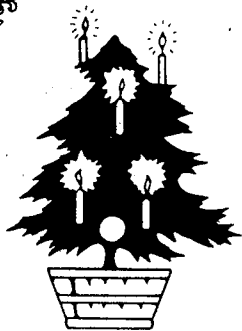




merry christmas



Pro Tem



Joyeux Noël

Classifieds

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 Art Gallery of Ontario and invitations to exhibition openings at the Glendon Gallery.

La Galerie Glendon

La cotisation est \$4 pour les étudiants en résidence, et \$6 pour ceux qui habitent hors-campus. Les avantages sont les invitations aux vernissages et 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 le voyage, appelez 922-3131.

LEAVING TOWN?

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

Open House

S.P.O. — Liason Holiday Open House on Wednesday 18 December 1:00 — 4:00 p.m. C105. Bienvenue à tous! All welcome!

Wanted!

Qualified lifeguards to work at the Glendon pool during the Holiday Season, December 20 to January 5. Bronze Cross: \$5/hr., NLS: \$5.50/hr. For more information, contact Renée Maurice at the Proctor Field House. 487-6150.

For Sale

Woman's winter coat (Le Château), excellent condition, size medium, Houndstooth check. \$45. Contact Catherine at 487-6228 or leave message at Wood Residence, B207.

To all my nearest and dearest and especially to my quivering receptacle: Merry Christmas Chappy Chanukah and many Good Things.

All of me ...
the Glitch

PRO TEM a besoin de journalistes sportifs. Si vous êtes intéressés, contactez PRO TEM, au 1er étage du Glendon Hall, tél: 487-6133.

Pro Tem needs Sports Writers: If interested, contact the Pro Tem office, 1st floor Glendon Hall, 487-6133.

Glendon Christian Fellowship

Our meeting times for the year will be Mondays in the Hilliard D-House Common Room at 4:15 and Thursdays at 4:00 in the Hearth Room. Everyone is welcome for bible studies, stimulating discussions, social and sporting events. Check the club board for continuing events.

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

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

Read All About It

Elixir is looking for poetry and short stories from the Glendon population for its next publication. Please bring your Elixir submissions to the English Dept. office.

Richard Séguin

C'est officiel! Richard Séguin sera en spectacle ici à Glendon le 17 janvier prochain. Une première série de billets sera disponibles dès le lundi 2 décembre, et ce jusqu'au 11 décembre seulement. Surveillez les babillards pour plus de détails! Une présentation de Trait d'Union.

Fund Raising

Recreation Glendon is selling Solid Gold Coupon books which are worth \$10,000 in saving on dining, entertainment, sports and travel. The books cost \$39 of which Recreation Glendon keeps \$10; the money raised will be put towards Recreation projects. Books are available from Recreation Advisory Council members.

The Glendon Procrastination Club meeting in honour of the founding President John Edward Sydney Maxwell-Nesbill, 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.

1985 GLENDON FOOD SERVICE CHRISTMAS HOURS SCHEDULE

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

Saturday 21 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Sunday 22 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Monday 23 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Tuesday 24 December	11:00 a.m. — 3:00 p.m.
Wednesday 25 December	Closed
Thursday 26 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Friday 27 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Saturday 28 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Sunday 29 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Monday 30 December	11:00 a.m. — 5:30 p.m.
Tuesday 31 December	11:00 a.m. — 3:00 p.m.
	Closed
Thursday 2 January	Normal Operating Hours

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)
Breads, muffins, yogurt, dessert, fruit	(all day)
Hot and Cold Drinks, Milk, Coffee	(all day)

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

NOEL 1985 HEURES D'OUVERTURE DES SERVICES D'ALIMENTATION A GLENDON

Pour les étudiants en résidence et pour les membres de la communauté qui seront sur le campus pendant les vacances de Noël du 21 décembre au 1er janvier la cafétéria de Glendon sera ouverte selon l'horaire suivant:

samedi 21 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
dimanche 22 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
lundi 23 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
mardi 24 décembre	11h00 — 15h00 fermée
jeudi 26 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
vendredi 27 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
samedi 28 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
dimanche 29 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
lundi 30 décembre	11h00 — 17h30
mardi 31 décembre	11h00 — 15h00
mercredi 1 janvier	fermée
jeudi 2 janvier	heures régulières

La nourriture suivante sera disponible:

La Grillade	choix complet (déjeuner, dîner, souper)
Soupe du Jour	(dîner et souper)
Un plat principal chaud	dîner et souper)
Sandwiches et Salades préparés à l'avance	(dîner et souper)
Pains, muffins, yaourts, desserts, fruit	(toute la journée)
Boissons froides et chaudes, Lait, Café	(toute la journée)

Veillez noter que le Petit Café rouvrira ses portes à 11h30, le 6 janvier 1986.

News Nouvelles



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. The recent graduate is forced to make a multitude of choices, regarding disposed of money. Despite the alluring and seductive qualities of the consumer world, we Canadians are and will continue to be a cautious and (small-c) conservative group in money matters. Banks thrive on this attitude — there are 25 million Canadians, but they have 31 million bank accounts. We are not the aggressive capitalists that our American cousins are, therefore while our economy produces fewer failures, we do not produce the huge multinational successes like AT&T, Exxon and General Motors. A rare exception, Canadian Pacific, can be explained by the fact that it was created and led by American entrepreneurs (who were appropriately rewarded with British titles — the typical Canadian compromise.)

Recently, however, the lure of credit has enthralled even us timid Canadians. The younger generation, fresh from university into the working world, suddenly has either scads of money or the promise of scads of money, depending upon which side of payday it is. The promise of "buy-now, pay-later" credit schemes are dangled temptingly in front of money-hungry noses. The graduate is informed that s/he has achieved "financial maturity", and is now fiscally responsible enough to own a credit card. The credit card now plays a major role in young consumer activity; lines of credit allow for purchasing of items that otherwise would be far beyond the reach of young consumers. Some O.D. on credit-mania; putting everything in sight on plastic, they realize too late that some day the bills must be paid. Many more, though, are more cautious in their use of credit. Centuries of inbred penny-pinching produces, if not a credit-wise society, at least a credit-aware society.

Banks naturally deal with far more than credit. They offer a wide variety of services, and accounts to meet every need — except your own. Ever opening a bank account is a hazardous minefield for the unwary. It was my recent displeasure to open an account at Anne Murray's bank (you should know this one). Firstly, for a bank that advertises regularly, practically demanding my

money from me, they seem pretty leery about my business. 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. 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 accounts 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 colds.

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 honestly.

Editorial

Season's Greetings

As this last issue appears, I wish to extend my sincere thanks to all those who have generously donated their time and help to Pro Tem this year.

First of all, my right hand man Stéphane Bégin. Stéphane has done much more than his portfolio requires, and he is definitely one of the unsung heroes of Pro Tem. Mille fois merci, Stéphane, pour votre aide et travail!

Scott and his grey shoes — he handled the Entertainment Section alone for the first month. Thank-you Scott for both your humour and level-headedness. Dana has been busy bringing everyone the Glendon Sports news. We all sympathize with her since she quite often has to do her job singlehandedly. Nancy Stevens has been Acting Photography Editor for the past month. Many, many thanks Nancy for all your hard work. Marie-France and Marie-Josée are two women who saw we needed help with the French content. We already knew it and welcomed them with open arms. Thank you both for donating your time and energies to Pro Tem.

Dave Sanders, Pro Tem's resident cartoonist, walked into the office on day and was volunteered to do the cartoons. I appreciate your wit; the Lunatic Fringe has benefitted Pro Tem enormously. The Insomniac, Kevin McGran does much more than his column; he is one of Pro Tem's regular writers. George Browne is another writer on whom we have relied. Thanks, George.

Thanks should go to all the others who make Pro Tem possible but never see a by-line. Martine, Linda and Morag are the typsetters without whom we would have no paper. Dave Chaikoff makes the weekly trip to deliver the paper, and he also adds his own uniqueness to our staff meetings.

David Olivier, an alumnus, is a person who I can rely on to help whenever. I really appreciate All your help David. Paul and Sonia who will translate the editorial almost at a moment's notice. Sometimes, Paul has driven the paper to the printer at ungodly times in the morning with no compensation. Thank you both.

The GCSU Executive have been particularly helpful this year. While I said I wanted to improve the relations between Pro Tem and GCSU Council and many of them are dear friends, I never expected that I could receive the support and help I have gotten from them. Most notable in this group are Jas, Kathie and Theresa.

