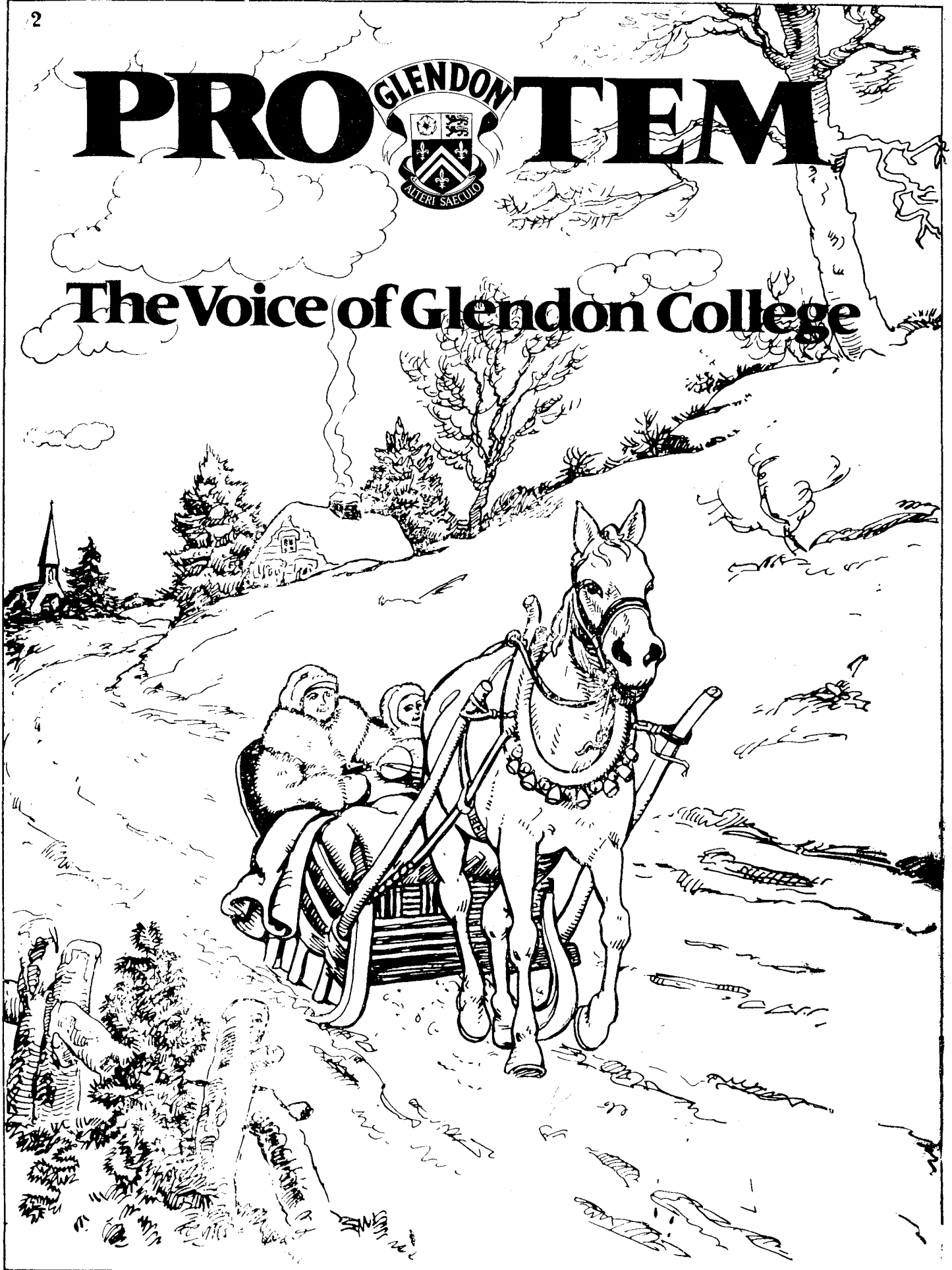


PRO GLENDON TEM



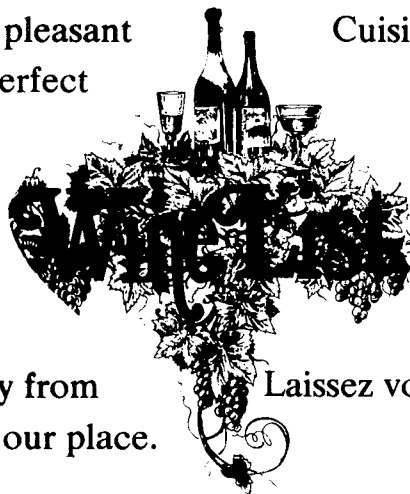
The Voice of Glendon College



Grand Block Restaurant

Venez fêter la Noël chez nous!
Come celebrate the Christmas season!

Relaxed dining in a pleasant atmosphere. The perfect place to enjoy lunch or dinner with your friends.



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Un cadre idéal pour bien manger avec des amis.

Get your head away from school and relax at our place.

Laissez vos ennuis d'université derrière vous.



What a great way to celebrate the holiday season — at a price you can afford.
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Yonge & Sheppard (4841 Yonge St.)
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MERRY CHRISTMAS

JOYEUX NOËL

Cette année encore, Pro Tem a envoyé dans le grand nord quelques courageux journalistes pour aller interviewer le **Père Noël**. Nos joyeux lurons, **Lee Zimmerman** (also known as Chuck Foley), **Nicol Simard** (also known as Nicol Meers) et **Joseph Holmes** sont donc allés dans le royaume de cet homme en rouge pour y découvrir qu'il était en grève. And, for the benefit of you poor unilingual anglophones, **Mother Christmas** was kind enough to send out *anglophone presents*, too! Et c'est **Mère Noël** qui était là pour répondre aux questions:

Pro Tem: *Quoi? P.N. est-il en grève?*

Mère Noël: Pas de commentaires.

Pro Tem: *Cela affectera-t-il la production de cadeaux?*

Mère Noël: Pas de commentaires.

Pro Tem: *Sera-t-il de retour au travail avant le 25 décembre?*

Mère Noël: Pas de commentaires.

Pro Tem: *Quels sont vos projets pour Glendon?*

Mère Noël: Ah! Là, là, là, là! Ah! Là, là, là, là! Ah! Là, là, là!

Pro Tem: *Vraiment?*

Mère Noël: Ouais!

Pro Tem: *Pourriez-vous nous en dire un peu plus?*

Mike Bunn: a spiograph

Nicol Simard and Frank Meers: nos applaudissements (Clap, Clap)

Georges Lemieux: his very own staff for his very own newspaper. (including a certain *philosophy professor*, Georges?)

Principal Garigue: un produit pour le rendre visible

Dean Gutwinsky: ear plugs

Dorothy Watson: la présidente a été très gentille cette année. Elle a donc droit à 2 cadeaux:

1. La tête de Matthew sur un plateau d'argent
2. un voyage au Hilton de Sudbury avec l'équipe de Hockey

Ian Loveless: une job

Lisa Creighton: a diamond ring from **Tim Hyslop** (secret's out, you two... and you thought we didn't know!)

Tim Hyslop: nothing, or even worse, an all-expense-paid trip to Hamilton

Matthew Davis: a Handbook

Bill Firman: la tête de **Joseph Holmes** (quelconque)

Larry Organ: his first lay in two years

Joseph Holmes: a meeting in a very dark alley with the entire Glendon security force (what colour buffoons was that, Joe?)

Linda Lisicky: a marriage contract signed by **Joseph Holmes** (although such cruel and unusual punishment should be illegal....)

Tim Haffey: Sports editorship of Pro Tem

Paul (Bongo) Kolycius: an application from **David Marsden** to work for Radio Glendon

Radio Ron and Karen the A.: an uninterrupted one-hour session in the mature students' lounge

Alan Lysaght: the rejuvenation of **John Lennon**

Marshall Katz: intelligence (*Editor's Note: This may be a fantasy, but that's asking for miracles!*)

Carole Blanchard: a life-size, full-colour poster of a man's hairy chest (I won't say whose)

Lee Zimmerman: un souper à la chandelle, en tête-à-tête, avec **Carole Blanchard**, suivi d'une session prolongée de push-ups

Marc-André Lacombe: une présidence quelconque

Louise Sankey: 2 pairs of brand-new, white-walled, steel-belted radials

Baudouin St.-Cyr: un document officiel déclarant le Québec libre

Anne Garneau: \$500.00 (I...love...New York...what a great vacation...I...etc.)

Stanley Abotsi: a sparring session (gloves off) with **Joseph Holmes**



Brigitte Vincent: une sortie romantique avec **Jean Paul Lenin**

Jean Paul Lenin, Laurie Perkins, Perry Mallinos, Tara Fricker-

Ballance: a full-colour poster of *The Gang of 4*

Guy Perreault: a new photo for his column

Harvey the Security Guard: a bodyguard

Erik Schasmin the D.J.: a payola contract with RCA

Phil Allan: his own Roving Eye column

P. Platnick, Glendon's Librarian: a scholarship to the Joe Cool School of Creative Book-Borrowing

OOOOOH, DO YOU WANNA DANCE?

by Tim Haffey

Parties, parties and more parties!

This past weekend, both the Hilliard and Wood residences combined to throw three of the biggest and noisiest residence parties of the year.

Friday night the girls from Hilliard F and the guys and gals from Hilliard B joined forces in hosting the rowdiest affair 2nd floor Hilliard has seen this year.

D.J., **Tony Motorcycle**, was responsible for the elaborate sound systems set up in the F and B house common rooms, as thundering waves of new wave and rock 'n roll music pounded through the corridors of both houses. Friday night studiers were forced to flee in droves to the sanctuary of the Frost library where the music was not quite as audible.

Saturday night saw two very different house parties in both the Hilliard and Wood residences.

The Wood affair, billed as the second annual 'French Connection', was hosted by the Chiropractic disco set, while the Hilliard gathering, billed as the 'Wear As You Dare Christmas Bash', was hosted by D house.

The Chiro gang went all out, renting a P.A. and sound system that was so loud it seemed that the walls would collapse. But why such a great system was procured simply to pump out one obnoxious disco 'song' after another is beyond me. What a waste.

Nevertheless, the Chiros finally did come to their senses at around two thirty in the morning, when the familiar strains of *Brown Sugar* suddenly ended the preceding non-stop assault of this idiotic disco. Brown Sugar was then followed by a selection of good-time rock 'n roll classics from the 50's and 60's (I wonder why the D.J. waited until 3:00 a.m. to decide it was time to rock?). The next time Wood residence decides to throw a party, I hope the Chiros aren't involved in the planning.

Getting back to Hilliard, the 'Wear As You Dare' bash was by far the most ambitious of the three parties being discussed.

The prize (a magnum of champagne) for most daring costume went to **daring Danny**, sporting no more than the smile on his face, while runner-up honours went to **André** for his shirt and clear

plastic bag get-up.

Honourable mention should also go to **'someone plug me in' Mark Smith**, done up as a Christmas tree complete with branches, decorations and real live electric bulbs, **Bryan Campbell**, modelling his new black dress and pig tails, and of course all those daring girls wearing nothing but their very best see-through undergarments.

The *Wear As You Dare* bash held in the D house common room and surrounding area featured a progressive blend of new wave, rock 'n roll and reggae music (in other words, dance music that didn't die with the demise of **K.C. and the Sunshine Band** or **Donna Summer**).

Both of this past weekend's Hilliard parties and the pit party earlier in the year were shut down shortly after 1 a.m., while the 2nd annual *French Connection* carried on well past 3 a.m. Why is it that Wood can party all night, while Hilliard parties have to quit early? Maybe no one sleeps at Wood. Anyways, to those of you in Hilliard, don't get all worked up about it; it's hardly a major issue!

The reason why neither the student body nor the library staff have any voice in this situation is a political one. According to my sources, Glendon's new administration, headed by Dr. Garigue, feels that it would be economically unwise to deter prospective students from using the library — that it is our responsibility to make them feel welcome, to 'sell' Glendon. The cost of this strategy is to deprive tuition-paying students of a quiet place to work.

Yours truly,

Jane Hood

To the Editor,

Congratulations Mr. Holmes, you've finally succeeded.

Yours truly,

Robert Mawbinney

(Editor's Note: Thanks, Bob. It's letters like yours that make our job worthwhile.)

LETTER OF THE WEEK

To The Editor:

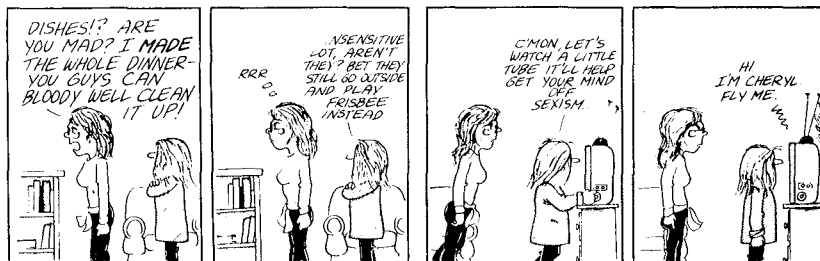
I am sorely dissatisfied in your poor choice of comic strip material. Repeatedly Pro Tem readers are being subject to a disturbing undercurrent of male chauvinism and sexual insult to women.

