobbying him for the proposed new library "cheeky, uppity square-heads who have nothing going for them except for a hell of a lot of chuzpah...I mean, we're smack dap in the middle of a depression, nuclear war is a worrisome possibility and they're worrying about a bunch of lousy four-eyed book worms? Has that bald guy (here Laurin was probably referring to Rector John O'Brien - Ed.) flipped his wig? You know, I really don't believe this is happening," the Minister sputtered.

When not obliterating the English language, erasing the human rights of teachers and getting beaten up by angry protestors, Laurin, a certified psychologist, occasionally treats a patient or two. "Yesterday I had a manic depressive in my office. So I

told him to commit suicide....And he did. Those crazy manics! Anyway, all these nutsos do is flash their Medicare card like they're going out of style. Besides, the state's tills are empty—we need all the cost-saving measures we can get."

Laurin also scoffed at the fact that his brother Pierre Laurin, a former head of the Université de Montréal Hautes Etudes Commerciales is a high profile member of the university's fundraising Capital Campaign.

"Big deal. Nine years old and he was still wearing diapers. Besides, he's a goddam Federalist."

But in a surprising statement, Laurin told *The Lynx* that occasional studies are underway to examine the feasibility of unleashing a ludicrous and innovative new plan for a Concordia library. "Many of our brightest civil servants have been reading back copies of *Superman* and *Action* comics. We're truly intrigued by the city of Kandor, the bottled, surviving Kryptonian city that now lies in Superman's Fortress of Solitude. The way that Superman managed to reduce that megalopolis to fit it into a tiny bottle is truly amazing."

Under this amazingly idiotic scheme, the already constructed scale model of the new library which now lies in state in the Hall building mezzanine would become the permanent new home for the library. Using a reduction machine of the sort that Superman uses when he wants to enter Kandor, Concordia students would be reduced to a size of one-billionth of an inch and would then be swiftly and comfortably jetted into the luxurious and modern study space.

"That would really cut the anglophone population down to size," Laurin softly chuckled. "Boy, will those civil rights people ever be upset," he snidely and unjustifiably added.

Needless to say, books too would be reduced down to scale so that miniaturized students would have no difficulty turning the pages.

The existence of the scale model

library would enable the Quebec government to save the Royal George Apartments, Sir George's 11 inches of valuable green space, and the job of the parking lot attendant who currently works across the Hall building.

"Saving jobs is a priority for the Quebec government," Laurin gainfully noted. "How can I morally allow a parking lot attendant to lose his job just for a stinking library? If you want books, go to Cheap Thrills. Or to Classic's, even," he shouted righteously.

"Also I happen to love that apartment's glazed terracotta façade," he added sentimentally with a probably glazed terracotta façade look in his eyes.

"And besides, I promised the three old ladies who still live in that dump that they can live there for the rest of their lives, just as long as they promise to die in French. And what's funny about that is that those old bags are English!" Laurin cackled insanely while banging down the Telyphone.

Loyola

continued from page 1

He added that he had already commissioned several dozen twisted engineering students to tear down the campus landmarks and leave the big animals "room to do the funky things they do."

He apologized for any inconvenience caused by his golden years project, but pointed out that any Concordians still on the scene by mid-week should expect to be "chewed up or shot."

The Rector and his henchmen wasted little time in informing the Loyola population of the "new direction" the University had taken.

Surrounding both residences in a swift pre-dawn raid, the administration shone powerful flashlights on the windows and pounded big drums until the last bleary eyed resident had stumbled out into the night. Reassuring the groggy co-eds that "some great Greek" had philosophized that "changing campuses is one of the most vital, essential and fun experiences of Youth." The smilin-O'Brien asked the students to "start walking."

By the first light of dawn, a straggling line of Loyola refugees could be seen winding its way along Sherbrooke St. towards its downtown

destination. Most shouldered cumbersome bushels of sporting equipment and balanced towering stacks of M.O.R. disks on their heads.

Refugee camps have been established on the spacious patio behind the Hall building. Anthropology students are already reported to gathering in mobs to study the interactions of the Sir George and Loyola tribes.

Capital

continued from page 1

bly dull articles about a useless library that we'll never live to see, fer God's sake!" muttered a proofreader.

Meanwhile, in an entirely unrelated development, an emergency meeting of the Concordia Committee on the Status of Women, lashed out Friday against proposed funding, under the Capital Campaign program, for a \$110,000 Broadcast Journalism Studio.

"This is just another example of the evil, crass sexism that permeates the ranks of this supposed institution of higher learning. If we let this one go, then next thing you know they'll be calling it a Chickcast Journalism Studio," a statement said.

Home for trappers

•by Hugh G. Mew•

Though often condemned for its cruelty, the trapping of large fur-bearing mammals is a traditional way of life for many Canadians. Formerly confined to the northern wilds, the lucrative business is gradually spreading into urban centres, hot on the trail of some of the largest fur-bearers that not only survive but thrive in the concrete jungle that is pushing back the boundaries of forest and farmland.

Jean Lapierre, until recently a resident of Rouyn-Norands, was forced to move south because of decreasing yields on his Moose Creek trap line that he ascribes to acid rain. But now Lapierre is glad he came to Montreal and says that he has never had it so good.

"At first I thought I would have to give up trapping and go on welfare," said Lapierre, wiping a little blood from his hands and looking up from his work, "but look at the quality of this pelt!"

Lapierre has staked out three lines since arriving in the winter of 1981: one in Hampstead, one in Outremont; and another in the booming Mountain-Crescent-Bishops area. And yields are so good that the 53 year old trapper is glad he has his two sons to help.

Lapierre reports that not only is the work easier, he now makes more money than he did up north.

