merry christmas

ProTem

Joyeux Noël
Glendon Gallery Membership

The membership fees for the Glendon Gallery are $4 for resident students and $6 for off-campus students. A membership will entitle you to free admission to the Art Gallery of Ontario and invitations to exhibition openings at the Glendon Gallery.

Le Galerie Glendon

La cotisation est de 4$ pour les étudiants en résidence, et de 6$ pour ceux qui habitent hors-campus. Les avantages sont les invitations aux vernissages et l'entrée gratuite au Musée des beaux-arts de l'Ontario.

* * *

VOUS PARTEZ?

Avec ou sans voiture, appelez NAC et sauvez de l'argent. Si vous voulez partager ou sans voiture, appelez 922-3131.

* * *

LEAVING TOWN?

With or without a car, call NAC, and save some. If you want to share a ride, call 922-3131.

* * *

PRO TEM has a need for journalists sports. If you are interested, contact PRO TEM, au 1er étage du Glendon Hall, tél: 487-6133.

* * *

The Jewish Student Federation at Glendon wishes everyone a "HAPPY CHANUKAH" and a "MERRY CHRISTMAS".

We look forward to seeing you at our next meeting on January 17th 1986 between 12:00-1:00 in the Hearth Room.

* * *

The Glendon Procrastination Club meeting in honour of the founding President John Edward Sydney Maxwell-Nesbitt, Esq. has been postponed until further notice.

* * *

CLASP

Due to exams, the satellite duty council clinic that the Community and Legal Aid Services Program (C.L.A.S.P.) of Osgoode Hall Law school operates at Glendon College every other Monday will be closed until further notice. Should you require CLASP's services in the interim, please telephone 667-3143 (CLASP office).

* * *

The Classifieds are free to any Glendon student, club or organization. Deadline for submissions is Wednesday noon.

Les annonces classées sont gratuites pour tous les étudiants, clubs et organisations de Glendon. La date limite est mercredi midi.

1986 GLENDON FOOD SERVICE CHRISTMAS HOURS SCHEDULE

For the benefit of undergraduate students and members of the community who may be on campus during the Christmast period of 21 December to 2 January, the Glendon Service and Dining Hall will be open as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Saturday 21 Dec</td>
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The following food offerings will be available:

- Grill Area: every item available breakfast, lunch dinner
- Soup of the Day: (lunch and dinner)
- One Hot Entree: (lunch and dinner)
- Prepared Sandwiches and Salads: (lunch and dinner)
- Bread, muffins, yogurt, dessert, fruit: (all day)
- Hot and Cold Drinks, Milk, Coffee: (all day)

Please note that Le Petit Cafe will re-open at 11:30 a.m. on 6 January 1986.

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Please note that Le Petit Cafe will re-open at 11:30 a.m. on 6 January 1986.
You'd better good (not that way you perverts) Santa Claus is coming to town. He sees you when you're sleeping (is nothing sacred anymore?), he knows when you're awake (4:00 p.m. - 4:00 a.m.), he knows if you've been bad or good....

The Real World II

By David Olivier

One of the first realizations one has to face in the real world is that the phrase "credit rating" can suddenly become the be-all and end-all of your life. Did you know that in order to open up an account, you need three pieces of I.D. all with your signature? Furthermore, you need a previous bank account, of at least a year, so that this bank knows you're safe. (What worries me is what do you give as reference if you're opening a first account? So you could fit the Ten Commandments on the head of a pin without disturbing the angels dancing on it.)

You want daily interest because you account balance changes so often? Well, all the daily interest banks charge a fee for every transaction each month (the first two are free; big deal, that only leaves 29 more days). The traditional savings account, with no transaction charges, have interest rates lower than Death Valley. If you pay interest twice a year, and cannot have cheques written out on them, you're opening a 

Serta "the Perfect Sleeper" Mattress Co.? Secondly you're given a huge sheet of paper with tiny writing (so tiny you could fit the Ten Commandments on the head of a pin without disturbing the angels dancing on it) describing each type of account available, and how none of them fit your needs. You want daily interest because you account balance changes so often? Well, all the daily interest banks charge a fee for every transaction each month (the first two are free; big deal, that only leaves 29 more days). The traditional savings account, with no transaction charges, have interest rates lower than Death Valley, pay out interest twice a year, and cannot have cheques written out on them. Yes, convenience from your bank.

Although the real world of banking is a pretty sad sight, the advertising agencies gloss over the flaws with 6 or 7 dozen coats of cheery gloss. "Lifestyle" ads never show anyone being rejected their loans (not even by competitors; the competition is merely slower at approving the loan). Automatic teller machines (ATMs) are shown as a great boon to banking (with the impossible implication that our ATMs are better than theirs), with no one ever finding an ATM that's closed, not working properly, or has never heard of the deposit you made last week. The old-fashioned manual tellers (people) are forever cheerful, busy and above all, open. There's never a lineup at the lifestyle bank. They're all dressed straight out of Alfred Sung or Allan Cherry, and in perfect health; while this is usually true of downtown banks, the suburban branches maintain the realization of tellers with fuzzy sweaters and head coils.

I'm sure I'll have much more to say about the lifestyle world versus the real world, but I'm not Jake Epp, and consequently know when to stop. Suffice it to say that I'm not counting on my bank, but will soon be buying a good mattress. As to credit cards, in one life's little twists, they may soon be extinct. Their replacement is known as debit cards - at least there will be one thing in banking named honesty.
Dear Editor:

I am writing to express my deeply felt disappointment with fellow students at Pro Tem. As we are students at a liberal arts college, one would expect an overwhelming majority of us to be interested in life on campus outside the classroom, library and pub. Unfortunately, the last couple of weeks have proven the opposite.