I can't possibly thank everyone who has generously devoted their talents to Pro Tem within this space. I would like to thank all of you, and I have appreciated your efforts.

Last, but not least, I would like to extend Season's Greetings to all the readers of Pro Tem. Without you, no matter how good or bad a job we are doing it would not matter in the least.

Elizabeth McCallister



Joyeux Noël

Ce numéro, en étant le dernier du trimestre, j'aimerais remercier sincèrement tous ceux qui ont généreusement consacré leur temps et leur aide à Pro Tem cette année.

Tout d'abord, il y a mon "bras droit", Stéphane Bégin. Stéphane a fait plus que ses responsabilités n'exigent, et il est sans aucun doute l'un des héros méconnus de Pro Tem. Mille fois merci, Stéphane, pour votre aide et travail.

Scott et ses chaussures grises — c'est lui qui s'est mis à la Section des Divertissements tout seul pendant le premier mois. Merci Scott, d'avoir fourni de l'humour de même que du sang-froid à Pro Tem. Dana s'est occupée de nous apporter les nouvelles sportives de Glendon. Nous reconnaissons le fait qu'elle a souvent dû travailler sans aucune aide. Nancy Stevens est notre rédactrice provisoire de la Photographie depuis un mois. Mille fois merci, Nancy, pour tout votre travail. Ensuite il y a Marie-France et Marie-Josée qui ont reconnu notre besoin d'aide avec le contenu français. nous n'en avions pas été inconscients, et nous les avons accueillies à bras ouverts. Merci à toutes les deux d'avoir consacré leur temps et leur énergie à Pro Tem.

Dave Sanders, le caricaturiste de Pro Tem, est arrivé au bureau un jour, et s'est fait engager comme volontaire dans les dessins humoristiques. J'apprécie votre esprit; "The Lunatic Fringe" a profité à Pro Tem énormément. L'insomniaque, Kevin McGran, contribue beaucoup plus de sa rubrique: c'est un des journalistes habituels de Pro Tem. George Brown en est un autre sur lequel nous avons compté. Merci, George.

N'oublions pas de remercier toutes les autres personnes qui réalisent Pro Tem sans que leur nom soit imprimé. Martine, Linda et Morag sont les photocompositrices sans qui nous n'aurions pas de journal. C'est David Chaikoff qui fait le trajet hebdomadaire pour distribuer le journal. De plus, il ajoute un certain sentiment de singularité à nos réunions du personnel. Je peux toujours compter sur David Olivier, un ancien étudiant, pour me donner un coup de main n'importe quand. Je suis consciente de toute ton assistance, David. Ensuite il y a Paul et Sonia qui traduisent l'éditorial, parfois dans les plus brefs délais. Parfois Paul a emmené le journal chez l'imprimeur dans les petites heures du matin sans rémunération. Merci à tous les deux.

Le Comité Exécutif de l'AECG a été d'un grand secours cette année. Je voulais améliorer le rapport entre Pro Tem et le Comité Exécutif de l'AECG, et beaucoup d'entre eux sont de bons amis, cependant, je ne m'attendais pas à recevoir l'appui et l'aide qu'ils m'ont offert. Il faut surtout remercier Jas, Kathie et Theresa.

Il m'est impossible de remercier dans cet espace tous ceux qui ont si généreusement consacré leur talent à Pro Tem. J'aimerais dire merci à tout le monde: j'ai apprécié vos efforts.

En dernière place, mais non par ordre d'importance, j'aimerais souhaiter un Joyeux Noël et une Bonne Année à tous les lecteurs de Pro Tem. Sans vous, notre travail, soit bon soit mauvais, n'aurait aucune importance.

Elizabeth McCallister

Letters

Dear Editor:

I am writing to express my deeply felt disappointment with fellow Glendonites.

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 two very diverse yet equally entertaining events: *Oral Stage* which was a poetry/theatre presentation at Theatre Glendon and carol singing/sing-a-long to the accompaniment of renaissance instruments at the Maison de la Culture.

Attendance 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 9th issue

As Director of Communications, I feel that I must defend myself from the assault of Mr. Gibson. Contrary to his statements, there were posters placed in all the academic halls on the 19th of November, over two weeks before the Christmas Banquet. A banner was put in the Cafe on the 27 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 Bulliten 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 poster were placed in the hallways. (Posters in Hilliard had already been up for over a week.) I cannot 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 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 that I can say is that it is a Poster Policy regulation

Continued on page 10

Pro Tem

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Traduction de l'éditorial
Sonia Jacobs

Production Assistants
Dave Chaikoff
Theresa McCallister
Kathie Darroch

Pro Tem est l'hebdomadaire bilingue et indépendant du Collège Glendon. Tous les textes sont sous la responsabilité de la rédaction, sauf indication contraire. Pro Tem est distribué sur le campus principal de l'Université York, au Collège Ryerson, à la librairie Champlain au COFTM et au Collège Glendon. La date limite pour les articles est le mercredi à midi et la publicité doit nous parvenir au plus tard le mercredi à 17h00. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Pavillon Glendon. Téléphone — 487-6133.

Pro Tem is the weekly bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College. All copy is the sole responsibility of the editorial staff unless otherwise indicated. Pro Tem is distributed to the main campus of York University, Ryerson Polytechnic Institute, Champlain Bookstore, COFTM, and Glendon College. The deadline for submissions is Wednesday at noon and advertising should be sent before 5 o'clock on Wednesday. Our offices are located in the Glendon Mansion. Telephone — 487-6133.

Adresse/address
2275 Bayview
Toronto, Ontario
M4N 3M6

Fall Term Report Cards

PRESIDENT

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 an 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.

Glendon College Students' Union Council

A

This year's Council is fulfilling its duty of being the watchdog for students' interests much better than last year's Council. While this proves to be an added forum for questioning expenditures for the Executive, this is a definite plus in this year of "fiscal restraint". Councillors, present and future, should remember that that is their duty — to protect the students from an irresponsible or over-exuberant Executive. Luckily, none of the executives this year fall in this category.

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 the 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 the some behind-the-scenes work. Perhaps reports to Council on what's happening in Senate would help.



Santa's Corner



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



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



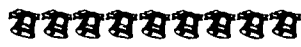
Dave Chaikoff:
A "little small chicken" to help you deliver the paper, and stop you from bugging us.



Martin Zarnett
For Christmas this year, Santa is appointing you president of the 'Let's Keep Glendon Beautiful' Society.



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



Yvette Schmidt:
A sign for outside "La Maison de la Culture" saying "This is not an art gallery"



Sonia Jacobs:
A publishing discount when she completes her book, "one hundred ways to better glitching"

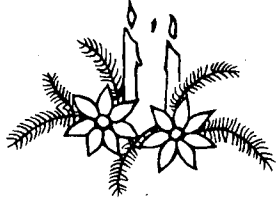


Jan Morrissey:
Santa's still trying maybe next year your assistant will arrive.



Professor Horn:
A new Baseball bat.

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



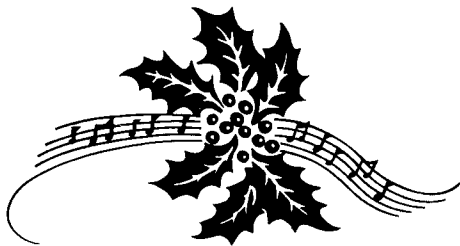
Dave Sanders:
A national scandal per week so that you will never run out of cartoons.



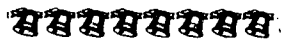
Lisa:
Santa knows how hard you try to maintain order in council meetings, so his present to you is a leather whip. (Just what you've always wanted, right Lisa?)



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



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



Tim Inkpen:
(see above)



Stan Gorecki:
A private secretary to answer all of your phone calls, and a hot line to Zoe.



President Arthurs (Sir):
The Collected Works of Wayne Burnett, so that the Administration can catch up to Wayne Burnett or at least the students.

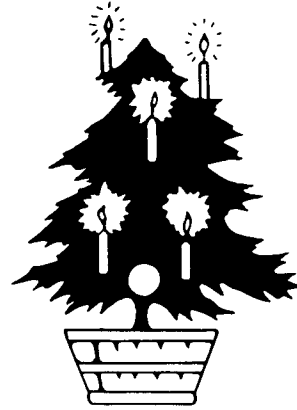


Stephan Liale:
A lifetime subscription to Excalibur

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



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



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



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 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!)