"Back at Moose Creek, the best we could do was \$600 for a prime lynx and that took hours of hard work," he said, "never mind that messy skinning and cleaning. Now, just undo a few buttons, slip the pelt off and *voilà*, a perfect dressed skin worth thousands."

Lapierre admits that the more humane "Conibear" traps that he uses sometimes damage the furs but he says the new devices are worth the risk.

"Back when I used leg-holds (leg-hold traps that snap shut when the fur-bearer steps on a balanced trigger), I once caught an American television starlet who chewed off two arms and a leg in an effort to escape and bled to death. What a mess, and she was still caught in the trap."

Harvey Epp, a displaced Newfoundland seal hunter, has also discovered the urban fur-bearers, but he differs from Lapierre on the use of traps. He doesn't believe even Conibears to be humane.

"Na bye," said Epp unintelligibly, "h'even nem Conniebears nawt pretty. Just gim ha tap onna head widda fid, says I."

Epp says that clubbing is both more humane and more selective. He claims that with traps, there is the constant risk of catching the less valuable cloth-bearers that are not worth the trouble of skinning. This leads to waste, he says.

When Epp first came to Montreal, he clubbed several 'second hand trendies' in the upper St. Denis area before discovering their worn and moth-eaten pelts were worthless. He solved that problem by moving to a new hunting ground in front of the Ritz Carlton where he hides in a doorway and then runs out and whacks fur-bearers on the head as they get into their limousines.

Epp is concerned about rumours that a group called Green Cheese is planning to hide in the Hotel's lobby and smear green cheese all over prime furs rendering them smelly and unmarketable.

Both Lapierre and Epp complain that this year's warm winter has not been ideal since their prey prefers cold weather. They and others like them have their fingers crossed for next year but in the meantime, says Lapierre, "I've got a whole closet full of raincoats that I can't give away."

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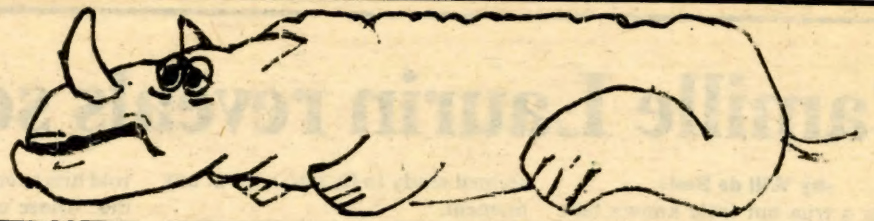
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Sects clash at Sir George

•by Egg Wanna•

Members of opposing Liechtensteinian factions came to blows yesterday in SGW's cafeteria. Peter Schönehunden junior, president of CSARL (Concordia Students Association of Rosicrucian Liechtenstein) and Maria Schwertzenflügen, president of FIASCO (Free Liechtenstein Concordia Students Organization) argued for about 5 minutes before leaping at each others throats, wienerschnitzels in hand, the crowd cheering mirthfully with each blow.

The wienerschnitzels, Liechtenstein's national dish, were at the root of the scuffle. The cafeteria was serving the dish as a Monday lunch special, and both student groups attended in pomp and ceremony; unfortunately at the same time Peter inadvertently sat at a table opposite of Maria's. They greeted each other and returned to their schnitzels.

The Rosicrucians started chanting and throwing ashes on their plates as they do before every meal. Suddenly the Free Liechtensteinians paused in the midst of a schnitzel mouthful and addressed Peter. "Only a Vagut Schmaltzkrozer wouldn't know that schnitzels are for eating," she said, referring to Peter's religious beliefs and sexual preferences in 'Liechs' slang.

"Shatz up, you orgaspulm!" the rosicrucians replied, breaking all ten Commandments. "BROTZ!" Maria shouted. "I am not! How dare you

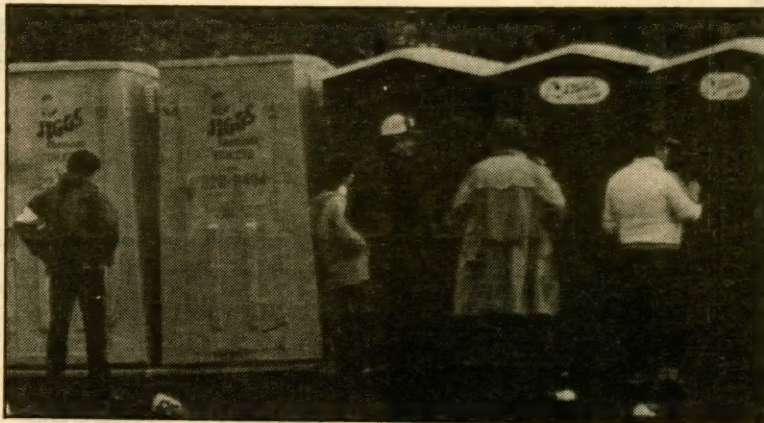
say such a thing in public?!" Peter fumed. "Brotz! Brotz! Brotz! Br..." the outlawed Liechtensteinian revolutionaries yelled. At that point Rosicrucians and 'Frees' went 'Kobol', or insane, and assaulted each other with their national delicacies.

In the aftermath of the brutal battle Rosicrucian Schönehunden plans to convert to Atheism in an attempt to join an undisclosed Concordia fraternity, while Schwertzenflügen has relinquished her Liechtensteinian citizenship in favor of Canada. "My country is too small

for my ambitions," she explained to a Lynx reporter. Nevertheless, the warning factions vowed to oppose each other "whenever and wherever, with violence if necessary. Our principles are forever, and thus the battle shall not end," one Liechtensteinian confided.

Meanwhile, cafeteria administrators have banned wienerschnitzel from their menu "for as long as can be foreseen.

"We won't tolerate dorks fighting with our sausages," said chef Casey Grieslard.