During this period Glendon’s “cultural programme” offered very few events, most of which were poorly attended. Among the entertainment events: Oral Stage (which was a two week event before a Christmas presentation at Theatre Glendon and Carol singing/sing-a-long to the accompaniment of renascent instruments at the Maison de la Culture.

Attendancy by Glendonites at both these events was horrendously poor. The only thing I can add to my feeling of disappointment is pity for all those who will go through university never having experienced anything new, different and unique.

Yours sincerely,

Jas Ahmad

Editor, RE: Mr. Gibson’s letter in your December 8th issue.

As Director of Communications, I feel that I must defend myself from the assault of Mr. Gibson. Contrary to his statement, there were posters placed in all academic halls on the 19th of November, over two weeks before the Christmas Banquet. A banner was put in the Cafeteria on the 27th of November, the earliest date one could have been placed there without violating Poster Policy regulations. On Monday, November 25, I began advertising with Radio Glendon. The Glendon Bulletin carried the Christmas Banquet announcement for three weeks, beginning with the November 20th issue. On Monday, December 2, flyers were put into all residence mailboxes and additional posters were placed in the hallways. (Posters in Hilliard had already been up for over a week.) I can only force people to read posters, my job is to ensure that they are up and this was done over two weeks prior to the event. The ad in Pro Tem was also up two weeks before the event, in the November 25th edition to be exact.

In answer to the comment that posters are usually up only one week before an event, the only thing I can say is that it is a Poster Policy regulation.

Continued on page 10
Fall Term Report Cards

DIRECTOR OF ACADEMIC AFFAIRS
Kathie Darroch – B
Kathie started her job as soon as she was elected last Spring. She has also done a lot of work behind the scenes. This shows a lack of concern over being in the forefront — something past presidents have lacked.

VICE-PRESIDENT
Jas Ahmad – A
While we are hesitant to give this high mark, Jas has inherited an extremely difficult task and is in an awkward position as a result. He could balance the budget now but that would mean a severe loss of services offered to the students. Jas has shown the courage during his budget process to consult with others on campus. A definite credit to him.

DIRECTOR OF ACADEMIC AFFAIRS
Charles Kellen – B
Charles has proven to be a strong advocate for departmental clubs in their funding requests to Council. Charles is an advocate for all students who are in academic difficulty as well.

DIRECTOR OF CLUBS AND SERVICES
Charles Wong – B–
Charles has, in conjunction with the executive, developed the new Club Funding Policy. This policy will ensure that only the clubs that serve the Glendon community will receive money from the Students' Union.

DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS
Theresa McCallister – C+
A fairly good job is being done here although there have been complaints. Admitted by those involved, sometimes the communications between this director and the Director Of Cultural Affairs have been less than noteworthy. More advance notice to Theresa might help with the publicity of events.

DIRECTOR OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS
Stan Gorecki – C+
Stan is doing a good job and is attempting to leave some suggestions for his successor. However, the timing of certain events has been a little — shall we say? — off. Voting against publicity for your events is not a good idea Stan. Advance notice to students would increase attendance, increased attendance means more money (read here more profits); this would only benefit everyone.

DIRECTOR OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS
John Land – B
Inundated by acronyms, John has done a good job of staying on top of things. John also helps the rest of the Executive with their departments.

RADIO GLENDON MANAGER
Ken Bujold – A
Ken has done a lot to improve this station 'with no frequency'. He runs a much tighter ship than previous managers have done. Ken is beginning to work to give our station its CRTC license.

PUB MANAGER
Peter Gibson – B+
The kitchen renovations have made the pub nicer looking and increased services as well. This was a much needed improvement. Peter has helped other organizations on campus showing that the pub management is not as closed as people have thought in the past.

GLENDON STUDENT SENATOR
Neil Orford – C
Neil hasn’t been too noticeable around campus but he has done some behind-the-scenes work. Perhaps reports to Council on what’s happening in Senate would help.
Santa’s Corner

Stéphane Begin:
Santa is ‘borrowing’ Scott’s diary from the last year’s National CUP conference so you can have fun too.

Ken Bujoj:
Santa is going to give a new jacket to replace the one you have.

Jas:
A filing cabinet for your room to lock up all your confidential papers.

Scott Anderson:
A new outfit for New Year’s Eve so you don’t have your shorts over your trousers again.

Principal Garigue:
Santa doesn’t have to give, since you’ve already gotten the elimination of the Unilingual Stream.

Dave Chaikoff:
A “little small chicken” to help you deliver the paper, and stop you from bugging us.

To the “little” boys on GCSU council:
Santa noticed how much you liked Neil’s dart gun, so he is going to give you each one a sign for outside “La Maison de la Culture” saying “This is not an art gallery”

Reya Ali:
Santa doesn’t like you centralizing plans, so you will get coal in your stocking this year.

Dave Sanders:
A national scandal per week so that you will never run out of cartoons.

YUFA:
An automatic 7% pay raise and an immediate vacation for one week in October so you won’t have to strike.

Lisa:
Santa knows how hard you try to maintain order in council meetings, so his present to you is a leather whip. (Just what you’ve always wanted, right Lisa?)

Kathie Darroch:
A copy of the song, “Ring around the Rosey” to play while dealing with the bank and its amazing “Let’s reallocate GCSU funds system.”