I am referring specifically to the content of the Doonsbury cartoon. A few weeks ago, Doonsbury regretted not having raped a woman who had rejected him. This week, drink in

hand, the same buxom female reminds him of what he *needs* to study. Other cartoons have followed the same degrading trend.

This choice of material reflects a definite lack of sensitivity and suggests a degree of sexual immaturity in the cartoon editor. I would hope in future that a more careful and unbiased selection of comic strip material will be made.

Sylvia Brooks



PRO TEM

La voix du
Collège Glendon

The Voice of
Glendon College

VOLUME 1
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Editor In Chief

Joseph M. Holmes

Chief Production Editor

Linda Lisicky

Comic Editors

*Lee Zimmerman
Joseph Holmes*

Photographic Editors

*Larry Organ
Phil Allen*

Layout Editor

Francesca Meers

No Particular Duties

Nicol Simard

Arts Editor

Lesley Harris

Translations Editors

*Tang Chao
Lee Zimmerman*

Anne, Steve, and
Larry
wish Peggy
a very merry....

Christmas!



THE DREAM IS OVER

Is John dead?

Is it possible to kill an ideal, a philosophy, the spirit of a generation?

The image that is *John Lennon* surpasses and overwhelms the reality of a single man; we do not mourn a mere musician any more than we categorize *The Beatles* as a simple rock and roll band. In the words of the Beatles' official chronologer, Alan Lysaght, '*Because of his unique influence in changing the world, John is the most significant figure in our world since Hitler.*'

Through his music John touched the most populous generation of the earth; was it exaggeration to compare The Beatles' reknown with Christ's, or was it instead the most telling remark to emerge on this phenomenon which ruled the music of the 60's?



AND WE ALL SHINE ON

JOHN LENNON 1940 — 1980

In the sadness which pervades his lyrics we find the soul of a rebel. But he is not a violent rebel, not an anarchist seeking to destroy; he is, rather, an optimist — seeking only to destroy those elements within society which threaten to destroy our lives. Perhaps 'optimist' is not the right word for this idealist — he is, more accurately, *a dreamer*.

*Imagine all the people
living life in peace....*

John is not dead.

At no time has he been more alive than in the past few days — every radio, every television set is paying tribute to his spirit; his thoughts flood the airwaves. The message that John Lennon fought to spread throughout the world is being repeated 24 hours a day across the globe.

All you need is love.

All he is saying is give peace a chance.

The threat of a nuclear war looms over the earth as Russia and the U.S. once again clash over Poland. Yet the only image filling the television news broadcasts is that of a lone musician.

After the death of Brian Epstein (the Beatles' manager and friend) John asked the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi how he should pay tribute to his friend; the Yogi responded,

'Do not weep or wail; think good and pleasant thoughts about the man and they will rise to his spirit in the heavens.'



LA MAISON DE VOS REVES

J'ai une très grande bibliothèque pour ceux qui aiment lire ou étudier en silence.

Je suis un riche excentrique qui vit à North York près du club Granite sur une très grande propriété. Il y a beaucoup d'arbres et de fleurs de toutes sortes sur mon terrain. Les écureuils y sont nombreux et semblent aimer y vivre étant donné leur grand nombre. Le site est vraiment enchanteur.

J'ai, chez moi, de nombreuses chambres et toutes les commodités pour y recevoir plusieurs chambreurs. Il y a surtout des chambres simples. Qui-conque serait intéressé à en louer une doit s'attendre à partager la salle de bain avec quelques voisins. Il ne faut surtout pas s'inquiéter car il y a beaucoup de salles de bain et toutes sont équipées d'un bain, de douches, de toilettes et de lavabos.

J'ai même un chef cuisinier qui prépare tous les repas et quelques jolies servantes qui s'occupent du service. La salle à dîner est très spacieuse et peut d'ailleurs facilement être transformée en salle de dance. Si vous me prévenez assez longtemps d'avance, vous pouvez y organiser tous les bals que vous voudrez.

Comme vous pouvez vous en douter, j'ai un personnel très nombreux et même spécialisé. Quelques-uns entretiennent les bâtiments et font le jardinage. J'en ai même qui s'occupent de la sécurité.

Ah oui, il ne faudrait surtout pas que j'oublie de mentionner la piscine intérieure et le petit gymnase. J'ai aussi un tennis et assez de terrain

découvert pour jouer au soccer ou au cricket. J'ai même, tenez-vous bien, quelques terrains de squash. Alors, mesdemoiselles et messieurs les sportifs, ma maison est un peu une terre de bénédiction pour vous.

Et après avoir fait vos exercices, quoi de mieux que d'aller dans le bar pour y siroter tranquillement une bonne bière. L'exercice intellectuel est lui aussi fatiguant, et exige de ses adeptes une juste récompense que l'on peut trouver dans le bar. (Note du rédacteur: comme si les universitaires avaient besoin d'une raison pour boire!)

Vous pouvez venir loger chez moi et profiter de tout ce que j'ai pour un prix fort modeste. Vous devrez cependant payer un léger supplément pour le stationnement si vous avez une voiture. Si vous êtes intéressé(e), écrivez-moi au 2275 Bayview Ave....

WHO SHOT G.L.?

Who shot G. L.?

Mes chers amis, j'aimerais demander votre indulgence. La fatigue, intellectuelle bien sûr, a pris le dessus. Ceux qui liront cet article, les pauvres, penseront que je délire. Ils ont raison. Donc, dans cet article, pas de sport, pas de politique, pas de musique, pas d'exploits hors-campus avec la gent médicale et surtout pas d'articles *as a V.P. Academic*. Nous sommes à mi-chemin dans l'année et il est temps de faire ce que tous mes amis communistes font... une auto-critique. Tâche ingrate et pour le moins déprimante.

Hors donc, je m'accuse d'avoir délaissé mon seul véritable amour, celle que j'ai quittée et que je rêve de serrer encore entre mes mains, de presser mes lèvres passionnées et attentives contre sa forme enchanteresse, de l'épuiser d'amour de telle façon qu'on ne puisse plus rien en tirer, de la savourer lentement mais sûrement, bref je m'accuse d'avoir délaissé... ma grosse Molson! (Tss, tss, déçus?)

Je m'accuse d'avoir profité de ma position à l'A.E.C.G. pour m'assurer la seule chose qui me tienne vraiment à coeur: une invitation à assister à

tous les cocktails sur le Campus et avoir le plaisir de dire: *As the V.P. Academic* (j'ai de la difficulté avec l'intonation, vous savez).

Plus grave encore, je m'accuse d'avoir profité de l'amour de mes confrères et consoeurs pour avoir ma propre rubrique régulière dans **Pro Tem**. Dans l'unique but de répandre ma philosophie fasciso-révolutionnaire de droite radicale et vicieuse (surtout).

Maintenant, à tous les bien pensants de Glendon, voici le spécial, le coup de grâce, le punch...

Je m'accuse d'avoir écouté CFTR (is Toronto) et pire encore, d'avoir aimé cela. Je m'accuse de détester le ballet et d'aimer la pizza aux anchois avec ananas et piments rouges. Je m'accuse de détester *The Doors*, *Genesis*, *ELP* et de porter des pantalons blancs style disco avec une *patch U.S. Army* sur la fesse gauche.

Je m'accuse d'être de Chicoutimi et de détester Jonquière. Je m'accuse de porter un pyjama bleu ou vert quand je me couche et de porter des sous-vêtements avec sur le devant le faciès de *Tout-Ankh-Amon* (Non, non, vous ne rêvez pas).

Je m'accuse, oui je m'accuse, de

parler de jeans serrés dans le seul but de vous exploiter mesdames, et de mousser ma publicité auprès de vous.

Je m'accuse d'avoir une ambition démesurée que je ne pourrai assouvir que lorsque j'occuperai le poste le plus important de Glendon, le poste que nous visons tous: **PRESIDENT**..... du club des jeunes progressistes conservateurs.

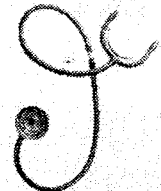
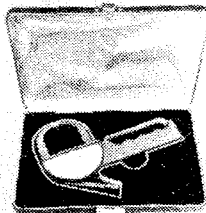
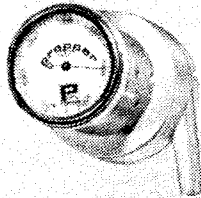
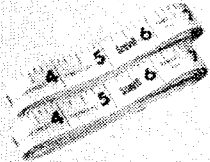
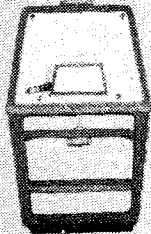
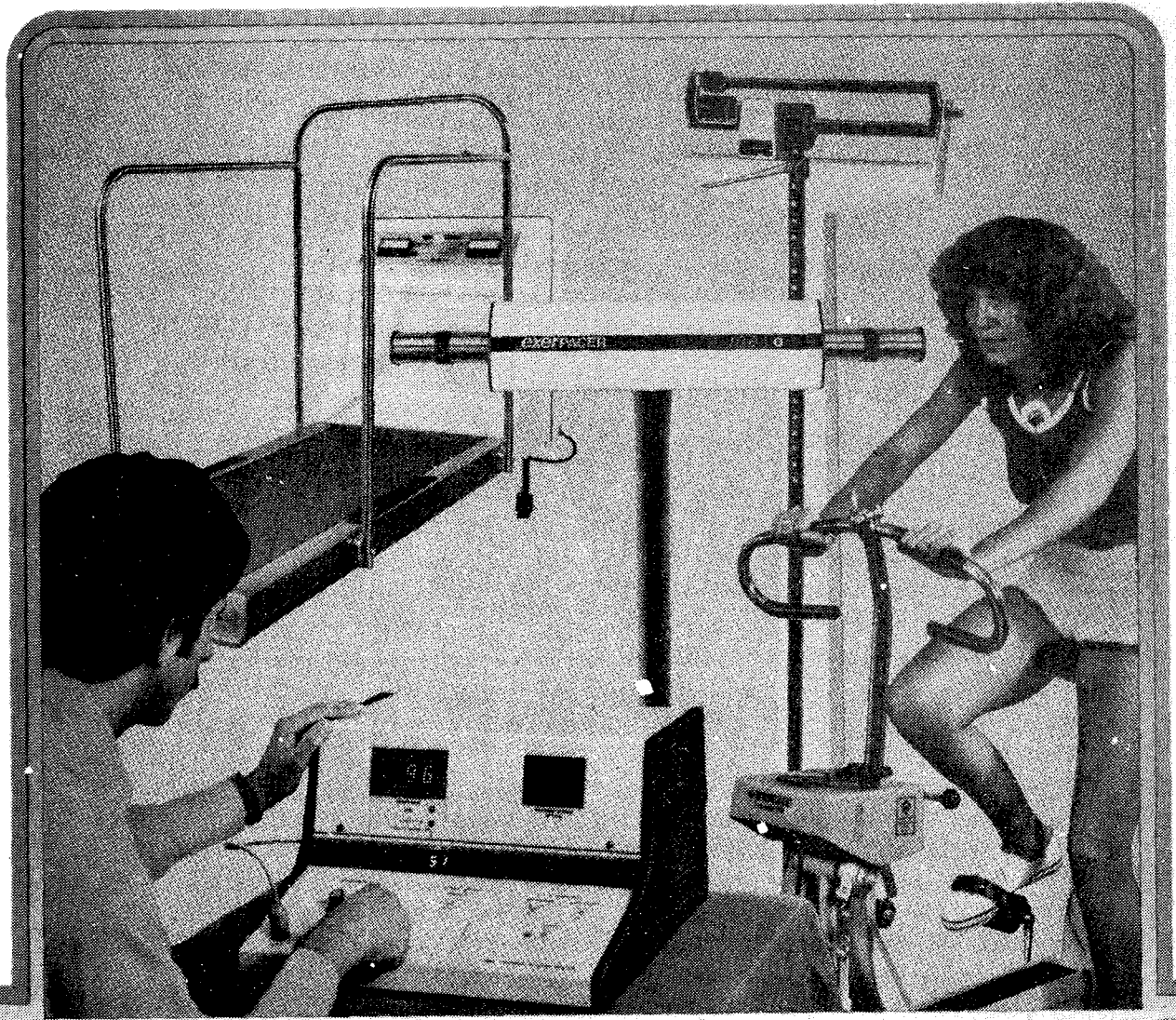
Pour ceux d'entre vous qui n'ont pas encore quitté la lecture de cet article révélateur, je voudrais m'excuser. Je ne suis pas ce personnage charmant, plein d'esprit, aimable, attentionné, modeste, effecé, connaisseur etc.