New toilet facilities

•by Wart Hog•

Continuing cutbacks at Concordia have resulted in a decision by the administration to do away with bathrooms in all university buildings.

In their place, Concordia has signed a contract with Jiggs Chemical Toilets Inc. to supply sanitary facilities for students, staff and faculty.

As per the yearly contract, Jiggs will install and maintain 30 outdoor toilets on both campuses.

At Loyola, they will be placed in the Quadrangle, behind the Campus centre and along the fence, near the Bryan building. The Athletics Complex will have its own set installed in the parking lot.

At Sir George, students will be able to relieve themselves on the terrace behind the bookstore and on the roof of the Norris building.

The existing indoor bathrooms will be boarded up and kept unheated as permanent storage space. Savings from keeping the bathrooms unheated will result in a savings of \$____. Further savings will be realized as the university does not intend to supply toilet paper for the 3 outdoor potties. Instead, a massive BYOTP campaign will be launched this summer.

For those students who forget to bring their own supply, old copies of the Concordia Calendar, the Lynx and the COP Handbook will be on hand for emergency use only. Rector 'John' O'Brien, seen presiding over the ceremonial christening of the first toilets to be installed, says the change will result not only in financial savings, but will increase the

level of physical fitness of Concordia students.

"We expect a substantial increase in the amount of running the students will be doing, especially on cold days," he said. "In the Hall Building, we'll be establishing special 'express lanes' on the stairways for those people who just have to get there."

In addition, security is pleased with the elimination of indoor bathrooms which they considered trouble spots. "Now the drug dealers and other ruffians who used to hang around the johns will be out in the cold, so to speak," chuckled security officer Peter 'PeeWee' Pease.

Seals slaughter

STRASBOURG (UPI)—The European parliament was thrown into additional confusion yesterday when 2,500 rabid baby Harp seals swarmed into the assembly and began viciously attacking the representatives.

"Mein Gott, I didn't realize the little bastards had fangs," said a member of the DDR delegation, as he was being rushed to hospital.

Delegations from all over Europe leapt up onto their desks cursing in a variety of languages at the cute white natives of the Labrador coast. Some members began clubbing their attackers to death with thick trade documents while others who were less fortunate began spray painting the animals green which only made them more angry.

"I say!" said Clarence (Puffy) Worthington-Jones of the United Kingdom, "They aren't so cute when they're gnawing on your bloody ankle, are they?"

Gabbers uncorked just in time

•by Con d'Or•

To the world's dismay the Concordia Debating Society won the World Invitational Debating Tournament last weekend.

Concordia triumphed even after each team member was afflicted by various bizarre speech impediments when arriving at the tournament. The competition was also plagued by hundreds of silent protesters carrying pickets reading "Shut Up", "Ban the Spoken Word", and "Talk is not Cheap".

The two members of Concordia's A team developed acute laryngitis.

Meanwhile the B team, inexplicably, were only able to utter sentences of five words or less.

Since no other teams at the tournament developed any of these problems, it is believed that the incredible speech difficulties resulted from the airline food eaten on the way to the tournament, though this could not be confirmed.

"We had to hold an emergency meeting to decide what to do," scribbled an A team member on a note pad. "But it was insane, two of us had to communicate with note pads while the others were unable to make coherent sentences."

"We chose to try competing. Luckily the organizers let us. Word got out of our problems. The other teams laughed," said a B team member.

Word of Concordia's calamity also reached the Silent Minority protesters outside. They immediately moved in droves to sign up as judges for the tournament.

"We believe language is the most important resource mankind has, and it should only be used orally for

the most urgent communication. Debating is an incredible waste of the spoken word. When we heard that the team from Montreal couldn't really speak we decided to sign up as judges to tip the vote in their favour", wrote the leader of the Silent Minority protest.

It was the A team who, being unable to speak at all due to laryngitis, received the highest scores from the biased judges. They were "debating" using large note pads, sign language and a type of charades whereby the opposing team voiced the arguments acted out by them.

"We knew it wasn't fair but we

were doing a relatively good job getting our arguments across with charades. The only reason we continued is because we hoped to get our voices back before the end," wrote an A team member.

That's exactly what happened. Shortly before the final debate for first place the whole Concordia team was miraculously cured and the team swept to sweet victory. Still the final debate between the Concordia A team and the Harvard B team was extremely close because the Silent Minority judges feeling betrayed by Concordia for suddenly speaking so articulately, voted for Harvard.



Errata

We at The Lynx would like to make an official apology to all CUSOIDS we have not misquoted or misrepresented in the past. Consider yourself next on the list.

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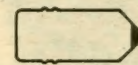
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Small Animals Writ Big

•by Anna Conda•

Imagine Tokyo. It is springtime, the streets team with humanity and the cherry trees are in bloom.

Suddenly the sky darkens as a huge shadow covers the earth. Lovers pause in horror over their sushi for two. Has Doomsday arrived?

No, it is *Gomera*, the Invincible, a four hundred foot long turtle come to amble and gum its way through Tokyo fair.

Foolish as it may seem this was the premise of a 1962 Japanese film entitled *Gomera the Invincible*.

It is an excellent example of the film industry's complete willingness to make a monster out of a mole, or a turtle as it were.

The *Big Animal* is a classic in this genre of film-making.

Of course, there is the standard gorilla movie, *King Kong* and the standard dinosaur movie, *Godzilla*, but what about the terror of giant killer shrews, explored in the 1959 classic *The Killer Shrews* a film that

sought to prove anything could be made to look horrific if sufficiently magnified.

Sadly enough, the killers looked like nothing so much as mangy and mashed collie dogs. So much for "flesh-eating" shrews.

Another film that proves the filmmakers folly in trying to pass off anything small as a *Big Animal*, is the classic 1972 film *Night of the Lepus* wherein pesky jackrabbits are fed hormones in attempt to end their breeding cycle.