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



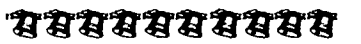
Scott Anderson
A new outfit for New Year's Eve so you don't have your shorts over your trousers again.



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



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."



John Land:
A lower level parking sticker so that you don't have to park on the hill anymore.



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



Theresa McCallister:
A fake mustache, for reminders of times past, and a razor, for reminders of times present.



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



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 *sincere* good wishes. And yes, Peace does have scope for giving presents, but *only* if you remember why you're giving them. A gift to your parents because of all they've done for you, a gift to your friends because they stand by.... these are not actions to be done merely because the tradition of the season requires it. They are acts to be done because they are a means to an end, and that end is the reflections in our actions of what we should feel in our hearts: love. Love is not necessarily the love one feels for a wife or parent or child or friend. These are separate, more binding feelings. No, in the spirit of Christmas, in the way we live our daily lives, love simply means the obeying of the greatest of the Commandments: love thy neighbour as thyself. 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 just a little bit, and what better time than our 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 monopolistic, well-insured North American (Amurkin) individual, I present 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 this: (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 odour 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 Gold, Frankincense 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 multi-nationals in business.

2: Why can nobody spell Frankincense and Myrrh? Is it A) a rebellious force within us all; B) we're all stupid; C) Money-hungry multi-nationals wish to oppress the masses by not letting them spell.

3: Why do we no longer believe in Santa Claus? Is it A) We're too mature for that stuff; B) I didn't know there was no Santa; or C) Money-hungry multi-nationals feel giving things away is too Communistic.

Unknownst 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.



The Lunatic Fringe

by Dave Sanders



Poetry

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 fall

It's last call for company
And the skipping rope
Just skipped right past
Smirking at his misery.

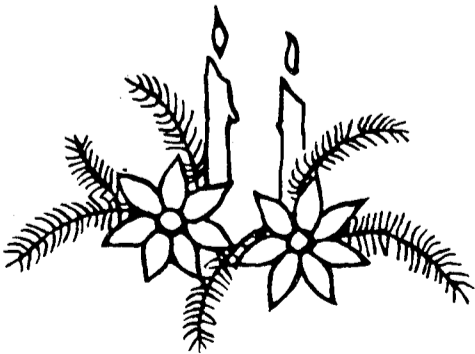
Last call for the taste of mind
And body to be intertwined
"Can I buy you a drink?"
"No, I'm doing just fine."

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



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

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

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

Jas Ahmad
1983

Sonnet

Wrinkled men shuffle down endless hallways;
Sitting in wheelchairs are the old women.
Smell of stale medicine pervades the maze.
Visitors arrive with bought 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

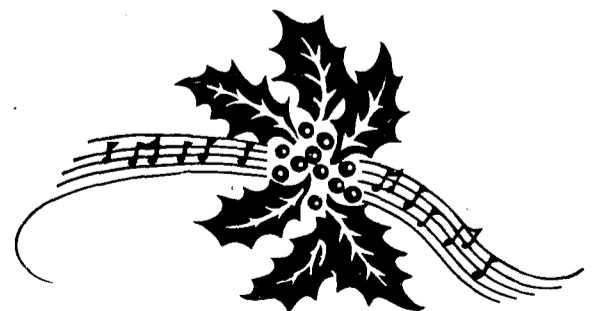
You were not one
until you saw
moonlight slip
from your hands
into the river
and stop everything
and now
in this
sour season
of grapes and madness
you say
man
I know

Jas Ahmad
1985

Monastery

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

Jas Ahmad
1984



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 catridge I shot that blasted partridge,
 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 croup.
 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 five golden rings were completely fake
 And they turned my fingers green.

The sixth day after Christmas the six laying geese wouldn't lay.
 I gave the whole darn gaggle to the ASPCA.

On the seventh day what a mess I found.
 All seven of the swimming swans had drowned,
 My true love, my true love, my true love gave to me.

The eighth day after Christmas, before they could suspect,
 I bundled up the eight maids-a-milking,
 nine
 ten lords-a-leaping,
 eleven pipers-piping,
 twelve drummers drumming,
 And sent them back collect.

I wrote my true love, "We are through love."
 And I said in so many words,
 "Furthermore your Christmas gifts are for the four calling birds,
 three French hens,
 two turtle doves,
 and a partridge in a pear tree.

Five Ways Wallace Stevens Might Look Upon A Dew Drop

A drop of dew,
 Sparkling in the morning sun,
 Is transience

A drop of dew,
 Sparkling in the morning,
 Is news.

A drop of dew,
 Sparkling in the sun,
 Si captivity.

A drop of dew
 Sparkling,
 Is revelation.

A drop of dew,
 Sparling in the morning sun,
 Is candour.

Jas Ahmad
 1984

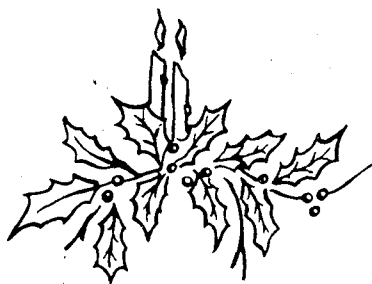
Festival of Flowers

Today the sypsies cam, triumphant
 In their costumes pink and yellow,
 The sound of their songts and tambourines
 Arresting an afternoon town in May.

One amongst the, with the bright frock
 Burning 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.

Jas Ahmad
 1984



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

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

Jas Ahmad
 1985

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

Jas Ahmad
 1985

Solitude

L'agitation s'est assouie.
 Un lourd silence
 Immobilise les rues désertes.
 La lumiere diffuse de la lune laiteuse
 Caresse les toitures,
 Illumine la neige
 Qui se ballade nonchamment.

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 la mémoire endormie.
 Le corps inerte souleve la tête
 Le temps d'un regard
 Empli de douleur.

Une larme ourle à ses yeux,
 Glisse sur sa joue osseuse,
 Rampe sur le revers
 De sa main crevassées.

Par Marie-Claude Pétit

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 satellite?
 The sky is a balloon,
 With this pin
 I thee pop.

Catherine Eryson

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

Feature

Fire Walking Hot Footing It Out

By Laura Busheikin
reprinted from the *Ubysséy*
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 felt no pain 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, has been teaching firewalking for two years. He led the workshop with calm self-confidence. The workshop ranges through relaxation techniques, creative visualization, conjuring tricks, zen stories, and more. Boone gently and amiably tries to convince his listeners that they can walk on coals without being burnt, and 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 'ohm'. Some of them had been to firewalking workshops before. Some were involved in parapsychology and alternative medicine. Several of them were University of B.C. students. I talked to one who wished to remain anonymous. She suggested the pseudonym of Dolores Newton. Dolores is a charming yet somehow curious third year LEnglish student. She attended the workshop with no intention of actually walking on the coals, and says she's never gone to "anything

like this before."

L.B.: Why did you go then?

D.N.: Curiosity. I wanted to see what it was all about. And thought it might help me, just to be there.

L.B.: Help you how, exactly?

D.N.: Get over my fears, as David said. Help remind me that much more is possible than we let ourselves believe, help me understand that limits can be pushed through so easily.

L.B.: And has it done that?

D.N.: God, yeah, I mean, hey, I just walked on coals, y'know! (She giggles)

The main thrust of the workshop is conquering fear. Boone explains that fear is a conditioned program which can be changed. The enlightened person, he says, doesn't regard fear as a barrier. Many of our fears, he says, are based on inappropriate programming and limit us unnecessarily. Once someone has transcended their fear of fire and walked on coals, it ought to help them reexamine their other limitations.

L.B.: What was it that made you walk, if you weren't planning to?

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 miracle. He made me believe that walking on fire was natural. And I took the risks into account; I thought that I could end up like that guy David mentioned, who ended up in a wheel chair for six weeks and had to have skin grafts ... I never forgot that that 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 became a metaphor for life ... there's always a chance that

the worse may happen, but if you don't go for it, if you don't do what you really want to do, then you stand still. If you don't go for it you have no chance of 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). Except my foot hurts like hell.

The bubbly Dolores has a 2 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 didn't that guys (she points to one of the other firewalkers) feet burn? He walked five times, and moved a lot slower than me. Why aren't I in the hospital? One little burn is nothing. I guess I got burnt because I wasn't 100% confident.