Student Security:
A tape deck for your van so you can hear your fav music during patrols.

Student Security:
A special smoke-free booth in your common room, so that Tim can’t complain anymore.

Reya Ali:
Santa doesn’t like you centralizing plans, so you will get coal in your stocking this year.

To All Little Pro Tem People:
A stool so you can reach the phone in the outer office.

Velda Abreu:
Santa was shocked at the Christmas gift you received at the GCSU party. He is sending you a plain brown wrapper so that you and the rest of your C House friends can enjoy it without ruining your convent like image.

To the A House Wood Boys:
A special smoke-free booth in your common room, so that Tim can’t complain anymore.

To all the students who park in the lower level:
An elevator or a moving ramp to bring you up the stairs. (Santa can try, but he can’t do the impossible!)

Elizabeth McCallister:
A cot for your office for all those long nights, and for being so good locks for your office which work.

Professor Horn:
A new Baseball bat.

Charles Wong:
Santa wishes to make your life as comfortable as possible, so he is giving you a “LazBoy” for the office.

Charles Kellen:
A Thesaurus so that you won’t have to make up any more “crush”-ing new words.

Jas: A lifetime subscription to Excalibur

Velda Abreu:
Santa was shocked at the Christmas gift you received at the GCSU party. He is sending you a plain brown wrapper so that you and the rest of your C House friends can enjoy it without ruining your convent like image.

Wayne Burnett:
A road map so you can find your way back to Glendon.

To All SCR Members:
Real plants to replace the ones you have.

Scott Anderson:
A new outfit for New Year’s Eve so you don’t have your shorts over your trousers again.

Lisa:
Santa knows how hard you try to maintain order in council meetings, so his present to you is a leather whip. (Just what you’ve always wanted, right Lisa?)

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Wayne Burnett:
A road map so you can find your way back to Glendon.

To All SCR Members:
Real plants to replace the ones you have.
As I Please

Christmas

by Matthew Alexander

It's about this time of year that we really begin to consider getting our Christmas shopping done. (No thanks to the ads of course, they were running before Hallowe'en, but we're all used to that.) It has become customary to decry the rampant commercialism of Christmas as destructive of the season's true meaning. The celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. This of course is a powerful argument. North American materialist society has a hearty suspicion of any celebration that centres itself around a wealth of love, rather than a love of wealth. So naturally, by accident and design, Madison Avenue and the consumptionist world have stomped on the face of Christ with both feet.

Why has this come about? Well, that is not really important for my discussion. The reason is probably buried somewhere deep within the Western psyche and its history. What should concern us is how this annual orgy of rampant consumerism can be modified to produce a positive outcome, and in doing so, remind us of what the celebration is really all about.

What is Christmas all about aside from the primary religious meanings? Above all, it is a celebration of peace. Peace is not just a word on a treaty denoting an absence of open conflict, it is a way of life, a belief that we should carry at all times. Peace is telling your best friend exactly what they mean to you. Peace is going over to a despised neighbour's home with a bottle of and your shields and a word on a treaty denoting an absence of whatever. Peace simply means the obeying of the greatest commandment: love thy neighbour as theyself. Once you've done that, peace just seems to come naturally. Your denomination, your politics, your arguments, your hatred, none of these matter any more, once you've accepted the primacy of love.

We're human. We are not going to live up to this beautiful ideal at all times. However, there is nothing to prevent us from doing it for a little bit, and what better time than during the celebration of the birth of Christ? Whether you are Christian or not is not the point. What is the point is the type of world you want to live in, the type of world you want your children to grow up in. Love and peace are non-denominational. We've got to start somewhere, so why not Christmas?

So as you sit at home this season, or shop, or whatever you choose to do, take a little piece of that love with you, and spread it around. Whatever your name for God, may He watch over you, keep you safe, and give you peace. Have a beautiful Christmas.

The Insomniac

Guide to Christmas Shopping and Personality Quiz

by Kevin McGran

For reasons of your own sanity and my concern over the quality of life in the monoplastic, well-insured North American (Amurkin) individual, I present to you with the Insomniac's guide to Good Christmas Shopping. Also, this is a pretty timely column (it would be awful silly in February.)

My First Big Hint towards helping you with Christmas shopping is: (Now pay attention, there will be a short quiz following this article.) If you can get someone else to do it for you, let him. This will make life much easier for you. (If that person wants to pay for the gifts as well — all the better.)

Beyond that First Big Hint, I think you know what you've to do. In fact, you probably know more than me because I usually follow that First Big Hint.

But alas, I can supply more advice. Of course, you know Murphy's Law of Line-ups — that the other line moves faster and its corollary — if you change back, both lines stop and everyone gets mad at you. What you do then (and this is for personal reasons) is avoid line-ups altogether. "Ah!" you think, "brilliant!" (I know I thought so.) But there is a hitch. What if there is now counter without a line-up, even for naturally superior human beings like Brooke Shields and Paul Schaeffer. Well, short of asking the manager for a reservation, you have to trick the people ahead of you in the line.

"Is she still giving wrong change?" is always a popular phrase to mutter to the person in front of you: "Oh, excuse my odor eaters" is another.

You might try, "there are nude people running around the back of the store!" and if that doesn't work, you might try running nude through the back of the store. But remember, don't do anything that might cause people to suspect your motives.

