

# Political Studies "Club or Clique"

We are two mature students graduating in April with majors in Political Studies, and we have some concerns about the leadership of our Political Studies club. The Executive seemed to have good intentions in September when they first introduced the idea to start a Political Studies Club. Membership fees were collected from between ten and fifteen people to fund the club's activities. The club was launched with a wonderful corn boil. This was largely organized and catered by Wyoma VanDuinkerken (the elected student representative for the Political Studies department). The corn boil was held at Dr. Milne's cottage, and other students offered their support by bringing what they could.

We felt positive about the club's foundation and future growth. We "bonded" that day, not only as students but as friends. It was on this day that we elected Rick and Mark as our President and Vice-President. In our opinion all went downhill from there: people stopped showing up for meetings because the meetings became work, and some were cancelled without notice. We must admit that the executive made two valiant and admirable attempts to draw the club closer by enticing two speakers to "entertain", for example, Doug Henning of the Natural Law Party. We also admit that student turnout was weak, but what do you expect - these speeches were held during scheduled class time. Oh well. We patiently awaited the much-promised Xmas bash. It never happened! Every year prior to this, there was a great party. We asked "Why not this year? We paid for it and were promised it." Jane Morrissey ('92-'93 Political Studies Student Representative) organized it last year with John Crossley. It became obvious "Why not this year?": the executive couldn't get it together. For the first year we had a club (HOORAY!!!), for the first year we had no Xmas party (BOOO!!!).

Because of this oversight, the President may have felt mutiny in the ranks and so made a half-hearted attempt to rally support by planning another party, (he must be psychic because some of us were dreaming about mutiny at Xmas). "The After Xmas Bash" was meant to draw us all together again, but it didn't work out as hoped. It was said that the president should plan an informal club event to regain some support. He did but informed only a select few. When the President was asked why the news of the party reached so few people, he initially said that it was only "a bunch of the guys getting together" but later said he tried to inform the club and that people had been told. In our opinion, if the student representative didn't know about it and wasn't informed, neither was the student body. We are both in the lounge regularly, Jane has classes with these guys, and we check the bulletin board. We saw nothing.

In our opinion the club has little legitimacy, appeal, or leadership; however, there was still room for good. The membership fees could have been saved for next year's club. Brochures could have been printed for the orientation packages, posters could have been made up for a fall party, food could have been purchased for a "Meet the Poly Sci People Night" at the start of the new semester, etc. Although the club was crumbling around the present executive, those membership fees could have left the '94-'95 executive something to build on. Guess what happened to the fees? An "End of Semester" party was given. That's great, that was what the money was intended for (if it included all the members and drew new political studies students into the fold). The party was agreed upon at the meeting on March 23 and given on March 25.

Although Wyoma disagreed with this use of club funds, she felt pressured by the apparent solidarity of the other members in attendance and her impression that the matter had been decided upon earlier that day. Was this ample time to inform all the members and the student body? In our opinion, NO! They only had Thursday to inform people and as all of you know, we don't normally have classes on Fridays. There were no announcements in any of our Thursday classes. Although one small notice was put up sometime on Thursday, no students had the chance to even realize the party was "in the works" and run up to the lounge to check the door.

Between 10 and 20 people attended the party and all said it was a success, but where is the future of the Club? It was initially intended that we (the founding members) would energetically recruit to ensure a future for our vision. None has been left, the last hurrah has been had.

The big question: was the founding of this club a resume-booster for the executive or was it an opportunity for them to have a good drunk? It's unfortunate the club executive, in our opinion, is so sadly lacking the necessary charisma, social skills, and appeal to lead students who share a common goal. We hope this year's executive (should the club survive) has not set a precedent for future years and we ask that political studies majors meet in the fall and rally behind the few who have the organizational and life skills to make this club a success. Maybe next year the vision will be realized, beyond a few membership fees and a couple of beers.

Jane Morrissey, '92-'93 Political Studies Student Representative.

Wyoma VanDuinkerken, present Political Studies Student Representative.