Behold, the rabbits grow and grow, bounding and snuffling across Southern California, killing any and all in their way. The big lesson to be learned from this film was that low angle camera shots, fish eye lenses and slow motion are no help. Nothing can make a bunny look mean.

Quite simply, the rabbit is at its horrifying best when it quietly and unexpectedly dies at the Ob/Gyn's office.

Nope, for terror, there's nothing like a truly large *Big Animal*. Take *Jaws*. Now there was a creature one could comfortably live in terror of.

No one laughed at Bruce the mechanical Shark. (Bruce rightfully belongs under a separate heading "Big Synthetic Animals in the Movies".)

People can relate to sharks. Size is an important consideration. Sharks are big. Sharks are ugly in a big way, swim well and have three sets of teeth.

The knowledge that such an animal might lurk off the beach at Old Orchard could, and did, do a lot to ruin a summer vacation.

Hollywood would be well-advised to make more films about sharks, bears (Gentle Ben, my as) elephants (Dumbo, right! Elephants crush with their trunks) and Clydesdale horses.

What say we leave the mouse, rat, rabbit and dog movies to Walt Disney?



Really Bad Plays

Failure on Broadway

•by Al E. Gator•

Recently, the memoirs of Mr. Joe "Let's Have Lunch" Cohen, an infamous theater producer were uncovered. In his memoirs Mr. Cohen talks about various productions he was involved with and their short disastrous runs on that most famous of avenues in New York, Broadway.

As a sometimes friend and eager dining partner of Mr. Cohen's, whenever he picked up the tab, this reporter would like to share some of his opinions on these unsuccessful shows.

Remember, for every show that is a big hit, there has to be six or seven that die in the first week.

The Moose that stomped

Even though this show was the hit of the Muskeg Summer Stock, it couldn't quite make the transition to the Music Box theatre. One major problem was getting the moose through the stag entrance. The show was plagued with labour troubles from the start, especially from stagehands who resented being called "Tex" by the Canadian producers from Calgary.

What the Bishop saw

In spite of the success of *Death-trap*, this show was considered less than tasteful. It revolved around the efforts of Bishop "Two-Tone-Tips" to discover why men were so hesitant to join the church. Certain songs like "It's Basic Black For Me Boys" were greeted with howls of delight, especially when the garter belts were brought out. The morality squad, however, were not amused with the special plastic props used in the *sins of the flesh* scenes.

Clap You Bastards

This show, detailing the lives of those who sit in dark theatres with

trenchcoats on, had lots of promise. Unfortunately, it was considered somewhat indelicate for the sophisticated Big Apple audiences. In fact, it soon attracted the exact characters it portrayed. Mr. Cohen closed it down when fights between extras and audience became regular events. Mr. Cohen, visibly moved, called it "more disappointing than anything that's happened in the last twenty minutes."

Kiss me Kulanga

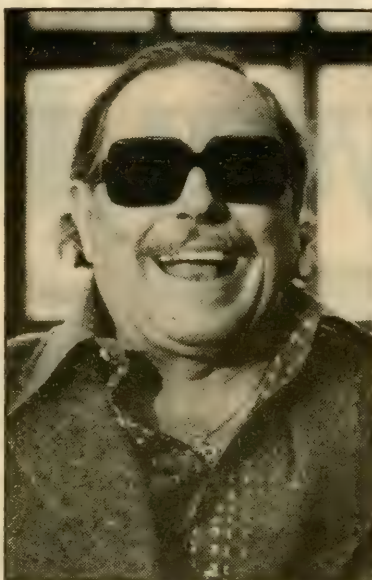
After failing at comedy, Cohen turned to serious drama with this tender story of love between various tribes in the Congo. The sets were elaborate, the music soft and the real black mambo snakes a bit of a hassle, especially when they slithered into the audience. The show was closed after the fourth fatality. Cohen remarked "what realism!"

Andy

While many thought this play was nothing more than a cheap ripoff of a certain successful Broadway hit, Cohen maintained that *Andy* was all original. The show told the story of a young boy, orphaned at birth, who was adopted by an unscrupulous racetrack owner who used him to clip horses toenails. He was then rescued by a rich industrialist and became the King of the Gypsies.

His reign ended when he refused to wear an earring and he ends up the humble proprietor of a depanneur in Ville Emard. The show contained lots of dance routines including the famous "The Moon Will Come Out Tonight", "Little Boys" and "Hot Horses". As well as political intrigue and cartons of cigarettes.

The finale shows a takeover bid by his former horse boss dressed as a provigo executive.



Bathing at the Baltic

During the McCarthy Era, Cohen decided to make a statement about Communism. Since he was already blacklisted everywhere, the publicity wouldn't hurt. Thus, *Bathing in the Baltic* was born. The play described the tender love affair between Sergei, cosmonaut in training and Olga, weightlifter with more to say than, "Lift!"

The show opened and closed in less than a week but Cohen was never happier. As soon as he was released from prison and finished his 'hard time' on Riker's, Cohen vowed never to get political again.

While shows like *Amadeus*, *Chorus Line* and *Cats have a certain appeal*, we must never forget the ones that didn't make it, or the producers that never had a hit.

I looked up from the typewriter, my eyes bleary from exhaustion and my brain cells polluted with their own poisons trying to think of funny things. Many hours have passed, deadline has passed, some have passed out and still the process of wrestling this article out continues. And to think it all started with a tasteless joke about cashmere sweaters in a cafe once long ago after I had finished behaving erratically for the day.

Pay TV Worth Every Ruble

•by Monk E. Glanz•

Yuri Alexispondrovski, proud owner of an Nyet 7 wide-screen T.V. set tunes in to *Pravda*, the Soviet Union's first pay T.V. channel.