Je vous ai déçus? Il ne me reste que la solution ultime. Celle qui devrait résoudre tous les problèmes... Who shot G.L.? G.L. lui-même...

P.S. J'apprécierais énormément que **Pro Tem** ne se laisse plus aller à sa détestable habitude d'ajouter à cet article des commentaires d'ordre médicaux qui créent des rumeurs sans aucun fondement du reste, et qui nuisent à ma réputation de personnage charmant, attentionné, modeste, effacé et connaisseur.

(Note du rédacteur: De quels commentaires veux-tu parler Georges?)

SEASONS GREETINGS



*From The Management & Staff
Of OWL INSTRUMENTS - Wish-
ing You Success In Your Academic
& Athletic Endeavors.*

CRANDLES MONOPOLIZES COMMITTEE MEETING

On Thursday, December 4th there was an open food committee meeting held to discuss the renewal of Beaver Foods contract to continue operating at Glendon. The panel consisted of **Mr. Norm Crandles**, Food and Beverage Manager of York University; **Mr. Dave Campbell**, Regional Manager of Beaver Foods, and **Mr. Eric Cameron**, Manager of Beaver Foods at Glendon.

One of the first things that Mr.

Crandles wanted to make clear was that any pleas for the university to operate the food outlets on campus were useless. *'After all, the university is in the education business, and not the restaurant business.'* From this point on, most of the comments made were directed towards university policy, and not to Beaver Foods.

Mr. Keith Morsink, a Glendon student, complained that with \$800.00 for the thirty-two weeks of school, coupled with Beaver's high prices, a student could afford only one dinner a

day, while at one college he knows of the students get three meals a day for the same amount of money. Mr. Crandles' response was two-fold: first, he stated that Beaver Foods only increased their prices by 6.1% last year as opposed to the 12% increase which the other caterer at York Main received; and second, that Mr. Morsink was obviously misinformed about the other college's meal plan.

Mr. Crandles hastened to point out that in 1975 the students recommended the scrip plan, and that last year it was compared with a proposal of a meal card plan, which was subsequently rejected because it lacked the flexibility of scrip. The Food and Beverages Manager also felt compelled to let us know that York University loses approximately \$10,000/year with the residence and dining hall facilities.

This reporter then pointed out that with York's new policy of taxing our student-run pubs a 1% tax on gross sales, increasing to 3% in as many years, the Café de la Terrasse will be paying approximately \$14,000 to the university for the facilities they use (they already pay 20% on cost of liquor). I continued on to say that these facilities could not possibly cost more than \$4,500/year to maintain, and that therefore our students will essentially be subsidizing other facilities of the University which are running at a loss!

The Chairperson, **Pam Schmidt**, felt that my statement was not relevant to the discussion at hand, and therefore Mr. Crandles was not allowed time to respond. Since the whole meeting seemed to question York University's policies and not Beaver Foods', it was difficult to distinguish among relevant and non-relevant questions.

Overall, it was quite obvious that Mr. Crandles views the students at York quite apart from the University (i.e. administration) and that he will only consider the students' wishes up to a certain point! That 'point' appeared to be the point at which the students started to criticize the 'university'. It looks like Beaver Foods will be around for yet another couple of years.

Remember when comedy was King...
Now he's President.

FIRST FAMILY



GILDA RADNER · BOB NEHWART · MADELINE KAHN · 'FIRST FAMILY'
The First Daughter · The President · The First Lady

RICHARD BENJAMIN · BOB DISHY · HARVEY KORMAN · AUSTIN PENDLETON
Press Secretary · The Vice President · The Ambassador to the U.N. · The Presidential Translator

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'CHRISTMAS PRESENTS'

from the Field House

Cross Country Ski Clinic - date T.B.A.

Exerdance - Tues. & Thurs.; 8:00 - 9:00 p.m.

Massage/Relaxation - Thurs.; 7:00 - 9:00 p.m.

Karate - Wed.; Beg. - 8:00 - 9:00, Adv. - 9:00 - 10:00p.m.

Yoga - Mon.; 7:00 - 8:00 p.m.

Swimming - Stroke Improvement - Mon. & Wed.; 4:00 - 5:00 p.m.

Swimming - Bronze - Wed.; 8:30 - 10:00 p.m.

Swimming - Leader Patrol - Thurs.; 8:30 - 10:00 p.m.

Tennis Clinics - Beg., Adv. Beg. & Intermediate

Don't Hibernate this winter, Enroll now in a Glendon Activity Class! For more information regarding the Instructional Program, contact the Field House at 487-6150 or drop by in person.

Laurinda Stryker

VIDEO CABARET NUMBING

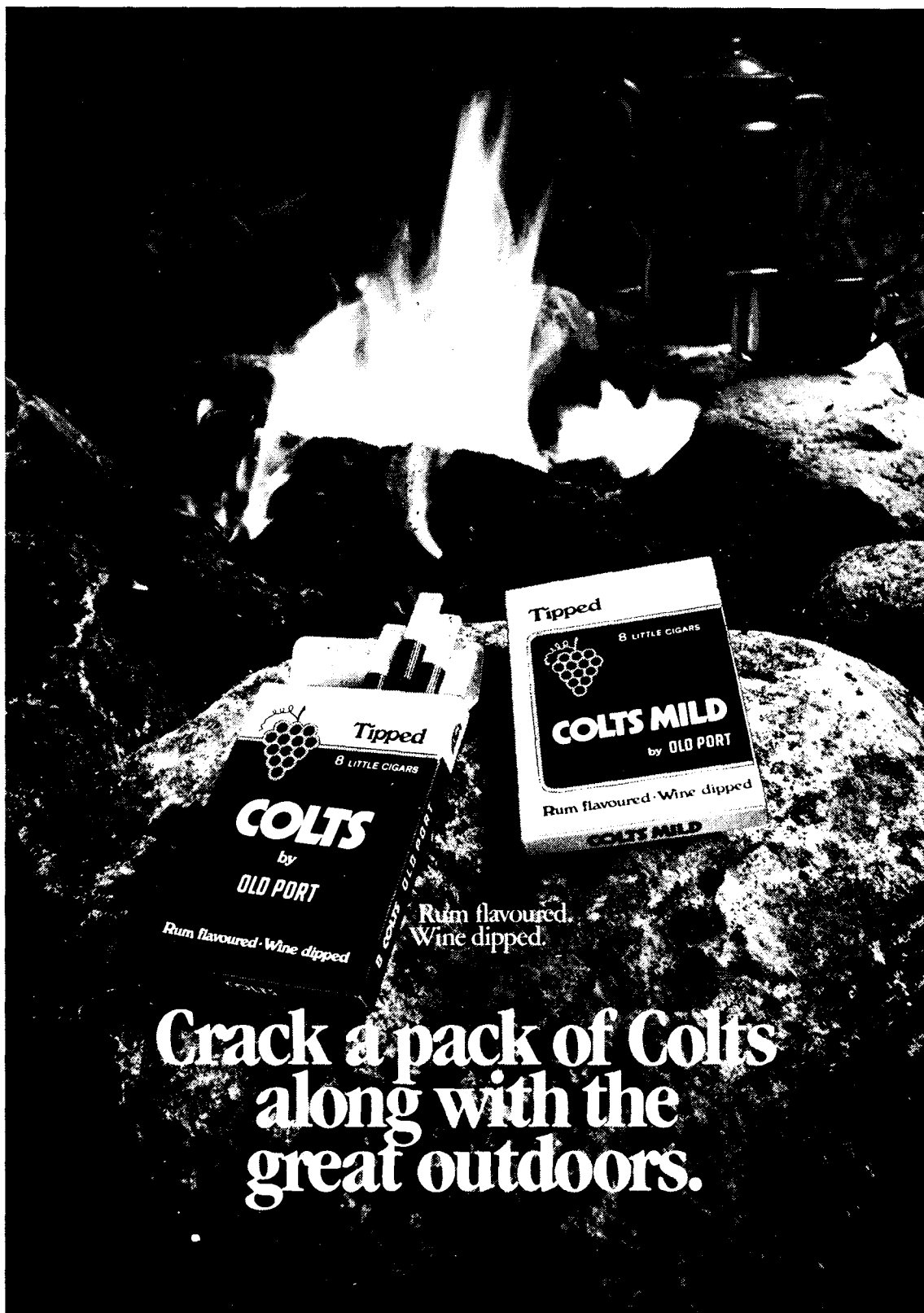
It is generally agreed that too much television numbs the mind. The **Video Cabaret** production of 1984 proved that too many televisions may have a similar effect, but the subject matter was largely responsible, and the mental state was due to too much, not too little, thought. The barrage of sounds lights and images caused a reaction against its very power — it was necessary to tune out many of the stimuli in order to keep up with the performance.

The multiple images displayed on the screens were exceptionally effective in conveying a feeling of omnipresent surveillance. The live music both commented upon and accentuated the dialogue — the denouement was shocking, perhaps because of its very inevitability. Orwell's novel **1984** is familiar to most students, and this production did justice to its theme and message.

'1984' was followed by a performance by *The Hummer Sisters*. Their act

was considered the best part of the evening by many audience members, and provided a good contrast with the first half of the show. The songs were well-performed and fun, however the sketches seemed at times poorly rehearsed and did not mix well with the video background. Audience response is a major factor influencing the impact and continuity of all live performances, and an involved group would undoubtedly create an atmosphere more conducive to the show's success.





**Crack a pack of Colts
along with the
great outdoors.**

RENCONTRE AVEC UNE PALME ACADEMIQUE

Les *Palmes Académiques* existent depuis 1808. Elles furent créées par Napoléon. Napoléon III en fit une décoration en 1866. En 1955, elles devinrent un ordre de chevalerie. Monsieur Alan Baudot, qui s'occupe des études multidisciplinaires, a été fait *Chevalier de l'ordre des Palmes Académiques* le 2 août dernier. Sont fait chevaliers ceux qui se sont distingués par leur travail dans le monde universitaire français. *Pro Tem* s'est donc empressé d'envoyer Joseph Holmes, reporter, pour en apprendre un peu plus sur monsieur Baudot. Faisant une fois le plus la preuve de cette intelligence que tous lui reconnaissent, Joseph Holmes s'est adressé à la personne connaissant le mieux le nouveau chevalier: monsieur Baudot lui-même.

Parlez-nous un peu de vous.

J'ai fait mes études — ce qu'on appelle Le Deuxième Cycle — en Normandie; les études supérieures graduées à Paris à l'école normale supérieure; à Cambridge, aussi.

J'ai étudié toutes sortes de choses — vraiment pluridisciplinaire, déjà. Le mot n'existait pas, mais on disait cela. Je faisais une multiple spécialité — une lettre classique, bien sûr, par exemple, Latin, Grecque, Français; littérature et langues; aussi, Anglais, Allemand, philosophie, histoire moderne, histoire contemporaine, psychologie.



On avait la possibilité de faire ce qu'on appelle Le Service militaire en France — vous voyez que le service militaire est encore obligatoire en France — mais j'ai eu la possibilité de le faire à l'étranger dans un système qu'on appelait *la Coopération*.

La coopération, c'est à dire qu'on peut faire un service *civil* au lieu de faire un service militaire. J'ai eu beaucoup de chance parce que j'ai voulu absolument aller dans un pays anglophone (j'étais très *anglophile*); on m'a proposé le Japon, on m'a proposé le Tanzanie en Afrique — j'aurais pu être attaché culturel en Tanzanie — et puis j'ai rencontré **Escott Reid**, qui

était le fondateur de Glendon; il m'a convaincu à venir à Glendon. C'est ça qui s'est passé.

Il m'a dit qu'on était en train de fonder un nouveau collège qui sera bilingue, biculturel, très bon canadien, aussi international, qui aura des étudiants venant du monde entier.... Enfin, je suis venu parce que j'étais convaincu que cela serait intéressant comme expérience à Glendon.

Etes-vous à Glendon depuis la fondation du collège?

Absolument, oui. J'étais un des membres fondateurs de Glendon, en 1970. Je peux dire que c'est grâce à lui que je suis resté aussi.

Je reviens toujours à Glendon. J'ai enseigné ailleurs, j'étais à Berkeley en Californie, pendant un certain temps, comme *professeur invité* au département de français; c'était amusant en Californie, mais enfin je préfère toujours Glendon. J'étais à Montréal aussi — j'y ai enseigné comme professeur invité une année.

Beh, c'était bien en Californie, mais j'avais l'impression être en vacances constamment, et puis le département de français était peut-être un des meilleurs.

Que faites-vous à Glendon?

Ce que je fais ici? Je travaille. Je m'occupe d'un département qu'on appelle *études pluridisciplinaires*. Ce département regroupe au départ les quatre divisions — de ce qu'on appelle à York — l'éducation générale. Les Humanités, les sciences sociales, les sciences naturelles, et la logique, bien sûr.

