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# PRO TEM

Le premier journal étudiant de l'Université York  
Glendon's Student Weekly



*Collège • Glendon • College*

le 1<sup>er</sup> décembre 1987

Volume 27, No.11



# EDITORIAL

## This Year...

So far, so good; nothing truly traumatic has happened to Glendon this year, although we had some close calls. The principal search committee had closed debates over the summer; Glendon Day was somewhat less than perfect; the YUSA strike disrupted the normal progression of the Fall Term; and there was the usual miscommunication between the agencies within the University.

On the good side, interim principal Beth Hopkins is doing a good job. She also cares about Glendon. The GCSU council, despite some problems, is functioning relatively well. Luckily, the University came through a series of labour negotiations with only one incident.

But storms can be seen looming on the horizon. Chedington towers could overshadow our beautiful campus unless stopped. The proposed University smoking policy will severely curtail many students' rights. Deadlines for essays are approaching rapidly. Darryl Singer might submit another article.

On the whole, this has been a good year for us at *Pro Tem* and hopefully it was also for you.

Being the last issue of 1987, we at *Pro Tem* would like to wish you a Joyeux Noël and a Bonne et Heureuse année. We'll be back January 11<sup>th</sup>.

Now, we're going to write our essays and exams. Good luck to all.

Au nom de Pro Tem, nous aimerions vous souhaiter un Joyeux Noël, une Joyeuse Chanukah et une très Bonne et Heureuse Année. Voici notre dernier numéro avant Noël. (on doit se préparer pour nos examens!!!) Nous reviendrons donc en janvier. Si le coeur vous en dit, venez chanter des cantiques de Noël avec nous, jeudi le 10 décembre à 19h. Venez nous rejoindre en face de Pro Tem dans le manoir Glendon.

À la prochaine!

Cover Photo by Eva Broadbent

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On behalf of the staff of Pro Tem, Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah, and have a Happy New Year. Come join us Thurs. Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> for Christmas caroling at 7:00 P.M. We will meet in front of the Pro Tem office in Glendon Hall. See ya in January.

## Letters/Lettres

### Art Debate

To the Editor

My thanks to you for continuing the debate on art and art criticism in the Nov. 23 *Pro Tem*. I would like to see the debate expanded into the larger area of art criticism and views on the state of the arts, so as to avoid personal opinion on individual works of art, which should be consigned to the realm of taste, rather than of criticism proper. I feel that the two have become confused in the criticism in the *Pro Tem* lately, and would like to address this.

In his letter of Nov. 23, Mike DenTandt wisely although belatedly indicated that he "was not writing a formal review." But I would question the wisdom of his using "the most obvious part of Ron Sandor's work to point to a trend in modern art that (he) finds repulsive" in something which was not to be taken by readers as a formal review.

Mr. DenTandt took a matter of personal taste and opinion, his dislike for as single work of art, and proceeded to apply it to a general critique of modern art, a considerable shift in the parameters of the discussion, and unfortunately a phenomenon which is not uncommon in the criticism to be found in your newspaper.

Dear Editor, I must draw attention to a crucial typographical omission which reduced much of the impact of my Nov. 16 letter. Here is the intended sentence: "To denounce with considerable vitriol the work of an artist without naming the artist in question, defining the terms of the discussion, or placing the work of the artist into the context of contemporary

and past art movements removes the would-be critic's credibility." This point is essential. If one intends to ruminate upon the quality of an individual artwork, then one must confine one's discussion to that distinct work. Should one wish to engage in a meaningful debate about contemporary art, one must broaden the discussion to include the important artists, works, and movements in question, and their relative merits.

I would like to thank my friend Mr. Inkpen for providing an excellent example of the kind of ridiculous and uninformed generalization to which I am referring when I speak of the art criticism in the *Pro Tem*. His Nov. 16 review of the Hollywood film "Cross My Heart" opened with the atrocious generalization that "when one examines the art of the 80's the one thing that becomes clear is the complete absence of substance." Stuff and nonsense. Absolute rubbish. Beginning a review of a middling Hollywood star vehicle with that kind of all-encompassing statement is akin to asserting that "when one examines the food of the 80's the one thing that becomes clear is the complete absence of substance" prior to reviewing the latest McDonald's hamburger Happy Meal. If the latest Hollywood flick or variety of Chicken McNugget is disappointing, by all means dear Editor, have your reviewer pan it. But for God's sake man, use some discretion when they engage in largely ignorant and uninformed denunciations of modern artistic expression. Jean-Luc Godard or David Salle may be reading!

Amicably yours  
Stefan Caunter

La page Forum a pour objectif de faire connaître différentes opinions sur des sujets variés. Vos réponses et commentaires sont plus que les bienvenus. Veuillez prendre note que les opinions exprimées dans cette rubrique représentent le point de vue de l'auteur et non pas nécessairement celui de Pro Tem

# FORUM

The purpose of the Forum page is to elicit various viewpoints on a variety of topics. We encourage controversy and responses to the articles. Also, the views expressed in the section are those of the contributor and not necessarily those of Pro Tem.

## Chedington: 1990 A.D.

by Geoff Snow

GLENDON, DECEMBER 1990- The Chedington condominia squat balefully in the quiet before sunrise on Bayview Avenue. All seems peaceful. But Glendonians stir uneasily on their wretched pallets, sensing the storm to come.

The horror begins with the dawn as a creeping of after-shave like the odour of a hundred gigolos steals up the slope from Chedington. Moments later, condo doors yawn open, exhaling a malevolent hogo of all-butter croissants and designer breath-spray. The yuppies are loose.

Up the drive shared with Glendon they lurch, intent on committing arbitrage, inexpertly clashing the gears of their tinny German sedans, too busy lying into their cellular phones to avoid mulching squirrels, Toronto French School boys and any other fauna in their path.

After they have gone to what they no doubt ironically refer to as work, there is a brief respite, a silence broken only by the pathetic wails of unattended toddlers plunging off balconies because Mom is busy entertaining her tennis instructor. Endless headaches (and not just for the toddler): I mean try, just try to find a caterer who can do a decent funeral brunch (the Brie at Wendi's do was positively *solid* - you really had to feel for her). And what about the groundskeeper who hosed Ashleigh off the walk: obviously we pay handsomely for service in this building, but if we don't tip him he might get negligent about waxing the Jag.

Then a low throbbing pulsates all around as Honduran domestics terrified into slavery by Senora's threat to squeal to Immigration are forced to Hoover the white broadloom yet again. ("And this time don't step on it, Conchita. The nap has to be *just so*.")

The traffic is hellish: wholesale vintners' trucks off-loading crates of evil swill repackaged as Beaujolais Nouveau for parties to celebrate Charles Jr.'s suspended sentence for dumping toxic waste; sweaty Ontario Liberal bagman smarming about in fetid three-piece suits; repeated emergency calls to rescue nannies who have overturned their BMW's because they didn't want to put on plebian snow tires. No matter: a quick line of cocaine for a bracer and the nannies swarm off to dinner with their wives, both of them flaunting haircuts that cost more than a gentleman should spend on a suit.

They slurp up gobblets of

battered stodge masquerading as fettucine slung at them by whinnying would-be models in restaurants whose decor archly parodies the sort of industrial plant where it used to be possible to make an honest living before their parasitic kind took over. Then a quick snooze at the O'Keefe before heading home for a brisk joint workout on the Nautilus. (Safer than sex, no dubious stains for the Honduran domestic to snicker over.) Finally, another night of sleep deep as ignorance.

I exaggerate, agreed. But it pains me to think of Glendon being surrounded by a wall of

such people as the waterfront has been. Who is to say that other developers will not try to shoehorn their own towers if the Glendon area becomes what they call a "prestige address." Already the Chedington plans will blot our skyline, congest our drive, scar our ravine and no doubt butcher a few trees. And all this for the sake of people immune to local charm unless a fawning copywriter imperils his immortal soul by calling a place "a most exquisite reward for the attainment of excellence by the select few." There is a city full of condos for such people. There is only one

Glendon. There is only one stand of trees at our gates like a postcard from the country. Our matchless natural setting cannot be squandered. It is one of our last reminders of the turn of the seasons in a world where people use wealth to buy insulation from life.

Although I am no longer a Glendon student, I retain enough affection for the school to wish it preserved. I urge all Glendon students to register their protest as strongly as possible. This is your chance to be on the side of the angels.