As part of their mandate Pravda promise to broadcast a minimum of three hours a week of drama, including *My Mother the Combine Harvester* as well as trials of dissidents. Alexispondrovski told *The Lynx* that he especially enjoyed the programs dealing with wheat quotas in the Ukraine.

Pravda is a giant leap forward for the U.S.S.R., whose present TV content consists of *Live from Afghanistan*, touted as a real 'gas' and *The Man From Dayton*, a look at decadent life styles in Middle America.

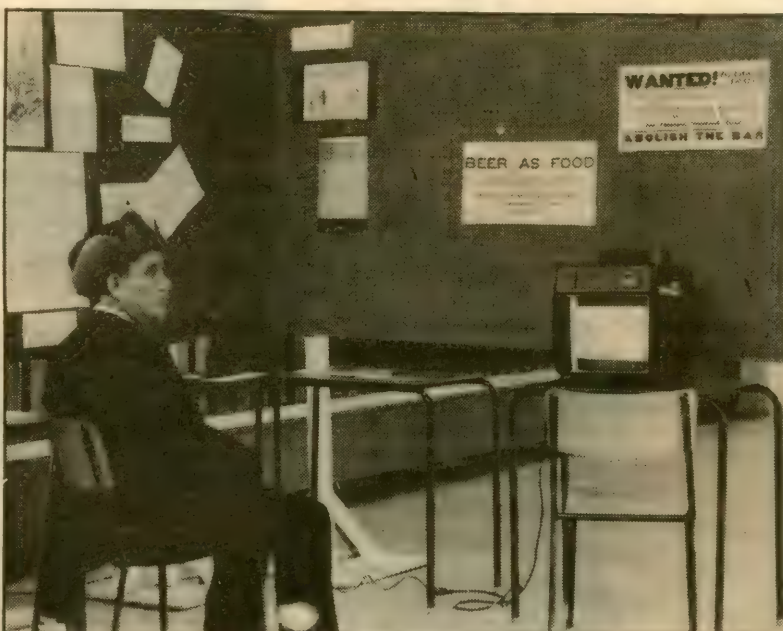
One member of Politburo, when asked about Pravda, stated that Pay T.V. would put the teeming masses

in their place; and that it is cheaper than lobotomies or prison camps.

This week, Pravda launches their nightly news program, *Dis-Information*, a sprightly look at the many untrue facts published in Russia everyday. It promises to keep the public misinformed.

Pravda will cost the average household about 72 rubles a month, twice the average earnings of a mortician in the Ural Mountains. Advertisers hail Pravda as the perfect way to reach high income Soviet Citizens. They have been burning the midnight oil preparing hemmerhoid commercials and public service spots for the K.G.B.

This first for our Soviet friends could mean the beginning of a vicious video war. Canadians can see Pravda by pointing their radar dishes north, especially during heavy sun spot activity.



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Festival of the Artsies: Poetry Read

•by Anne T. Lope•

Poetry in Montreal was alive and flourishing last night as the Tormented Souls Society of Concordia kicked off its third semi-annual Festival of the Artsies with a poetry reading by 78 new poets.

The evening opened with 30 minutes of Post-post-modern sound poetry. Thirty-eight young pen-pushers filled the air with a helter-skelter of minimalist groans. This profound demonstration of Man's creative anguish proved to be a big hit with the audience. Unfortunately the ending was drearily predictable: the poets let out one synchronized moan and shot themselves. Poor b.p. nichols must have been rolling over in his grave.

During the intermission, the remaining poets and the audience pigged out on Cuvette des Patriotes and camembert on graham crackers. "My Canada Council grant hasn't arrived yet," explained one poet as she stuffed some runny cheese into her handbag.

The second half of the reading was a let-down. I took intermittent naps as the poets droned on. Just as I was about to doze off for the ninth time, the emcee announced—

"Clinty St. Wood!"

I gasped.

Out of the gloom strode an incredibly good-looking male animal, moving with feline grace towards the podium. A mass of dark curls circled his head like the mane of an unclipped poodle. His beard fell to his bone-thin thighs and swayed as he walked, uncovering a magnificent pelvis that would put any rock star to shame. I could hardly wait to tell the girls back home.

Clinty St. Wood read from his literary monument to Woman, *Beautiful Babes and Lonely Libidos*. His eyes glistened with a Messianic fervour as he declaimed the male poet's eternal fate—not getting laid as often as he should. He plumbed the depths of ecstasy and out-Leonard Cohened Leonard Cohen. He went where no man had ever feared to tread.

"Oh pieces of meat on a pedestal!" he moaned in self-indulgent angst. Someone next to me threw up. I came and came and came again. I must have orgasmed twenty times when he said that. This may seem weird, but I felt I understood him. I wanted to reach out and touch him. I wanted him real bad.

After the reading, I inched my way

through the crowd of fawning admirers and toadies and boldly stepped up to him. "Could you autograph this for me?" I throatied huskily, holding up a copy of his book. I gazed longingly into his eyes.