Ce qu'on a fait à Glendon, c'est assez unique au Canada en tout cas, c'est de regrouper ces quatre divisions traditionnelles de l'enseignement générale, et d'en faire un département un petit plus cohérent.

Ce qu'on fait depuis quatre ans c'est qu'on a une spécialisation possible dans les études pluridisciplinaires ici à Glendon; ce qui est vraiment très, très différent de ce qui est fait à l'autre campus, ou dans d'autres Universités de l'Ontario, même du Canada.

On peut se spécialiser dans un domaine de concentration ou dans un programme plutôt que dans une discipline. On peut se spécialiser en études contemporaines, en études du vingtième siècle, en études du dix-huitième siècle, en études de la renaissance, en études féministes.... Cela, c'est tout à fait nouveau.

Et est-ce que ça marche bien?

Le programme marche assez bien; il existe maintenant depuis quatre ans. On a une trentaine d'étudiants en programme, et, évidemment on continue à faire les cours pour l'ensemble du collège — éducation générale; mais on se concentre de plus en plus dans cette structure extrêmement souple, mais enfin je vois du point de vue de l'éducation extrêmement enrichissante qu'on appelle 'pluridisciplinaire' — un étudiant qui se spécialise dans notre département doit suivre des cours dans toutes les disciplines autant que possible.

Moi, je trouve que c'est une éducation beaucoup plus enrichissante qu'une spécialisation trop poussée surtout du niveau surgradué.

Ca veut dire, pas mal de travail — administratif pas tellement, mais d'organisation, de *stimulation* aussi (c'est pour ça que je l'ai beaucoup aimé), c'est que la partie administrative était relativement limitée — mais on peut avoir beaucoup d'activité tel que l'organisation de conférences, de colloques, de séminaires, de réunions de travail. On est en train d'essayer de monter un programme de doctorale en études pluridisciplinaires. Il existe déjà à York un programme en maîtrise en études interdisciplinaires, mais on voudrait l'étendre et ce serait le seul programme à un tel niveau au Canada, même aux Etats-Unis. Si on pouvait faire ça à Glendon ce serait d'autant plus intéressant pour le faire d'une façon bilingue.

Croyez-vous que cela attirera des étudiants?

Je crois que cela n'attira jamais un nombre extraordinaire d'étudiants, mais, si vous voulez, ça n'a pas d'importance dans la mesure où on n'a jamais travaillé dans la quantité, même à Glendon — enfin Glendon est une toute petite faculté, de toute façon, on travaille surtout dans la qualité et l'excellence.

Est-ce que votre travail à Glendon prend beaucoup de votre temps?

Oui, cela prend beaucoup de temps, bien sûr, mais il y a beaucoup de choses qui prennent beaucoup de temps. Aussi, je suis engagé avec des divers projets de recherches, ici et à l'étranger — actuellement avec l'Université de Brussels, l'Université de Neuchâtel (en Suisse), et aussi l'école des Hautes Etudes en Sciences Sociales à Paris. Cela m'occupe beaucoup — on fait un projet de la sociologie de la littérature.

J'ai décidé il y a longtemps de rester à Glendon. Surtout maintenant que je suis impliqué dans diverses activités à l'extérieur aussi; je voyage beaucoup — j'ai pas mal de congrès, ce qui me permet de rester en contact avec les gens dans ma discipline.

J'ai trouvé quand même, du point de vue, par exemple, de l'enseignement, que Glendon est un endroit idéal. J'ai enseigné ailleurs et je n'ai jamais aimé ailleurs autant que Glendon, parce que je trouve qu'on peut avoir ici des contacts beaucoup plus directs avec les étudiants — parfois c'est un peu frustrant, un peu fatiguant, parce qu'ils sont toujours plus proches de vous, donc, c'est plus exigeant. Certainement,

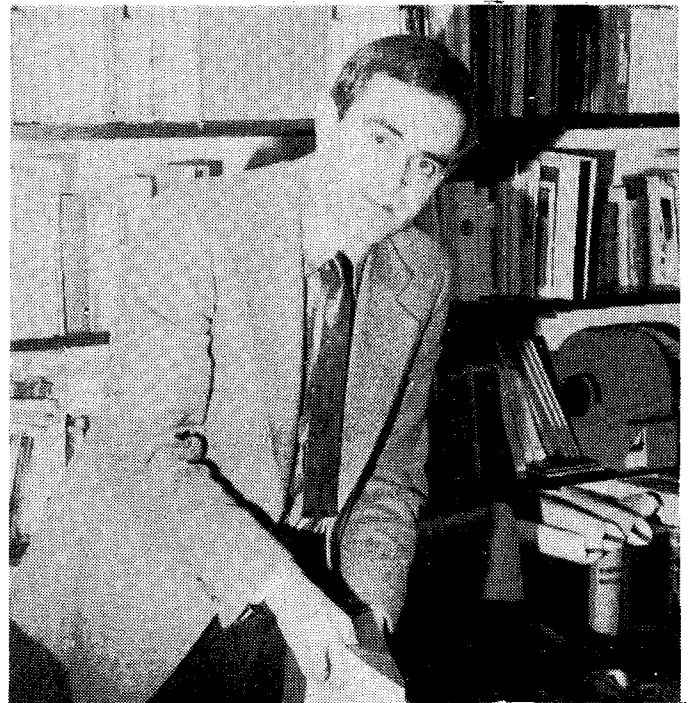
dans une grande université on peut simplement faire des cours et puis se retirer. Ici c'est impossible de se retirer, on ne peut pas fermer la porte du bureau — mais justement, c'est pour ça que je suis venu et pour ça que je suis resté.

On est, un peu, les uns sur les autres, comme c'est petit; mais quand même, c'est bon d'avoir une *base* aussi sympathique que Glendon.

Vous avez été fait Chevalier de l'Ordre des Palmes Académiques le 2 août dernier. Pourriez-vous nous expliquer un peu de quoi il s'agit et comment vous avez été choisi?

C'est un ordre du gouvernement français, qui a été créé par Napoléon. Les *Palmes Académiques* récompensent plutôt quelqu'un qui s'est spécialisé dans la vie universitaire, dans le monde académique.

C'est difficile de parler de soi, parce que ce serait un manque de modestie.... On devient membre de l'ordre des Palmes Académiques si on a acquis une certaine réputation dans un domaine universitaire. Quand on se trouve au Canada, comme c'est une décoration française, cela veut dire que les autorités françaises au Canada — l'ambassade, ont remarqué un certain nombre de choses que j'ai fait, et les ont signalés au premier ministre en France — le premier ministre du gouvernement français est le grand patron de l'ordre des Palmes Académiques.



Ce n'est pas une décoration uniquement réservée aux français. C'est donnée à des gens qui travaillent beaucoup en français — mais on n'a pas besoin d'être citoyen français.

On parle sans cesse de problèmes à Glendon. En a-t-il toujours été ainsi?

Il y a eu à Glendon énormément de problèmes dans les années soixante-dix qui étaient essentiellement des problèmes financiers; problèmes de recrutement

d'étudiants, donc des problèmes financiers.

Maintenant, il n'y a plus de problèmes — il n'y a que des *défis*.

Vous avez un autre titre aussi à Glendon.

J'ai un titre extraordinaire à la Galerie d'Art — je suis *Ministre des Affaires Bilingues*.

Bon, je m'intéresse depuis longtemps à l'art mais en particulier à la peinture contemporaine; quand on m'a demandé de faire partie de la Galerie, j'ai accepté tout de suite parce que je savais que c'est une galerie qui s'intéresse également à la peinture contemporaine, et veut encourager les jeunes artistes d'Ontario et du Québec aussi.

Je trouvais que c'était bien, d'une part parce que c'était à Glendon, mais aussi parce que la Galerie implique de plus en plus la communauté autour de Glendon. Je trouve que c'est une galerie des plus professionnelles que je connaisse. Ça me prend du temps, parce-que je suis chargé de traduire les différents textes que la Galerie publie en anglais.

Qu'est-ce qui vous intéresse le plus à Glendon?

Il y a deux choses qui m'intéressent énormément à Glendon: d'une part, le bilinguisme, bien sûr; mais quand je dis 'bilinguisme', je ne veux pas dire le fait que tout le monde soit forcément bilingue, que tout le monde apprendra l'autre langue. Ce qui m'intéresse beaucoup plus, c'est qu'on *puisse* apprendre des choses différentes dans deux langues.

C'est un point de vue beaucoup plus large qu'un point de vue linguistique, c'est vraiment un point de vue culturel. Ce que m'intéresse à Glendon c'est qu'on puisse faire de la philosophie, par exemple, en français ou en anglais. Que deux courants, deux traditions, puissent se rencontrer dans une Université. Le bilinguisme pour moi c'est pas du tout un *fin* — c'est un moyen.

Je suis né optimiste, je pense que ça vient le bilinguisme. J'ai vu l'époque en soixante-six quand je suis venu ici; il n'y avait pas du tout de cours en français en dehors du département de français. Maintenant il y en a d'avantage.

Je vois la situation en perspective — je vois la situation historiquement, depuis le début du collège. Je dis qu'il y a eu des progrès — il peut y avoir encore beaucoup de progrès — il doit y avoir encore beaucoup de progrès.

Ce que je trouve extraordinaire, c'est que Glendon puisse former déjà un tel programme — il y a des anglophones qui maintenant font leur thèse de doctorat en français. Ça c'est, quand même, un résultat extraordinaire. Ce que je trouve formidable aussi qu'on puisse peu à peu enseigner dans des disciplines autres que le français.

La deuxième chose qui m'intéresse c'est justement celui qui m'a fait venir et me fait rester ici — c'est ce qu'on appelle en anglais *liberal arts* — l'éducation

générale — le fait que Glendon peut donner à ses étudiants une éducation générale, une éducation de base, dans l'ensemble de ses programmes, une éducation extrêmement enrichissante.

C'est bien ça qui m'a fait croire que Glendon est l'un des endroits actuellement où on peut recevoir une éducation beaucoup plus riche qu'ailleurs.

Ça pourrait être mieux, bien sûr. Mais je suis assez content. Comme je vous ai dit tout à l'heure, je suis né optimiste.

Mais, il y a encore beaucoup à faire. Il y a encore des programmes que j'aimerais voir développés, systématisés. On a eu des programmes financiers qui sont toujours avec nous.

Ça va paraître un petit peu décourageant, ce que je vous dis — qu'on peut faire mieux que ce qu'on fait déjà.

Quels sont les idéaux de Glendon?

J'ai vu un document récent que M. Garigue a publié, et qui, en fait, reprend les deux idéaux fondamentaux du collège, tel que lui-même les a trouvés dans les archives du collège, tel que le fondateur de Glendon a pensé les avoir définis, **Escott Reid** n'est-ce pas, c'était une faculté mettant l'accent sur l'enseignement générale dans un contexte bilingue. Une fois qu'on a dit ça, ça prend des années.

Alain
Baudot



Le collège peut-il les atteindre?

Vous savez, les universités européennes qui ont réussi, ils ont quatre, cinq, six cent ans; alors, Glendon ça a quatorze ans, c'est très, très jeune. Je pense pas qu'on puisse demander à Glendon de faire des choses tout à fait nouvelles comme, par exemple, un programme en médecine; cela serait merveilleux, mais en faisant mieux encore ce qu'on fait ce qu'on fait maintenant.

On parlait des progrès, tout à l'heure; moi, j'ai vu des progrès — certains, ils sont encore limités, mais dans différents domaines — comme *Pro Tem*.

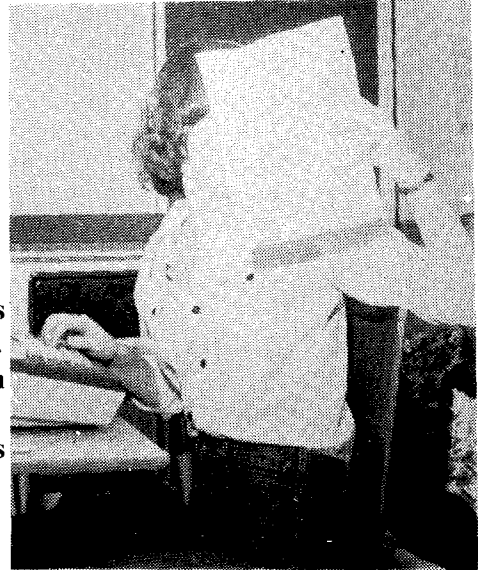
Je sais que *Pro Tem* est très critiqué, et on a le droit, bien sûr, de critiquer, c'est même le devoir de critiquer le journal d'une communauté; mais la partie française de *Pro Tem*, par exemple, qui laisse encore à désirer, pas seulement par le nombre mais par la qualité aussi, est quand même mieux que ce qui était il y a cinq ou il y a dix ans. C'est pour ça que j'ai des raisons d'être optimiste — je vois des progrès dans différents progrès à Glendon.