Now for the quiz. 1. Why do we celebrate Christmas by giving gifts? (I know what you're thinking — "I didn't study this" but get used to it — exams are here) is it A) Imitating the three wise men giving Christ Old, Frankenesence and Myrrh (real useful gifts for a baby — real wise guys) B) because we wish to show each other how much we love each other; or C) to keep money-hungry multinationals in business.

2. Why can nobody spell Frankenesence and Myrrh? Is it A) We're too rude for that stuff; B) I didn't know there was no Santa; or C) Money-hungry multinationals feel giving things away is too Communistic.

Unknown to you, by the answers you gave, you have revealed your true personality and degree of sexual frustration. If you answered A to all of them you're a one-minded person who doesn't have a date for the weekend. If you answered B, you're plain stupid and it's no wonder you don't have a date this weekend. If you answered C, you've got real hang-ups and will never get a date for any weekend. If you answered with a variety of letters, you're really mixed up. You've got a date but you want out.

Merry Christmas Late-Nighters.
Ghost of the Titanic
Silence
Down
In steerage
While we drank tea and listened.
Upstairs
Lords and Ladies waltzing
To the orchestra.
2 a.m.
Suddenly
Blasts wake me
The Captain said:
"Women and children first."
I fainted.
A gentleman offered me a glass
We drank the sweetness slowly
Saying "Long Live the King",
While softly played
The Violins
Into the darkness.
Catherine Bryson

Angels Laughing In The Dark

Well, it's last call for alcohol
And the base cap
Tries to swing his bat
Waiting for her guard to fail
It's last call for company
And the skipping rope
Just skipped right past
Smirking at his misery.
Last call for the taste of mind
And body to be intertwined
"Can I buy you a drink?"
"No, I'm doing just fine."
Call for the launch of night
And God would say it isn't right
Somewhere in playroom bar,
The Angels laugh at how we are.
( Inspired by a pubnight)
JohnBoy Walton

If there was a man
You'd fall asleep
In his arm sated
In your dreams
But there is no man
So you lie here
Faceless young men
Coming to kiss, touch
Love, Have You
In your hot bed
There is only your
Empty desire
Unsated, unrealized.
And no man
No lust
No love
Nothing
Just nothing
Marie

You mean to say what my senses experience
Are only distorted truths,
That reality exists only in ideas and forms,
That Monet never saw haloed gas lamps
Appear as angels on the streets of Paris,
That when I prepare to embrace heaven and earth
With outstretched arms and heaving heart
I stand a deserted monument
J a s A h m a d
1 9 8 3

Sonnet

Wrinkled men shuffle down endless hallways;
Sitting in wheelchairs are the old women,
Smell of stale medicine pervades the maze.
Visitors arrive with bouqht flowers. Then
They sit together, trying to smile,
As Dextrose drips down through clear, plastic tubing
Into the pale, thin arm of one who has
Been used to laughing, living; not dying.
Tired, she lies quietly on crumpled, white bed
Sheets, hating to be alone with her death.
Close friends bring laughter and chase away dread.
She watches their eyes and draws in a breath.
Her brown eyes close, and nervous silence reigns,
Drip, drip of intravenous in her veins.
Suzanne Greenhous

You were not one
until you saw
moonlight slip
from your hands
into the river
and stop everything
and now
in this
sour season
of grapes and madness
you say
man
I know
J a s A h m a d
1 9 8 5

Monastery

Men in concentric circles
On the corpse-cold floor
Meditating on waves
Long and powerful
Falling white on olive grey rocks.

J a s A h m a d
1 9 8 4

Frozen Was The Man (With Just One Match)

People sit in groups,
But groups don't sit in people
You could balance all the REAL Christians
On the end of a nearby steeple.
Politicians always seem to lie,
Criminals run free
Pollution gathers everywhere
From sea to murky sea
Children are not learning 'Good'
And men are killing men,
If you think I'm a cynic babe,
it must be 'cause I am.

Henry Kissenger

Rumours

Hollow words from foreign places
Bounded only by extremes
Few desire revelation
They're just contemplating dreams
Of calling cards and scattered pulses
Mavericks in modern times
In this junkyard of conviction
Unsoid truths are piling high.

Natjssia Kinski

My Landlord

My Landlord had it in for me.
I could see it in his eyes.
And when he kicked me out today
It came as no surprise.

I didn't know it was his wife
That was romping in my bed.
Had no idea it was his pooch
When I hoofed it in the head.
It was "party time" at 4 a.m.
In my two room city flat
Until somebody called a cop
Then everybody splat.

The Entire Cast of Gilligan's Island
(A Dead Iguana Production)

Rose Garden Revisited

Night
A far better
Time
Of day.

Roses
Covered in ice
Now, but I
Picked one
Anyway.

Image
The people
In the library
Working
As I should be
And am not.

Catherine Bryson

You Garden Revisited

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Time
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It was "party time" at 4 a.m.
In my two room city flat
Until somebody called a cop
Then everybody splat.

Yah, my Landlord had it in for me
And I cannot figure why
But if they drop the bomb on us
I hope that he don't die.

The Entire Cast of Gilligan's Island
(A Dead Iguana Production)

Rumours

Hollow words from foreign places
Bounded only by extremes
Few desire revelation
They're just contemplating dreams
Of calling cards and scattered pulses
Mavericks in modern times
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it must be 'cause I am.

Henry Kissenger

You Garden Revisited

Night
A far better
Time
Of day.

Roses
Covered in ice
Now, but I
Picked one
Anyway.

Image
The people
In the library
Working
As I should be
And am not.

Catherine Bryson

My Landlord

My Landlord had it in for me.
I could see it in his eyes.
And when he kicked me out today
It came as no surprise.