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 amazing, remembering this ... for half a second I did see them as hot, burning, threatening 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, only a lot more intense.

L.B.: How did the coals feel?

D.N.: It didn't feel like anything much until about half

way through, then I felt my foot burn. I didn't panic, I just thought, shit, I'm burning myself, and hurried to the other end of the coals.

Firewalking is becoming a fad. It has even been mentioned in *People* magazine. Since Tolly Berkand first introduced firewalking to North America, 50,000 people have walked on coals. Skeptics theorize that the ashes of the coals insulate the heat, or that the feet sweat, and the sweat becomes steam which creates a shield between the foot and the coals.

Leon Hawrylenko, who organized the firewalk said, "I've walked twice now, but always there was this doubt in the back of my mind: are the coals really hot? So when no one was out there tonight I threw a piece of baloney on the embers, and it burnt to nothing in about ten seconds."

D.N.: Of course the coals are hot. We built the fire ourselves.

L.B.: How finally did you account for the fact that you walked on hot embers and didn't burn yourself badly?

D.N.: I think it's a very down-to-earth thing really, there's nothing mystical about it. David talked about quantum physics, and about mood and sensation altering chemicals released by the brain... I think eventually it will be explained in scientific terms. That shouldn't lessen its miraculousness. David talked about Christopher Columbus. Most of the people of his time were as convinced that the world was flat as we are convinced that hot coals will burn us. Those people couldn't conceive of another dimension. It's the same with people today and firewalking.

L.B.: So do you feel that

some sort of miracle has happened to you?

D.N.: No ... the most important thing, the only thing which might be close to miraculous, is getting over the fear. It's not the walking on fire itself that is important.

L.B.: Will this change your life at all?

D.N.: I don't know yet. Probably not in any obvious way ... I'll still have to do homework tomorrow and get up and go to classes and go to work like usual. But I think I'll feel pretty high for a while.

L.B.: And you'll have a sore foot.

D.N.: Yeah.

L.B.: Would you do it again?

D.N.: I don't think so ... maybe .. well, yeah, I just might I don't know. (giggles)

A Comic, Cosmic Odyssey

By John Bragança

Here's the plot: all the souls of Earth are stranded in Limbo, awaiting judgement. On a dusty asteroid, an intergalactic gang of heavies called *Thought* (comprised of Nietzsche, Hobbes, and Machiavelli) joins forces with a disorganized band called *Action* (Medea, Attila the Hun, and General Douglas MacArthur) to form *Conforce*. Their aim is to usurp the power of the Great Conundrum, by penetrating the Fortress of the Sublime and stealing the secrets of the Universe.

Too corrupt and evil to prevail by themselves, they soon realize that they can gain access to the impregnable Fortress only by exploiting those who are genuinely pure of heart and innocent in spirit.

They find their victims in *Lake and Jojo*, two teenage souls who fall in love in Limbo and seek to petition the Great Conundrum for a second chance on Earth. To do this, they must solve a perplexing riddle that will allow them to escape their time-travelling adversaries and

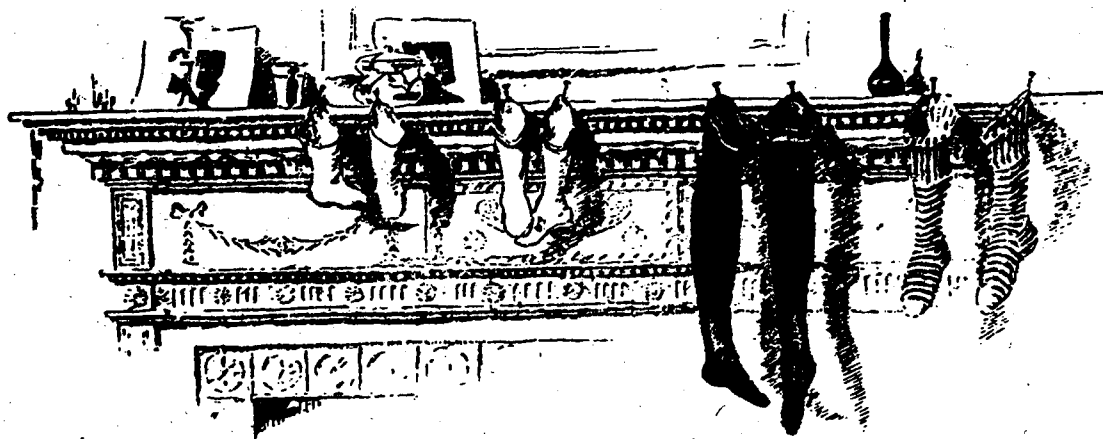
to enter the Fortress of the Sublime.

Throughout this astral chase, a fragmental M.C., through the wonder of "parallel experiential dynamic", seamlessly transports the audience from black holes to distant planets.

Thunder Perfect Mind, Toronto Free Theatre's science fiction rock musical fantasy was written by Paul Gross who also sings lead vocals for five of the nine original songs in the show.

The play features only two actors while the rest of the cast appears in supernatural form on the domed ceiling of the McLaughlin Planetarium and the special effects do as much to arouse the sense as do the variety of the meanings of the production arouse the mind.

Ticket prices vary with the day and time. All performance of *Thunder Perfect Mind* are at the McLaughlin Planetarium, 100 Queen's Park (Museum Subway Station) and will run until December 22, 1985. Tickets can be reserved through the Toronto Free Theatre Box Office, 368-2856 or BASS.



Continued from page 4

which was decided on by the administration of the University. Major obstacles had to be overcome simply to be allowed to put banners in the Cafe. The GCSU was able to secure this for the students and if we want to keep this privilege then we must obey the rules. I am one of the first ones to admit that the Poster Policy is inadequate in many ways, but those are the rules under which I must work. I **REFUSE** to break the Poster Policy, because I don't want our halls to become the cluttered, junk-covered billboards that I have seen at many other universities.

Thank-you:
Theresa McCallister
Director of Communications
Glendon College Students Union

Re: Editorial du 9 décembre 1985 intitulé "Le bilinguisme maintenant?"

maintenant?"

A qui de droit,

Dans l'éditorial mentionné ci-haut, qui avait pour but de faire savoir à la population étudiante de Glendon que le courant unilingue serait aboli en 1987, l'auteur(e) dit, et je cite:

"Un des problèmes soulevés par ceux qui ont assisté à l'enseignement du bilinguisme serait que ces écoles produisent des diplômés bilague qui par contre ne connaissent pas suffisamment ni une langue ne l'autre pour s'en servir avec compétence."

L'auteur(e) a décidément

raison puisque dans le passage ci-haut il n'y a que quatre fautes d'orthographe, ce qui est tout à fait raisonnable — et probablement excusable — étant donné que les journalistes de Pro Tem ne sont pas que des étudiants d'université.

En tout et partout, j'ai dénombré plus de VINGT-CINQ fautes (les fautes de style ne sont malheureusement pas incluses dans ce total. Je pense que Pro Tem devrait faire l'effort de recruter un éditorialiste francophone, puisque, semble-t-il, les étudiants en traduction de Glendon ne sont pas à la hauteur.

Bien à vous,
Yves Bouches

— Nous sommes très conscients du problème que vous soulevez.