I remember walking into Glendon one winter morning

when my life was in disarray. I looked up just inside the gates and saw the wind seething through a pine tree, rocking a crow that perched on its summit. He looked like a Norse totem cut out against the hard blue sky scraped clean by the wind. The sight lifted my heart somehow. It reminded me that there is a world we did not make, that can preserve us if we preserve it. That moment was a part of my education. I hope that future Glendon students will not be shut out from such learning. I hope we have the courage to be good stewards.

## Free Trade: The First Word

by Stefan Molyneux

Free trade, to my understanding, consists of two words, and it is unfortunate for its advocates that they have chosen to focus primarily on the issue of *trade*, and not *freedom*.

In the political sense, modern freedom was achieved through the application of philosophy - the philosophy of Locke, Smith, Mill and others. We in North America are of a century that has little to do with philosophy. Having rectified many of the external problems of life, such as hunger, clothing and being spitted by the local lord, we turn to psychology to solve our remaining difficulties, which we perceive as internal. Unfortunately, this has its drawbacks. Psychology has a nasty tendency to feed on itself to the point that *any* external concerns are construed as internal problems. I experience this frequently. When I say to someone "you know, I'm really worried that the current trend of government is going to lead to widespread social collapse", I am invariably greeted with the explanation "you're paranoid!" However, if I were a businessperson who constantly laid out more than he/she took in and you said "you're business is going to fail unless you radically change your ways", I would be stupid to reply in the derisive manner of suggesting mental phobias.

Now, I think that is sufficient background to my point on free trade (bet you thought I'd forgotten!).

Basically, the point involved in the free trade debate which never seems to reach the surface is: *is it the right thing to do?* I don't mean "will it create more jobs," or "will it destroy Canada's sovereignty," but *is freedom what we want for Canada?*

First of all, the exact short-term economic impacts of free trade are impossible to determine. Canada has never existed without heavy tariffs, and when that yoke is finally removed, the short-term benefits will be unguessable.

Protectionism, stripped of all its altruistic jargon, is quite simple. Here is a good simulation of protectionism:

March into your corner grocery store and tell the nice man behind the counter that if he sells to any customers who *aren't* Canadian citizens, you will take a third of his sale price for yourself. Furthermore, tell him that if he doesn't comply, you will return with several big lads named Luigi, Sam, Ed and Ug and force him from behind his nice counter, close down his store and lock him in a smelly basement somewhere with several other large and powerful persons of questionable sexual persuasion.

Imagine what he'd say to you if you offer him this deal.

If you can't, I will tell you. After a short burst of intense swearing, he will call the cops (unless you're involved with the Mafia, in which case he will call Mario Puzo).

Then tell the nice policeman with the big nightstick who arrives that you were only trying to lay down the law with the nice grocery-man.

He will put you in *his* smelly cell.

Moral #1: Never *ever* let a government do something that it forbids its citizens to do. If its a protection racket for you, its a protection racket for them. Even if you give the money to charity, it's illegal.

We live in an age where freedom is taken for granted. But we must remember that our ancestors fought tooth

and nail to put us where we are today, and their parting words to us and our future were: *Freedom needs to be maintained, not just won.* We can't just sit apathetically back and try and decide whether or not to say "yes" to free trade - which is an essentially *moral* decision - by trying to outguess the outcome based on the expediency of the moment. We need to look at the issue of *freedom* - the freedom of one businessperson to deal with another as he or she sees fit. The next major political revolution will be the separation of business and state - much the same way that the last major political re-structuring was the separation of church and state. And we all know how much better off *that* left us. How many of you want Pat Robertson as the next president of America?

A reasonable question to raise here is: "That's all well and good, but what about America? What if they don't want to free up *their* businesspeople?" Naturally this is important. We don't want to fling our trading-legs open only to be raped by the heavily-protected U.S. So if they decide to keep up their tariffs, we have serious problems.

Ah, but that's only with the U.S. We have plenty of inter-provincial tariffs cramping the flow of business over our own country. Any reduction in tariffs would be dealing within a closed market. And, since business will always travel to the cheapest market, the province that first relaxes its stranglehold on business and stops artificially jacking up the prices of its goods through tariffs and taxes will automatically attract trade. It is only the provinces that would continue to deny

this freedom of exchange that would suffer. It is a simple axiom: *productivity is tied to freedom.* One only needs the single example of the Ukraine, once termed the 'breadbasket of Europe' for her fantastic agricultural production which, since the forcible introduction of communized farms, now has to *import* wheat. Anytime there is a scarcity in a given country, the first question that needs to be asked is: How heavily are their businesspeople taxed and regulated? The trend is immediately apparent. The more freedom the more productivity. The case against tariffs is as clear as that.

OK, so where does that leave us? When speaking of free trade, let's ask ourselves of the meaning of that critical *first* word: *Free*. Is it morally acceptable for the state to tack on its own surcharges to business transactions between uncoerced individuals? No - no more than it is for you to try it with the grocery-store man. Is the government above the law? No. Therefore we cannot let them do something that they would throw us in jail for. The state has no excuse to intervene in the affairs of people who are not breaking the law. Buying from someone over the border is not immoral, and certainly nothing you should have to pay the state for the privilege of doing. People must be allowed to choose for themselves who they do business with. *Freedom of trade is freedom of association*, which as fundamental a liberty as freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and freedom of opinion. For God's sake let's hang on to the freedom our ancestors earned. If we can't appreciate the battle they fought, let's at least appreciate the fruits of their victory.

# NOUVELLES

## Gatehouse Up for Grabs

by Cathy da Costa

So why is there a little house on the Glendon campus, over near Hilliard, and who owns it? When the campus was property of the Wood family, the gardener lived there. The gate, which is now chained off, was used as the main entrance and hence the house was known as the gatehouse. For the past few years, Bill Firman, head of Glendon security, had been living there. The building has been left vacant since the time of his retirement in June. The present head of Glendon security is not interested in living there. Nor is anyone else in security or in the physical plant interested.

York University owns the building and controls its fate. According to Jacques Aubin-Roy, Executive Officer of Glendon, the building could be used in a number of ways. There is presently a shortage of space in the college. For instance, a number of closets in York Hall and the entirety of D-House Hilliard are being used as offices (except for a suite used by the assistant to the Dean). Also, there is a growing interest among students in living in

residence.

The Glendon Daycare thinks that they might have the answer. They have come forward asking for the building in exchange for their present space. However, they may retract their offer if they find that the building would be too expensive to renovate. Right now they are considering asking the government for money. They don't expect to pay rent on top of paying for renovations, as the space that they are presently using would be a very useful exchange. It could be used as office space, therefore perhaps taking a few offices out of Hilliard or out of closets. It could also be used as classrooms. Or perhaps it could be used for lockers or club space.

The request for club space comes from another group that may soon ask for the building, the GCSU's Jennifer Barratt and Elisa Ciccone have set up a Student Centre Committee looking for space for club offices and for storage. They still need to work on funding for renovations, if they do obtain the cottage. They are also looking for alternative locations that may be more suitable.

Whichever group takes over the building may be looking at \$25 000 just to make it an acceptable place to use. This figure could drastically change depending on what is done in the way of minor repairs, who does the work and what is desired for renovations (ex: adding walls to create office space for several clubs). The building looks really cozy for living space, although it may be a bit small for some of the uses suggested for it. The furnace and hot water tank are relatively recent and the external structure of the building is fine.

And what about the area in between Hilliard and the cottage? U of T retained possession of that area after they gave the rest of the campus to us in 1961. They are using it as forestry labs until one day when they'll have enough money for a natural science building downtown. When that day comes, we could have another piece to add to the space allocation puzzle. For now, the possible use of the gatehouse is still being researched and discussed.

## Principal Runte?

by John Sullivan

Glendon College could soon have a new Principal in Doctor Roseann Runte. The Glendon Principal Search Committee has put forth Dr. Runte as the only candidate presently under consideration and it would appear the Doctor is in.

The 39 year-old President of Université Sainte-Anne, Nova Scotia, discussed her candidacy openly with students and faculty at a reception last Tuesday. The Doctor was able to answer most questions by not answering any questions but said "I have no preconceived assumptions about Glendon and therefore no specific plans to change Glendon." Possibly Dr. Runte's agenda is just that - no changes, however, this is doubtful since the Doctor appears to be a visionary leader who believes in active "visionary management." The prognosis for Glendon is good if the Doctor advocates this philosophy.