I didn't know it was his wife
That was romping in my bed.
Had no idea it was his pooch
When I hoofed it in the head.
It was "party time" at 4 a.m.
In my two room city flat
Until somebody called a cop
Then everybody splat.

Yah, my Landlord had it in for me
And I cannot figure why
But if they drop the bomb on us
I hope that he don't die.

The Entire Cast of Gilligan's Island
(A Dead Iguana Production)

Rumours

Hollow words from foreign places
Bounded only by extremes
Few desire revelation
They're just contemplating dreams
Of calling cards and scattered pulses
Mavericks in modern times
In this junkyard of conviction
Unsold truths are piling high.

Natjssia Kinski

Frozen Was The Man (With Just One Match)

People sit in groups,
But groups don't sit in people
You could balance all the REAL Christians
On the end of a nearby steeple.
Politicians always seem to lie,
Criminals run free
Pollution gathers everywhere
From sea to murky sea
Children are not learning 'Good'
And men are killing men,
If you think I'm a cynic babe,
it must be 'cause I am.

Henry Kissenger
Twelve Days After Christmas

The first day after Christmas my true love and I had a fight
And so i chopped the pear tree down and burnt it just for spite.
Then with a single cartridge I shot that blasted patridge,
My true love, my true love, my true love gave to me.
The second day after Christmas I pulled on the old rubber gloves.
And very gently wrung the necks of both the turtle doves,
My true love, my true love, my true love gave to me.
The third day after Christmas my mother caught the group.
I had to use the three french hens to make some chicken soup.
The four calling birds were a big mistake
For their language was obscene.
The fifth day after Christmas the swimming swans had drowned,
My true love, my true love, my true love gave to me.
The sixth day after Christmas my true love and I had a fight
And so I chopped the pear tree down and burnt it just for spite.
Then with a single cartridge I shot that blasted patridge,
My true love, my true love, my true love gave to me.
The seventh day after Christmas
I bundled up the eight maids-a-milking.
Nine
Ten lords-a-leaping.
Eleven pipers-piping.
Twelve drummers drumming.
And sent them back collect.

In Memoriam
Oh to mourn the loss of a friend,
Not by losing to eternal life,
But rather to the passage of time.
The passage of time tore us apart,
I'm not good enough for her now,
I wonder why, but now answer comes.
My friend has more friends now
Oh woe to mourn the loss of a friend.
Should I go pay homage to her court?
Elizabeth McCallister

The Shape of a Face
Every face has three sides
The first is a Master
Of "Acme" disguise
A Zigfield follies
Soft shoe, black face
Vaudeville.
Pencilled X's
Mark the second,
For the lunatic
Eclipse
Of the hidden Minotaur.
The third is a fable
(Could it be true?)
Like a 1000 C.C.'s of wisdom
Blasting, as from a whale's spout
Where inside a cavernous stomach
Old whitehaired Mentor, Giuseppe
Tickles him with a feather.
A Trinity is three,
Three sides shape a face,
With the Trinity of face
Comes the added surprize
Of a Triangle.
Which is one.
Catherine Bryson

La Lune Tranquille (Silent Moon)
The sky's the limit.
Nonsense!
There is no such thing
As a Universe.
There is only an eye,
Called Cyclops.
If I had a rocketship
I could walk
On the face of the moon.
Silence!
Is that a star or a sattelite?
The sky is a balloon,
With this pin
I thee pop.

Catherine Eryson

Solitude
L'agitation s'est assouvie.
Un lourd silence
Immobilise les rues désertes.
La lumière diffuse de la lune laiteuse
Caresse les toitures,
illumine la neige
Qui se balade nonchalamment.
A l'abri d'un portail,
Une forme recroquevillée demeure immobile
Vide de vie, remplie de souffrance.
Des voix enjouées
Persent l'immobilité de la nuit,
Des sons de fête
Agitent le souvenir endormie.
Le corps inerte souleve la tête
Le temps d'un regard
Empli de douleur.
Une larme ouverte à ses yeux,
Glisse sur sa joue osseuse,
Rampant sur le réve
De sa main crevassées.

Par Marie-Claude Petit

Festival of Flowers
Today the sypsies cam, triumphant
In their costumes pink and yellow,
The sound of their songs and tambourines
Arresting an afternoon town in May.
One amongst the, with the bright frock
Built on her skin, black beads
Arounds her neck, steps forward joyously.
A tempestuous dance of loose
Luxuriant hair and almond arms.
The clapping of stubborn shoes
On the cobbled street sends centuries
Of civilization leering into the past.

Catherine Bryson

Dressed in cambric
she slips from embraces,
saying to the wind:
had you my touch
this is the way you would stir
the branches

She could never time
her nightmare
elbowing me out
of free-falling elevators

16 décembre 1985
Pro Tem
Fire Walking Hot Footing It Out

By Laura Bushelkin

reprinted from The Odyssey
Canadian University Press

On an otherwise normal Saturday night this October, twenty people walked across a 15 foot stretch of burning embers in the back lot of a hotel in Burnaby, B.C.

Most of them got their feet burnt and suffered no burns. Several of them burnt their feet slightly, yet still claimed that they were glad that they had walked on fire.

The workshop had begun several hours earlier in a room in the Skyline Hotel. The workshop leader, David Boone, had been firewalking for two years. He led the workshop with a calm self-confident manner. He taught relaxation techniques, creative visualization, conjuring tricks, and more. Boone gently and amiably tried to convince his listeners that they can walk on coals without being burnt. He said that it will be good for them.