AUTOGRAPHS

There's a
McCallister

Bel

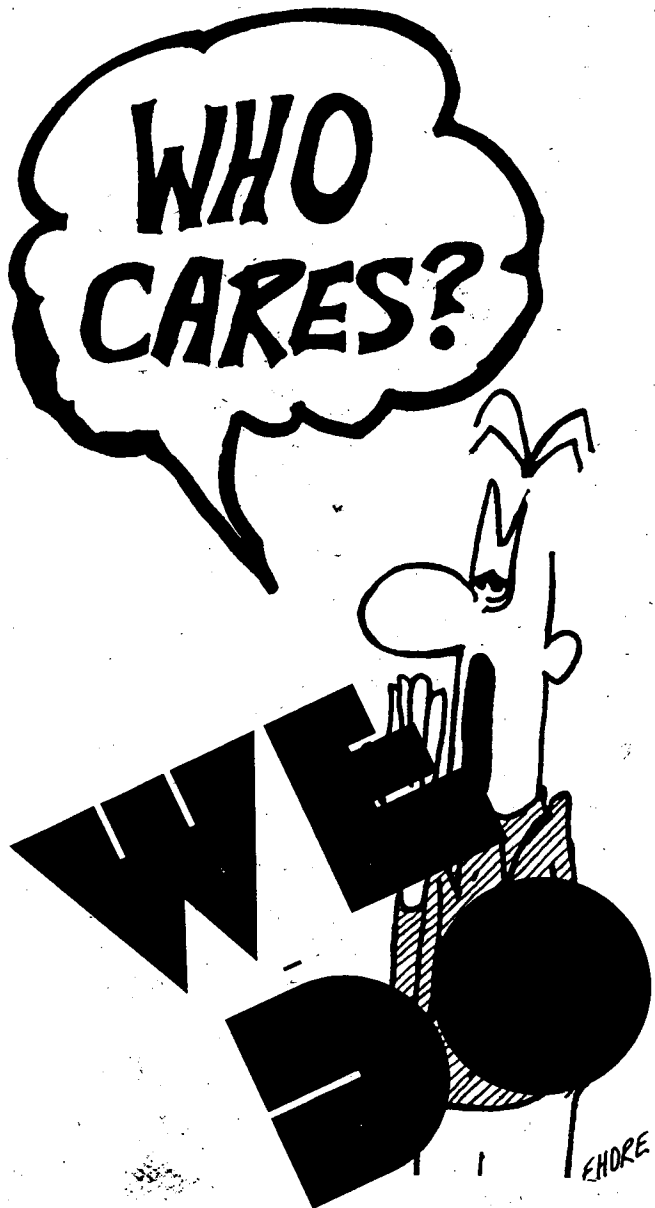
and Santa (of course!)

Li

Hath.

P.S. This was done at 2³⁰ a.m. Monday Dec. 16

our editor before ... and after!!



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 -

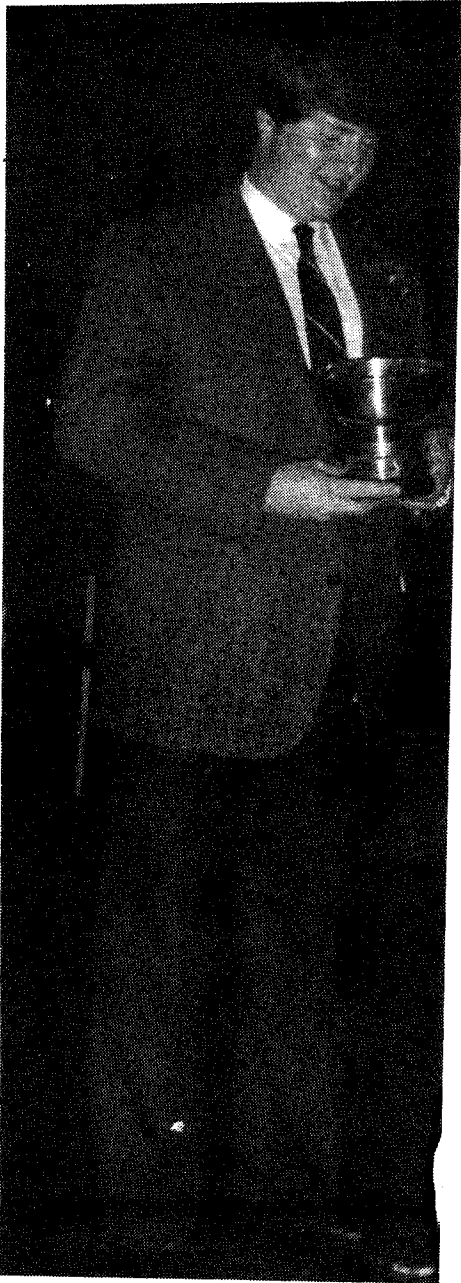
PRO TEM WANTS YOU **DO IT!**

Writers, production assistants, photographers, etc, etc.



Graphic/ Varsity

The Christmas Banquet Papparazzi



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



Heavy into the cups – Glendonites at their favourite pastime

Photos from the camera of Neil Orford of course.



The Powers that Are



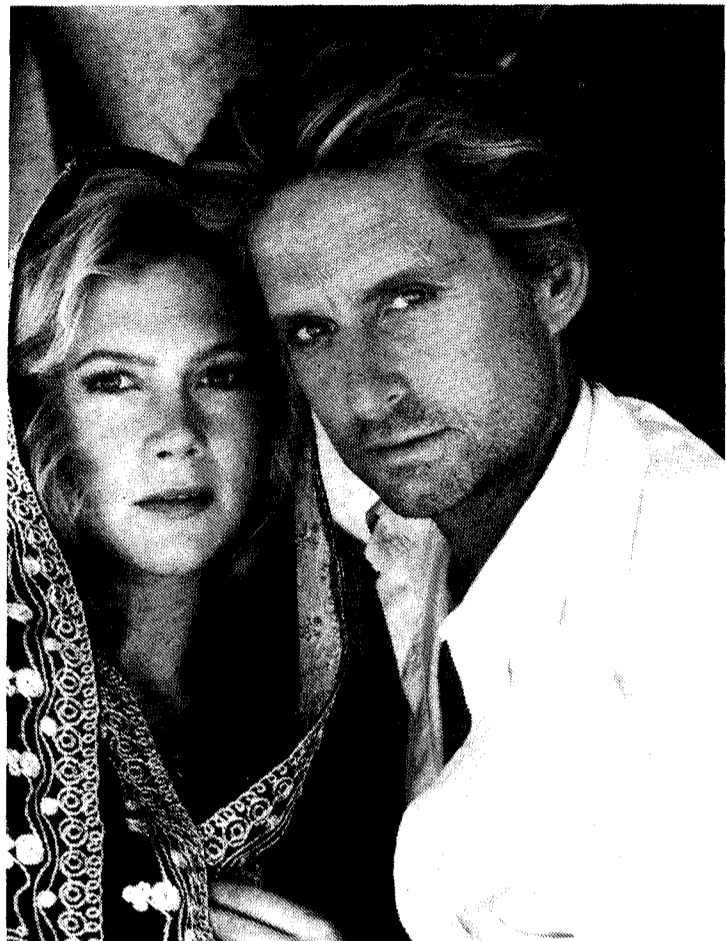
Patronage Photo – we had to run this one ... or else?



The Price of Success – "Why Me?"

A Gem Of A Film

By Antoinette Alaimo



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

to *Romancing The Stone*. When we last saw romance novelist Joan Wilder and adventurer Jack Colton they were

The Oral Stage

By Catherine Bryson and Paul Webster

Poets/Playwrights John and Mike Erskine-Kellie have struck again at Theatre Glendon. This year's production of *The Oral Stage* brought its audiences some of the same sarcastic and sinister visions as did last year's *Prophet Motive*, however with the help of a pair of roller skates and a strong breeze a new direction has been achieved.

This year's production presented itself as a comedy of the unexpected. Graveyard images of stark sobriety hinted at by the dark and barren stage were erased by the program's urgent appeal: "Please feel free to use the bar during the performance. The more you drink the better we look."

Out of a myriad of alternatively absurd and grotesque images

Second City

par Brian Cassidy

Situé au coin 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 Kash, Debra McGrath, Bruce

and caricatures a synthesizing marriage of Freud and frivolity. Psych. 101's definition of Freud's *Oral Stage* being that crucial period in a child's development when he/she has a particular craving for Mother's Milk, which in turn creates such neuroses as chewing the erasers off the ends of pencils. ... John and Mike dealt most directly and hilariously with this theme in the "Jung Drivers of Canada" sequence.

One of the remarkable characteristics of the actors' style was the ability to avoid jolting scene changes, usually numerous in this style of production, through their willingness to improvise through dance. This technique leads to a somewhat disconcerting but always stimulating phenomenon when the audience sometimes feels self-consciously drawn into the action. This was particularly

Pirrie et Adrian Truss) excellent dans leurs sketches satiriques et loufoques, qui sont élaborés à partir d'improvisations astucieuses de ce groupe de comiques 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, idolâtrant encore inconsciemment le rêve Nazi; une jeune Madonna alias McGrath, étudiante au collège Seneca.

Ces comédiens avant-gardistes abordent habilement les questions socio-politiques qui

sailing off into the sunset after their adventures in the jungles of South America.

The *Jewel of the Nile* picks up Joan and Jack six months after their thrilling adventure in South America and sends them off into the deserts of North Africa. The couple embark on a perilous trek in search of Jewel, with their hot-tempered archenemy, Ralph still on their trail. The intrepid trio brave raging storms, fierce desert tribes, whirling dervishes and the dungeons of the evil Omar to solve the mystery of The Jewel.