A PRO TEM SCRAPBOOK



Our Christmas present to you! Just what the thinking man's Glendonite wants most!

There will be no funeral for *Mr. Holmes*. Instead, his widow has requested that everyone observe a ten-minute pause for private and personal jubilation.



Showing off her best side, *Linda Lisicky* displays the attributes which won her this coveted position of Chief Production Editor.

We've tried our best to tell Linda that it's much more fun when you use *both* hands, but she says she likes to take it slow. Heaven forbid that we should try to change her style — she's always had success at putting the dots in *our* eyes.



Why is this man smiling?

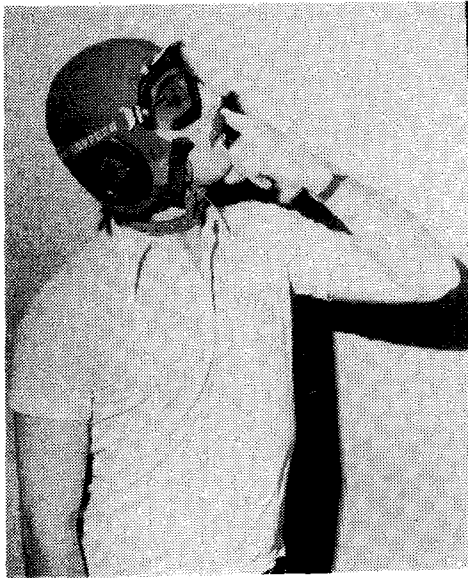
Wouldn't you smile, too, if you had just found *another* lucky model for the Naked Eye — er, *Roving Eye*, that is, *Roving!* **R-O-V-I-N-G!**

Just to clear up a nasty rumour, though, let's make it clear that Larry *isn't* out for special 'favours' from his Roving Eye models — just ask Alex the cat if Larry *ever* made *any* proposals or requests to poor Alex — but don't ask Alex's owner — 'Hot Lips Hannigan'!



Flash! Escaped criminal captured in *Pro Tem* offices by undercover FBI team! Suspect known as *Lee Foley*, alias *Lee Zimbabwe*, alias *Chuck Zimmerman*, alias *Chuck Zimbabwe*. Senate investigative committee has been formed to determine his real name.



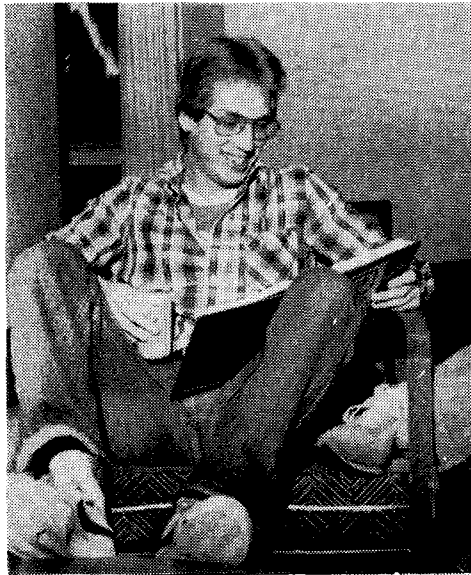


Once again, one of our staff members caught in the act of doing what he does best — goodness knows, *Nicol* does this a *lot* better than he edits in French...!

We're dying to know where he got the dog collar, but Frank isn't telling!



Speaking of the more-infamous member of our staff, *Francesca Meers* is busy in this shot demonstrating her award-winning impression of *Marlene Dietrich* in the casbah. (We thought she was doing *John Wayne*, but the thighs were a dead give-away!)

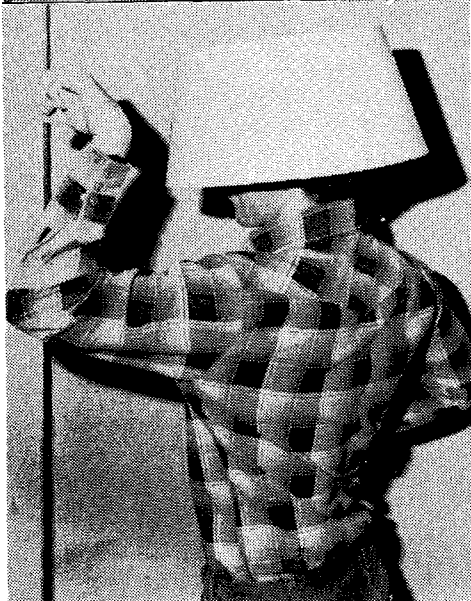


There aren't too many people out there who haven't experienced the thrill of reading *real*, vintage *Tim Haffey* columns.

Here we see our roving reporter enjoying a quiet moment at home before the fireplace, faithful dog at his feet, not-so-faithful wife out on the town — er, uh — sorry Tim.

Please, *Georges*, we know it's been a long, hard day posing for your campaign posters, but you'd think you could *at least* make an effort to stick your tongue back in your mouth! (Really after the female vote, eh *Georges*?)

Those few minutes each day when *Georges* isn't busy starting up his own newspaper, he manages to drop into Pro Tem to submit sexist headlines.



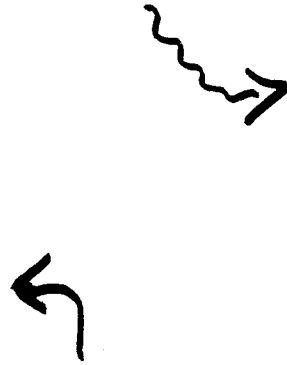
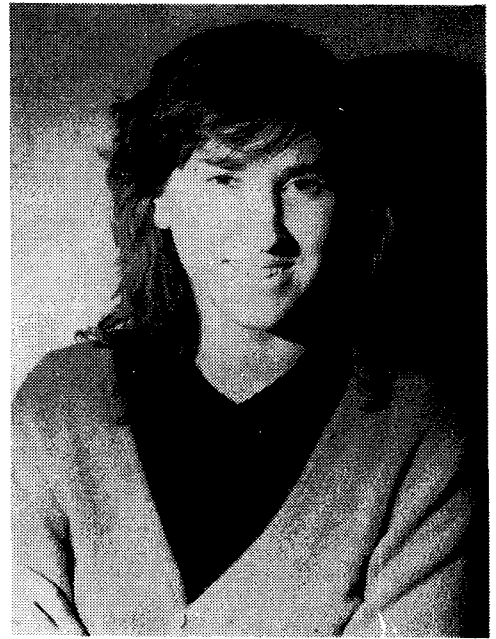
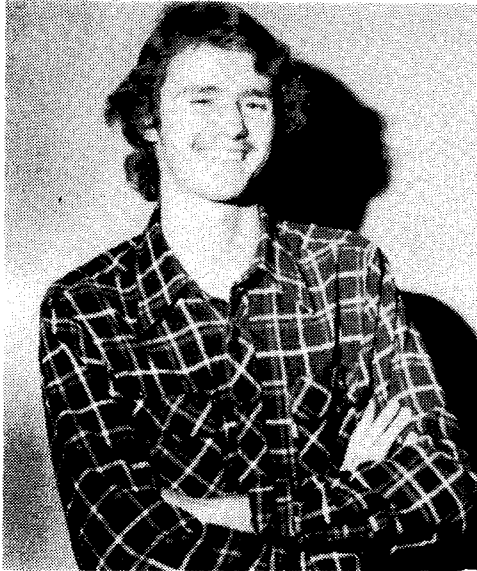
The
Life
of
The
Party



(is that
your best
side, Phil?)



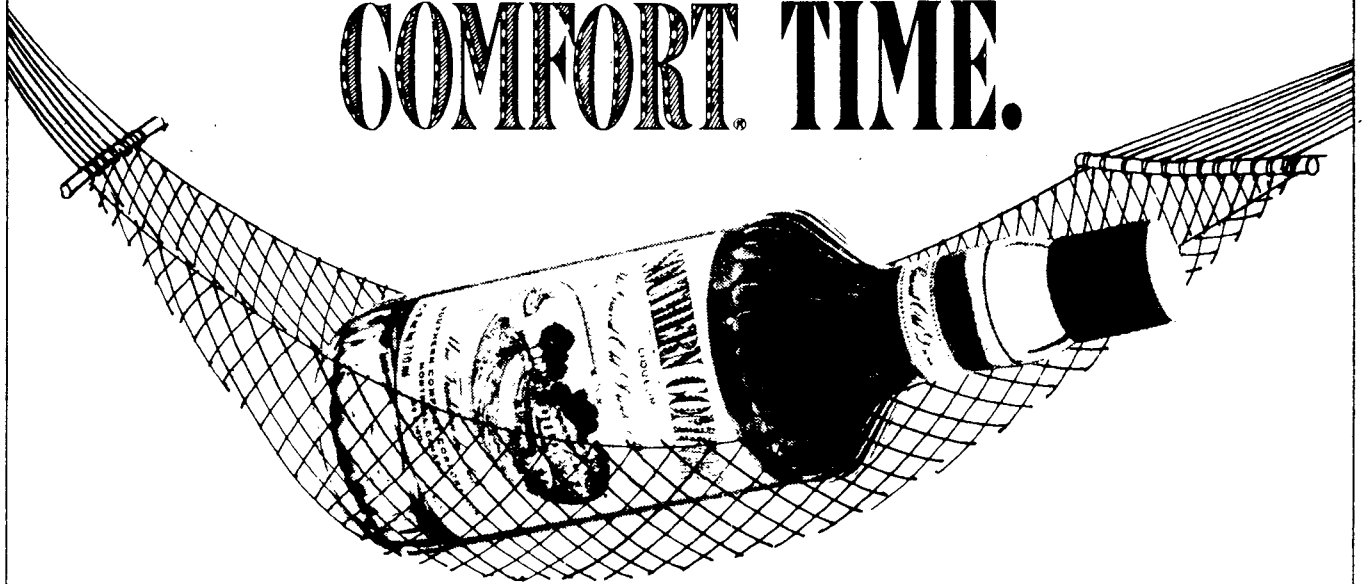
I think that I shall never see
A poem as cute as sweet Lesley
She works each day and night with glee
And never asks the slightest fee.
And so we stop to beg and plea
'NO MORE CRUMMY POETRY!'



Would you buy a used record chart from this man? *Erik Schasmin* manages to successfully fool the suckers at Pro Tem every other week into exchanging a six-pack of Heinekin for his lists.

We hear he's getting even *more* from Capitol to -- er, 'place' -- er, 'certain' songs on the... er -- well, let's just forget about that for now....

COMFORT TIME.



Southern Comfort. Enjoy it straight up. on the rocks.
or blended with your favourite mixer.



The unique taste
of Southern Comfort
enjoyed for over 125 years.

GARDINER BIOGRAPHY A SUCCESS

'Big Daddy Who?', I hear my contemporaries cry. Yet it's less than a generation since **Frederick Goldwin Gardiner** bestrode the civic stage like a colossus. In fact, he was the ringmaster of the Metro Toronto Circus in its anxious inception. He was 'the best-known, most maligned, talked-about, caricatured, pugnacious, energetic, plain-speaking, reality-conscious dreamer' the city has known. **Timothy Colton's** book encompasses all the facets of this fascinating man.

This is the first major biography of a modern Canadian civic politician (inking out one on Jean Drapeau) and Gardiner certainly deserves the honour. As the title suggests, Colton sings of the man and the city. The qualities that ensured Gardiner's political and financial success — boundless ambition, love of progress, tyrannical self-righteousness — were imparted to the Boomtown he grew to govern.

Gardiner was a second-generation Horatio Alger. He grew up in the Dundas West area, and was the kind of boy elders tssked about: only in school for football, always up to mischief, scandalously fond of cigs and booze. But after the Great War, he hitched up his drawers and began a spectacular rise. By the late '20's, he had become a (slightly besotted) pillar of society — a respected trial lawyer with a huge Forest Hill property, a fantastically successful speculator who indulged in all forms of gambling. His political interests were casual until the mid-'30's, but he soon made a characteristically large mark, as Reeve of Forest Hill, and concurrently as the most bellicose back-room boy in the dormant Tory hierarchy of that era. Always he was cementing the contacts that would aid him when the Conservatives returned to provincial power. Gardiner stood at the forefront of the petitioners for a more cohesive Toronto-region government, and when, after years of bickering, Queen's Park finally legalized the formation of 'Metro', it seemed only logical that Premier Leslie Frost should appoint his old buddy Fred to serve as the first chairman.

As Colton relates, Gardiner was not initially enthused by the offer. The \$15,000-a-year salary was a pretty tuneless song to a man whose favourite music was 'the symphony you play on a cash register', but he conceived a sound compromise. He ran the council like a business with himself as the chiding chairman-of-the-board. Relishing his role, he brought to a seemingly ineffectual position the full measure of his genius, and over eight years (1953-61) created a base of absolute power in the local domain. 'Big Daddy' was born.