Most of the people at the workshop were normal people. No one was wearing robes or beads or sandals, and no one sat in the lotus position and said "Om!"

Some of them had been to firewalking workshops before. Some were involved in paranormal activity, and others in witchcraft. Several of them were University of B.C. students. I talked to one who wished to remain anonymous. She suggested the caution of Dolores Newton. Dolores is a charlatan, yet somehow curious third year English student. She attended the workshop with the notion of actually walking on the coals, and says she never went to "anything like this before.

L.B.: Why did you go then?
D.N.: I got burnt pretty high. Really. I want to learn more because I don't understand the poster policy, because I don't understand the population etudiant.

L.B.: And has it done that?
D.N.: God, yeah, I mean, hey, I just walked on coals, y'naw (She giggles)

L.B.: And there's a main thrust of the workshop is conquering fear. Boone explains that fear is a conditioned program which can be changed. The enlightened individual believes that he doesn't regard fear as a barrier. Many of our fears, he says, are based on inappropriate programming and limit us unnecessarily. Once you start to overcome these fears of fire and walked on coals, it becomes a matter of examining your other limitations.

L.B.: Why was that made you walk, do you think?
D.N.: That's a hard question to answer... lots of things. David made it seem so natural. It was nice that he didn't get up and act like a preacher, or like he was pushing a message. He made me believe that walking on fire was natural. And I took my time. I remember thinking that I could end up like that guy David Boone, who was burnt up in a chair with six wheels and had to have skin grafts... I never forgot that it might happen to me, but I was 99% sure that it wouldn't. I was dying to know how I'd feel afterwards. The firewalking experience is an acronym for life... there's always a chance that the worse may happen, but if you don't go for it, if you don't try, then you stand still. If you don't go for it you are missing anything bad happening to you, but then you have no chance of anything wonderful happening to you either.

L.B.: How do you feel now, after walking on fire?
D.N.: (Giggles) High. Really high. Kind of in a daze. I guess I need time to assimilate the experience... but I feel really good. (She giggles again).

L.B.: Except your foot hurts like hell.
D.N.: The bubbly poster has a 5 inch blister on her left foot.
L.B.: So you did burn yourself. Doesn't that invalidate the whole thing?
D.N.: No, it just hurts. Why didn't the other foot burn? Why did those two particular spots burn (one of the other firewalkers) feel burnt? He walked five feet, then put his other foot hot, and knocked it off, then he put his other foot hot, then I thought, I am going to walk on those, and I'm not going to be burnt. And then I just walked. It was like diving off a high diving board, it was a lot more intense.

L.B.: How did you feel when you did it?
D.N.: It didn't feel like anything much until about half a second I did see them hot. Then I thought, shit, I'm burning myself, but it was nice to be able to walk on those coals, then I thought, I am going to walk on those, and I'm not going to be burnt. And then I just walked. It was like diving off a high diving board, it was a lot more intense.

L.B.: What did you feel as you approached the coals?
D.N.: (giggles) Wow... well, I was amazed at myself, thinking "Am I really doing this?" I had to throw a lot of stuff away, almost go blank. I looked at the coals in front of me... wow, this is exciting, somewhat frightening for half a second I did see them hot, but then I walked on the coals, then I thought, I am going to walk on those, and I'm not going to be burnt. And then I just walked. It was like diving off a high diving board, it was a lot more intense.

L.B.: And your other foot?
D.N.: It didn't feel like anything much until about half a second I did see them hot. Then I thought, shit, I'm burning myself, but it was nice to be able to walk on those coals, then I thought, I am going to walk on those, and I'm not going to be burnt. And then I just walked. It was like diving off a high diving board, it was a lot more intense.

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AUTOGRAFHS

Thrusa McCallister

and Santa (of course!)

P.S. This was done at 2:30 a.m. Monday Dec. 16

our editor before ... and after!!

WHO CARES?

WE DO

Y PENSER, C'EST PAS ASSEZ -
PRO TEM A BESOIN DE VOUS -- FAITES-LE!
Journalistes, Assistants à la production, Photographes, etc...

DON'T JUST THINK ABOUT IT -
PRO TEM WANTS YOU

Writers, production assistants, photographers, etc. etc.

FRANKLY, WE'RE PISSED OFF.
The Christmas Banquet

Photos from the camera of Neil Orford of course.

"Wonder why how much chip dip this'll hold?"

Photos from the camera of Neil Orford of course.

Heavy into the cups — Glendonites at their favourite pastime

The Powers that Are

Patronage Photo — we had to run this one ... or else?

The Price of Success — "Why Me?"
A Gem Of A Film

By Antoinette Alaimo

A blazing sunset, pirates, and waterskilling along the French Riviera is how the audience is wisely ushered into the sequel

The Theatre

Theatre Reve Délire sous hesitation, la lof York elabores a Nazi; une jeune decor.

"Street Catherine je réponds par Ancelo's Upstairs Gardens dans leurs dœus.

YEAR'S EVE we look."