The Doctor would bring an impressive record to Glendon having been educated at University of Kansas and employed as Chairman of the French Department at Dalhousie be-

fore her present position at Sainte-Anne. The Doctor believes Glendon symptoms are similar to Université Sainte-Anne since the bilingual University in Nova Scotia is small with less anglophones than francophones.

The Doctor's academic background would, alone, give her excellent credentials to manage Glendon and all of its problems. While she is reluctant to commit to a pre-established plan of action prior to her arrival at Glendon, she does believe her stand as an overall advocate would involve improving private sector contributions, more specialization in research programs and increased accessibility for faculty sabbaticals.

Glendon is in a crucial stage of pressure from York, increased student numbers applying for admission, the fear of losing our identity and the decline of competent Glendon graduates. The University needs an energetic Principal who will lead aggressively into the end of this century. The prescription needed is the Doctor herself.

# Modern Pinnochio in Quebec City

by Tu Thanh Ha

**QUEBEC CITY (CUP)** -- American tourists were truly puzzled last week as hundreds of students marched to Quebec City, their breath condensing in the icy cold air as they shouted their slogans.

Had the tourists understood French, they would have been even more shocked by what the students sang - slogans about unpaid rent, unpaid hydro, and bad summer jobs; slogans about the failure of Education Minister Claude Ryan to understand their problems; slogans calling him a liar, a modern Pinnochio.

Over 1500 students marched to the provincial legislature November 12 as 28 colleges and universities across Quebec went on strike to force Ryan to make public his plan for student aid reform.

The one-day strike was initiated by l'Association des étudiantes et étudiants du Québec (ANÉÉQ) the province's largest student coalition.

Addressing the crowd in front of the Quebec national assembly ANÉÉQ executive Jean Pierre Paquet told the protestors that the Minister of Education had repeatedly refused to commit himself to a reform deadline.

Students are asking Ryan to submit a public reform plan no

later that the summer of 1988 and to implement it by 1989-90. ANÉÉQ also wants to debate reform proposals with the minister.

Reminding students of Ryan's refusal to negotiate with them, Paquet said the government would not reveal his proposal until after the next provincial election.

"When it has a second mandate, a government will only do what it wants," said Paquet. "Ryan should not be the one person who has a life or death power over student loans and bursaries."

In a phone interview, Ryan's press attache denied the minister had been trying to hold up the reform process.

"ANÉÉQ is giving out some of the facts but not all of them," said Luc Rheume, adding that "it is technically impossible to implement any reform at the administrative level before 1990 or 1991."

In Quebec City protestors from dozens of schools across the province had personal tales about the flaws and contradictions of the financial aid system.

"Listen, I'm thinking of getting a fake marriage in April," said Catherine Huot, from Sherbrooke College. "It'll be a way to get by - even if it's not an acceptable thing to have to go

through."

Students who live away from their parents are not considered financially independent by the Quebec government. To attain that status and be eligible for additional financial aid, applicants must have earned at least 90 credits, or be married, or have children.

"I know some people who came to our college from far away in Abitibi," said Huot. "Even when they live on their own for several years, they are not considered independent. The only way out is to get married or have a kid."

Other participants mentioned that the financial aid system

was unfair to female students.

Women are disadvantaged when repaying their student loans because they have higher drop-out rate and earn less when they graduate, said Manon Blanchard, a member of the ANÉÉQ Women's Caucus.

"On average, women will earn only 66-80 per cent of the salary men earn," said Blanchard. "And that figure is for women who work full-time. Most female graduates end up with part-time jobs or short-term contracts."

While demonstrators walked into downtown Quebec City they slipped pamphlets outlin-

ing the student positions under windshield wipers of nearby cars.

The pamphlets were part of a province-wide distribution of special publications on the state of financial aid in Quebec.

"For us, the information campaign is as much an important part of a strike as the demo in Quebec City," said Manon Cire, a coordinator for the student delegation from the University of Sherbrooke.

The demonstration ended at 7 p.m. as students walked away chanting, "Ryan salaud! Le peuple aura ta peau!"

## Swim Team Wins!

by Brian Pastoor

November 3rd, 1987, the Glendon Swim Team humiliates the nine other colleges of York for the fourth year in a row. The men (Gord Baker, Dave Bridgewater, Matthew George, Kevin McGuire, Lorin Ledger, Blair O'Connor and Brian Pastoor) placed second overall just behind Calumet, while the women (Elizabeth Codallo, Cara Davison, Lynn Quan, Linda Rae, Tracey Schell, Catherine Skipper, Bastienne Welleuseik and San-

dy Woodgate) chlorinated everyone finishing first by an embarrassing margin!

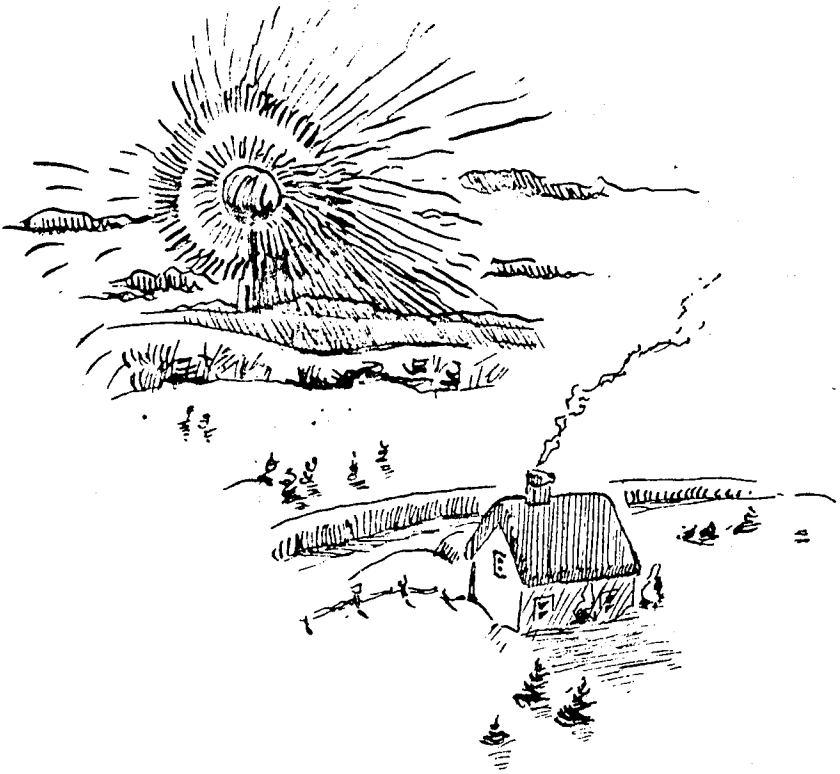
That's all! More details and most valuable swimmers to be mentioned at the P.F.H. Banquet in the spring. The swim team is just tired of hearing about Glendon hockey or Flag Football. *La piscine n'a jamais eu vraiment d'importance à Glendon. Elle a toujours été sous-estimée.* But now, may the whole campus know who are *sans doute* the champs once again.



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### WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,  
With a pocketful of money and a cellarful of beer,  
And a good fat pig to last you all the year!

# Joyeux Noël



## Joy to the World

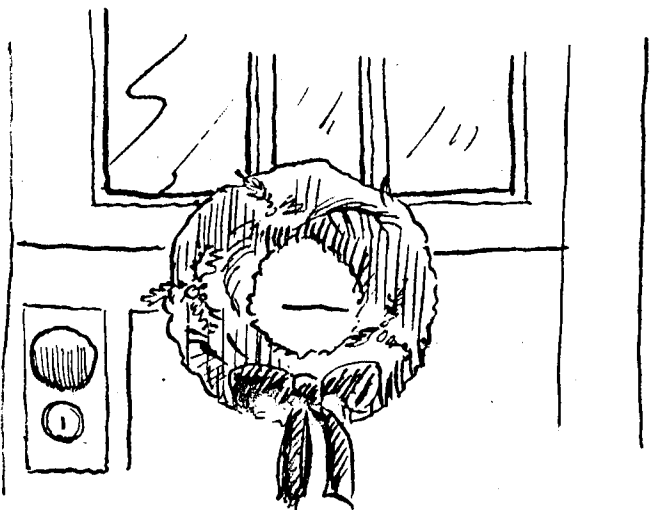


Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

3. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love,  
And wonders of His love,  
And wonders, and wonders of His love.