The bulk of the manuscript chronicles the triumphs and tribulations of those years; a period of unparalleled growth for the city. The spirit of the age demanded a man like Gardiner, someone who Got Things Done, and his policies have unalterably shaped our environment. Yet Colton rightly regards these 'as responses to dilemmas (rather) than as solutions to problems.' Gardiner's personal philosophy, formed in an earlier age, failed to anticipate some ominous consequences of development. He foresaw a suburbia of single-family houses, but apartments took their place. He idealized the small-scale builder (men like his father) while his actions

were smoothing the way for Cadillac and Trizec. He strove for a balance between highways and subways, but the scale tilted inevitably toward the former — that's when symphonies were composed. Gardiner illustrates the politician's major predicament: how to reconcile the pressure of present events, the need to react to constant crises, without distorting or destroying his long-range vision. Pragmatism ('Get the shovels in the ground') alternates with Utopianism ('There is nothing we can't afford').

Colton's biography is a splendid amalgamation of scholarship and sensibility. He presents Fred Gardiner as vivid, vitriolic and totally Torontonionian; the book is laced with delightful anecdotes and Gardiner's gruff reflections. At the same time, the history and future of Metro are discussed in intelligent but easily accessible language. Thus readers owe Colton a double vote of thanks for illuminating both our political structure and our most luminous political figure.

— *Michael McCabe*





LEE ZIMMERMAN
Sports Editor

SPORTS NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Well, the streets are ablaze with decorations, there's a nip in the air, the department stores are packed to the rafters, Ian and the boys are playing football on the snow-covered quad... what does it all mean? It means that Christmas is well on its way and, as tradition would have it, so too is the annual **Toronto Maple Leaf X-Mas Report Card**.

The last time I wrote about the Leafs they were atop the N.H.L. standings, creating a sense of hockey euphoria the likes of which Toronto has seldom seen. They have now silently slithered back to where they belong, right smack in the middle of mediocrity. And who or what is to blame for this downfall? A variety of factors spring to mind.

Coach Joe Crozier: The Crow has been engaged in a prolonged and highly publicized battle with his charges over a concept which is mind-boggling in its simplicity: **THE SYSTEM**. Those two words have combined to become the most over-worked and oft-quoted Toronto sports expression since the days of ex-Blue Jay Manager **Roy Hartsfield** who, whenever asked to give his opinion on anyone from a .200 bench-warmer to a Cy Young award winner, would invariably preface his southern-drawled reply with: *Course, he's a fine ballplayer...* Coach Crozier has apparently drilled this *system* into his players ad infinitum; why then are they so pitifully inadequate at executing it with any semblance of consistency? Three possible answers present themselves: 1) The Leaf players, despite their big names and salaries, flat out stink, and are incapable of performing the system; 2) The players are talented, it's the system itself that stinks; or 3) Coach Crozier can't effectively communicate his system to his players.

I think the answer is to some extent a combination of the three. But whatever the solution, the Leafs had better start shaping up or Pal Hal will ship out the Crow. Seeing as a coach must be held at least somewhat responsible for the performance of his

players, we'll give Joe a mid-term mark of **D plus**. And now, let's give out grades to the players themselves:

GOALIES

Jiri Chra: This is perhaps the most difficult player to grade. For a long time the Leafs were blessed with the best net-minder in hockey, a fact which went a long way towards establishing their credibility. They no longer have Palmateer to rescue them from their abysmal play, however, so they are tying or losing games which they would have won in past years. Although there are still fundamental weaknesses in Chra's style, he cannot be held totally responsible for Toronto's mediocrity, especially when his defence is little more than a joke. George gets a **C-**.

Jim Rutherford & Curt Ridley: Neither have had enough playing time to merit a grading.

DEFENCE

Borge Salming: Even while playing at his worst, the King is one of the greatest defencemen in all of hockey, and at his best, well, his is unsurpassed. Other rearguards can only drool in envy when faced with one of Salming's artful moves. Borge leads the team in scoring, averaging more than a point a game. Super-Swede gets a big fat **A plus**.

Robert Picard, Ian Turnbull, Dave Farrish: The offensive talents of Picard and Turnbull are evident; the only problem is that they get caught up ice at least 5 times every game. And Turnbull **still doesn't know how to pass the XX#&AA*X%!! puck!** Dave Farrish lacks the offensive skills of these two, but makes up for it with sound body-checking and positional play. They all get **B**.

Slava Duris: This wild and crazy guy from Bratislava is an extremely gifted passer, and takes the man well. The only problem is that sometimes he doesn't look where he's passing the puck, which can lead to some embarrassing situations, to say the least. He's still

Nous sommes à la recherche de notre rédacteur sportif. Nous avons perdu toute trace de lui après qu'il ait bu une caisse de Heineken à lui seul. Certains disent l'avoir vu gambadant gaiement dans les environs de College et Yonge.)

new to the league, and with a little seasoning and work on his shot, will probably develop into a fine defenceman. But for now, he gets a **C plus**.

Dave Shand: By far the Leaf's worst defenceman and one of their biggest disappointments this year. Acquired from the Caps, Shand was expected to help shore up the Leaf blue-line. Instead, he has contributed to its breakdown. **D plus**, and that's being generous.

CENTREMEN

Darryl Sittler: The Leaf's born-again captain is performing admirably this season. Not known as a fast starter (witness last year's incredible second half), Sittler is still averaging slightly more than a point a game. His checking so far has only been adequate, but that will soon come around. Darryl gets an **A**.

Bill Derlago: This ex-Canuck must make Punch Imlach smile a lot, and with good reason. He's beginning to make the moves worthy of a first-round draft pick. His speed and puck-sense, combined with a pretty fair shot makes him a valuable component in Leaf long-range plans. This point-a-game centre gets an **B plus**.

Lauri Boschman: Bitten by Robbie Dracula Ftorek, Boschman will be out of action for a while. His play still suffers from a certain lack of consistency: brilliant one night, mediocre the next. He's taking a lot of foolish penalties as well, something he'll have to cut out if he's to become the Leaf's centremen of the future. On the basis of his fine offensive stats, he receives a **B**.

WINGERS

Will Paiement, Dan Maloney, Rick Vaive: Paiement is off to a fine offensive start this season (26 points in 25 games), but his back-checking is non-existent. Many's the time that poor Chra is faced with 2-on-1 or even 3-

on-1 situations, and out of the corner of the T.V. screen you see Wilfy calmly strolling back to his home-zone, oblivious to his checking assignment. Maloney is experiencing a sort of renaissance this year in his role as power-play crease-man and sometime left-winger on the Sittler line. Lacking the speed of others, he's still managing to score and check at a commendable level. Vaive is combining aggressive checking with a nice scoring touch so far this term. More and more the trade which brought him and Derlago from Vancouver is looking like a steal. Paiement, Maloney and Vaive all get high **B's** for their efforts.

Pat Hickey and John Anderson: Both these players have a bundle of talent, but neither is willing to show it for any length of time. They're both quick and handle the puck well, but they don't seem able to generate much scoring punch these days. Hopefully, their true talents will soon manifest themselves. Until then, they get **C plus**.

Rocky Saganiuk and Terry Martin: Don't make me laugh! **D's** for both of them.

If the Leafs are to make any real progress this season, they had better start now. Otherwise, they might have to battle just to secure a play-off spot!

Oh, and before I forget, this week's *Yup-Yup Yo* award goes with much fanfare and distinction to the one, the only, **Peter Gibson** (of Maple Lye fame), who reminded me the day after last week's issue came out that I had forgotten to give out the award. Thanks for reminding me Pete, and a hearty *Yup-Yup Yo* to you too!

After a second consecutive week of 500 predictions, it's time for the X-Mas edition of *Zim's Whims*.

The big game this week would be **Buffalo at New England**. The Bills don't score too many points, but their ball-control is really something, not to mention their league-leading defence. The Patriots, however, have been sputtering as of late under 2 gimpy-kneed Q.B.'s. They are fighting for their playoff lives, though, so I have a

hunch they will upset the Bills this Sunday by a field goal.

Kansas City travels to **Pittsburgh** to take on the Steelers, another team facing playoff extinction. K.C. has been playing well all year under Marv Levy, but the Chief's quarterback, Steve Fuller, is injured. For some reason, Tom Clements has been passed over as back-up. At any rate, Bradshaw & Co. will have no problems, beating K.C. by 6.

Cleveland at Minnesota should be a tough and icy-cold struggle all the way. Both teams lead their respective divisions and are virtually assured of playoff spots. The Browns' *Cardiac Arrest* squad will squeak out a close one, winning by 4.

On Monday, Dallas treks off to Hollywood to take on the **Rams**. L.A. might be forced to go with pint-sized Pat Haden at the helm, whereas Dallas is healthy as can be. The Cowboys will defeat the Rams by a field goal. *Record: 26 right, 19 wrong.*

MY HANDS ARE REGISTERED AS DEADLY WEAPONS

Douglas Fox

Ever wanted to learn how to shove your hand underneath someone's ribcage and pull out their heart? If so, then Karate is *not* for you. If instead you are interested in keeping fit, learning self-discipline, making friends and developing skills in an ancient Japanese martial art, then Karate is just what you've been looking for.

The Glendon Karate Club (pronounced *karaté*) meets every Wednesday night at 8:00 for two hours. There is an additional class on Sundays at 11:00 for hard-core enthusiasts. The instructor is **Gary Hails**, a former student and recent graduate of York University. A karate instructor is called *Sensei*, which is Japanese for 'teacher'. Sensei Hails has studied karate for fifteen years and has a third degree (3rd DAN) black belt in the style of karate which he teaches (called *Shotokan*). He also has black belts in two other styles of karate and operates a full-time club (*DOJO*) in the beaches.

The art of karate is steeped in

tradition centuries old, and karate etiquette must be observed. Students bow upon entering or leaving class and must address Gary as Sensei when inside the Dajo. Class begins with a brief meditation, followed by twenty to thirty minutes of vigorous exercise. The next hour of class is taken up with practicing the techniques of karate. At the present level of the class (beginner and novice) the techniques used are simple blocking, kicking, punching and basic footwork.

The last portion of class consists of performing *Katas* and also some light sparring. A kata is a series of steps which combine punches, kicks and blocks. In its best form it vaguely resembles a type of dance. Learning to perform katas properly is as important as learning to spar well. Katas are traditional and some are centuries old. The aesthetic function of a kata is the measure of form and grace by which it is performed. The practical function of a kata is to practice and perfect karate techniques — which also enables

one to appreciate the art in a non-violent context.

Sparring is a jamaor part of karate. Contact is not allowed during sparring since the purpose of the exercise is not to injure your partner, but to practice fighting techniques. Fighting outside of class is strongly discouraged. Any over-enthusiastic macho-type, tough-guys are quickly dealt with by Sensei Hails; who can be quite convincing if the occasion merits it. This makes injuries rare and the less aggressive types (like myself) more comfortable.

Karate is an excellent way of doing something good for your mind and body. This course begins in January and beginners — who make up about seventy-five percent of the class — are welcome. The senior member of the class is a woman (consequently, the male ego takes a beating — literally as well as figuratively). Finally, the long-range aspirations of the Glendon Karate Club include competitions against other universities in the spring. Students may sign up anytime at the Proctor Field House. (487-6151)

A COLLECTION OF
POETRY

UN RECUEIL
DE POEMES

A Dagger and A Cross

I like to think I'm one in a million,
but I know there must be a million of me

and in the height of my life,

I'm an angry young man

and I don't know what to fight,

I have no weapons,

but I have the might

please show me a way,

show me a way out of here,

a dagger and a cross,

a soldier and a saviour,

I'd like to leave something worth being for,

shall I call for war?

or shall I call, reform, you sinners?

glory in death, to die on the field,

raise me, praise me, I'll die a martyr for thee,

an age of madness,

endless days of sadness,

can you show me a way?

show me a way out of here!

COMBAT ATTITUDE

Classes come and classes go

I pay no heed, no bias show

I nearly miss each one and all

Avoiding teachers in the hall.

My profs, they yell and scream and dance

And threaten, cry, cajole and prance

I'm touched to see

They care so much

But never will be moved so much

That I will come to class.

by Himself

Question
Once I asked a man on the street
If he knew where he was heading,
He said Sak's, not understanding my question.
I asked him again and wrote down what he said
Telling him I was a Times reporter,
He told me

He was a leader in a crowd

For he did not follow others

He was a conductor, a king

Or any ruling being

For he felt he was an I, not we,

I smiled, feeling sure he was

And said thank you very much,

Then I sat down on a bench

And realized he still had not answered.

He had not told me where he was heading.

Well, how could he?

How could anyone?

What a dreadful question

With no right answer,

No answer at all.