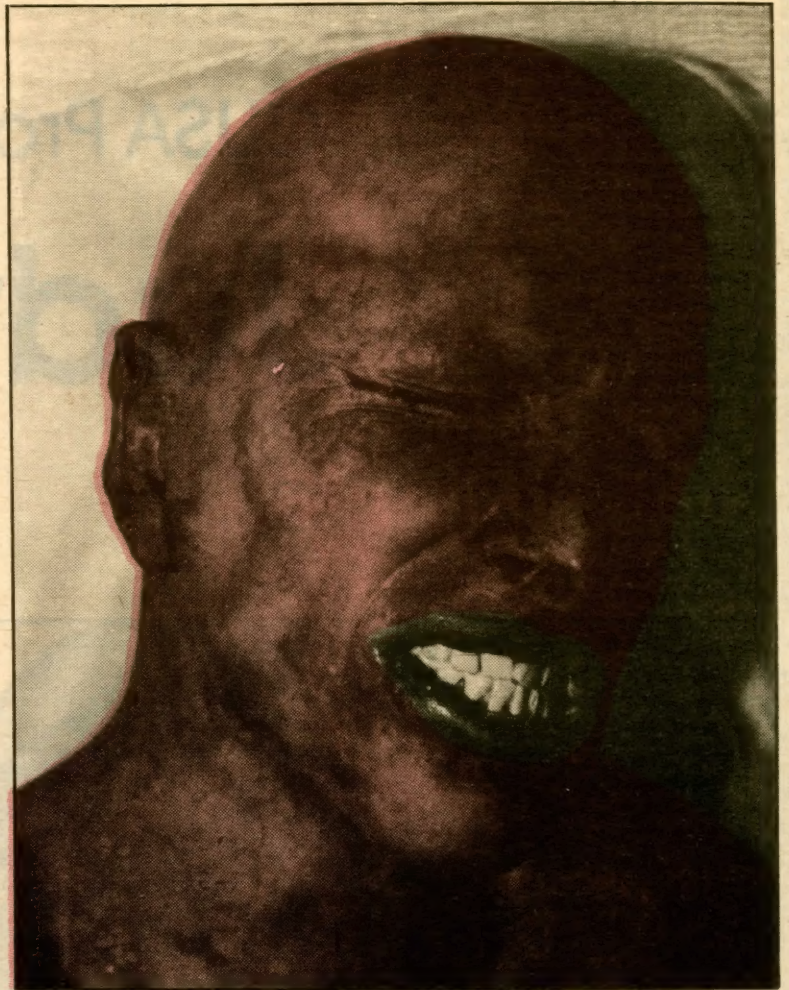
"Sure," he said.

He's mine, I thought, all mine...

But cruel Fate snatched him from me. Bacchanalia Mintzberg, esoterica editor of the McGuilt Daily shoved me aside and snapped, "Hey Clint, I'd like to hump you sometime." Then Kleenex-crotch and that no-talent groupie raced out of the room, hand in grubby hand.

After the crowd had dispersed, several of us went up to the faculty lounge for drinks and the sudden change in altitude gave me a nose-bleed. I spotted Clinty St. Wood and whatserface in a corner, committing a series of bizarre and not particularly titillating sex acts. I thought of my cattle prod lying at home, useless.

Meanwhile, the Festival of the Artsies is to continue with a performance by tormented artist Maria Van Gogh who will cut off her ears this coming Saturday night. The public will also have the opportunity to meet some tormented Chemical Engineers early next Monday morning.



Rx : For Big Animals Not People

•by Jim Pansy•

Writers, rock stars, housewives, journalists, and teenaged punks represent the diversity of the latest fad to sweep the drug sub-culture: drugs intended for big animals.

The bigger the animal, the higher the buzz is the common street saying about big animal drugs.

Johnny X. lives in the streets day to day by begging and keeping warm in Metro. He used to live in a nice suburban home with a loving family until they threw him out because of his drug habits.

"It all started when I heard about the trip you could get with angel dust, and our St. Bernard was getting this stuff from the vet to calm him down and I figured, why not," said Johnny. "My parents started to suspect that something was wrong when they noticed that my nose was cold and wet and my coat was shiny."

After long discussions with his parents Johnny stopped for short pe-

riods of times only to succumb to peer pressure. While hanging around the zoo, a crisis occurred which resulted in his being expelled to the streets.

"I was getting the stuff under the counter from a friend who knew a prescription pad vet (a veterinarian who will give out drug prescriptions without any questions asked) when I scored some really heavy stuff, moose analgesics cut with dewormer for our Great Dane," said Johnny. Anyway, to make a long story short, some people from my mother's bridge club came over and I tried humping the club president's leg."

Even the upper reaches of the drug culture have been affected by big animal drugs. It is rumoured that Rolling Stones guitarist, Keith Richards has been addicted to Whaleude for many months.

At Sir George, many students have been approached by dealers selling Camel enemies. These drugs

produce a feeling of great vacancy and have been composed by one student as being as good as opium suppositories. Though many big animal drugs are not illegal under the Canadian Criminal code, MUC Police are keeping a close eye on people dealing in drugs destined for big animals.

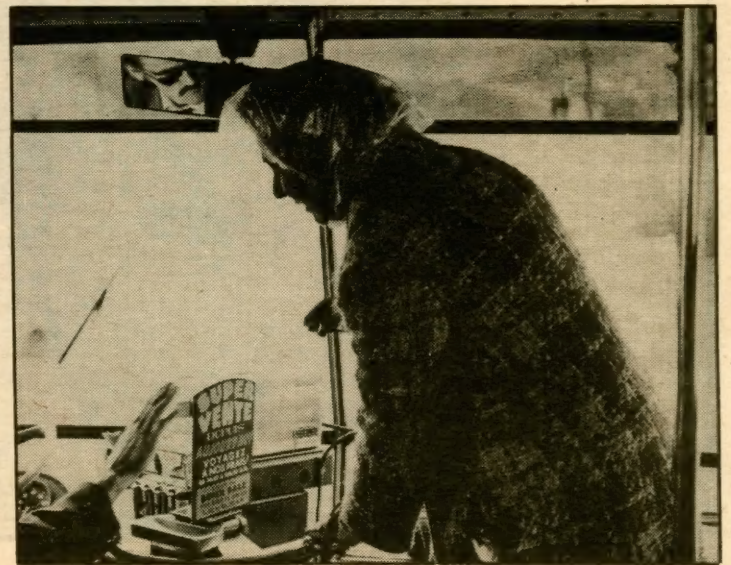
"The first thing you gotta remember," said Constable Joe Meteade, "is that many of these big animals need these drugs urgently to relieve their illnesses. Instead of going to the animals that need them, these drugs wind up on the black market. Besides, the people that deal in this sort of stuff also handle heavier stuff such as whip cream containers with nitrous oxide."