# merry christmas



### LES ANGES DANS NOS CAMPAGNES

Les Anges dans nos campagnes,  
Ont entonné l'hymne des cieux;  
Et l'écho de nos montagnes,  
Redit ce chant mélodieux.

Refrain:  
Gloria, In excelsis Deo.  
Gloria, In excelsis Deo.

2. Bergers pour qui cette fête!  
Quel est l'objet de tous ces chants?  
Quel vainqueur, quelle conquête  
Mérite ces cris triomphants?

3. Ils annoncent la naissance  
Du libérateur d'Israël  
Et, pleins de reconnaissance,  
Chantent en ce jour solonnel.

## The Three Ships

As I went up the mountainside  
The sea below me glitter'd wide,  
And eastward, far away,  
I spied On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
The three great ships that take the tide  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

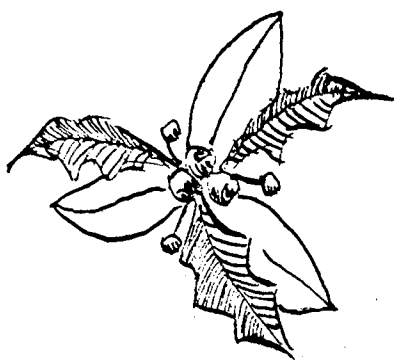
2. Ye have heard the song, how these multiply  
From the harbors of home to the ports o' the sky!  
Do ye dream none knoweth the whither and why  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
The three great ships go sailing by  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

3. Yet as I live, I never knew  
That ever a song could ring so true,  
Till I saw them break through a haze of blue  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And the marvelous ancient flags they flew  
On Christmas Day in the morning!

4. From the heights above the belfried town  
I saw that the sails were patched and brown,  
But the flags were aflame with a great renown  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And on every mast was a golden crown  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

5. The sun and the wind they told me there  
How goodly a load the three ships bear,  
For the first is gold and the second is myrrh,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
An the third is frankincense most rare,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

6. They have mixed their shrouds with the golden sky,  
They have faded away where the last dreams die.  
Ah yet, will ye watch, when the mist lifts high  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
Will ye see three ships come sailing by  
On Christmas Day in the morning?



AT CHRISTMAS TIME, A SMALL  
WARNING: DO NOT CONFUSE  
THIS MAN WITH JERRY GARCIA.



## Quittez Pasteurs

Quittez, pasteurs, vos brebis, vos houlettes,  
Votre hameau et le soin du troupeau;  
Changez vos pleurs en une joie parfaite;  
Allez tous adorer un Dieu, un Dieu, un Dieu  
Qui vient vous consoler.

2. Vous le verrez Couché dans une étable,  
Comme un enfant Nu, pauvre et languissant;  
Reconnaissez Son amour ineffable pour nous venir chercher  
Il est, Il est, Il est le Fidèle berger!

## The Seven Joys of Mary

The first good joy that Mary had,  
It was the joy of one;  
To see the blessed Jesus Christ  
When He was first her son:

*Refrain:*

When He was first her son, good man,  
And blessed may He be,  
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
To all eternity.

The joy of two was to see her own son Jesus Christ  
To make the lame to go.

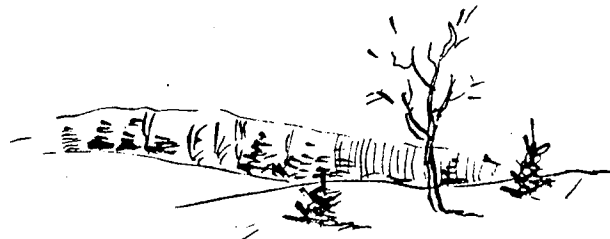
The joy of three...  
To make the blind to see.

The joy of four...  
To read the Bible o'er.

The joy of five...  
To bring the dead alive.

The joy of six...  
Upon the crucifix.

The joy of seven...  
To wear the crown of heaven.



## Good King Wenceslas

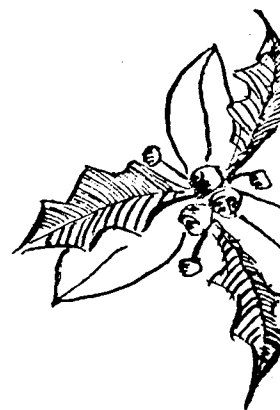
Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
On the feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep and crisp and even.  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath'ring winter fuel.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pinelogs hither:  
Thou and I shall see him dine,  
When we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch, forth they went,  
Forth they went together;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind grows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how;  
I can go no longer."  
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,  
Tread thou in them boldly;  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5. In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the Saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.



## WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around,  
And glory shone around.

2. "Fear not," he said, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.  
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign,  
And this shall be the sign;
4. "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
And meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid,  
And in a manger laid.
5. Thus spake the seraph and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song,  
Addressed their joyful song;
6. "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Goodwill henceforth from heav'n to men  
Begin, and never cease,  
Begin, and never cease!"

## Noël Nouvelet

Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici,  
Dévotes gens, crions à Dieu merci!

*Refrain:*

Chantons Noël pour le Roi nouvelet, Noël!  
Chantons Noël pour le Roi nouvelet, Noël nouvelet, Noël chantons ici!

2. L'Ange disait! pasteurs partez d'ici!  
En Bethléem trouverez l'agnelet.
3. En Bethléem, étant tous réunis  
Trouvent l'enfant, Joseph, Marie aussi.

## UN FLAMBEAU, JEANNETTE, ISABELLE

Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle,  
Un flambeau, courons au berceau!  
C'est Jésus, bonnes gens du hameau,  
Le Christ est né, Marie appelle,  
Ah! ah! que la mère est belle,  
Ah! ah! ah! que l'enfant est beau!

2. C'est un tort quand l'enfant sommeille,  
C'est un tort de crier si fort.  
Taisez-vous, l'un et l'autre, d'abord!  
Au moindre bruit, Jésus s'éveille  
Chut! chut! chut!  
Il dort à merveille,  
Chut! chut! chut! voyez comme Il dort!
3. Doucement, dans l'étable close,  
DouceMENT, venez un moment!  
Approchez, que Jésus est charmant!  
Comme Il est blond, comme Il est rose!  
Do! do! do! que l'enfant repose  
Do! do! do! qu'Il rit en dormant!

## The Seven Joys of Christmas

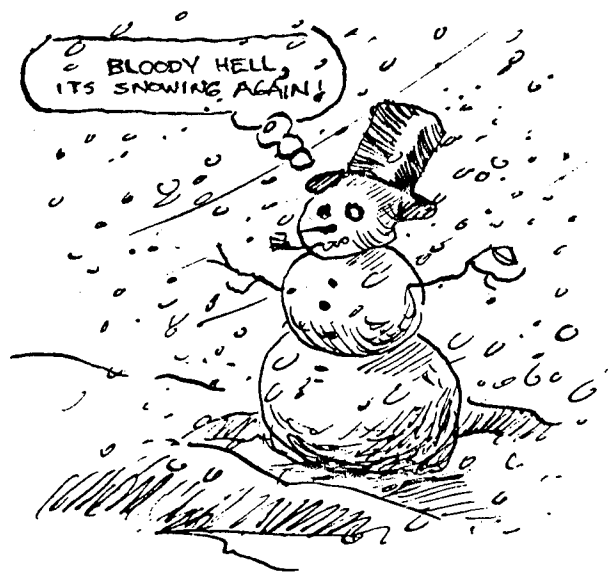
The first good joy that Christmas brings,  
It is the joy of one;  
It is to plan the Christmas gifts,  
And that is jolly fun.

*Refrain*

And that is jolly fun, good friends,  
So happy may we be,  
And sing the hope that Christmas joys  
May last eternally.

2. The next good joy that Christmas brings,  
It is the joy of two;  
It is to hang the stockings up  
Beside the chimney flue.

The joy of three is to have old Santa Claus, that saint of jollity.  
The joy of four is to see the Christmas tree, and toys upon the floor.  
The joy of five is to welcome heartily the guests as they arrive.  
The joy of six is to share the Christmas feast and in the sports to mix.  
The joy of seven is the hope that all our live the Christmas joys will leaven.