Actor-Produce Michael Douglas once again portrays the heroic Jack Colton and brings a new dimension to his character. Kathleen Turner reprises her role as the sultry romance novelist Joan Wilder. The audience witnesses the character of the shy Miss Wilder emerge as being more confident yet still possessing an appealing touch of vulnerability. The chemistry between the couple once again surfaces as we see whether or not they can weather the trials and tribulations of a relationship.

Danny DeVito returns to play Ralph, the greedy, little petty crook with new grievances to avenge. Ralph serves a dual purpose: first as a foil to the macho Jack Colton and second as a comic relief throughout the

Continued on page 14

prominent in the "Stand-up Specimen" sequence.

There is a very strong sensation of emotional pull between the two brothers. A give and take between strength and vulnerability as well as between seriousness of intent and purely farcical ridicule and hilarity. The actors have a certain fiendish tongue and cheek charm about them which is at once amusingly attractive as well as inspirational. A balance between frivolity and reflection was struck.

As far as style and technique of production is concerned *The Oral Stage* surpassed last year's *Prophet Motive* in creativity and inventiveness. The use of drums, played by James Andrews, original music, lighting and slides gave this show a multi-media quality complemented by the multi-talented artistry of all concerned with its production.

se posent quotidiennement à nous, tout en faisant humblement preuve de simplicité dans leurs costumes, leurs maquillages et le décor.

D'accord, d'accord... tout cela est évidemment bien beau mais, me direz-vous, vaut-il vraiment la peine de déboursier douze dollars pour ce spectacle. Sans hésitation, je réponds par l'affirmative, mais je dois ajouter qu'étant 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.

don't drink
and drive



EVENEMENTS A VENIR UPCOMING EVENTS

MUSIC/MUSIQUE

McLaughlin Planetarium

Thunder Perfect Mind - A Science Fiction Rock Musical Fantasy - Tues. - Fri. 9 p.m. Sat. 5 & 9 p.m. Sunday 5 p.m. (368-2856)

The Diamond

Dec. 16 - The Spoons (927-9010)

Bamboo

Dec. 16 - Otis Gayle (593-5771)

Roy Thomson Hall

Dec. 22 - 8 p.m. - Canadian Brass and The New Swingle Singers (593-4828)
Dec. 18, 20, 21 - 8 p.m. - Toronto Symphony - Handel's *Messiah* (593-4828)

FILMS/MOVIES

Openings

Dec. 20 - *The Color Purple* - Warner Bros.

Dec. 20 - *Enemy Mine* - 20th Century Fox

Dec. 18 - Roxy Theatre - *The Cotton Club & Scarface* (466-0773)

Dec. 20 - The Fox - *The Never Ending Story & Beverly Hills Cop* (691-7330)

THEATER/THEATRE

Second City

Andy Warhol, Your 15 Minutes Are Up - Mon - Thurs. 8:30 p.m., Fri & Sat. 8 & 11 p.m. Old Firehall (863-1111)

Toronto Free Theatre

Blue Beard's Castle Dec. 18 - 22, 27 - 29.

Blue Beard's Castle Dec. 18 - 22, 27 - 29 - Tues. - Fri. 8 p.m., Sat. 8:30 p.m., Sunday 2 p.m. (368-2856)

Old Angelo's Upstairs Theatre

Second City Your 25 Years Are Up! Dec. 19 8 p.m. Dec. 20 & 21 - 8 p.m. & 10:15 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS/EXPOSITIONS

Glendon Gallery

Nov. 19 - Dec. 19 - "He was in the world but..." A solo exhibition of sculpture by John McKinnon. Mon-Fri 10 - 5, Thurs. 6-9, Sunday 2-5 (487-6206).

La Maison de la Culture

4 au 18 décembre - *Petits Formats* (487-6203)

The Art Gallery of York University

Nov. 19 - Dec. 20 - *Clouds as Waves, Petals as Rain* - Contemporary Chinese Calligraphy, Paintings and Prints

SPECIAL/EVENEMENTS SPECIAUX

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Albert's Hall

Paul James Band (964-2242)

Bamboo

Soca Explosion/Phase II (593-5771)

Chick'n Deli

Cameo Blues Band (489-3363)

Club Bluenote

Liberty Silver

Copa

CFTR Live Countdown Party (922-6500)

Liberty Silver (921-1109)

Diamond

Parachute Club (927-9010)

El Mocambo

River Street Band - Upstairs, The Jitters - Downstairs (961-8991)

Heaven

Blushing Brides (968-2711)

Holiday

Long John Baldry (869-0736)

Larry's Hideaway

Just Alice (924-5791)

Maple Leaf Gardens

Thompson Twins & OMD (872-2277)

Network

Downchild (924-1768)

RPM

New's Eve Party & Special Guest

Divertissements

Clue The Game Comes To Life

clue

By Scott Anderson

The board game "Clue" is now a major motion picture.

The popular game cum movie has all the elements of a murder mystery with a stellar cast to complement it. On a dark and stormy night in New

England 1954, an eclectic group of people are mysteriously invited to a dinner party by an unnamed host, who has assigned each of them a pseudonym. Once all together in the house the guests are told why they were summoned to the mansion. Murders begin to occur one after another and each guest is suspected, they in turn suspect the others.

The movie is set up 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 (Martin Mull), and Miss Scarlett (Lesley Ann Warren). The rooms and weapons also remain unchanged.

In order to create a truly authentic whodunit the film makers added a number of other characters to provide the film with the true mystery flavour. Added are Wadsworth the butler (Tim Curry), Yvette the maid (Collen Camp), the cook (Kellye Nakahara) and Mr.

Boddy (Lee Ving).

With such a stellar cast of "20 Karat actors" one would expect egos to obstruct the creation of a successful movie, but in this case it didn't occur. "A dash of competition is natural among any group of actors," explains Curry. "But this production was remarkably free of it..."

The extraordinary cast work well together to provide the audience with a thoroughly enjoyable and entertaining performance, adding just the right amount of humour, while still maintaining the suspense and terror needed to make the picture work.

"Terror is the mainspring of the comedy," explains director-writer Jonathan Lynn. "Clue contains all the classic elements of the country house murder mystery, which was virtually invented by Agatha Christie. You couldn't do that genre seriously today, so this is a comedy. But it's not a parody or a spoof. The terror is real."

The production of the movie is the fulfillment of a dream that producer Debra Hill had for many years. As a child Hill played the game many times, fuelling her with an interest in murder mysteries. After obtaining the rights from Parker Bros., the game's producers, to make the film, she took her idea to John Landis (Executive Producer & Co-writer) who decided Jonathan Lynn was the ideal director for the project.



Martin Mull claims "There is no star in this film. The story is 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 facetious butler. An early example of his wit is when he is questioned by one of the guests as to what exactly he does in the house — he replies "I butle."

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 mysteries. Curry says of 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 versatility of the game the film has three different endings, depending on which theatre it is seen at. As a further precaution to maintain the mystery, director Lynn had the actors sign notarized agreements promising not to disclose whodunit.

Although enough information, both visual and vocal, is provided throughout the course of the evening only the perceptive sleuths will be able to solve the mystery. Whether this happens or not, one will not be disappointed by the outcome.

Lisez
PROTEM

Continued from page 13

film.

An added feature to *Jewel of the Nile* is the cinematography. Shot entirely on location the film's setting adds realism and visual enrichment. The film opens in the beautiful French Riviera then moves to the deserts of North Africa. Shot in Morocco hundreds of Moroccans, Berbers and peasants were used wearing their own colourful native costumes.

Even though *The Jewel of the Nile* is a sequel it is not a prerequisite that one first see *Romancing the Stone*. The film is a modern adventure filled with highly-paced action, romance, suspense and an interwoven pattern of humour uniquely blended together. The film is sure to please those awaiting this sequel and make many new followers along the way.