## Panelogy

BY SEAN MCQUAID

This week, I take a cue from X-Press B-movie connoisseur Trent Drake and take a look at an obscure, long-forgotten comic book story of no great prestige; a hokey-but-fun, overlooked gem you might want to pick up some time. Suspend your disbelief at the door, and keep reading.

There's tons of good "B-Comics", but a particularly fun set comes to mind for this review: *Defenders* #62-64 wasn't an epic-- nor did it pretend to be-- but it was an amusing little three-part, cast-of-dozens slugfest that also served as a telling cross-section of Marvel's 1970's superhero population and one of the earliest large-scale gatherings of characters from all corners of Marvel's disparate comics universe.

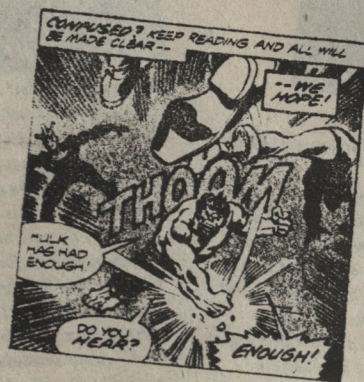
The premise? The Defenders, as some of you may remember, were at the time a strictly ad hoc group-- no official membership, headquarters, charter, or even existence, just an informal agreement among a circle of heroic associates that they would unite to defend Earth (and smaller portions thereof) when necessary. As such, the group's membership shifted constantly, and could include any number of hangers-on. This was fine... until Dollar Bill showed up.

Dollar Bill, one of the most endearingly annoying comic book supporting characters of all time, was (like the killer elf cameos) one of the elements that made the 1970's *Defenders* series memorable. The core members of the Defenders at the time were the Hulk (who needs no introduction and was still in his "Hulk Smash!" mental phase); Nighthawk (high-flying millionaire crimefighter); Hellcat (an acrobatic, happy-go-lucky gal in a catsuit); and the Valkyrie (a sword-wielding, Asgardian warrior goddess). An amusing subplot of the series was Valkyrie's attempts to integrate with the modern world, including a stint as a college student at ESU, where she met wacky film student Dollar Bill, whom Val tolerated as he latched onto her and her pals (the best film subjects a budding young director could hope for), serving as Val's guide to the real world while filming the Defenders' exploits and generally making a pest of himself.

This situation reached a crisis point in *Defenders* #62, wherein Bill produced a TV documentary revealing the Defenders' heretofore secret existence to the world.

Worse yet, the revelation of the group's de facto headquarters--Nighthawk's riding academy--coupled with the description of the group's fluid membership policies, prompted a horde of gaudily costumed prospective Defenders to show up on Nighthawk's doorstep to sign up with the group. The turnout ranged from big names (Captain Marvel and Hercules) to the ridiculously obscure and silly (Captain Ultra and Tagak the Leopard Lord), and the impromptu gathering soon dissolved into a hilarious farce of small talk, duelling egos, runaway horses, bad coffee and fistfights. No sooner had the roughly two-dozen Defenders collected themselves when, in issue #63, they received word that hordes of super-villains, taking advantage of the documentary's publicity, were looting Manhattan in the name of the Defenders. United in adversity, the real Defenders charge into Manhattan and engage the badguys, also contending with understandably confused New York cops. By the end of the day (*Defenders* #64-65) the Defenders have stopped the bad guys but earned the enmity of some irate policemen and significantly disrupted two or three forms of mass transit-- to say nothing of the obligatory mass destruction. The new recruits, disillusioned, soon depart and the Defenders are left a sadder but wiser non-team.

Sure, it's not Shakespeare. But it was a heckuva lotta fun, a zany farce that also served as the ultimate exploitation of the non-team concept and one of the first large-scale, multi-character crossovers. Heroes in attendance included spaceborn warrior Captain Mar-Vell (now deceased), alien-empowered feminist Ms. Marvel (now the cosmic adventurer called Binary), and the washbuckling, ladykilling, pastel kevlar-clad superhuman mercenary known as Paladin (all of whom left early); Greek demi-god Hercules; the plasma-blasting mutant Havok; the variously super-powered and gaudily costumed Captain Ultra; the now-retired, mystical martial artist White Tiger (a product of the 1970's Kung-Fu craze); Iron Fist (a somewhat more durable and