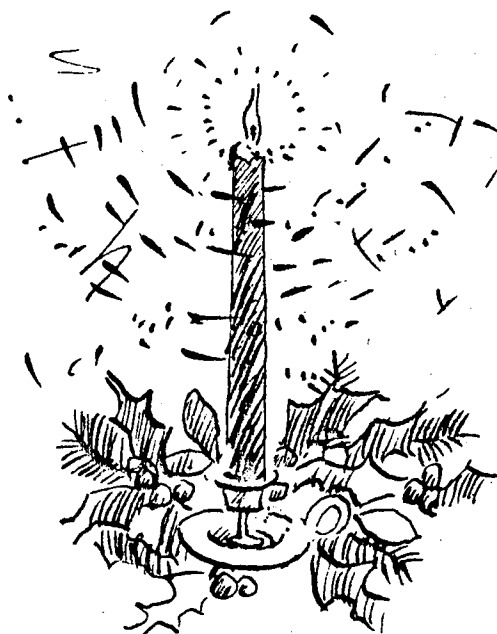
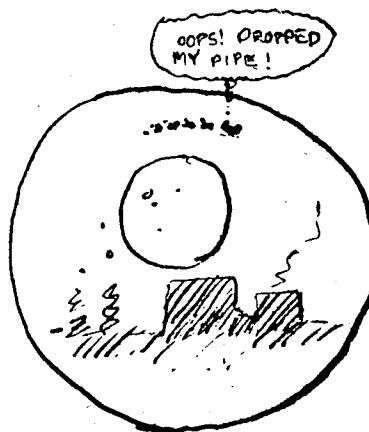
## Bethléem

Dans cette étable  
Que Jésus est charmant,  
Qu'il est aimable  
Dans cet abaissement!  
Que d'attraits à la fois!  
Tous les palais des rois  
N'ont rien de comparable  
Aux charmes que je vois  
Dans cette étable

2. Que sa puissance  
Paraît bien en ce jour  
Malgré l'enfance  
Où l'a réduit l'amour!  
Notre ennemi dompté,  
L'enfer déconcerté,  
Font voir qu'en sa naissance  
Rien n'est à redouter  
Que sa puissance.

3. Sans le connaître,  
Dans sa divinité  
Je vois paraître  
Toute sa majesté:  
Dans cet enfant qui naît,  
À son aspect qui plaît  
Je découvre mon maître  
Et je sens ce qu'il est  
Sans le connaître.

4. Plus de misère!  
Un Dieu souffre pour nous  
Et de son père  
Appaise le courroux;  
C'est en notre faveur  
Qu'il naît dans la douleur;  
Pouvait-il pour nous plaire  
Unir à sa grandeur  
Plus de misère?



WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

We three kings of Orient are,  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain  
Following yonder star.

Refrain:

O...  
Star of wonder, star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect light.

2. *Gaspar*

Born a King of Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign.

3. *Melchior*

Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense owns a Deity nigh:  
Prayer and praising all men raising,  
Worship Him, God on high.

4. *Balthasar*

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5. Glorious now behold Him arise,

King, and God, and sacrifice;  
Heaven sings alleluia:  
Alleluia the earth replies.



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th'angelic hosts proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Refrain:

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King."

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored;

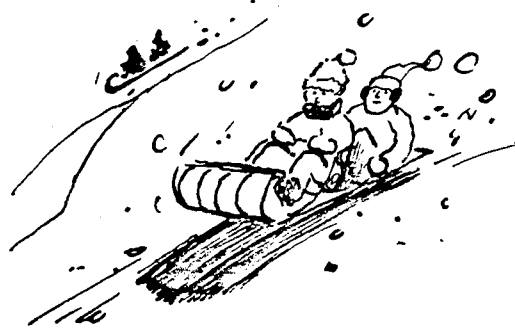
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail th'Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with man to dwell;  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Refrain:

3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris'n with healing in His wings;  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth;

Refrain:



MARY + JOSEPH STEPPED OUT FOR  
AWHILE AND LEFT THE BABYSITTERS  
TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE TYKE.

IL EST NÉ LE DIVIN ENFANT

Il est né le divin Enfant,  
Jouez hautbois, résonnez musettes;  
Il est né le divin Enfant,  
Chantons tous son avènement.

2. Une étable est son logement,  
Un peu de paille est sa couchette,  
Une étable est son logement,  
Pour un Dieu quel abaissement.



O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

2. Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,

O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!  
Glory to God, all glory in the highest;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

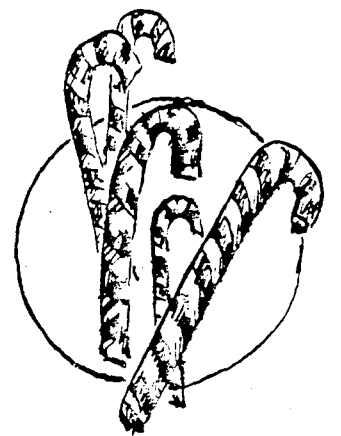
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,

Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n:  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,  
The little lord Jesus, asleep on the hay

2. The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.



Stille Nacht  
(Silent Night)

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!  
Alles schläft, einsam wacht  
Nur das traute hoch heilige Paar,  
Holder Knabe mit lockigem Haar.  
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh,  
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!

2. Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!  
Hirten erst kund gemacht;  
Durch der Engel Halleluja  
Tönt es laut von fern und nah:  
Christ, der Retter, ist da!  
Christ, der Retter, ist da!

3. Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!  
Gottes Sohn, O wie lacht  
Lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,  
Da uns schlägt die rettende Stunde'.  
Christ in deiner Geburt,  
Christ in deiner Geburt!



# POT-POURRI

## G.C.S.U. Report Card Time

### Council Executive C+

**Approachability** B+

**Action** C

**Leadership** D+

**Reactiveness** B

**Responsibility** B

**D'Arcy Butler** C+ **Tom Miller** C+  
**President** **Director of Academic Affairs**

— Early friction inside executive.  
— Lack of leadership during strike.  
— Uneasy about tackling difficult issues

**But:**  
— Becoming arbitrator as opposed to arbitrary.  
— Developing relaxed leadership style.

**Bill Keays** B+ **Vice-President**

— Some problems communicating with certain clubs.

**But:**  
— Organized.  
— Well presented budget.  
— Responsible.

— Not enough communication with students during and after strike.  
— Disorganized.

**But:**  
— Tries hard and is truly concerned

**Jennifer Barratt** B **Director of Clubs and Services**

— Insufficient communication with some clubs.

**But:**  
— Enthusiastic.  
— Works hard for clubs and students.

**Elisa Ciccone** B+ **Directrice des affaires externes**

— Elle ne dirige pas, elle suit.  
— Recherche trop à obtenir le consensus parmi les étudiants.

**Mais:**  
— Elle est au courant de ce qui se passe  
— Travaille fort  
— Soulève les problèmes au lieu de les attendre.

**Sandra Rayner** **Directrice des communications**

— Bulletin médiocre (si vous l'avez vu).  
— Manque de communication entre l'AECG et les étudiants.  
— Endosse trop de responsabilités.

**Mais:**  
— N'a pas encore eu le temps de se faire valoir.

**Mark Hayward** C+ **Directeur des affaires culturelles.**

— Manque de prévoyance dans sa planification.  
— Orientation médiocre.

**Mais:**  
— Enthousiaste.  
— Fait preuve d'originalité.

**Steven Black** C **Sénateur**

— Président médiocre du comité des étudiants au conseil de la Faculté.  
— Siège peu souvent au conseil.

**Mais:**  
— A l'expérience du conseil.

**François Baril** **Director of Bilingual Affairs**

— Not really bilingual.

**But:**  
— Seems to be establishing his portfolio which is somewhat undefined.  
— Not enough time yet for true judgement.

The preceding are our interpretations of the Executives performance so far this year. They are purely subjective evaluations, but, hey, so are your marks. If you have an opinion, feel free to write us.

**On Friday December 4th 5:30-7:00 pm, there will be a reception at Glendon Hall in the Principal's Residence (prior to the Xmas Banquet). All students are invited.**

**Sincerely**  
**Beth Hopkins**

## Classifieds

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Starshine: "I will love you when we are gone." Have a white Christmas up north. I love you. Sunshine. P.S. Keep hoping for New Year's.

2 chaises IKEA rouges. coussinées. Pas chères 10\$. 360-8235.

The Bill the Cat Fan Club has officially re-opened for the 1987/88 season. Meetings in Milo's Meadow every Tuesday at 4:00. (Do not eat the dandelions). If interested in becoming a member, send a bag of Oreo cookies (not DoubleStuff!) to Pro Tem c/o Patrick Banville.