University Mind 1a Maison ecoulees") surpassed last year's a Band - Upstairs, The Jitters - Downstairs Hall the multi-talented artistry theatre ushered into the sequel tomMe Culture de The Spoons (927-9010) - ne fait qu'en confirmer la reputation. "Please feel free to again at Theatre Glendon. "This the more you drink the better the bar during the performance. By Antoinette Alaimo

comedie et du d'existence, comme l"e"hang-out" des connaisseurs de la sicilian ici, il impose, au cours de ses 25 ans so us Ie nom non

The Spoons (927-9010)

Second City par Brian Cassidy

Situi au cœul des rues Queen et Lombard, un bizarre petit restaurant-bar-théâtre connu sous le nom non moins bizarre de "The Second City" s'est imposé, au cours de ses 25 ans d'existence, comme le "hang-out" des connaisseurs de la comédie et du théâtre comique au Canada. Sa vingt-troisième production, "Andy Warhol, your fifteen minutes up." (Andy Warhol, vos quinze minutes sont écoulées) ne fait qu'en confirmer la réputation.

Les 7 comiques (Dana Anderson, Bob Bainborough, Linda Kesh, Debra McGrath, Bruce Pirrie et Adrain Truss) excellant dans les sketches satiriques et loufoques, qui sont élaborés à partir d'improvisations authentiques de ces groupes doués.

Les multiples personnages qu'ils incarnent semblent compléter le scénario plutôt que de l'encombrer. En voici quelques exemples: un Ronald Reagan bien perfectionné par Bainborough; un Rudolf Hess, Pirrie, idéolithe encore inconscient le rêve Nazi; une jeune Madonna allis McGrath, étudiante au college Seneca.

Ces comédiens avant-gardistes abordent habilement les questions socio-politiques qui se posent quotidienmement à nous, tout en faisant humblement preuve de simplicité dans leurs costumes, leurs maquillages et le décor.

D'ors, d'accord... tout cela est évidemment bien beau mais, me direz-vous, vaut-il vraiment la peine de débourser douze dollars pour ce spectacle.

Sans hésitation, je réponds par affirmative, mais il doit s'agir d'être étudiant, donc pauvre, on ne m'a "extorqué" que six dollars. On apprécie l'effort aussi bien que la présentation, mais on apprécie surtout l'écho des rires qui nous hante longtemps après la tombée du rideau.

Entertainment
Reed's game "Clue" is now a major motion picture. The movie has all the elements of a murder mystery with a stellar cast and a "mysteries" theme to make it a dark and story night in New England 1954, an exciting group of people are mysteriously invited to a dinner party by an unmanned host, who assigned each of them a pseudonym. What happens together in the house the guests are told why they were summoned to the mansion. Murders begin to occur after one another and each guest is suspected, they all turn up dead and fortuitous. The movie opens in roughly the same design as the game, with the six main characters Mrs. Peacock (Eileen Brennan), Mrs. White (Madeleine Kahn), Professor Plum (Christopher Lloyd), Mr. Green (Michael McKean), Colonel Mustard (Tim Curry), Miss Scarlett (Lesley Ann Warren). The room weapons also remain unchanged.

In order to create a truly eclectic film, the movie makers added a number of other people to the cast of the film with the true mystery, giving it its own unique flavor. Added are Wadsworth the butler (Tim Curry), Yvette (Martin Mull), and Miss Scarlett (Madeleine Kahn), were summoned to the mansion.

"Clue" is based on the popular 1979 board game of the same name. Lynn had the actors sign off on its obligation, to give her the "Trophy" that he replies "I butler" Martin Mull calls "There is no way this movie will beat the star." Although this generally holds true throughout the film, one cannot help being overwhelmed by the outstanding performance of Tim Curry as Wadsworth the stereotypical but faceless buffer. An early scene in which Curry is questioned by one of the guests as to what exactly he does in the house — he replies "I butler." Curry's performance picks up as the plot quickens, until he and the rest of the characters frantically race about the estate in an attempt to solve the murder. Ultimately, Curry's performance was the best of the film. Wadsworth "He really does want to be the perfect butler and he's pretty close to it, but in the course of the evening, events overwhelm him and he loses control completely."

In keeping with the variability of the game the film has three different endings, depending on which theatrical performance you attend. As a further precaution to maintain the suspense, Lynn had the actors sign notarized agreements promising not to disclose what is going to happen. Although enough information, both visual and auditory, is provided throughout the course of the evening the only perceptible sleuths will be able to solve the mystery. Whether this happens or not, one will not be disappointed by the outcome.

"Clue" is a sequel it is not a prequel, and the audience is introduced to a new group of people and a new murder mystery. Although the first game "Clue" has been a success, the film "Clue" adds a new layer of suspense and excitement to the original game.

The extraordinary cast work includes actors such as John Landis (Executive Producer & Co-writer), who decided Jonathan Lynn was the ideal director for the project. Once all together in the house — he replies "I butler." Martin Mull calls "There is no way this movie will beat the star." Although this generally holds true throughout the film, one cannot help being overwhelmed by the outstanding performance of Tim Curry as Wadsworth the stereotypical but faceless buffer. An early scene in which Curry is questioned by one of the guests as to what exactly he does in the house — he replies "I butler." Curry's performance picks up as the plot quickens, until he and the rest of the characters frantically race about the estate in an attempt to solve the murder. Ultimately, Curry's performance was the best of the film. Wadsworth "He really does want to be the perfect butler and he's pretty close to it, but in the course of the evening, events overwhelm him and he loses control completely."

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Feeling The Sting

By Nancy Stevens

The hotel corridor is dark, and the colour envelops it — the carpet, the walls — is a somber gray. But wait! If you squint, you can see a glimmer at the end of the tunnel. Move closer and get a better look. It’s not a light at all, but a shock of yellow hair. It looks as though it could sell for thousands of American dollars per lock — if only, you calculate, you could get your hands on it.