kicking around); Black Goliath (who now uses the less racially slanted alias Giant-Man), Stingray (an armoured oceanographer-adventurer-- sort of a cross between Jacques Cousteau and Iron Man), the Torpedo (a now-deceased hero who had a jet-powered flight suit), Jack of Hearts (a cosmic-powered super hero who named himself after a playing card in memory of his murdered, cards-playing father), the Prowler (a then-forgotten Spider-Man ally who was basically an inventive window-washer turned high-tech second-story man), the Falcon (Harlem-based, high-flying crimefighter and Avengers member best-known for his on-again, off-again role as Captain America's partner), Marvel Man (the cosmic Avenger now called Quasar), the mutant mistress of magnetism Polaris (girlfriend to Havok); the awkwardly named Son of Satan (a demonic good guy who later married Hellcat and now has his own series under the name of Hellstorm), Nova (Rich Rider, of *New Warriors* fame) and yes, Tagak the Leopard Lord (an extradimensional adventurer who commanded big cats).

Fun moments include: Nighthawk punting Dollar Bill out of the Riding Academy; Valkyrie's disastrous attempts at making coffee and small talk; half the guys hitting on Hellcat, including a heated argument over her between Captain Ultra and Jack of Hearts (battle of the gaudily costumed nobodies); Captain Ultra's costume (he looks like a spokesman for Rainbow Chips Ahoy); Hellcat's team charging into battle in her overcrowded sports car; the lovably hokey dialogue; and Tagak's inferiority complex over not being able to fly.

These comics are easily affordable if you can find the back issues, and are a fun little read for all ages (not to mention a primer in 1970's Marvel Comics trivia). Pick it up some time, if you have the chance.

# What tunes have you been listening to?

## The Apothecaries' top picks

Our staff ranges in age from 21 to 40 so we get a variety of CD's. We also play different CDs at different times of the day: Pearl Jam would not go over well with the coffee crowd. Different groups of regulars listen to different stuff and when they get drunk most of them go for nostalgia. The day crowd prefers "cry in your beer (coffee)" delta blues. The Monday night crowd likes likes Pearl Jam, Lemonheads, etc. The Friday night crowd goes for Ry Cooder, Warren Zevon, Robert Cray, etc. Saturday night people like Tragically Hip, Rolling Stones, Pearl Jam, etc. I've spoken to the bartenders and some patrons, this is what I came up with.

## Top 5 most requested CDs

Sweet Relief, Various Artists  
Vs., Pearl Jam  
Greatest Hits, Morrison Hotel, The Doors  
Fully Completely, The Tragically Hip

## Top 5 staff picks

Sweet Relief, Various Artists  
Old Material, Spirit of the West  
Astral Weeks, St. Dominic's Preview, Greatest Hits, Van Morrison  
Excitable Boy, Warren Zevon  
Girl Talk, Holly Cole Trio

Under the Pink, Tori Amos  
The Whole Story, Kate Bush  
Mellow Gold, Beck  
Fumbling Towards Ecstasy, Sarah McLachlan  
Epiphany in Brooklyn, Brenda Kahn  
Stan Livingstone,  
amateur sumo wrestler

Tutu, Miles Davis 8:30, Weather Report  
Sarsipius Ark, Infectious Grooves  
Lost Tribe  
Notorious, 5 After 4  
Reel'n'Roll, Rawlins Cross  
Vs., Pearl Jam  
Anything by Taco Tasterius  
Juice, Soundtrack  
Electric Ladyland, Jimi Hendrix  
Stahl MacIntyre  
staffer, Back Alley Discs

Fumbling Towards Ecstasy, Sarah McLachlan  
MCMXC a.D., Enigma  
Rid of Me, PJ Harvey  
Anything by REM  
Dirt, Alice in Chains  
Grace Kimpinski  
amateur solo synchronized swimmer

Superunknown, Soundgarden  
In Utero, Nirvana  
Vs., Pearl Jam  
Keianho, Ministry  
Binge and Purge, Metallica  
Susie Rashed  
world champion arm wrestler