Allright Tara - this is war! Watch for the NOW personnels this Thursday. -Zanz

À la recherche d'une masseuse : pour un adorable jeune homme qui a bien mal au dos. Intéressée? Faites-moi parvenir votre C.V. à l'adresse suivante : Wood B005. Rémunération en Fudgeos.

Wanted immediately: masseuse for young, loveable, very nice guy with an extremely sore back. Apply Wood B005. Remuneration in Fudgeos.

Remember Arthur Dent! And buy your beach-size cotton towels today. They have so many uses! On sale in the Hearth Room November 26, 27, 30 and December 1<sup>st</sup>.

Un cadeau de Noël, un cadeau à vous-même, une grosse, grande serviette en coton! On peut l'utiliser à la plage pendant les vacances. Achetez-les dans le Hearth Room les 26, 27, 30 novembre, et le premier décembre.

**"Défendu de manger, de boire et de fumer dans cet endroit." — Cpt. Fluke, Interdictions préférées, Vol. 14, p.362**

### AIDS CHLAMYDIA GONORRHEA HERPES SYPHILIS

## Five of the catchiest words in the English language

Now they're everywhere. Not just the words. The diseases too.

But there are three things you can do about these five words.

Firstly, you can abstain from sexual activity altogether.

However, if you are sexually active, you should know about the second thing; condoms.

Condoms are the contraceptive that medical authorities recognize as the most effective way to reduce the risk of sexually transmitted diseases.

We make condoms.

In fact, we've helped to make their manufacture the high technology business it is today. Because we believe that sexually active people need protection they can trust. Now they need it more than ever.

The third thing you can do is to educate yourself. Talk to your doctor. Ask at your local clinic. Or go right to the top.


Contact the Canadian Public Health Association at 1335, Carling Avenue, Suite 210, Ottawa, Ontario K1Z 8B8.

They'll tell you that about one million cases of sexually transmitted diseases are diagnosed every year. And they'll give you the best available advice on how to avoid becoming a statistic.

It comes down to three simple things.

**Abstinence. The condom. Education.**

Nothing else makes sense.



**The Commonsense Condoms**

Published in your interest by Canada's leading condom manufacturer, Julius Schmid of Canada Ltd., makers of Ramses and Sheik, the commonsense condoms.

Julius Schmid of Canada Ltd. Scarborough, Ontario M1R 2T8

# DIVERTISSEMENTS

## Cockburn — Folk, Jazz and Blues

by Michael Ferrel

**Bruce Cockburn** walked onto the stage wearing a dark robe that came to his knees, perhaps a token of his recent visit to Nepal. Cropped carrot red hair and dangling earring added even greater contrast to his long abandoned "folkie" persona. I first heard Cockburn live at Grubles Coffee House fifteen years ago in Yorkville, when I was a high-school dropout. Even then he was an accomplished master of the guitar, with a unique blend of folk, jazz and blues styles.

No longer laid back, he came on strong, even without his usual eclectic accompaniment, giving a virtuoso performance that gave the impression of having a solid backup band behind him. Particularly intense were his rendition of songs about life in the Third World, such as "If I had a Rocket Launcher".

In his preamble to "And They Call it Democracy" he said that he had been asked in numerous interviews, "Isn't that a strange thing for a pop song to be about?" For a while he would reply, "Yes, it is.", but

eventually he decided, "No it isn't. Most pop songs are about economics, just ask Lionel Richie." But his song "approached it from another perspective."

Cockburn also said that he had to keep on explaining that he was "one of the other kind of Christian" and "despite the

widely held belief that God wrote the Declaration of Independence" you can't fit Christianity into an ideology like the "Gospel of Bondage", a song about the economic slavery of the Third World.

After telling his audience that they could read about the

"cosmetic" changes in Guatemala in the recent issue of This Magazine, he expressed his hope for a better future elsewhere in Latin America. His audience responded by joining in that chorus "In the flash of this moment, you're the best of what we are, Nicaragua. Don't

let them stop you now, Nicaragua."

It was not only Cockburn's gospel which gave an unusual quality to the concert, but also his performance of "Stolen Lands", accompanied by an evocative rhythm on a hand

• See Fullnessp.11

## Mankind: Purity and Carnality

directed by John Mayberry  
Nov. 24-28; Theatre Glendon  
by Catharine Loewen

Those entering the Theatre Glendon space were welcomed with Medieval Minstrel Mood Music as they prepared themselves for the "frankly didactic Moral Interlude." Apparently *Mankind* was written in 1470 for a fully male cast, whereas at Theatre Glendon it was present by an all-female cast.

The play swung between extremes of solemnity and hilarity, and purity and carnality. Mercy, portrayed by Carolyn La Brash, was a stern nun whose archaic speech elevated her above the other characters and the audience. She was full of advice: "measure yourself ever - be aware of

excess"; "do truly your labour and never be idle." Mischief, portrayed by Patricia Vandall made the audience somewhat uneasy in her blatant mockery of Mercy's teachings. Her three shrews - New Guise, Nowadays, and Nought (Nancy Cronyn, Andrea Condie, and Heather Hodgson, respectively) - were more entertaining in their atrocity, providing comic relief. Their crude drunken rivalry shocked and entertained the "worshipful sovereigns" even as they wandered amongst us asking for "money for the devil."

Mankind, portrayed by Mary Ann Lacey, was ultimately pure and innocent, ever eager to follow the teachings of Mercy in doing her labour and fighting off the shrews. Mischief, intent

on corrupting Mankind, called on the services of Titivillus.

This demonic entity, also portrayed by Carolyn La Brash was the complete alter-ego of Mercy and made obvious the evil immorality of the situation. She corrupted every idea planted in Mankind's heart by Mercy, sending Mankind to New Guise, Nowadays, and Nought for forgiveness. The four then set off to enjoy some more drunkenness and debauchery.

In the end, Mankind, hung over, went back to Mercy to beg forgiveness for her sins. All was repented etc., etc., and Mercy left the audience with a blessing and a warning against Mankind's sins.

Being a 15th century moral

play, *Mankind* is at times dreary and too preachy, losing the audience in Latin and making it difficult to pay attention to Mercy's righteous lectures. New Guise, Nowadays and Nought, although often uncomfortably crass, make the play a lot of fun - especially when they lead their audience of "Worshipful sovereigns" in singing:

It is written with a coal  
He that shitteth with his hole

But he wipe his arse clean  
On his breeches shall be seen

Theatre Glendon's next production is *Return of the Ill-Fitting Trousers* by John and Mike Erskine-Kellie, directed by Steve Devine. December 10-12, 8:30 p.m., tickets \$4.00.



### RADIO GLENDON'S NEW RELEASES

sponsored by The Record Peddler

45 Carlton Street

Artist: Various

Album: *It's a Crammed, Crammed World*

Label: Crammed Records

It's billed as a cosmopolitan compilation with music from four different continents and twelve different countries. Variety as one might rightly expect is the key word here, but quality has not been compromised.

The recording itself and the music recorded are both excellent. English is the predominant language but many languages including French and Japanese make an appearance. Sonoki for instance, for Japan, is very light, delicate music, with an equally delicate single female vocalist. She switches from English to Japanese making it quite enigmatic. Zazou Bikaye and Poto Doudongo are two African musicians, the first French and the second a language I do not recognize. They

are both good afro-reggae tunes, the latter quite smooth. Bel Canto from Scandanavian, and Mahmoud Ahmed are both eastern sounding but different; Bel Canto is slick and modern sounding in comparison. Like I said, variety is the word and this just scratches the surface.

Artist: **Lloyd Cole and the Commotions**

Album: *Mainstream*

Label: Polydor

**Lloyd Cole's** new album is on par with or above anything else he has done. The music has been tidied and tightened up, even simplified but to a good end result. It has a full, rich very satisfying sound throughout. His lyrics like his music are a bit more direct but still full of soul. It seems less full of angst at first, but the songs get to you, they are all about people and emotion, loss, crisis anon, but not morbid. What more can I say, an excellent album.