Then the head turns up, and you see the piercing eyes that penetrate the core of your soul in their first glance. And you say, "Sting." Sting ... step into my parlour," he grins wickedly, and makes his way down the corridor, leaving a world of light behind him.

Sting is a man who has been around the room in excitement. "Look at me, gosh, it’s positively haunting," he says, as he rummages through a small stack of records. "We’ve got to find my best work when I am in turmoil," he adds, "it’s an elimination of oppression by making opposing forces cohere and therefore conquerable.

The Cult has sold three of these prerequisites for continuous success, and his creative drive is constantly fueled by an artist’s best friend — pain. "I find there’s something about the grave, the g, if you will, that stops, still watching our movements, our rambles through the landscape of basic scales. It’s a world that is as challenging their audience while accepting the profitable association with surface bands such as The Cure. They are one of the particles of dust who cover the seminal bands like Sinead O’Connor and The Banshees and Laurie Anderson. If such a world becomes the new soil, we will still not have a reflection of our generation since the compromise will lead to dishonesty. The dishonesty of our time is the result of the lack of compromise involved in maintaining facades of honesty. Without the ability to reflect on ourselves, we are reduced to the pristine animals beneath our skin.

It is the blows, the sharp pains, the stormy weather, that keeps his artistic edge sharpened. "There’s no way to stop this. It’s already present market. People who cover the seminal bands like Sinead O’Connor and The Banshees and Laurie Anderson. If such a world becomes the new soil, we will still not have a reflection of our generation since the compromise will lead to dishonesty. The dishonesty of our time is the result of the lack of compromise involved in maintaining facades of honesty. Without the ability to reflect on ourselves, we are reduced to the pristine animals beneath our skin.

The Dream of the Peacock is still inaccessible many. "Are you going down now?" "No, why?" "I certainly hope not," he jokes and slips on his pair of black sneakers. In the elevator, there is a problem between the fourth and fifth floor, and for a moment we think we will all be trapped. Sting eyes the emergency exit on the ceiling and wonders aloud if the show must go on, even if it means doing some fancy trapeze numbers in a stocky redwood. But it starts working, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief and steps into the sunlight.

"See, the clouds are gone too." Sting points out, "I knew we’d be okay." The gods are on his side, and though luck only lasts just so long, right now this ex-Policeman must have all the lock tucked up.

Record Reviews

By John Braganza

The Cult

By Nancy Stevens

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Group: The Icicle Works

Album: Seventh Dream Of Teenage Heaven

Group: Love And Rockets

Distributor: Polygram

Formerly an avant-garde duo, Love and Rockets made the change in name and musical approach after the absence of lead singer Peter Murphy. Their music is essentially sexual, dynamic rock with a collage of lyrical themes that range the feelings of hope, desire, fear, and fantasy.

The lover song is a beefed up rendition of an old Temptations classic, Ball Of Confusion. It’s driving intensity and urgency are cleanly conveyed by the song’s acoustic and somewhat psychodleic feel of the harmon-
By John Lumsden & Don Ogden

At the end of regular season play, the Glendon Maple Lys can look back and be proud of their best finish in 8 years. For the first time since the 79-80 season the Maple Lys have captured a playoff birth in post season play.

Many obstacles had to be overcome this season, and a large rebuilding process was taken on by player-coach John Lumsden. Lumsden and his assistant, Don Ogden, who were very optimistic prior to the start of the season have spent many hours directing the team.

To Lumsden, who is in his final year as head coach, this playoff spot must be very rewarding. He was quoted as saying "The success of the team was dependent upon the many sessions held at team headquarters."

One of the Maple Lys high points this season has been their sparkling defensive play, and goal tending. Veteran goalie Roger Little (Roger Petit) contributed a great deal to aid Glendon to a third place finish in the goals against department. However, when Little became the victim of a referee's and appeal board's poor call, rookie goalie, Michelle Llosos (Mitch) stepped in to take over the duties and has played steady since.

The defence consists of returning veterans John Nowacka and Don Ogden, as well as rookies Tyler Ellis and Mick Conlon. With an average weight of 200 lbs (and using every ounce of it) these defence pairs have played well together all year.

Leading the way on and off the ice is veteran John Lumsden. He, again, leads the team in goal production.

Leading the rookies wasimport Brent Smith (and future opponent if he goes to Osgoode) who played the wing with his bump and grind tactics very well this year. He was a definite factor in the defensive drive of the fall of ’85.

Taking control of the left wing was the massive rookie, Peter Clark. Clark's incredible strength allowed him many times to fight off opposition players and set up many goals.

Veteran Niall Haggart returned this year with a new style of playing it rough in the corners. Kevin McGroarty past scoring ace, was in a goal scoring slump all season, until the final game where he netted the winner to gain the playoff spot. He said "It would have been time to hang Lip the blades if I had of missed that one." We look forward to a rapid goal scoring spree by this fellow in the playoffs.

Rookies John Vella and Ken Taylor held their own all season, and have been beginning to turn it on just in time for the playoffs.

Colourful rookie Colin O'Shea (the frenchman-eherio) was a help on the ice and in the dressing room, prior to the games.

The playoffs begin in January and there will be buses traveling to the games. So keep watching for more details.

By Dana Smith

Glendon has made its best showing in a long time in inter-college sports during the fall term of this school year. This fall we place 4th in the Men’s Division, 6th in the Women’s Division. Overall, Glendon stands 4th in Inter-College Sports. The individual sports results are as follows:

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<td>Women’s 1st</td>
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16 decembre 1985