The Dust Cult

By Chris Reed

Rock and Roll music was created to express the urban frustrations of youths by placing them in the context of traditional blues progressions. The Who's *My Generation* and *I Can't Get No Satisfaction* by the Rolling Stones are classic examples of this merger. Once Rock and Roll became acceptable to commercial industry, those artists who once made music to express the difference between their street homes and those of elitist industry found themselves settled within the comforts of the latter. Their music no mirrored the youth on the street but the Jet Set in their chalets. *Brown Sugar* by the Rolling Stones illustrates this as the decadence of cocaine snorting and abusing prostitutes is another world from the frustrations of unemployment and poverty common to much of England. This situation intensified as the revenues created from the social rebellion financed the Eastern Enlightenment of both the Beatles and Pete Townsend. The music of traditional sixties heroes eventually reflected egos of another geographic as well as economic structure from the majority of their listeners, specifically the lower classes of England. This anger found its vehicle in 1977 with a group named The Sex Pistols.

The Sex Pistols were financed by Machiavellian entrepreneur Malcolm McLaren to sell clothes for his clothing shop Sex. The sensation created by The Sex

Pistols did much more than sell black leather pants. Their dramatic apathy towards conventions of dress (shaved heads and ripped, soiled clothing), behaviour ("God Save The Queen, her fascist regime"), and the purity of music (obscenities screamed over distorted three chord progressions) revealed the lack of integrity of the aging rockers by reducing them to absurdity with simplicity. By limiting their behaviour to the basic tenets of rock and roll, frustration and repetition, they exposed the excesses of ego intervention that separated artist from audience.

The creation of "Punk Rock" (as dubbed by the mass media for communal consumption) gave art school students an accessible base from which to develop the esoteric writings and music of John Cage and the visual advances of pop artists such as Andy Warhol into a new conceptual framework. The home of this genre became Manhattan as The Talking Heads and Laurie Anderson began to create a theatrical representation for their minimal imaginary world, a place where excesses are exorcised through the ritual of performance. The product of this approach has been a sharper focus of intellectual concerns in a technological environment. By including technology such as synthesizers into their music, these artists have been able to create an imaginative representation of the relationship between passion and computer. The songs are

often devoid of solutions, as understanding of our modern existence is presently too developmental to produce harmony. This is demonstrated by Jacques Eulull's *The Technological Society*.

The marriage of "Punk Rock" anger and artistic sensibility found a home in The Batcave Club in England. The Batcave became home to the neoGothic sounds of Bauhaus and Theatre Of Hate, and later to become Southern Death Cult. The neoGothic genre was inspired by the early performances of Souxsie and The Banshees who would often cover their anger with a black veil of mystery. The mystery surrounding The Banshees was due largely to the relentless individualism of lead singer Souxsie Sioux. Sioux's motivations became increasingly obscure as the band's reputation grew. This obscurity was due in part to their lack of consistency. The desire to make nothing sacred placed them on the outside of popular music as they refused to sacrifice creative growth for the predictability required for wide, commercial success. Their album *Kaleidoscope* is a manifesto of this. *Happy House* illustrates the bliss of ignorance shared by those with "blinkers on" to narrow their vision. Souxsie describes herself as a "hybrid of me" because singular views, be they organized religion (*Christine*) or prostitution for the media (*Red Light*), won't give her the "Trophy" that comes to those who "take it to

the wall". The continual change in structure carries over to the band's personal life. The Banshees have changed guitarists approximately every two albums. "We're like *The Picture of Dorian Gray*," Sioux explained in *Melody Maker*, "We continue unblemished while the guitarists we discard bear all the scars."

Playwright Sam Shepherd once said that rock and roll is a form of theatre as the music "creates temporary environments for (ideas) to live in." *Cities In Dust*, the new album by Siouxsie and The Banshees, is in this way a play about the forces which destroy civilizations. The city of inspiration is Pompeii, which The Banshees visited last year to gain perspective on the decay of our society. The characters in this aural play are; Destruction (guitarist John Carruthers), Consistency (bassist Steve Severin), Time (drummer Budgie), Preservation (keyboards by producer Steve Churchyard) and Narrator (singer Souxsie Sioux). Scene One is the *Extended Eruption Mix* of the title track *Cities In Dust*. Time and Consistency create a steady direction. The steadiness is attacked by Preservation and Destruction by hacking riffs. By the middle of the song, the hacking has replaced the steady direction. The change is explained by the Narrator;

"We found you lying.

You went out to hide.

You went out to die."

The remainder of the song is hypnotic swirls combining all forces around a steady direction. The second scene is titled *An Execution*. Consistency and Destruction produce an ominous field by refusing to leave the

lower register. Suddenly, the procession stops. "The unsuspecting beast falls to the ground" killed by "soldiers while strangers watch". A quiet Requiem is performed on piano as the earlier death march lurks behind, searching for another victim. Scene Three consists of short melodies conflicting with one another. The tension between Preservation and Destruction is established as the wall of guitar sounds are soothed by a calming keyboard melody only to create new problems when released. The repetition of this musical battle leads the listener to realize the monotony of the struggle in "real" life. The solutions to this tension are directed by the album's final scene, a restatement of Scene One. Unlike *The Extended Eruption Mix*, the second version of *Cities in Dust* is concise and places Souxsie's narration in a prominent place. The clear images of the "molten bodies" of those who "ran out to die" make the only solution to the tension of *Quarterdrawing Of The Dog* confrontation. Avoidance of the Master, Fate, leads to *An Execution* within or outside the City Gates. Although the situation of our civilization is not as extreme as that of Pompeii, The Banshees suggest that remaining passive towards the symbols of destruction such as Nuclear Arms will lead to a similar peril.

Bauhaus without lead singer Peter Dinklage has become Love and Rockets whose present success *Ball Of Confusion* reflects their desire to shed their old complexity for the minimalism (bass, drums, accusations) of the dance floor. Fellow graduates of the neo-

Feeling The Sting

By Nancy Stevens

The hotel corridor is dark, and the colour that envelops it — the carpet, the walls — is a somber grey. But wait! If you squint, you can see a glimmer at the end of the tunnel. Move closer and get a better look. Why, 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 tilts up, and you see the piercing eyes that penetrate the core of your soul in their first glance. And you are *Stung*.

"Hi, I'm Sting ... step into my parlour," he grins wickedly, and majestically holds out his hand. He is in town on a windy fall day to perform at the Kingswood Music Theatre, and has time for just one quick drink before leaving for the concert. Sting leads the way through the hotel suite, bare feet slapping the floor, to find an empty corner among the small crowd of busy, tour-related people buzzing around the room in excitement.

"Let's see ..." he says, as he rummages through a small stocked refrigerator, "We've got Perrier, Diet Coke ... my god, he stops, still watching out the window, "Look at it outside, it's positively haunting." He stares at the dark clouds closing in.

"It better not rain," warns one

of the band members, "or the audience is in real trouble tonight."

"Rain, rain, go a-way..." Sting begins to chant as the bottles of mineral water clink in his hands. "There, we're safe now." He winks.

It shouldn't surprise anyone if Sting's vocal attempts at controlling the elements seem successful. Lately, it seems every little thing he does really is magic. His two current theatrical releases (*Plenty*, with Meryl Streep, and *Bring on the Night*, a tour documentary) are garnering him rave reviews, his new album *The Dream of the Blue Turtles* is climbing the charts, and his concerts are selling out all across the country. He exploded onto the music scene about seven years ago, and has kept the embers burning ever since. "I admit, I have been lucky through the years, but luck lasts just so long. To sustain success one needs talent to back it up with, and drive to keep the talent in motion."

Sting has all three of these prerequisites for continuous success, and his creative drive is constantly fueled by an artist's best friend — pain.

"I find that I do my best work when I am in turmoil," he observes, "when everything is going a bit too well, I try to create some kind of conflict to set me going." Sting's essay in conflict features some of his



finest work. "The single *Every Breath You Take* was written during an exceptionally intense period in my life, as was *King of Pain* and others on that album."

It is the blows, the sharp pains, the stormy weather, that keeps His artistic edge sharpened.

"Sting," interrupts a young man, "Are you going down now? the car is here..."

"Down? Down? 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 stalled elevator. 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 luck locked up.