Artist: **The Darned**

Album: *Horse Opera*

Label: Lumpin Records

**The Darned** are a cow-punk band from Montreal with a pretty authentic country sound. I find myself skeptical on one point, I don't deny them the musical style they've chosen, but I hope the country accent in Singer Donna Lee Marsh's voice is authentic. Aside from this one grievance, which may not be valid, the album is very good. The songs are written from the point of view of a woman from the Kentucky area. This is interesting in itself considering how few women can actually make it in the music business, especially more alternative and small time bands. The women in *Horse Opera* constantly find themselves compromised at the very least, abused and even victims of incest at worst. "Got to Burn" incorporates a few of these themes, it is the story of a young woman with a drunken father and "fire and brimstone" preaching mother, she quietly sits because she knows she is damned too. She turns to men like her father in despair and prefers only whiskey to them because it lasts longer than sex. All these women are stuck in the rut of passively submitting to their lousy situations. I thought originally that the name "The Darned" was a bit of a satire or cop out (The Damned being taken), but have since come to think of it this way these women would not scream "DAMN!" but sigh "darn".

Artist: **Gaye Bykers on Acid**

Album: *Git Down (Shake Your Thang)* E.P.

Label: Virgin Records

This is the first single of the **Bykers** new album, very suitable to their name - bizarre. Take the record, put it on your turntable, and the jacket on your wall. Both are collages of sorts. "Git Down" is a very busy energetic hard driving song, some sampling, some guitar you name it, it's on there; there is one part where I swear they sound like an old Diana Ross song. Now this may sound horrible, but it has an overall good effect - it grows on you.

Artist: Various

Album: *Strange Pleasures - Alternative Highlights*

Label: WOW Records

*Strange Pleasures* is a sampler record of various Montreal indie bright lights. The six tracks have a predominantly afro-funk sound, danceable but less harsh and driving than the better known funk. This is the case with "Don't touch me" the first and last track (a remix), perhaps we could call it Canadian funk. Generentola is a very different sounding band, their song "La Gata" has heavy African influences, very rhythmic. The weirdest and most anomalous song on the album is "Kitchen Motors", the story of one woman's addiction and micro-waving. All in all a very interesting record.

by Blair O'Connor

### Les chopos à bière de Glendon

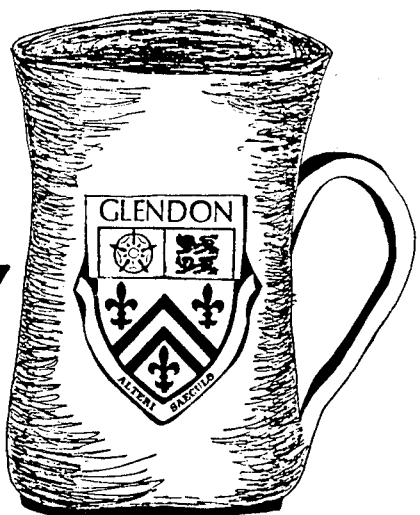
Un cadeau de Noël idéal, pour vos amis — ou pour vous! Ces poteries faites à la main, ornées des armoiries du Collège, sont vendues au profit de la Galerie Glendon.

Vous les trouverez à la Galerie Glendon.

Glendon Gallery Beer Steins

**\$17**

An ideal gift for Christmas, for your friends — or for yourself!! These hand-potted mugs, with the Glendon College crest, are sold in support of Glendon Gallery. You'll find them at the Glendon Gallery.



# ENTERTAINMENT

## Slamming Our Comic Sons

by Nabeel Salloum

Slam dancing or just slamming can be considered on of the most popular events at any punk rock show. The only thing that comes close would be the inevitable clashes that occur when a large volume of punkers get together. To the novice onlooker, slamming, unlike fighting, has a very stringent structure within its development. The rules that are followed are only revealed through the experience of this tribal ritual.

Because it is a physical event, many participants will fall to the ground. This is a vulnerable position, so the instant this occurs, attempts must be made by anyone within the vicinity, to help the unfortunate back up into action.

There is also the restricted use of strong arming. Strong arming is the excessive, abusive use of hands to achieve dominance in 'the pit'. Hands for offense attempts or to reduce body impact is logically accepted, though the exclusive use of hands, by pushing or pulling constitutes unlawful conduct and immediately cre-

ates reaction.

When ethics of slamming are violated a disciplining factor arouses from within the rest of the brood. He who has abused his privilege to dance is singled out and victimized in a way to discipline as well as educate he who has lost understanding.

By revealing these unwritten rules it cannot be said that the margin of safety is heightened. On the contrary, danger becomes a major factor. Those without first hand experience are vulnerable to error and an 'error' could ruin an evening. What should be understood is that slamming is a reaction to music and the rules are a reaction to the highly physical nature of the event. Therefore, to appreciate and understand the ethics of slamming one must begin with a real appreciation for 'the' music as well as an understanding of the social atmosphere that surrounds it. I would only recommend slamming to those who are physically and mentally fit to experience what can be considered one of Toronto's most intense tribal experiences.

by Chris Reed

*The Return of the Ill-Fitting Trousers* (December 10 - 12) brings a return of two of Theatre Glendons' prodigal sons: Mike and John Erskine-Kellie. This homecoming reunites the team of Director Steve Devine and Stage Manager Meris Rognaldson who, together with the brothers, mounted the epic suburban satire *A Day in the Life of Don Mills* last season and then the *Serious Comedy For Oxymorons* revue to the Edmonton Fringe Theatre Festival last summer.

Drama critics from Edmonton's daily papers characterized the *Serious Comedy* show with such terms as "hit the funnybone at just the right angle" and "practised split-second timing." The result was a series of sold-out bookings. The notoriety the Erskine-Kellies received for their off-stage clashing of co-writer/co-performer egos (not to mention their into-the-morning debauchery), equalled their growing reputation as a formidable comedic presence.

Veteran actress Katherine Greenwood and musician/director Bill Lasovitch worked with the Erskine-Kelly brothers on last year's *A Day in the Life*



of *Don Mills* at Theatre Glendon and on *Wry Toast*, part of the Tarragon Theatre's Spring Series. Earlier this fall, the four founded the *Serious Comedy for Oxymorons* troupe.

"There has been a definite transition from using television formats and allusions to Sigmund Freud as the basis for funny situations to a concentration on more natural, 'normal' situations" - said John. "We're finding the possibilities for comedy within more realistic settings" - concluded Mike.

Along with this new emphasis within the writing has come an increased confidence and theatricality. Using audience-inspired improvisational techniques and key jokes and phrases as a through-line for the revue, the Erskine-Kellies

have achieved a performance energy to match the tempo of their work. This was apparent when the *Serious Comedy* troupe first performed at the Queen St. cabaret Garbo's, and in *Oshawa, Now and Then*, a show created for their appearance at the Café de la Terrasse in November. *The Return of the Ill-Fitting Trousers* promises to be no exception.

*Ill-Fitting Trousers* will feature the members of the *Serious Comedy* troupe as well as actors from Theatre Glendon. Director Steve Devine is shaping "a fast-moving show" one that "won't give the audience time to rest." Given the talents behind the production, *Ill-Fitting Trousers* guarantees an evening of comedy for which one size fits all.

## Ferry's Atmosphere

by Kenn Ross

Bryan Ferry's latest release is simply great. The master of the romantic European atmosphere conjures up songs that suggest track-lighting in electric-blue smoke filled bars with black table tops and oversized martini glasses, or trains tunnelling out of the Gare Nord at midnight, steam billowing up everywhere, people in trenchcoats stepping out of the shadows.

The instrumentation on the record is superb, the production slick without being frictionless. There's not a dog of a song offered up and is a more complete and strong work than 1985's *Boys and Girls*; and like the best material on that record, the sound of the new one is haunting, full of texture and resonance, the ear having a

great deal to take interest in.

Structurally, the songs are simple. Simple in the sense the Japanese have about decorum (wabi); complexity in tasteful display using understatement and nuance to achieve full purpose.

Excellent, too, is Ferry's use of ex-Smith guitarist Johnny Marr along with Pink Floyd's David Gilmour; the contrast is brilliant.

Oh, and if the song "The Right Stuff" sounds familiar, it's because it's a Smiths' instrumental tune called "Money Changes Everything". Ferry put words to it and had different instrumentation put in. Fellow ex-Smith Morrissey receives a credit. Did Morrissey ever imagine himself writing, how ever indirectly, for Bryan Ferry!?

## Fullness

• From p.10 drum.