This reporter found that big animal drugs are easily had in Montreal. A high-jacked shipment of pharmaceuticals for the petting zoo in Parc Lafontaine, Jardin de Miracles, has been surfacing on the streets and certain brasseries at reasonable prices and in ferocious dosages.

A recent shipment of caribou birth control pills played an important part in the triumph of *the Lynx* overhand bowl-a-thon at the Rose Bowl Bar and bowling emporium on St. Jacques St. last week.

Recent experiments at MacDonal College have been expanding the horizon of big animal drugs applied to humans. Dr. Lem Ming has discovered that an anti-flatulence compound when administered to middle aged female Yaks causes them to exude a hallucinogenic milk so powerful that this reporter spent a week sitting in La Pis Dru Tavern thinking that he was insulting Tommy Schnurmacher when in reality he was assaulting a vending machine on the 4th floor of the Hall Building to gain the secret of immortality.

Big Animal drugs are for big animals. Leave them alone otherwise the price will go up.



•by Barry Cuda•

Many people think Queen Elizabeth is a tedious old coot, just because she looks like one, and acts that way in public.

But after midnight, when the blood is hot and spirits grooving in her fav clubs, Her Majesty is just another soulful nightbird. She proved it last weekend with a free-spirited romp through the Montreal nightclub scene.

And *The Lynx* was there, from the evening's impish beginnings right through to the frenzied climax.

The Queen bopped and boogied til dawn, shaking loose her regal locks to reveal the funky monarch within.

We caught up with the foxy Ruler as she tried to clamber onto a 105 bus to get her night on the town under way. She was open and chatty, even when the obnoxious driver refused to let her on.

She decided to thumb it, and got downtown just in time for some Happy Hour fun at her favorite Montreal Jock bar, The Biggest Foot. She kept the brawny regulars in stitches with ribald tales of her favorite soccer players.

Soon she was tipsy, and it was time to hit the dance floor. The Queen was not pleased with the bland tunes at The Foot ("Pissy dribble" she bellowed) and trucked up to Glace, where she thrashed about by herself for awhile until she got into an ugly tussle with a fan from Westmount.

It was time to do some cruising, and the randy Ruler hurried out to find some muscle.

She had forgotten her Sir Winston's courtesy card ("Fuck!" she hollared) but there was no stopping the hot-blooded Queen. She bowled over the astonished bouncer, who was very impressed with the maverick monarch, and later called her a "sensual lioness."

Once she was in the smutty meat market, the Queen's funky spirits seemed to take total control. She spotted Gino Vanelli, and with a savage cry, flung herself at the overrated rocker. In the heated battle that followed, the temperamental Vanelli was forced to hurl the writhing Queen down the bar, where she rammed into a pleasantly surprised Nick Auf de Maur. He proposed marriage several hours later, but we simply can't tell you what happened from there.



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Con. U. women pucksters turn NHL on it's ear

•by Albie Tross•

Bob Berry is sitting in the Canadiens locker room. Almost all the players have filed out by now. He's alone with his thoughts. He pulls on a cigarette offered to him by an inquiring reporter. Berry lights the smoke, takes a deep drag, then starts to respond. The words come out slowly.

"I still can't believe it," Berry says. "This has been a tough season no doubt about it. But this was the worst moment of all. Beaten, by a bunch of women. Who would have thought it."

Yes, my friends, Les Canadiens, the Canadiens of the Rocket and the Toe, Morenz and Geoffrion, Robinson and LaFleur were humbled last night by the Concordia women's hockey team 5-4 at the Forum.

Nobody expected the women to do anything on this night especially after Stinger coach Bill Doherty challenged the Canadiens to a game to give the women "a chance to play a good team because the school only gave us a one road trip this year."

A tuneup it might have been, but the women just played a super game. It all started out when Concordia's Corinne Corcoran got the puck on a pass from teammate Edith Langlois early in the first period, skated by Craig Ludwig, then scooted under Larry Robinson's legs to beat Rick Wamsley stickside at 1:02 of the first

period.

"I didn't think women could shoot that hard," marveled Wamsley later. The goal deflated the Canadiens.

At 5:49 Concordia's Maureen Maloney outmuscled Robinson for the puck long the side boards and fed breaking Langlois along in front. Langlois slid a pass underneath Wamsley's pads to make it 2-0 and the Canadiens were really in a hole.

Berry got a chance to relax when the Canadiens scored three goals in the second period, two by Mats Maslund, who's so small the women mistakenly passed him the puck thinking he was on their team; and one by Mario Tremblay, who gave the Canadiens the lead.

The third period was, well different. The Concordia tied the score on the power play when, Corcoran stole the puck from LaFleur, and outraced the veteran winger down the ice to beat Wamsley again.

What happened Guy?

"Tabernac," LaFleur said.

The Canadiens came back to tie when Naslund received another blind pass in front of the Concordia net and beat Concordia goalie Denise Biennu to the right hand corner.

Then when Robinson and LaFleur scored in rapid succession to make it 4-2 with 10 minutes left in the game it looked like "Les Canadiens Sont La" time.

But then a strange thing happened. Chris Nilan got involved in a scrape with Concordia's Claire Hilliker and the plucky Concordia winger laid him out with a right cross that even Davey Hilton would envy. This took all the life out of the Canadiens who played the rest of the games as though they were afraid to touch the puck.