Gothic school, Theatre Of Hate and Southern Death Cult have bonded together resulting in The Cult. Distinct from Love and Rockets desire to reflect the minimalistic style of their sources, The Cult has moved towards creating a new style by adopting the elements of seventies rock they once dismissed as trite. Their recent album *Love*, is marked with the self-indulgence of a Jimi Hendrix record without any of the redeeming genius. Throughout the record guitarist William Duffy demonstrates his knowledge of basic scales by creating walls of amplified finger exercises to pad the songs. Mark Brezezicki underlies Duffy's pendency with a steady beat common to both Simple Minds and U2. The incongruity between the denseness of Jimi Hendrix and the crispness of Simple Minds is highlighted by the imbalanced mixing of engineers Mark Stent and Steve Brown. To get his messages of release from struggle heard over this dissonance, singer Ian Ashbury assumes the gravel voice of countless heavy metal bands. Struggles such as the battle between fate and free will are overcome by Nirvana the Buddhist state when perfect bliss is achieved by merging fate and will and entering into a larger state of being. For most Buddhists, Nirvana gives the Buddhist the courage to conquer daily setbacks. Ashbury wishes "Every Day was like Nirvana" free of the struggle which gives Nirvana sacred meaning. Physical struggles "like a desert sun that burns my skin" are overcome by *Rain (Open the Sky and let her come down)*. The themes of release from

challenge in *Rain* and *Nirvana* culminate in their commercially successful single *She Sells Sanctuary*. *Sanctuary* sees guitarist Duffy restricting his meanderings to a single melody. This provides musical focus, the absence of which plagues the majority of the record. *Sanctuary* also explains Ashbury's desire "The World Drags Me Down". Instead of confronting oppression head-on as would the Sex Pistols for whom a sanctuary was a prison not a haven, Ashbury reserves himself to instructing others to *Journey the Road to "The Eternal Reward"*. "The Eternal Reward" for Ashbury, is release from tension. "The Eternal Reward", for Souxsie and The Banshees, is an elimination of oppression by making opposing forces coherent and therefore conquerable.

The Cult has presently sold 70,000 plus copies of *Love*. Souxsie and The Banshees have sold approximately half that number of *Cities In Dust* pressings. The commercial success of The Cult is inevitable as their music appeals to an already present market. People embraced Simple Minds and many still buy compilations of Jimi Hendrix songs. The style of Souxsie is still inaccessible to a mass audience. The change of style assumed by The Cult and Love and Rockets to make themselves more identifiable for their audience insures an added obscurity for their bands of origin. A record buyer enthused by Love and Rocket's crisp dance sound found Bauhaus to be "uncomfortable ... they don't make me feel happy." When asked about the happiness involved in

listening to *Ball Of Confusion* they replied; "I know that when I dance to it I get a quick release but it fades when the song ends." The mass media, which helped create Punk, aids in this distancing process by the fast paced coverage of the new. Andy Warhol has said that "you can be famous for fifteen minutes and then your fifteen minutes are up." Without the framework of the 1977 Punk and Art School explosions, new bands created for public tastes appear to represent the state of modern music. The situation where artists are now slaves to their public is an antithesis to the division between artists and audience ten years ago, but neither provide the relationship based on mutual challenge necessary for the creation of new environments. The support for the dust left by the original creators may lead those followers to the source. This hope is strengthened by The Cure made from contemporaries of The Batcave Gang. The Cure has maintained the original ideal of challenging their audience while accepting the profitable association of themselves with surface bands such as The Cult. They are one of the particles of dust who cover the seminal bands like Souxsie and The Banshees and Laurie Anderson. If such dust becomes the new source, we will still not have a reflection of our generation since the compromise will lead to dishonesty. The dishonesty of our time is resultant of the lack of compromise involved in maintaining facades of honesty. Without the ability to reflect ourselves, we are reduced to the prehistoric animals beneath our skin.

Record Reviews

By John Bragança

Album: Seventh Dream Of Teenage Heaven

Group: Love And Rockets

Distributor: Polygram

Formerly known as Bauhaus, 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 psychedelic feel of the harmonies, and arrangements.

Songs such as *If There's A Heaven Above* have a wistful, spiritual quality embodied in the refrain: "Throw the world off your shoulders tonight, Mr. Smith ..." "The Dog End of the Gone By" hints at a certain feeling of loss and frustration, and *Haunted When The Minutes Drag* is — haunting.

Head Music may be the best description of *Seventh Dream Of Teenage Heaven* head music, perhaps, with a light punk influence.

Group: The Icicle Works

Album: Seven Horses Deep

Distributor: Polygram

This album, once played, emits a kaleidoscope of colour and pulsates with energy. It captures the brilliance of a radiant smile and sustains it without effort. *This* headphone music. Now let's turn to a more subjective review.

The first side on *Deep Side* of the album is an amalgam of musical combinations that display the instrumental variety of the Icicle Works. *Seven Horses*, which begins the side, contains a harmonious blend of pop/rock sounds such as a percussion that simply thrust itself to the forefront, melodic piano, driving bass, and clear vocals.

The *Wide Side* starts pff energetically with *All The Daughters*, a song punctuated with brass and kept alive by a flowing melodious stream of vocals, piano, and strong guitar work. *Seven Horses Deep* finishes off with *(Let's Go) Down To The River*, a heady mix of C&W and gospel, mixed in with an equal measure of steel guitar and soulful vocals.

The entire mini-album offers much in the way of pop/rock and country/gospel, which makes it a great escape for those who are still in love with the 60s.

Sports

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 6 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 here at Glendon, this playoff spot must be very rewarding. He was quoted as saying "The success of the team was dependant 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 goaltender, 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 Llanos (Mitch) stepped in to take over the duties, and has played steady since.

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

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

Leading the rookies was high-flying Brent Smith, an import from Eastern Ontario.

Veteran Eddie Boomer (and future opponent if he goes to Osgoode) 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 up 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.

Colourfull rookie Colin O'Shea (the frenchman-cherio) 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.



Regular Hours Until and Including Dec. 19.

**Proctor Field House
Christmas Schedule**

DATE	BUILDING HOURS	POOL	LOUNGE
Dec. 20	closed at noon	CLOSED AT NOON	CLOSED AT NOON
Dec. 21	9:00 a.m. — 6:00 p.m.	1:30 — 5:30 p.m.	10:00 a.m. — 6:00 p.m.
Dec. 22	10:00 a.m. — 6:00 p.m.	1:30 — 5:00 p.m.	10:00 a.m. — 6:00 p.m.
Dec. 23	12:00 — 8:00 p.m.	12:00 — 2:00 / 5:00 — 7	12:00 — 8:00 p.m.
Dec. 24	11:30 — 4:30 p.m.	12:00 — 2:00 p.m.	11:30 — 4:30 p.m.
Dec. 25	CLOSED	CLOSED	CLOSED
Dec. 26	CLOSED	CLOSED	CLOSED
Dec. 27	12:00 — 8:00 p.m.	12:00—2/5:00 — 7:00	12:00 — 8:00 p.m.
Dec. 28	9:00 — 6:00 p.m.	1:30 — 5:00 p.m.	10:00 — 6:00 p.m.
Dec. 29	10:00 — 6:00 p.m.	1:30 — 5:00 p.m.	10:00 — 6:00 p.m.
Dec. 30	12:00 — 8:00 p.m.	12— 2:00 /5:00 — 7:00	12:00 — 8:00 p.m.
Dec 31	11:30 — 4:30 p.m.	12:00 — 2:00 p.m.	11:30 — 4:30 p.m.
Jan. 1	CLOSED		
Jan. 2	12:00 — 11:00 p.m.	12:00 — 2:00/ 5 — 7:00	12 — 2:00/4. — 11:00
Jan. 3	12:00 — 11:00 p.m.	12:00 — 2:00 / 5 — 7:00	12 — 2:00/4 — 11:00
Jan. 4	9:00 — 6:00 p.m.	1:30 — 5:00 p.m.	10:00 — 6:00 p.m.
Jan. 5	10:00 — 8:00 p.m.	1:30 — 5:00 p.m.	10:00 — 6:00 p.m.
Jan. 6	REGULAR HOURS	REGULAR HOURS	REGULAR HOURS

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 far we place 4th in the Men's Division, 4th in the Women's Division, 6th in the Coed Division. Overall, Glendon stands 4th in Inter-College sports. The individual sports results are as follows:

SPORT	STAN.
Badminton: Men's	5th
Women's	4th
Swimming: Men's	1st
Women's	1st
Co-Ed	5th
Volleyball: Women's	
Co-Ed	5th

FLAG FOOTBALL	Men's	6th
	Women's	6th
GOLF	Men's	4th
Softball	Co-Ed	7th
Cross-Country	Men's	2nd
Soccer	Men's	6th
Hockey	Men's	6th
Basketball: Men's		8th
	Women's	7th
	Co-Ed	7th