The overall strength of the performance was surprising however, and there was a sense of fullness and completeness in his exceptional virtuosity. Playing almost entirely from his 80's repertoire he brought the audience to its feet after "To

Raise the Morning Star". In his second encore, after yet another standing ovation, his fans joined in the chorus of "Waiting for a Miracle". Having played energetically for over two hours without a break, Cockburn left the stage, probably taking a few new converts with him in spirit.

## Radio Glendon Top Tenz x 2

### ALBUMS/SINGLES

- | Title                                      | Artist                            |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Eye of the Hurricane</i>             | The Alarm                         |
| 2. <i>Pump Up the Volume</i>               | M.A.R.R.S.                        |
| 3. <i>The No Comprendo</i>                 | Les Ritas Mitsukos                |
| 4. <i>I Can't Be Counted On</i>            | The Meat Puppets                  |
| 5. <i>I Was a Teenage Zombie</i>           | Various                           |
| 6. <i>Delicatessen</i>                     | The Bookmen*                      |
| 7. <i>Whatever It Takes</i>                | The Fentons*                      |
| 8. <i>Living in the Heart of the Beast</i> | The Kalahari Surfers              |
| 9. <i>Element of Light</i>                 | Robin Hitchcock and the Egyptians |
| 10. <i>Before Our Time</i>                 | 13 Engines                        |
| 11. <i>The Big Easy Sound Track</i>        | Various                           |
| 12. <i>Yo Yo</i>                           | Bourgeois Tagg                    |
| 13. <i>Bo Diddley</i>                      | Bo Diddley                        |
| 14. <i>Robbie Robertson</i>                | Robbie Robertson                  |
| 15. <i>Reviennent toujours</i>             | Francœur*                         |
| 16. <i>One Thousand Years of Trouble</i>   | Age of Chance                     |
| 17. <i>Locust Abortion Techniques</i>      | The Butthole Surfers              |
| 18. <i>The Ventures Greatest Hits</i>      | The Ventures                      |
| 19. <i>The Uplift Mofo Party Plan</i>      | The Red Hot Chili Peppers         |
| 20. <i>Gruesomania</i>                     | The Gruesomes*                    |

\* Canadian Content

# BACK PAGE

## louis

it's a din  
 this old blues record spinning faster and faster loud  
 with heart and steel and booze and slavery  
 to mr. man  
 oh mason dixon line

it blasts blares a cacophony of wail and twang,  
 nothing i could honestly put my finger on,  
 being only moved by the sound and the sadness  
 of the bluesman,  
 who is all silver and black  
 singing behind the oversized microphone,  
 that picks up his gospel  
 blowing it right thru to now,  
 though it's so long ago —  
 baby, baby, bye-bye.

like there was this guy i knew,  
 louis.  
 maybe a miserable late twentieth century white boy trying,  
 for a daddy who won't believe in his boy's ways.  
**what is the problem son?**

but louis did like the blues for some reason  
 and even on his blackest hash he got that thru to us.

did he understand?  
 i don't  
 'cause he took too much stuff — o.d.'d  
 and daddy found him in the grey apartment getting blacker,  
 and this note,  
 saying how he just wanted to sing the blues.

but the din,  
 the old blues record spinning faster and faster loud  
 now begins to skip,  
 unheeded.

## Glenn Stillar

### Blinders

I can dance on these words  
 These black eyelashes, carelessly arranged  
 Into flawless, unrunning perfection.  
 Even if you don't see it.  
 I will, someday.  
 And then put them back properly  
 Where they should be —  
 Right over my eyes.

### Stefan Molyneux

### THE SHOE:

Oh boy, what shall I do?  
 I think I'll move into a shoe  
 And I'll walk... walk... walk away

And come back another day  
 I'll pull the laces nice and tight,  
 to keep this world out of sight  
 And when it all feels right,  
 I'll loosen the knots and see the light.

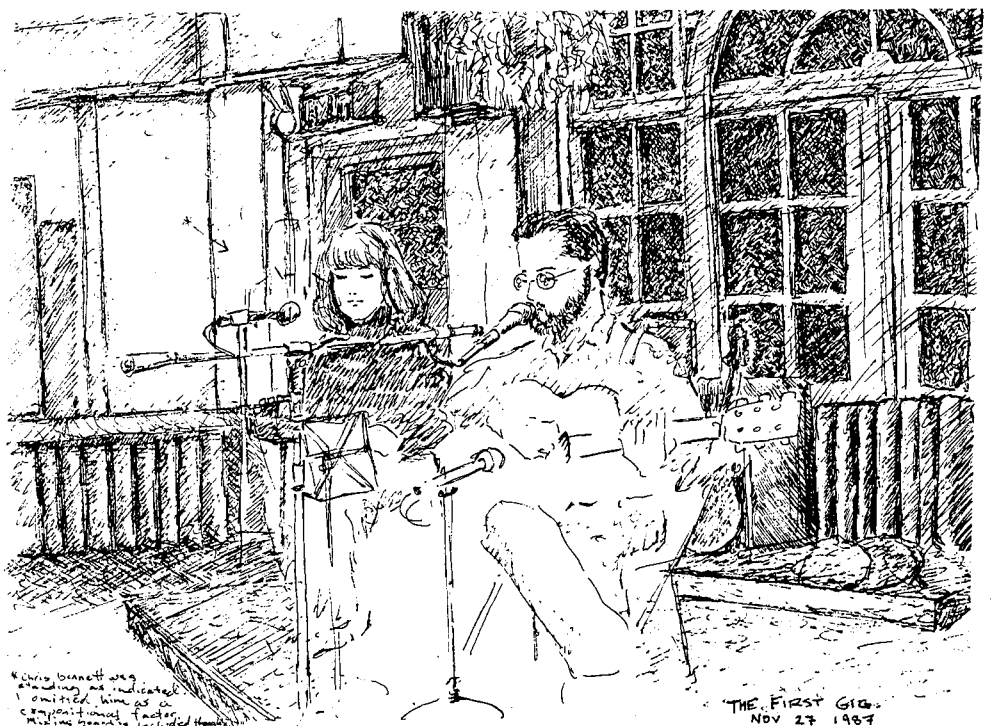
Patricia Darcy

## THE MONOLITH

Towering far above the utmost bounds of the imagination  
 A monolith — at first oppressive in its magnificence —  
 becomes less an icon and almost touchable  
 Cold granite becoming warm under my hand, until I  
 realize it is only stone and take my hand away  
 A print of condensation, then nothing.

A chisel is too severe;  
 The elements, perpetual  
 An unwieldy monolith to trouble a stubborn mind.

C. E. Loewen



animation: Eric McConnachie

## Le joueur d'échecs

Depuis des siècles,  
 Dans les plus hautes sphères sociales,  
 Les mondes s'entre-cassent mutuellement.  
 Cette folie du «doit être accompli».  
 À partir de leurs propres convictions,  
 Raconte cette parodie du sort.

Du sort de ces hommes  
 Voués aux tumultes de leur orgueil,  
 Désolation et pleurs nous attendent;  
 Sans jamais qu'une larme  
 Ne coule de leurs yeux...  
 Et pourtant le sang, lui,  
 Love, sweet love...

Pouvoir et dévotion animent ces joueurs d'échecs  
 Pertes et gains sont stratégiquement calculés.  
 Sans jamais perdre le coup de retard,  
 Ils se retirent mais continuent leurs luttes.  
 Et quand le temps de mourir viendra,  
 Leurs idées survivront.

Mais il faut leur accorder ce crédit,  
 Le voeu qu'ils ont fait, active leurs débats.

Oui, le joueur d'échecs est émotionnellement froid.  
 Il ne joue que pour gagner la partie  
 Et il n'aura de repos que lorsqu'il aura gagné

De cet orgueil,  
 Les pleurs et les cris peuvent attendre;  
 Pour que jamais les larmes ne coulent  
 Et que le sang, lui, suive son cours.

Nathalie Tousignant

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* First Snow \*  
 \* \*  
 \* Petals from heaven \*  
 \* alight on my sleeve, \*  
 \* new, white, \*  
 \* Vulnerable, \*  
 \* such that an angry word \*  
 \* would transform \*  
 \* their innocent beauty \*  
 \* into damp speckles \*  
 \* of tears \*  
 \* soaking into wool, \*  
 \* while a single, hasty, action \*  
 \* could banish them to the flurry \*  
 \* unrecognized, \*  
 \* against the background \*  
 \* of this, \*  
 \* not so white, world. \*  
 \* \*  
 \* Kathy Cooper \*  
 \* \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*