"Call it the Stan Jonathan syndrome," Berry said shaking his head. Corcoran earned a hat trick by

stealing a Ludwig pass and beating Wamsley high to the right corner. Concordia's Sue Flynn tied the score at four moments later and then with 50 seconds left Concordia winger Gina Sangollo got the game winner after she and her linemates Liette Hunzicker and June Houde stopped Bob Gainey at the blue line asked him to autograph Hunzicker's stick.

When Gaine happily obliged Sangollo picked up the loose puck, skated down the ice and beat Wamsley, who

was talking to his wife in the stands at the time.

Berry has finished his cigarette. He turns says goodbye and heads for the locker room door. Just one more question Bob. What are you going to do to get over a loss like this?

"I'm going to go talk to Paul Arsenault and let you know in the morning," Berry said.

Hopefully the Canadiens can bounce back.



The Concordia women's ice fencing team opened its season last week with a match against John Abbott. In this picture we see Concordia's ace ice fencer Linda "The Knife" Bellmore trying to carve her initials on Abbott's Lynn Blitzkreig. Blitzkreig is reacting with a defensive manoeuvre called the "two hander".

Ask Dr. Ed

•by Gerry Af•

Dear Dr. Ed... Why does Concordia's men's hockey team get to travel to their games in nice big buses while the soccer team has to walk?

A: Well, I think it's a lot easier to walk in soccer cleats than skates don't you?

Dear Dr. Ed... I've got a sore elbow. What should I do?

A: Use the other arm.

Dear Dr. Ed... Is it true that you only go to the Soviet Union for the men?

A: Sometimes but not always. I go for the vodka too.

Dear Dr. Ed... What is Batman's true identity?

A: Clark Kent.

Dear Dr. Ed... Who played Keith on the Partridge Family TV show?

A: Mick Jagger.

Dear Dr. Ed... I've noticed that you don't show up to get your picture taken after championship tournaments anymore?

A: My office walls are full of pictures and besides the Expos pay me more money. Hey is that tape recorder working?

Dear Dr. Ed... Is it true the Concordia men's hockey team will enter the NHL next season?

A: Yes, but don't tell anybody about it.

Dear Dr. Ed... How do you always seem to come up with those inspiring pek talks you always give Concordia teams at half-times of important games?

A: The Catelli people sent me a book called "All Time Favorite Sports Speeches." It's edited by my good friend Toe Blake.

Dear Dr. Ed... Do the speeches ever work?

A: No comments.

Dear Dr. Ed... Why do they call you "Mr. Hustle"?

A: Well it all goes back to my days in the CFL. I had a bad bladder and I was always the first one to hustle into the locker room at both halftime and the end of the game. Say, you're awfully nosy aren't you.

Dear Dr. Ed... I would like to know how many days you spend in the Athletic Complex every year.

A: I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that it may incriminate me.

If you would like to send a question to "Ask Dr. Ed" please write your question on a blank sheet of paper and send it to the Lynx, 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd, Montreal, Que. H3M 1G8. With luck Dr. Ed will return your answer within six months and we will try to print it if it is not to libelous. Thank you.

Mens' Hoopsters planning to join NBA

•by Jack Ass•

The great anticipation that has been brewing at the Athletic Complex finally bubbled over this past week. The excitement was so intense that Athletic Director Dr. Ed "Jet Set" Nonose flew back from the Expos training camp at West Palm Beach to announce that the Concordia men's basketball team will join the National Basketball Association.

Asked why Concordia will be joining a professional league, coach Dookey Dagny explained, "we have been approached on more than one occasion to join and since we feel that we are on the same level as most pro teams we believe it's time to

make the move."

Dagny has been working like a proverbial beaver in preparation for this big move.

Lynx: This is a very big move. How will the Athletic Department afford it, with all the travel?

Dagny: Our budget will remain the same. We won't ask for any more.

Lynx: How will you be able to do that?

Dagny: We're having a car wash, a dogwash and bake sale, that should bring in the amount we need.

Lynx: It usually costs about \$10 million to join a professional league?

Dagny: So, I just told you how we plan to raise the funds.

Lynx: Will you be looking around

for new players?

Dagny: Actually, we may be needing a new centre. Pebbles Marshmeliosi was injured picking something up under a table a while back.

Lynx: Are there any other plans for other Stinger teams to join the pro ranks?

Dagny: Well, I can't say too much now, but the football team might be entering the new United States Football League (USFLO).

This has been landmark week for Concordia. And no one knows what will happen next. However with Dr. Nonose at the helm anything is possible

Arsenhole goes ape

Monction(CUP)—Around midnight last Saturday, after the Stingers had clinched a berth in the national championship, Stinger hockey coach Poole Arsenhole was seen streaking through this placid maritime community-yelling "Yippee we're in!"

"It was horrifying", screamed long-time Main St. resident, Prudence Coldpotato. "It was all just there!"

Concordia athletic director, Mr. Ed, who rose to fame during the 1960's television series in which he starred as a talking horse, before becoming a doctor in the early 70's was asked to comment on Arsenhole's behavior. "He has a streaking clause in his contract", said Mr. Ed

Hus named Manic coach

•by Al Packer•

The Montreal Manic stunned the world of professional soccer this weekend by naming Concordia University men's soccer coach Harry Hus as their new coach.

Hus told a news conference at the Olympic Stadium that there will be "a few changes with the team this year."

"First off I think I'll switch Bob Rigby to mid-field and put Fran O'Brien in the nets. Why? Hey, Fran looks good back there. He plays to win. Then I think I'll put

Brian Decaire at striker. But only if Brian shows me something. He went to McGill you know."

Hus is also thinking of bringing some of his Concordia players to the Manic with him. "I'd like to get Ron Ruffner up in the front line" Hus said. "Ronnie's a tiger out there.

Hus plans on scheduling six exhibition games to get the Manic into shape before the regular season starts in April. The McGill Redmen will provide the opposition in all of those games.



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