Lesley Harris

Disco Damsel

You dip your feet,

into your drink,

and turn away,

you've never tried,

never wondered why,

your smile gets you by,

and I take you to your Disco,

you get caught up in the beat,

you see yourself dancing,

as you come upon the floor,

and my pretty piece,

do I turn you on?!

you do it for sensation,

where have the feelings gone?

~Lonk

The Young

*You grow your hair long,
where are the flowers?
where is the love you hoped to find?*

*I've known them all,
and wondered why,
a product of a frantic time.*

*you enjoy, for you are young,
one day though, you'll regret all you've done
it was such destructive fun.*

so I say,

*where are the young of today?
voiceless, do we have nothing to say?*

*we've found a cloud upon which we ride,
you know where hissing it all good-bye.*

how can the old say,

*that the young have gone wrong,
when we just haven't found the way.*

*and you know,
it's we that will have to pay,
for all the mistakes they've made.*

*What do you think it has to say?
when the young can't face today.*

*your childhood dreams have been misplaced
and you are your parents' disgrace*

*look for a job, you won't be a star,
or go back to school, and play the wise man's fool*

~ Lonek

Midnight Child

*Stars in your eyes,
the moon shining light to see
Midnight Child, high upon the hill to view the city*

*glittering towers, a concrete wall
illusions, of a grande ideal,
offerings, of an easy life to you*

*but you love the way of life,
that calls to you, high upon the hill,
Midnight Child, it's up to you, to save the world.*

*what are you going to do my child?
for so long you have wandered,
and now it's time, you must decide,
till you come down, to this world*

~ Lonek

*Pourquoi pleurer
des larmes
de tristesse
ou même
d'amour?
Le monde
n'est qu'une
grande illusion
un rêve
une chimère
alors, pourquoi
s'en faire?
La vie,
qu'est-elle,
si ce n'est
une peinture
en aquarelle
dont
les couleurs délicates
nous trompent
pendant la jeunesse?*

*Someone saw you.
You were standing alone
and life was going on
all around you.*

*But you took no part.
You yawned
and looked bored,
letting out a sigh
that was burdened
with a heavy weariness.*

*Mountains could collapse
in that moment.
I can imagine again,
the feeling of words hanging —
of impending change
wanting to move into your circle.*

*But you were never one
to reach outside yourself.
And those mountains
would crash in silence —
fall to ashes at your indifference.*

*Life gone, in a flash.
An emptiness,
and you, centre stage, unharmed,
too busy not noticing
the absence
of nothing.*

Louise Petrincec



Poem

*Well,
lying in the sun,
I'm a rich man.*

*I don't have a care
but I'm growing older,*

*and there's something I must do,
to call myself a man,*

*a wild son,
wishes he was on the land.*

*What-cha wanna wanna be,
and do-ya wanna wanna be free?*

*shiny limousine,
or hair down to your knees,*

What-cha wanna wanna be?

*Be a stenciled letter son,
take all they have to offer,*

*you know, money honey, it can buy you,
the life you want, the life you want.*

*A part of me screams, I haven't had enough
of the younger days I left behind.*

*a part of me cries,
I wish I was a child again.*

*What-cha wanna wanna be,
and do-ya wanna wanna be free,*

*shiny limousine,
or hair down to your knees.*

What-cha wanna wanna be?

~ Lonek

北京鴨子樓

The first translated poem is probably written around 1300 A.D. It is considered to be one of the earliest free-verse poems in China. The second poem is written by Chairman Mao Tsetung in the 40's. The poem is in the classic form of 'tune' which requires a certain number of characters and a rigid rhyme-scheme. In order to keep the beauty of the form it is almost a character-to-character translation.

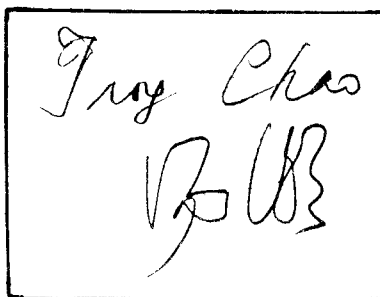
I hope this exotic flavour will add more joy to your Merry Christmas!

Kunlun Mountains

by Mao Tsetung

(Kunlun mountains is one of the highest mountains in China which runs across the land from north to south)

Across the sky, astride the earth
Kunlun, like an unruly dragon
Witnessing the buoyancy of every spring.
You fly up, three million
 jade-scales of snow
Stirring the heavens into a chill.
 Then, melting on a summer day
 Flooding rivers and creeks
 Turning men into fish and turtles.
In a thousand years of works good and evil
Who could tally up your score?
And yet, I say to Kunlun now
No need for such height
 Nor for all that snow.
If I could only, leaning against sky
 Draw the sacred sword
I'd slice thee into three parts
 One part I'd leave for Europe
 One bequeath to America
 And the third will remain here
 in the east
So that the whole world would be at peace
And we would all share your coolness
 and your warmth.



Mist
by Tang, Chao
Mist
Everywhere is mist

Were it iron-bar
We could break it
Were it stone-wall
We could unbuild it
Were it high mountains
We could climb over it
But it is mist
Thick mist....

Reply To My Lover by Madame Guan

You and I
Love each other
With passion
Hot like fire—
Take a clump of clay
Wet it, pat it
Make a figure of you
And a figure of me.
Then smash them
 crash them
With a little water
Knead them together
And out of the clay
We'll remake
 A figure of you
 A figure of me
Thus in my clay
There is a little of you
In your clay
There is a little of me.

恭發財
歡迎光臨

Voyage interplanète terre

*Rome, Paris
Lieux où jongle mon esprit
Londres, Genève
Villes de mes rêves
Chine, Russie
Sejours interdits
Madrid, Séville
Où l'Espagne brille
Le Monde
Dont je fais la ronde
Jaunes, Rouges
Peuples où vont mes songes
Blancs, Noirs
Monde qu'il nous faut voir
Mars, Vénus
Petit bonhomme vert, pays des femmes
Soleil, lumière, constellations, galaxies....*

Linda Pellerin

Sans Titre

*Trouve moi une infinité calme de bleu
Un jour où le soleil est rose
et où se fond l'harmonie du vent et des oiseaux.
Trouve moi un endroit de liberté
Une grève où j'aurais laissé ton nom
et tu m'y trouveras.*

~ Nicole Raymond

In The Corner Of My Room

*In a corner of my room
One furthest from the door
There's a patchwork of delicate threads
Woven neatly, hanging an inch away
From the perpendicular walls
Spun together silky as silk
By a wingless arachnid,
A member of the eight-legged group,
A construction worker
Less a yellow hard-hat,
A self-sufficient small animal
Who works hard each day
In order to entrap his prey
By entangling them in his web,
Those flies frozen in flight
And the mite, louse and fleas
Warded by a web,
A simple spider's fine threads,
His complicated cobweb.*

Lesley Harris

Rising

*The sun forgot to rise today.
And me? I rose anyway.
But then –
I jumped right back in bed
Shut my eyes and heavily sighed.
I, too, would forget to rise.*

Lesley

L'homme

*Ce n'est que pleurs songeurs
Larmes d'argent sur joue d'or
Tristesse de l'âme et du coeur
Comment si faible et si fort
L'homme sans conscience
N'ayant aucun remord
Doit avoir roc au lieu du coeur
Et ne point avoir peur
Posséder la puissance
Puissance de l'ennemi
Il ne serait permi
De se leurrer
Art réservé aux femmes.
Ce ne serait que honte
Etre homme
Et avoir l'ombre d'une feinte
De laisser paraître
ses pleurs et peines.
Larmes au seuil
De cette source vaine
tarie par vil orgueil*

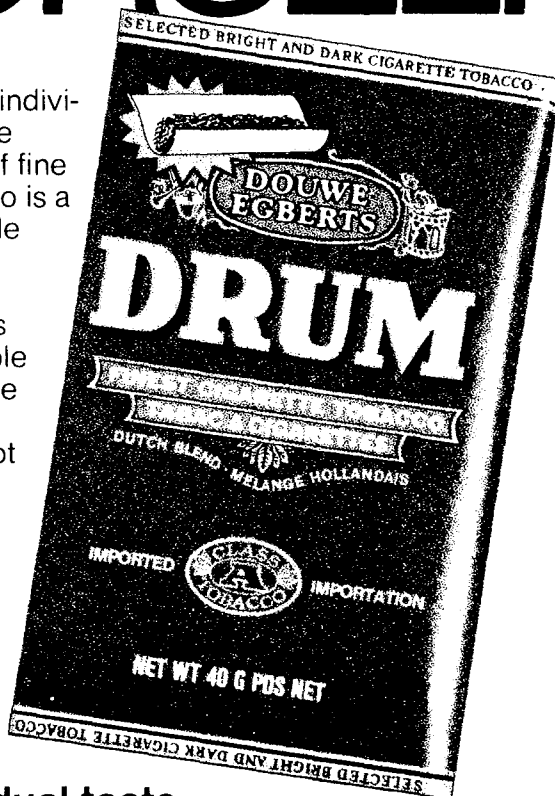
Linda Pellerin



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an individual taste.**

FINEST QUALITY TOBACCO

DALLAS COWBOY CHEERLEADERS

Maintenant que j'ai capté votre attention (sexistes, phalocrates et autres) j'aimerais vous dévoiler le vrai but de cet article. Celui-ci concerne quelque chose qui nous préoccupe tous, qui nous tracasse jusque dans le plus profond de nous-même... quelles équipes participeront au Super Bowl en janvier? Voilà certes l'interrogation de la gent intellectuelle de Glendon.

Je prends ici l'énorme responsabilité d'y répondre. Commençons donc par la Conférence Nationale de Football. Dans l'est, Philadelphie devrait l'emporter. Une défense à toute épreuve et un excellent quart-arrière, Ron Jaworski, sont la clé du succès des Eagles. Dans la division Centrale, Détroit doit être favori. Non pas parce que les Lions sont si fantastiques que cela, mais plutôt parce que les autres équipes de la division sont si ordinaires et que la moins mauvaise est la plus susceptible de remporter la course. Détroit remplie cette condition. Dans l'ouest, ce sera définitivement entre Los Angeles et

Atlanta. Mais tout cela est parfaitement académique puisque les deux équipes seront dans les séries d'après-saison, comme champions ou comme détenteurs d'un *wild card*. L'autre place dans les séries ira à Dallas.

Maintenant, si j'écoutais mon coeur, je vous dirais que Dallas va remporter le championnat de sa conférence et subséquemment le Super Bowl. Malheureusement je dois y aller avec la raison. Oh, Dallas ira jusqu'en finale de sa Conférence puisque les Cowboys sont définitivement supérieurs à Atlanta, Los Angeles ou Détroit. Mais en finale, ce sera l'offensive dévastatrice de Dallas contre la défense tenace de Philadelphie. Malheureusement, il faut que j'y aille avec les Eagles. Danny White, le quart-arrière de Dallas, bien que doué est un peu trop sujet à interception. De même, la défense aérienne de Dallas est faible. Harold Carmichael devrait avoir bien du plaisir. Dans la Conférence Nationale nous disons donc Philadelphie.

Dans la Conférence Américaine, c'est

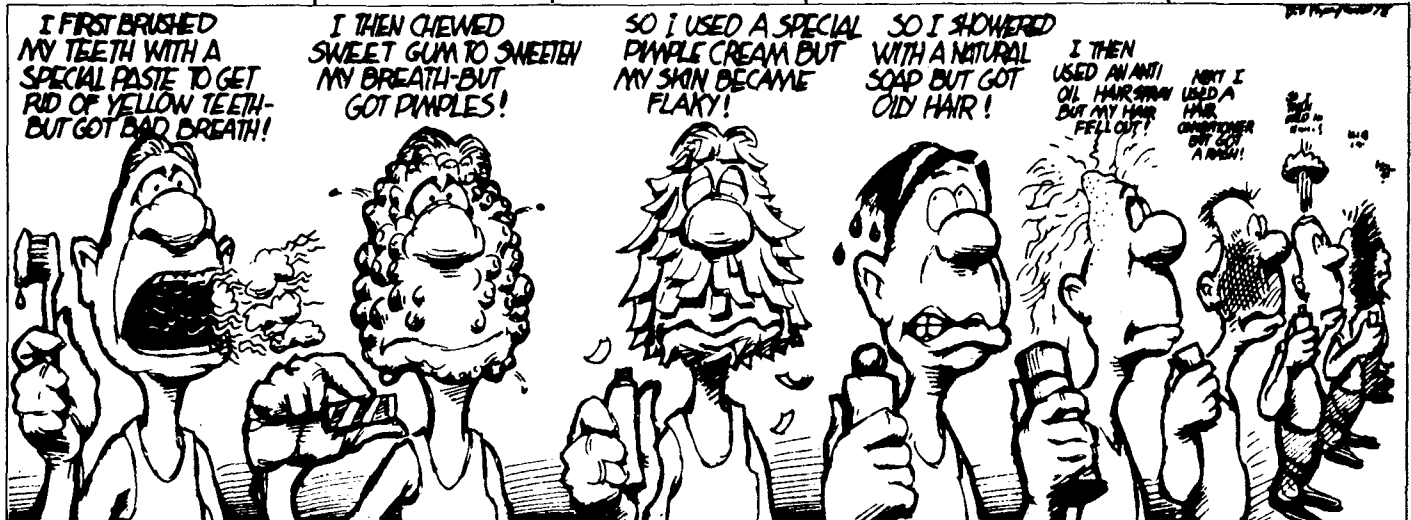
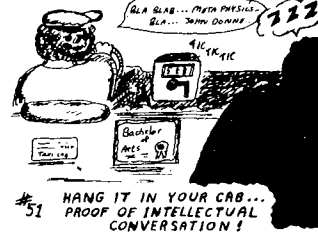
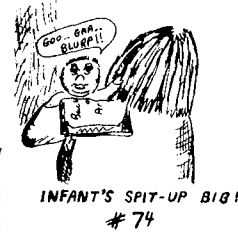
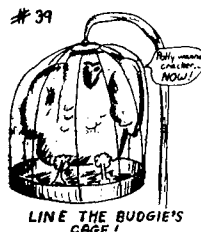
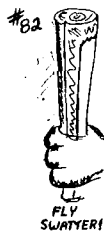
un peu plus compliqué. Je ne aventurerai pas à prédire les deux détenteurs de *wild cards*. Malgré toutes les combinaisons possibles, je retiens Oakland, New England, Houston. Dieu merci, Pittsburgh sera hors de la partie. Dans la division est, Buffalo devrait l'emporter uniquement à cause de leur excellente défense. Cependant, Joe Ferguson est trop irrégulier comme quart-arrière pour les mener jusqu'au bout. Tout devrait se décider entre Cleveland et San Diego ce qui devrait être passionnant. Deux équipes orientées vers l'offensive, menées par d'excellents quart-arrières, Dan Fouts et Brian Sipe. Ces deux équipes sont bien balancées mais je donne ma préférence à Cleveland qui est beaucoup plus consistant.

Donc au Super Bowl, ce sera Cleveland contre Philadelphie. Ma préférence va à Cleveland. Ne me demandez pas pourquoi. Ces deux équipes se ressemblent à s'y tromper. Cependant, ce sera une rencontre intéressante, ne serait-ce que parce que nous sortirons de la routine habituelle, c'est-à-dire Dallas et Pittsburgh.

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Coming in December

THE MOVIE BUFF



Yup Yup Yo!!

No time to chat this week, boys and girls — just enough time left to say — *The Informer!* And only *one* of you clever devils managed to come up with that star-spangled answer!

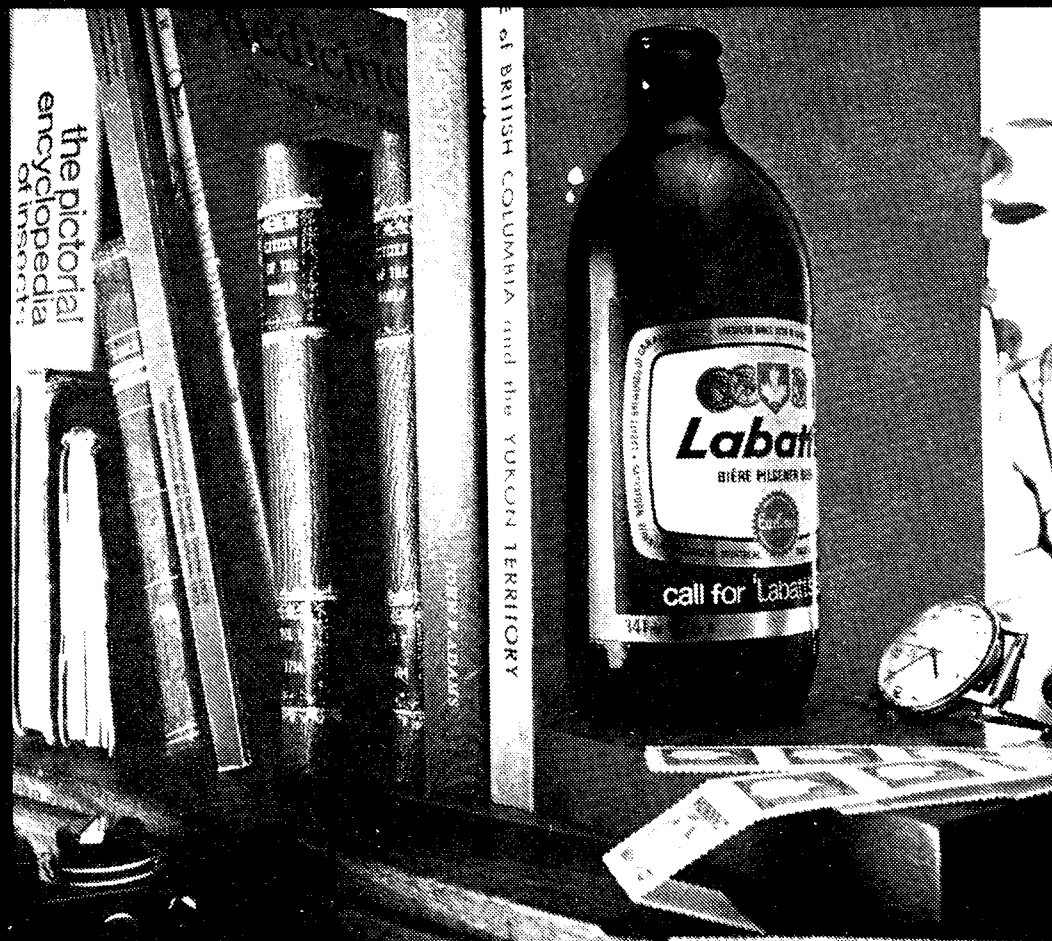
You think I'm gonna reveal his name? — No way! I'm no stool pigeon! Frankie — you deserved to fry!

Ahem. Let's calm down a bit. There. I feel better now. Thanx I needed that.

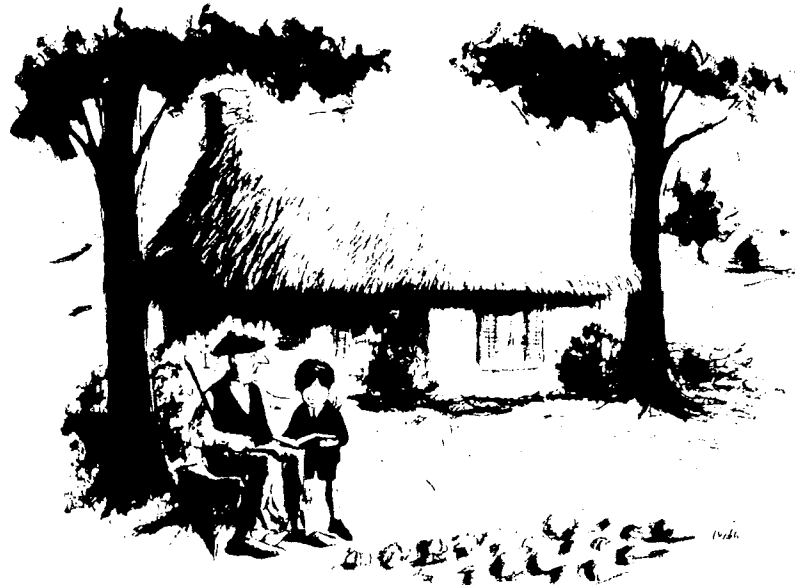
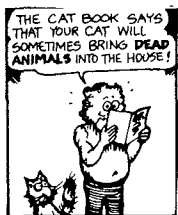
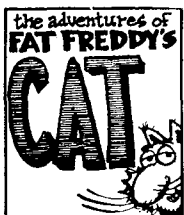
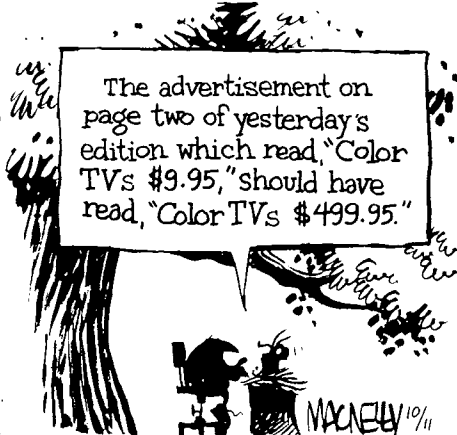
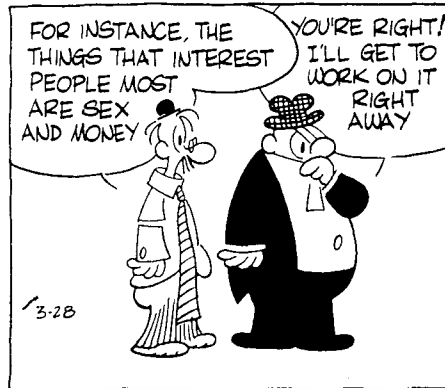
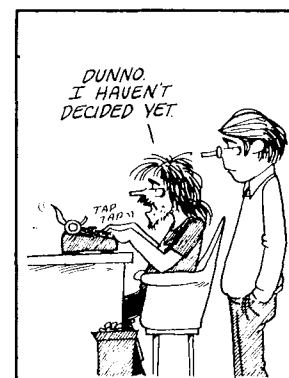
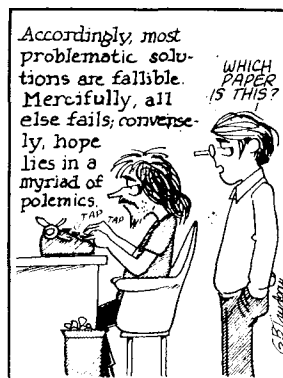
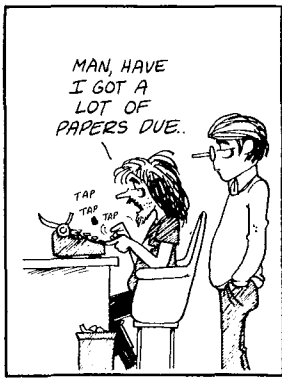
Turning to Christmas, let's pull out our favourite — none other than *Alastair Sim himself!*

'Bah! Humbug! If I had my way, people who walk around howling Merry Christmas would be boiled alive in their own plum pudding! Bah! Humbug!'

What to do with an empty Blue.



When you're smiling, call for Labatt's Blue.



"My boy, Grand-père is not the one to ask about such things. I have lived eighty-seven peaceful and happy years in Montoire-sur-le-Loir without the past anterior verb form."

WITH A BULLET

MONTER EN FLECHE

1. DISGUSTEEN..... Teenage Head
2. HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL..... Rough Trade
3. ROCK HARD..... Suzi Quatro
4. TATTOOED LOVE BOYS..... Pretenders
5. THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME..... The Headboys
6. GET OFF THE RADIO..... The Sharks
7. MATING GAMES..... True Confessions
8. SOLID ROCK..... Dire Straits
9. BODY TALK..... John Otway
10. 24 HOURS FROM TULSA..... The Yachts
11. A SONG FROM UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS..... Magazine
12. TALK, TALK..... The Inmates
13. MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM..... The English Beat
14. 52 GIRLS..... B52's
15. RUMOURS OF GLORY..... Bruce Cockburn
16. NEW YORK CITY..... The Demics
17. PEACHES EN REGALIA..... Frank Zappa
18. TUNNEL OF LOVE..... Dire Straits
19. A QUOI TU SERS..... Valerie LeGrange
20. DANCE LITTLE SISTER..... The Rolling Stones
21. IT'S A JUNGLE..... Rough Trade
22. ADOLESCENT SEX..... Japan
23. OUT THE DOOR..... The Shakers
24. I LOVE YOU LIKE I LOVE MYSELF..... Herman Brood
25. FREE BIRDS..... Lynyrd Skynyrd
26. TELEPHONE..... Max Mouse & The Gorillas
27. BABYLON SISTERS..... Steely Dan
28. AMNESIA..... Fingerprintz
29. DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME..... The Police
30. CELEBRATION..... P.F.M.
31. HUNGRY HEART..... Bruce Springsteen
32. KICKIN' THE KANS..... The Headboys
33. SHAKE BOP..... The Kingbees
34. ARTISTS ONLY..... Talking Heads
35. STUCK..... Magazine
36. BANG BANG..... B.A. Robertson
37. STEPPING STONE..... The Sex Pistols
38. MA PETRI EST A TERRE..... Offenbach
39. SKATEAWAY..... Dire Straits
40. NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE..... Third World

Most Played Album: MAKING MOVIES..... Dire Straits
Hitbound: STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN..... The Idles

From all of us at Radio-Glendon:
MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR!