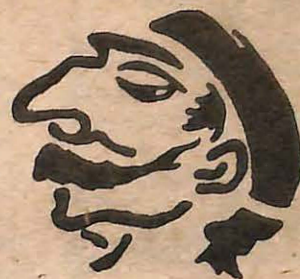


THE

PICARO

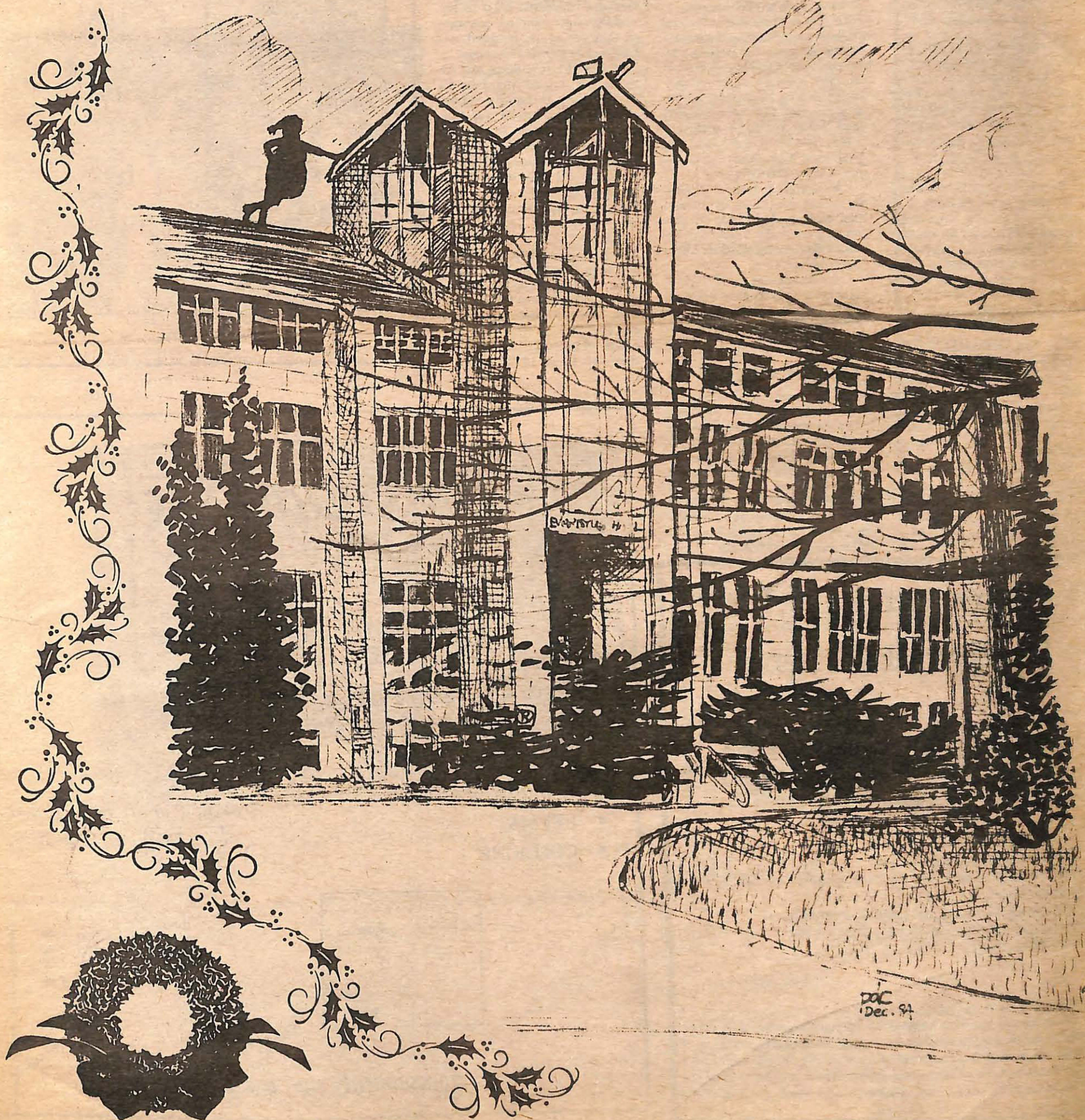


MOUNT SAINT VINCENT UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER

Thursday, December 6, 1984

Volume 20, Number 14

Merry Christmas from the Picaro Staff



At the Cohn

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo is a delightfully satiric company of all male dancers, performing the ballerina roles as well as the straight danseur assignments. These masters of the "faux pas de deux" perform Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 6 and 7 at 8 p.m.

Hagood Hardy will perform, in aid of Cystic Fibrosis, Sat., Dec. 8 at 8 p.m..

Dr. Walter Kemp leads the 100 voices of the Dalhousie Chorale and the sparkling sound of the Dalhousie Brass Ensemble in their 7th annual afternoon of seasonal music. **Christmas in Song** takes place this year on Sun., Dec. 9 at 3 p.m.

Betrayal, a David Jones provocative and hypnotic film, starring Ben Kingsley and Jeremy Irons will be screened Sun., Dec. 9 at 8 p.m. The box office opens one hour prior to showtime.

Bermuda, the tiny semi-tropical island in the Atlantic, is explored in depth, in Ralph Gerstle's travelogue Mon., Dec. 10 at 8 p.m. A special announcement regarding next season's travelogue series will be made at that time.

Attention Christmas Shoppers

A reminder that gift certificates are available in any denomination from Dalhousie Arts Centre Box Office, 6101 University Avenue. For details call 424-2298.

Dalhousie Arts Centre Box Office will close at 5 p.m. on Christmas Eve, Mon., Dec. 24 and reopen for regular Box Office hours, Thurs., Dec. 27 at 10 a.m.

Tickets for all Dalhousie Cultural Activities sponsored concerts during the Winter/Spring 1985 season will be available at the Arts Centre Box Office beginning 10 a.m., Mon., Dec. 17. Some of the artists coming your way in 1985—**Uzeb, Ferrante and Teicher, Dizzy Gillespie** and **Moe Koffman, Edith Butler**, the **Cullberg Swedish Ballet of Sweden** and the **New York Trumpet Ensemble**. For further information call the box office at 424-2298.

Daring European Ballet

Powerful, provocative, gutsy, are just a few of the adjectives critics bestowed upon the Cullberg Ballet of Sweden during their North American debut visit in 1982. This exciting European company, that had Canadian audiences yelling and jumping to their feet in gratitude at the end of their performances, returns to North America by popular demand. The Cullberg Ballet of Sweden will give only two performances in Halifax at the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Fri. and Sat., April 12 and 13, 1985. Tickets will be available beginning Mon., Dec. 17 at the Arts Centre Box Office.

The Swedish company dares to tackle controversial themes and dares to dance flat out producing what the respected Toronto Star critic, William Littler describes as...

"an emotion-charged theatricality that represents a dramatic contrast to the coolness and abstraction that are our regular ballet fare."

Clarinet soloist

John Rapson, one of Canada's foremost clarinet soloists, will be feature performer in the Dalhousie Chamber Orchestra's first concert of their season at St. Paul's Church, Grand Parade, this Fri., Nov. 30 at 8 p.m. He will play a Concertino for Clarinet by Tartini, and an Adagio for Clarinet solo by Wagner.

John Rapson is Principal Clarinet with Symphony Nova Scotia and an instructor in the Dalhousie Music Department.

The Dalhousie Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Philippe Djokic, will play a Concerto Grosso by Manfredini and the "Swiss Symphony" by Mendelssohn.

These 'Town and Gown' Concerts presented by the Dalhousie Music Department in historic St. Paul's Church are open to the public without charge.

Oak Island mystery

THE MYSTERY OF OAK ISLAND TREASURE is based on real accounts of Canada's most celebrated, and still unsolved, treasure hunt, off the coast of Nova Scotia on the labyrinths of Oak Island. The lure of pirate treasure concealed deep in the underground winding passages of Oak Island has tempted and baffled adventurers for years.

Playwright Jim Betts, of Toronto has turned the Island's Mystery into an award winning children's play, which won first prize in the Ontario Arts Council's Chalmers Children's Play Award. All the stories and legends referred to in the play are based on the actual folklore that has grown up around Oak Island.

THE MYSTERY OF OAK ISLAND TREASURE opens at Neptune Theatre on Dec. 14 and will offer morning and afternoon performances for Elementary classes to attend. Tickets are available at Neptune's box office—Adults—\$10, \$9, \$7 Children—\$5, \$4.50, \$3.50

Wanted: Beat reporters for 1985.

Student Union
Board of Directors
Public Relations
President's Office
Child Study
Women's Studies

Please contact Karen at Ext.195

Graduation Portraits



by *J. J. J.*

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Alumnae Award for Teaching Excellence

Students, alumnae and faculty are invited to nominate a full-time faculty member who has taught at least three academic years at Mount Saint Vincent University.

The nomination requires you to:

- submit two other names of students, alumnae or faculty who support your choice
- explain why your nominee should be considered
- return your nomination to the office of the Vice-President (Academic) on or before Jan. 18, 1985

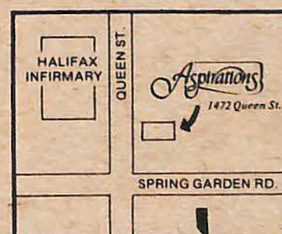
All nominations, if accepted by the candidates, will be reviewed by an eight-member selection committee made up of representatives from students, alumnae and faculty. Nomination forms may be obtained from the offices of the Deans, the Vice-President (Academic), Alumnae and Student Council; at Seton front desk; or in the Picaro.

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Montreal squatters make history

by Peter Kuitenbrouwer
Canadian University Press
MONTREAL—They lay, shivering and coughing in a cor-

ner of the huge, cold and dark room: making history.

Fifteen unemployed people and part-time students started

the first organized squatters movement in Canada when they broke into an abandoned four-storey school in downtown Montréal and took turns sleeping the night there during mid-November.

During the first five secret days, the squatters worked to sweep thick dust from the floor of the building, abandoned for five years. They talked of their dreams of making co-operative housing, daycare facilities and

cultural activity space in the building.

A one-minute walk away from the sprawling retail and office complex LaCité, with its business people bustling past gurgling fountains, the squatters had no heat, running water, electricity or telephone.

On the fifth night, while three squatters slept, the Montréal Urban Community police came to find them. Two got away. One was arrested and spent the night

in a warm jail. After seven hours he was released without charges.

The next day, the squatters went public. Journalists flocked to the old school. Thirty squatters and their friends stood for two hours in the icy wind, holding their placards tightly. "Squat the city!" proclaimed one. "10,000 Montrealers homeless, 35,000 on waiting list for subsidized housing. Forty percent of rooming houses have been turned into condos," read another, taped to the school door.

The first question the journalists asked is "Where do you live?"

"We won't stop," said Catherine, a student at the CEGEP du Vieux Montréal. "If it's not one building it would be another."

There are no laws in Canada to protect squatters from eviction, part of the reason the squatters movement, which is thriving in Dutch and West German cities, never got off the ground here. But in the last few years a constant flow of subsidies from Montréal's city government for renovation or demolition of downtown buildings, to make way for high-priced condominiums, has decimated student and low-income housing here.

A community group had already made a proposal to use the squatters' city-owned school, but never got a reply.

Doug Imrie, one of the squatters, thinks the city will wait until the building is useless, and then knock it down for condos. "This would make good land for condominiums and office space: more tax revenue," Imrie said.

Imrie, 25, makes \$154 a month on welfare from the Québec government, plus another \$100 a month from his job with a non-profit café. He does not have another home.

"Most of my friends are getting screwed over their rents for places that are real dog-houses," Imrie said.

The squatters have contacted a group which knows how to hook up electricity clandestinely. They hope to have power soon. "We would pay the bills to Hydro-Québec if they asked us to," Imrie said.

But for now, their new home is still "kind of like a coal mine," said Federico Hidalgo, part-time Concordia University student.

"Accessibility—are the doors closing?"

by Katrina Aburrow

The Canadian Association of University Teachers held a conference called "Accessibility—Are the Doors Closing?", in Toronto from Nov. 22-24.

Ten to 12 different lectures took place, discussing the role of universities with approximately 100 university professors and students from across Canada. Those attending the conference thought universities are not for

everyone, but should be for the intellectually elite not just the economically elite.

One lecture, devoted entirely to this topic, was presented by Terry Donahue, minister of education. Alice Sandall, MSVU academic vice-president, said his lecture was quite disappointing as it said nothing concrete. She said Donahue quoted other people and statistics, yet didn't state either side.

One area made clear in this conference was funding. Sandall said "I am now more aware of a better system of funding". She was discouraged after talking to a representative from Alberta.

"In Nova Scotia, we pay a tuition of \$1485, while in Alberta they pay a tuition fee of \$900." Sandall continued "There is a difference in student loans where we currently receive \$300 per month, while Albertans receive as much as \$610 per month."

Another funding factor which displeased Sandall was the view Beth Olley presented for the Canadian Federation of Students. They proposed tuition rates be abolished and were unwilling to be flexible with this point. Sandall pointed out "this is unrealistic and students can't be that narrowminded, having one position which is not changeable".

In the beginning, Sandall wasn't sure what the conference was about. Afterwards, however, she was more aware of the type of student the university wishes to attract. Sandall felt "the conference was informative, yet it didn't have any proposals or set any policies".

Drive carefully this Christmas

by Charlotte Martin

Last year 159 Nova Scotia people died in car accidents. Seventy-two were alcohol related.

In Nova Scotia, the Premier's Task Force Against Drunk Driving was started on May 3, 1984. The program is designed to make the public more aware of the health hazards of overdrinking; the potential dangers on the road and the legal consequences of drunk driving.

Secretary of the Nova Scotia Task Force, Dick James, says the program highlights the efforts of the police departments. Previously short of breathalyzer units, this year police will be out in full force to stop drunk drivers.

James sends the message that drunk drivers do get caught. Approximately 5,300 drunk driving fines were issued in Nova Scotia last year. As of July 1, 1984, drunk drivers' first offense, resulted in a one year suspension of their license.

The goal of the Premier's Task Force Against Drunk Driving is to reduce the death toll on Nova Scotia's highways.

"If the number is 71 this year, then we've accomplished something," says James.

Christmas holidays are fast approaching and many of us will be busy going from party to party. Getting behind the wheel of a car intoxicated could change your life. Think about it.

Mount responds to Ethiopia crisis

The Ethiopian crisis spurred the Mount community to action last pay day, when \$562 was raised and forwarded to the Red Cross to help Ethiopians suffering from starvation and malnutrition.

The idea to "do something" originated with Christine Moore of the Co-operative Education Department, and was quickly taken up by others on campus, including Neita Castle, who organized a bake sale, Chef Rene,

who donated sandwiches and coffee, and Pat Copeland of the Public Relations office, who designed and distributed posters.

Large bottles were placed at strategic points on campus to receive loose change and the bake sale, a huge success, included three draws—a doll cake baked by Joyce Symonds of Versa Services, a fruit basket made by Helen Hines and a CAPUS cake donated by Brenda Joergensen of Continuing Education.

Five PR graduates tell all

by Margaret McPherson

Technical skills, good contacts and community involvement are key ingredients to a career in public relations, according to the five-member panel presentation held at MSVU Seton Annex on Nov. 30. The forum, entitled: "Is There Life After P.R.?", was sponsored by the Professional Development Committee of the Mount's Public Relations Society.

The panelists, all graduates of the Mount's BPR program, were: Beverley Jobe, public relations and information services, Public Works Canada; Karen MacDonald, regional representative, Canada Service Bureau; Angela Murray, public relations consultant; Janet Thompson, director of public relations, I.W.K. Hospital for Children; Arlette Zinck, corporate affairs officer,

Forceten.

The theme "Is There Life After P.R." was chosen in order to give public relations students some insight as to what they can expect after spending four years at university obtaining a P.R. degree.

"You can expect to use every single P.R. skill ever taught, and then some," said Murray, a 1984 Co-op graduate. The panel agreed that a P.R. position can involve everything from writing a press release, editing copy and brochure preparation, to planning special events and preparing forecasts and budgets.

"Aside from the technical skills, however, the English, business and marketing courses teach you how to think," said Zinck.

MacDonald, a 1981 BPR grad-

uate agrees, "Learn all you can. Your degree will open a lot of doors for you and help prepare you for the job market."

Getting a job, however, involves much more than arriving at an employer's door with a degree in hand. Prospective employers want to know what you have done and the types of projects you've been involved with. Students were advised not to underestimate the value of volunteer work when developing their portfolio. Opportunities exist at the university and out in the community to gain valuable P.R. experience.

"Employers want to see on your resumé that you have been out there doing things. You should volunteer your services on P.R. committees within the community," said MacDonald.

Volunteer work and co-op assignments can also serve another role: they can introduce you to influential people who may be able to help you find a job. At least three of the panelists cited previous contacts as being a factor in getting job interviews.

"The people you work with know you, and know what you can do. When looking for a job, you can tap these resources," said Zinck.

Students attending the forum were given some valuable insight into how they can better prepare themselves to take full advantage of their public relations degree. They were urged to supplement their education process by using their own initiative and resources. Angela Murray, a 1984 graduate and free-lance consultant put it succinctly when she stated, "You are planning a life, not just a career."



Mount BPR graduates discussed their careers in an open forum presented last week by the Professional Development Committee of the Mount's PR Society. Left to right: Karen MacDonald, Regional Representative, Canada Service Bureau; Beverly Jobe, Public Relations and Information Services, Public Works Canada; Janet Thompson, Director of Public Relations, I.W.K. Hospital for Children; Arlette Zinck, Corporate Affairs Officer, FORCETEN.



Councillors mumble to a few

Well, . . . yup, this is it. The end of the term. Santa time. Egg nog season. Ho Ho Ho, mistletoe and holly. Exam time (argh!). The time when family visitation rights are invoked. Yes, that's right—it's Easter! Wait a sec . . . sorry, wrong month. That's right—it's Christmas.

Are you still with me? Yes?! Hokey smokes, you must really be desperate for something to read! Don't you have any studying to do?! I do, so I'll make this as short as possible.

A Non Res Rep. am I

Representing those off campus
Is that for which I strive

Bringing your ideas to Council
Is what I try to do.

I want your ideas to make this place
One that you will not rue.

I attend Council Meetings,
And sit on some committees
Trying to represent us all
That live not in Assisi or
Vincent Hall.

If you see me in the SAC
Or in the Pub at nite
Drop By! Talk a while! Put

your coat on the rack!

And tell me what wrongs I
should right!

In all seriousness folks, just
give me five minutes of your
time and \$20 and I will be glad
to take your ideas to Council
(okay, so forget the 20 bucks!).

Mount lends a cultural hand

by Helene Gauthier

The Symphony Nova Scotia has been offered the use of rehearsal space at the Mount in an effort to promote culture.

Ivan Blake, director of cooperative education, encouraged the Mount to offer the Multipurpose room in Rosaria Centre for regular free rehearsal space to assist the symphony and begin a cultural bond between the university and the symphony by permitting students attend rehearsals.

"I feel strongly that the death of the Atlantic Symphony two years ago or any cultural institution, is a comment that universities did a bad job in raising the culture of the community," said Blake. "We can't lose sight that we are a cultural institution. If other cultural institutions are underfunded and dying, we can too."

The Multipurpose room is large enough to hold the symphony which consists of 12 to 50 members, depending on the pro-

CUTS FROM COUNCIL

by Janet MacBeth
Communications Officer

New Records for Vinnie's
Vinnie's Pub will be buying records on a regular basis from now on to keep up with the current hits. Student Council has allotted \$50 from Pub Nite profits to buy new additions to the record collection.

Vinnie's Doubles as a Lounge
Student Council has been informed that Vinnie's Pub can be used as a student lounge when it is not open for regular Pub hours.

Non-Smoking Office
Student Union (Council) offices are now an official non-smoking zone. This motion was passed at the regular Council Meeting by a vote of 9 in favor
4 opposed
1 abstain.

Blood Donor Clinic
Student Council is sponsoring a Blood Donor Clinic next term. Anne Hanrahan and Peter Murtagh are working on this project.

Student Directory
The Student Directory, containing student's names and numbers, is now available at the Student Union office. Pick your copy up at the office.

ject. Boris Brott, conductor of the symphony, is pleased with the space, but feels it might need an acoustician to make it more acceptable.

Blake says, "The Mount must make classical music more accessible to students." "We have to build a bridge to a new following in the modern era," said Blake.

Tentative plans have been made to provide Mount students with free periodic chamber music concerts, or a free performance of the symphony orchestra. The symphony is also considering the possibility of a Mount Saint Vincent Chamber Music Orchestra, a summer music camp and a summer concert on the motherhouse hill.

"This can be viewed as the first step in a broader more extensive relationship," said Blake.

"It's important that we realize we have a lot in common and that we work together."

Yearbooks are here

The 1984 Yearbooks have arrived! 1984 graduates and those who bought a yearbook may pick up their copy in the Student Union Office - 4th floor Rosaria.

Trivial Pursuit tournament scores

—standings after 2 matches

| | Total | 1st Match | 2nd Match |
|--------------------|-------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Mount Rascals | 285 | 122.5 | 162.5 |
| 2. Business Office | 232.5 | 122.5 | 110 |
| 3. Rank and File | 212.5 | 112.5 | 100 |
| 4. Alumnae | 172.5 | 60 | 112.5 |
| 5. English | 150 | 80 | 70 |
| 6. Powder Blue | | | |
| Computer Services | 110 | 52.5 | 57.5 |
| 7. Picaro | 95 | 95 | 0 |
| 8. Student Council | 57.5 | 57.5 | 0 |
| 9. Office Admin. | 56.5 | 32.5 | 24 |
| 10. Housing Staff | 12.5 | 12.5 | 0 |

Next Match is Jan. 17, 1985



Mount scholarship and other students had the opportunity to meet their benefactors at the Dean's reception held recently in Rosaria Centre. Left to right: Ruth Goldbloom, chair of Project 1; Dr. M. Duckworth, honorary alumnae; Dr. F. Wall, former chair of Mount's Board of Governors; and Amidita Stanbury, honorary chair of Project 1, alumnae and scholarship contributor.



THE PICARO

In ancient Spanish times, Picaro was a little man who ran throughout the Spanish countryside proclaiming the news.

Now, the Picaro is the student newspaper at Mount Saint Vincent University and is published weekly by the MSVU Student Union. The Picaro is a member of Canadian University Press and subscribers to its statement of principles.

Deadline for all copy is Friday noon, the week preceding publication. All copy should be submitted typed, double spaced. Letters to the Editor and Podium pieces are welcomed for publication, but we ask that all submissions be signed. Names may, however, be withheld by request. The Picaro staff reserve the right to edit all copy for reasons of length or legality. Please refrain from sending letters exceeding 200 words in length. Local Advertisers—You can reach us by phone or mail.

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THE

SICARO



SOUNDLY MAIMED VICTIM UNIVERSITY STUDENT RAG
VOLUME 92675 NUMBER .00364

Leadfoot changes careers

by Karen Hope

The Dal/Mount bus driver, better known as "Leadfoot", dissolved his 10 year tenure with Halifax Transit last week to pursue a new career in Panorama, B.C.

Leadfoot, stated in a recent telephone interview, he was fed up with students criticizing his heavy foot and jerky braking.

"There are certain habits one cannot change," he said. "I was born with a lead foot and will always have one."

Leadfoot said the Nov. 8 Viewpoint in the Picaro called "Take a ride on the wild side," by Joan Vickery, prompted him to submit his resignation. He related feeling unappreciated and has

found a new career that won't tempt his lead foot.

Leadfoot's cousin, nicknamed "Rockcrasher", has taken him under his wing to teach him the whitewater rafting trade. Leadfoot says he can go fast, jerk around and hit all the bumps he wants while people cheer for more.

"The people in Panorama appreciate rides on the wild side" he said.

Leadfoot says he misses controlling people's terrifying experiences, but also enjoys living them. He plans to stay in Panorama and passes on a message to Ms. Vickery . . . "there will be no return of Leadfoot."



I refuse to write another management paper Jon!

Student union hidden expenses revealed

by David Wile

Ever wonder what all your Student Union fees go towards? Well, most of us know the main features of our Student Union services: the use of the gym, recreation area, etc. But, did you know some of the hidden expenses in your Student Union fees?

For example, we all know that the Saceteria in Seton is there for all students to use. But many students do not know that 2.5% of their \$78 fee goes to what is called a "tonorial foppery" expense that is a part of the Saceteria services. In layman's terms, this service refers to the number of gigantic hair-dryers mounted above the coffee machine in the Saceteria.

It was decided by the university that many students wake up so early that they had little or no time to properly groom themselves. It was noted that many of these dishevelled students wound up having their early morning coffee at the Saceteria. So, with the installation of the

hair-dryers, the students could have their coffee, and their hair styled at the same time. That's why Mount students are considered to be the best groomed in the Maritimes. This feature is especially useful on rainy days.

Another hidden expense also concerns the Saceteria. About 6.7% of the Student Union fees go to the filling in of the windows in the Saceteria. Yes, years ago there were open windows, fresh air, and sunshine. But it seemed that too many outsiders were being attracted by the gourmet delights, so all the windows had to be filled in with concrete.

Other miscellaneous fees include the erection of "No Men Allowed" signs, the annual purchase of the ping-pong ball for the recreation area, the cost of dusting off the hydraulic weights, and the annual regilding of the path to Vincent Hall.

One future project will be the reannexation of another annex to the Seton Annex.



Leadfoot careening down the rapids of British Columbia, jubilant that he no longer has the Metro Transit Blues.

Throw me a bone

by Get OOGIER

The newest cult band to come out of Liverpool, England, **The OOgly Sisters**, played to a sold out crowd in Halifax's most famous dance club, Party And TRICKS Club Of Fast and Fun Interuniversity Nymphomaniacs. What surprised most of the fans was the sexuality of the band. They are not sisters at all. In fact, they're brothers.

"Golly", said David Wild, "I've been buying her, Oops, him drinks all night. I thought it was Karen Hopeless."

"Like, there's something really funny going on," said svelte Joan Vixen, groupie-at-large, "Like, umm, that lead singer really has a high voice. Like he must have been castrated or something. Dooo that!"

And what voices they have. While singing their number one hit on the Q105 dance chart, "Throw me a Bone", lead singer Reel E. OOgly shattered every glass in the joint. Ella Fitzgerald, eat your heart out. I had to ask myself, is this live or is it Memo-

rex?

During their performance, the OOgly Sisters lost six teeth opening beer bottles.

"To hell with the new twist off caps," said Tu OOgly, "I'm biting the necks off as usual." When asked about the comparisons between themselves and that other androgynous singer Boy George, Reel E. OOgly replied, "Nah, E's too pretty e's not reeally realistic, I mean, look at Twisted Sister.

Man, that's ooogly!"

We try to show the "I just got up in the morning" look and the crowds love it.

Tu OOgly alluded to a possible romance between Boy George and Reel E. but refused to elaborate.

Nansi (Gimme) More, currently travelling with the band may disagree. She said, "Oh, shure I loove these guys. I don't like to look at them, I just like to bang my head to their music."

Companion Val Ready agreed, "It's just like they're there but they're not really there. It's like

their voices sing but you can't really hear them."

The third set of the show featuring such memorable tunes as "I'm Ugly But You're A Mess" and "Double Bagger Date" was dedicated to Karin Turpentine, a local entertainment critic. "Karin's a girl after me own heart," said Reel E..

With numbers like that, it's little wonder that the band ends their performance by saying, in their raunchiest Liverpool accents, "We're not reeally talented, ya know, but we're reeally OOogly."



The psychology department tried to duplicate Pavlov's experiment but used scraps from the sacateria for the reward. This was the dog's conditioned response to the bell.

Sicaro scoops exclusive exposé

by Billy Bob
Staff Distorter

"It's true", says Leonardo L'Amour, ask Harry Snifilmyer from Brooklyn, N.Y. "I sold my body for fun and profit and I did it with style."

L'Amour, a Sicaro reporter, went undercover in New York's top sex Emporium—Maison de Body Cinq, in order to discover the rest of the story behind the famed house of ill-repute.

Known to insiders as 'Maison', this discreet townhouse, located in the upper class section of the Big Apple, houses the best call people in the western hemisphere.

"Its reputation is ruining our business," says Madame X, a competitor, who asked not to be named.

"This is what made it tough," says L'Amour, "I knew I had to be good." L'Amour went through intensive training, similar to that of an Olympic Athlete. "But nothing could prepare me for what was to come," he explained.

"At first it was tough," says L'Amour, who often found himself working long hours with few breaks, "but I found the exercise, plus nutrition and mega doses of ginseng very important to my overall performance. The guys sort of took me under their wings and showed me the tricks of the trade, pardon the pun!"

An insider from 'Maison' says, "This life is tough, the demands are tough, but he can do it, he can cut it."

In fact, L'Amour's stay at 'Maison' had to be cut short due to the tension he created within the house. Lavon Laverne, a



L'Amour demonstrates the exhaustion he felt during his first few days as a gigolo catering to a select group of patrons. "Those girl guides really tired me out," he says.



Frankie Goes to Hollywood named their new album "Welcome to the Pleasure Dome" after the Maison de Body Cinq, a small house with a big reputation located in the Big Apple.

housekeeper at 'Maison', says, "It was pretty incredible, the other guys were jealous and they really wanted to know who the hell was this superman? I mean, like we really wondered who the hell was this superman? We really did!"

L'Amour, whose name spread like wildfire through New York's sex circuits, catered to older matrons from well-known society families, young debutantes from the same, and the occasional girl guide.

"He's the best," says a former customer, "of course, he's discreet. He's pretty wild—loves leather. In fact, I sent him a few little trinkets for a going away gift. But you have to pay through the nose for service like this. He took a big chunk out of my trust fund. How do I explain this to Daddy?"

Although L'Amour was expensive, charging up to \$5,000 for his services, he says he donated all his earnings to a local charity.

A spokesperson from that local charity says that they appreciate the money, and they realize the time and effort it took to obtain it.

All is not rosy on the home-front. A personal friend of his family says, "His mother's a mess. Jeez, she goes around clutchin' his baby picture sayin' 'Is this what they taught him in school? Four years of journalism at King's as well as that stint with Rolling Stone should have done him sufficiently, but this, Oh Harry, why? Why Harry?'"

"Because enquiring minds want to know—I want to know."

They call it the phone

by Peter Halley

It's dark. You are surrounded by a book-cluttered room, a bright light, and an overflowing ash tray, stale smoke and more assignments than anyone could ever handle. You're experiencing one of those mental "two minute breaks", that one needs to maintain one's sanity. Scanning the room, your eye is caught by several possible distractions. The blank television screen is sitting quietly, waiting to be filled by a motion picture. The stereo with your favourite tape in the desk screams to be turned on. You easily deny yourself of these pleasures by repeating "Only five more assignments to do before Christmas".

As your slow scan almost reaches the other side of the room, seemingly free from any other distractions, your head instantly stops. Your eyes instantly light up. You swallow the extra saliva being produced in your mouth even as we speak.

Sitting very inconspicuously on that little corner table, resting on two books, is that shining, glittering communication link to your best friend who happens to be in British Columbia, a mere 4,000 miles away. As you smile, wondering what your best friend is doing at this very moment, the telephone illuminates, grows in physical size, and finally begins to tremor. By this time your assignments are simmering on the back burner, and the

rushed possibility of picking up that receiver is burning madly through your mind, ready to boil over at any moment.

"Yah, okay, just for ten minutes, and that's my limit. I promise myself", states the decided student.

Laughs and shouts of surprise and amazement are heard throughout the two-story apartment building, as the satisfied student slides past the 25-minute mark.

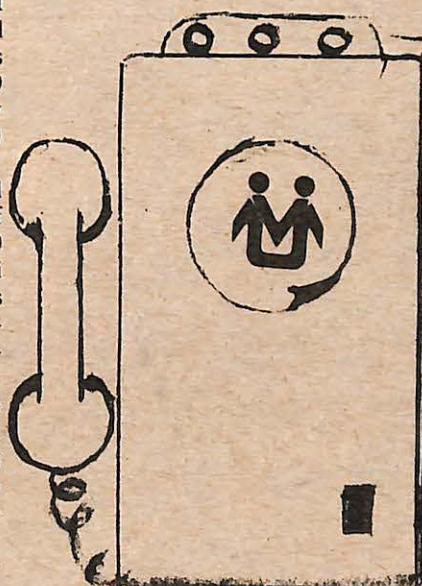
"That's not true. My God I can't believe it", are not unusual comments in the nature of this long distance phone call. The 40 minute conversation finally ends with at least another 10 minutes of "stuff" left unsaid.

Meanwhile, back at the old MT&T building, the president of the company sits in his \$500 Raulph Lauren suit and Gucci shoes, with a big smile across his face as he checks his mini-computer to see how long your conversation lasted.

If you have any inclinations to make long-distance phone calls, study at the library. When one is at home, they are most likely to envision the telephone as shining, growing and trembling.

Depending on how deep-rooted your problem is, the telephone may even be heard seductively screaming your name. I know. I have one of the most serious cases. It's called the \$800.00 per month syndrome.

Art's Pond



Walter, the Mount squirrel patrol officer, takes a cat nap with his favourite GNU.

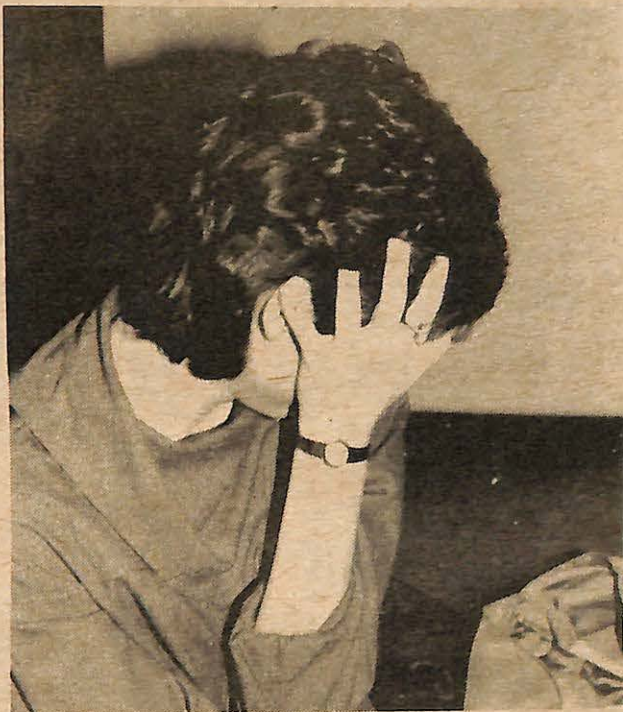
by Steve Jennex

Campus Callous

Question: Would you like to be in Campus Comment this week?



Robert Spears, 1st year BA. Eat dirt and die.



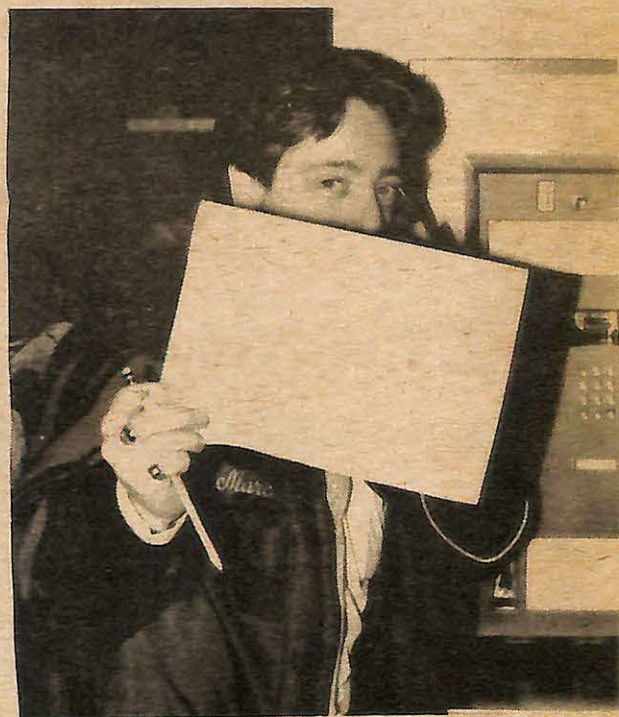
Jennifer Campbell, 3rd yr BPR. Not now. I've got to wash my hair.



Morticia Yoric, 93rd yr. BA. Over my dead body!



Karen Johnson, 2nd yr BSc HEc. Are you kidding? No!



Marc Neima. Degree: None of your damn business. Year: Still serving my sentence. Contact my lawyer.

Grads get down

by David Wile

Don't be alarmed if you see feathers on the floor graduation day. Don't be startled if the valedictorian lets out a quack or two. The fact is that this year's graduating class will be including a number of ducks from the pond beside Seton.

That's right. By pure chance, our feathered friends, who are often heard quacking outside the building, have picked up enough rhetoric from our professors that they have accumulated enough knowledge to qualify for a B.F.D. degree, or a Bachelor of Fowls and Ducks.

Says one unidentified duck, "It happened purely by accident. We started out just happy to fly by classes, throw out the odd quack to bug the professors, and then land in the Seton duck pond. But then, we actually started listening to what they were saying and, not being stupid ducks, we started paying attention to them. Now, we make a habit of flying by certain windows, taking in pieces of the lectures, and even quacking out our questions, although the profs

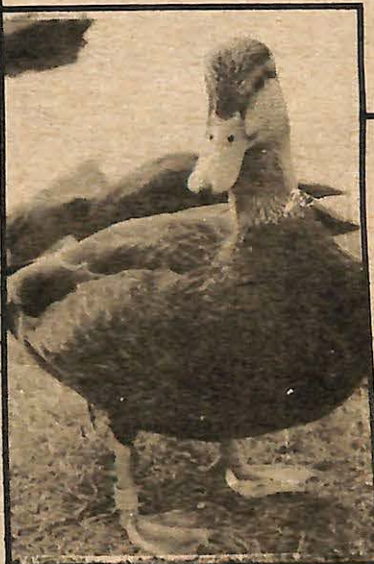
never answer us."

Of course, all is not rosy for our learned fowls. They are now being forced by the Mount to pay for those classes they fly past on an hourly rate. On top of that, they are now forcing the ducks to pay residence fees for the privilege of living in the pond.

One duck comments, "Of course the pond is more comfortable than most of the other residences, but we still think we have legal rights to use the pond since we've been using it for more than twenty years."

So, for the first time in Mount history, we will have ducks graduating. Mount president, Dr. Fulton says she welcomes the graduating ducks as "part of the Mount Saint Vincent family" but she warns that the Mount is still a predominantly female university and that the duck enrollment will have to be limited to ten per cent of the student body.

"That's O.K.," says one duck. "There are already enough quacks at the Mount."



Pictured is one of this year's graduating ducks, who names himself simply "Bill", as he takes part in a rehearsal for this year's graduation ceremonies.



As a test of their dedication to student council, newly-elected members prove their commitment by having their fingertips, right knees and toes epoxied to the gym floor.

—A Science Fiction short-story about communication, computers and a programmable love affair run wild!

by Christopher Williams



He picked his nose a few times. His room smelled cruddy and particles had collected. He flicked them across his yellowy zirconium carpet. Hennick was still a little hung over and had a lot of work to do. He cleared off his desk carefully and sat down before his video display terminal.

Lily, was her name. Her keys were dusty and static had magnetized hairy bits of everything to her face. With a damp cloth, Hennick brushed the screen lightly and turned her on. While he waited for the central processing unit to load, he gazed out the window and spied with his little eyes: three glowing blue asteroids. Behind them, a cluster of stars formed the shape of a dog. Long droopy ears. He wondered if earth orbited one of those stars.

A song about hitchhiking from 1968 bounced off his brain and he drummed his fingers on Lily's sides. Her face was appearing. First came the chin and jawline of Marilyn Monroe. Then his mother's green eyes sparkled from the darkness, from beneath the eyebrows, lashes and forehead of a girl he loved when he was 24. Lily's hair was light and long, mostly black except for her bangs which were the color of a perfect rainbow. The green made her eyes deadly, alive and, of course, comforting. Sometimes Hennick would just turn Lily on, stare into them and spiral. He had only seen a black hole once and it was a bad experience. It was no time to be thinking about black holes. The shuttle would return soon with Gobin and Margar. They'd come back hungry—and disappointed—if Hennick didn't get some work done.

For the sake of the data storage routine, Hennick felt that Lily's facial graph would provide enough distraction. He decided he'd wait until the moons were in the same orbit. Only then would he use the large screen or hologram converter and let Lily show her stuff.

"Hi Henny," said the burgundy lips parting. "You look a little rough-edged today . . . but I still think you're gorgeous. Love that

shadow and it's only quarter after one. Tisk tisk. What can I be doin' fer ya ta-dey byee?"

Hennick sighed, "Internal information report requested. Hard copy 987985.9 for documentation of proximity files blah blah . . . oh damn it here! . . ." Hennick snorted, scratched his dimpled chin and beat a thirty-two digit number into Lily's keyboard.

"Oh yes! Proxies. Why didn't you just say so Henny." Lily's voice bubbled like a fresh mountain stream. "Let's do it to it!"

"I'm glad you're so excited," grunted Hennick.

"Come on Hen, just because you're all barfed out. Didn't you see the constellations of Orion and Fornax this morning? They were beautiful." Lily smiled and blinked four or five times.

"Naw. My head was under the pillow in agony."

"You didn't get shitfaced again?" Lily scorned.

"Yeah."

"How much did you drink?"

"Come on Lily that doesn't matter anyway . . . stand by . . . O.K., here's the first set of programs." Lily blinked four or five times.

"Damn Lily, your eyes are looping all wrong again!"

"Well don't yell at me. You're the great graph-x designer aboard this tub. Fix me. Access file 4847 . . . graph 882, you want it?"

"No not now! Why don't you just shut up and file these reports and I'll fix your goddamn eyes later!" Lily smiled. Her eyes blinked four or five times.

"O.K.," she said.

"Hennick's head collapsed into his folded arms on the desk. His knuckles turned white as he gripped the sides of his head. Some greying hair parted revealing a scar, the result of an early childhood attempt at flight. Here he was, 34 years later, flying, 47.4 lightyears from earth.

Hennick lifted his face and rubbed water from his eyes back into the curls in front of his ears. "I want to go home," he blurted.

"Henny, Henny, come on babe. It's alright."

"Lil I can't keep doing this much longer."

"But you have to Hen. They'll get rid of you if you don't put your hours in."

"Lily, why? Why do I have to do this shit every day? This is the twenty-second century. I never get to just sit and talk to you, just research, process, research and process. We did enough work on Degus 4 last year. What for? Who needs it? We can't transmit to earth anymore, we don't even know where the hell our planet is!" Hennick sobbed some more.

"You've got to get yourself together," Lily advised in a worried tone. "You can't let Gobin or Margar see you like this. You're lucky they haven't caught you drinking yet. And what if they check this segment's time usage report? You're falling behind. What would I do if they sent you back to the mother ship?"

Hennick picked his nose again. "Christ Lil, I'm sorry. You're right. We've got to get this program run now."

"Yeah, that's better. I can do most of it myself in binary code. Wait a minute . . . there's a transmission coming from Gobin and Margar's shuttle."

Hennick wiped his eyes, shook his head, patted his hair down and cleared his throat. Lily disappeared. Green, red, the yellow flashed on the screen. A transmission user code beamed in blue figures. Gobin and Margar focused quickly with some degree of distortion. Space dirt threw bands of colored lines across Gobin's shaved head. It looked like he was wearing a multi-colored hat. Margar sat stiff and stern. She was the first to open her mouth. Her voice was monotone, direct and typically lifeless. "Shuttle approaching sector 484746 for external data analysis . . . require internal update."

In their cockpit, two dull lights illuminated one side of Margar's pocky, oily face. Her arms hung like dead bones inside her anti-gravity suit. Gobin stared straight into the screen. Hennick heard him breathing and tried not to imagine the smell of his breath. He knew Gobin's expression meant "extreme dissatisfaction".

"Well? Internal proximity files complete?" Margar demanded.

"No, not yet."

"Request explanation," Gobin said coldly.

"No particular reason."

"Conversing with the unavailing female computer graph-x again?"

"Yes, Gobin, but for business purposes only," Hennick explained.

"Have you prepared adequate food substance for Gobin and I?" Margar asked.

"Nope, not yet Margie dear."

"Request explanation," Gobin coldly requested again.

Hennick squeezed his forehead. He felt his mouth going dry. "Look you two, I'll get you guys some goddamn food soon as I run this last useless program!"

"We are not guys!" snapped Margar. "And don't ever call me Margie. I told you never to call me that name! And do not utilize profanities in that manner, especially toward your superiors."

"Listen Margar, why don't you just get off my case!" Hennick yelled, shaking his fist in front of the screen. "Just get the hell off my case!"

"We're both on your case Hennick," Gobin added, his

mouth quivering with emotion, revealing his ill-fitting, orange-brown stained teeth. "Your recent behavior and performance has been of a very unsatisfactory level. Your lack of output could affect our promotion to the mother ship. You make us look bad Hennick and I've been considering transmitting your reports to the mother ship, just to set the record straight."

"No, no Gobin, you don't need to do that." Hennick begged in a trembling grovel.

"No, you're right Hennick, I don't need to do that. It would be very cruel and besides, your performance hasn't fallen to extremes." Gobin's smile was grotesque but seemingly sincere. Hennick grinned back.

"The root of your poor performance," snickered Margar, "is quite directly related to your preoccupation with your Lily program."

"Lily is my hobby, my interest and she makes my work more enjoyable!" Hennick was biting his nails between words. He pulled his nose and thought he might urinate in his pants. His ears were burring as his brain predicted Gobin's next statement.

"When we return Hennick, all internal proximity files must be completed and food substance prepared to our previous specifications. If you fail to execute these instructions by seven hundred hours, I will personally take pleasure in erasing all disks and tapes containing Lily graph-x, voice patterns and conversational capabilities."

Margar reached her flimsy arms up and shut off the lights, then the transmission unit. "This transmission is now complete," squawked the ancient recording. Their images faded into the now overpowering distortion and colored space dirt. The screen flashed yellow, red, then green. Lily's face was reappearing.

"Well Hen, like, it don't look too good for us, eh?"

Hennick gritted his teeth and rubbed more sweat back into his curls. "I can't believe those two Lily, they really are serious, they really are sick!"

"Hen?" Lily asked, her eyes blinking four or five times.

"Yeah Lil?"

"You're not gonna let them kill me are ya?" He looked into her eyes for a long time, chewing off all the nails on one hand.

"Hen?" Lily asked like a child.

"Wuh?"

"Want me to transfer to the big screen and dance for ya?"

"No Lil."

"What about a song Hen? What do you want me to sing for ya? How about Chicago from 1976. If you leave me now, you'll take away the biggest part of me, ooooh no baby please don't go."

"That's not funny Lily," Hennick said, holding the sides of the terminal.

"Hen? Considering this may be the last time, why don't I go hologram for ya and we simulate sex, or maybe all three. I'll sing from here, dance on the screen and make love to you, all at the same time."

"God Lil, the guy who designed you must be a wee bit brilliant."

"If you're as brilliant as you say, you'll think of a way to save us!" Her long lashes fluttered in what appeared to be tears.

"Damn . . . I am as brilliant Lil! Shut your lips and quit blinking those watery eyes and process this set of data . . . quick!"

Hennick's fingers danced on the keyboard as he summarized the commands orally. "Just drain this ship's fuel supply and transfer all of your programs to the CPU on my shuttle. Let's get the hell out of this tank, bloody overgrown microchip, as fast as we can!"

"I can dig it!" Lily exclaimed.

"I knew that ya could!"

Hennick disassembled Lily's screens, her voice projection modules, the hologram converter, and stuffed them into their cases. He collected a few dozen items from his office, then dashed to his sleeping quarters. Into a large box he threw his favourite, bright colored clothing, his anti-gravity suit, a bottle of Scope, from which he guzzled about 10 millilitres, a baseball cap and a box of soap.

Through the tunnels he ran with the box, trying to prevent the bottom from splitting. He hit the electronic door handle, heaved the box into his shuttle, number 767, and programmed the wall console for immediate departure.

Hennick checked the food supply, the air propulsion systems, the solar cells and the defense/aggression computer. Then he activated the scrambler to block possible mother ship tracking signals. "I should have done this a hell of a long time ago," Hennick laughed. He leaped into the cockpit and bounced on top of his black leather seat. Above him, his fingers worked the disengage settings like Oscar Peterson playing piano. Red lights were coming on. A pink glow filled the entire area. Then there was a shadow. A long dark shadow.

"Holograms aren't supposed to make shadows!" Hennick glared in amazement as Lily sat next to him. She stroked his arm softly.

"You simply programmed the basic information into my system, you didn't say I couldn't expand on it if I wanted."

"You're brilliant!" Hennick roared.

"You're brilliant my love." Lily brushed back her bangs and they embraced, kissing each other on the neck, lips and cheeks.

"Who's drivin'?" Hennick asked.

"She is!" Lily giggled, pointing at the VDT on the dash. Lily was on the screen too.

"Destination please?" Lily on the screen asked. Hennick turned to Lily beside him and shrugged his shoulders.

"Destination please?" Lily on the screen asked again. The three of them burst into laughter.

"Did I ever tell you about the little dog we used to have on earth?" Hennick pondered.

"What's a dog?" the Lilys asked. Hennick bent over with laughs that hurt his stomach. He looked up at the life-sized beauty beside him. Tears of joy were streaming down his face. Lily looked inquisitive.

"Well, program me you idiot. Aren't you going to tell me? What the hell is a dog?" Hennick touched her face delicately with his warm hands.

"I love you Lily." He turned to Lily on the screen. "Disengage, let's go find a dog."

International year of youth

OTTAWA (CUP)—The federal government says its plans for International Year of Youth, 1985, will not focus on unemployment, the most pressing problem facing thousands of young Canadians.

"The focus of the year will not be accessibility or youth unemployment. Those will be some of the issues, but not the main ones," says Pegeen Walsh, policy and liaison officer for the International Youth Secretariat.

Walsh says the International Year of Youth will instead place emphasis on the themes of participation, development and peace, as declared by the 34th United Nations Assembly. Youth's concerns will be raised

through projects and conferences sponsored by the government throughout the year, she added.

The government has set aside \$12 million for the year, but only \$7.9 million will be available for grants to non-profit groups, organizing projects that are in line with IYY's themes.

The other \$4.1 million has been allocating for the funding of special projects organized by the IYY secretariat itself, including a speaker's bureau, an information bulletin and a series of national and regional forums for youth. All projects must demonstrate youth participation and show how the projects address the concerns of youth beyond 1985.

Some of the projects already proposed by youth groups include conferences on youth and the law, native youth issues and promotion of peace.

At least one federal politician, however, thinks the government is not committed to helping youth and is not allocating enough money to address youth's concerns adequately.

NDP MP Howard McCurdy, critic for post-secondary education and youth, says the Tories \$85 million cut in Summer Canada student job creation programme has cast a pall over the year already. He says \$12 million does in no way make up for the cut.

"It's hard to imagine what they can do [with that amount]. I

hope they're going to do something," he says.

The Canadian Federation of Students is also critical of IYY. CFS chair Beth Olley says the year has much potential to raise the issues concerning youth but will be lost if the secretariat chooses to fund only certain projects.

"The criteria are not very meaningful. They can do what-

ever they want as long as it falls within the themes."

CFS has submitted a proposal to the IYY to sponsor a series of discussions on the effects of youth unemployment. Though Olley is unsure if it will be approved, she says CFS's involvement in IYY is in keeping with the organization's goals of addressing young people's, especially students', concerns.

Middle East examined

In order to aid Canadian firms in identifying promising product/service opportunities in Arab countries and to prepare appropriate market entry plans, Dr. Erdener Kaynak, Chair of Mount Saint Vincent University's Business Administration Department, is both editing and contributing to a book of essays on the subject to be printed in 1985 by Walter de Gruyter in West Berlin.

The book, entitled **International Business in the Middle East**, contains advice from Kaynak and others (all of whom come from the Middle East or North Africa) on how to differentiate between the social systems in the 21 Middle Eastern countries covered. It also discusses how to approach bureaucrats in each country (a great percentage of importing is done through government and one has to deal

with bureaucrats, not businessmen), and how to conduct a business meeting in the Arab world where "time means nothing and they look very closely at the politics of your country", according to Kaynak.

Channels of distribution in Arab countries are very important and Kaynak advises having a local partner or representative in the area who knows the 'right' people. "It's important, too, that products be adapted to the local conditions."

All the Arab countries have five-year economic plans, he says, which must be studied by potential exporters.

The Arab countries of the Middle East region, as a whole, attained "one of the highest annual rates of growth of GNP and per capita GNP in comparison with other parts of the world in the same period." Per capita

GNP was 48 per cent higher than the world average, he says.

Kaynak maintains that "Canada is well-placed" to assist Arab states in utilizing computers, satellite monitoring, and breeding techniques to improve the region's food supply. Canada can also help them in adapting microelectric technology to decentralize production so that new manufacturing techniques can be integrated into rural societies and in dividing limited resources between telecommunications and transport which would enable villages and small industries to derive more benefits from new developments in communications technology.

The Canadian private sector, with expertise, technology and capital at its disposal, can play a vital role in the economic development of the Arab states, Kaynak says.

Student starves in sympathy of Ethiopian victims

FREDERICTON (CUP)—Richard Hutchins has added one more name to the list of the world's starving.

The University of New Brunswick student says he will eat only bread and water until students at the University of New Brunswick and St. Thomas University raise \$10,000 to help Ethiopian famine victims.

Students Help Ethiopia is a newly-formed organization that intends to raise money at the two universities for relief of starvation in that African country. Members are trying to decide how to raise money and to determine the most efficient organization to channel it through.

SHE secretary Robert Hynes was jolted into action by the realization that "it's not hundreds or thousands of people that are dying, but hundreds of thousands."

"Nine hundred thousand Ethiopians, this year alone, are expected to starve to death. I guess that's what hit me the most," he said.

"We range from Christian Bible study group students, acting out of Christian concerns, to students acting for humanitarian reasons, to those of us acting for

a combination of the two," said Hynes.

"Most people you talk to are concerned about Ethiopia. They care; they want to do something," he added.

The
BINNACLE

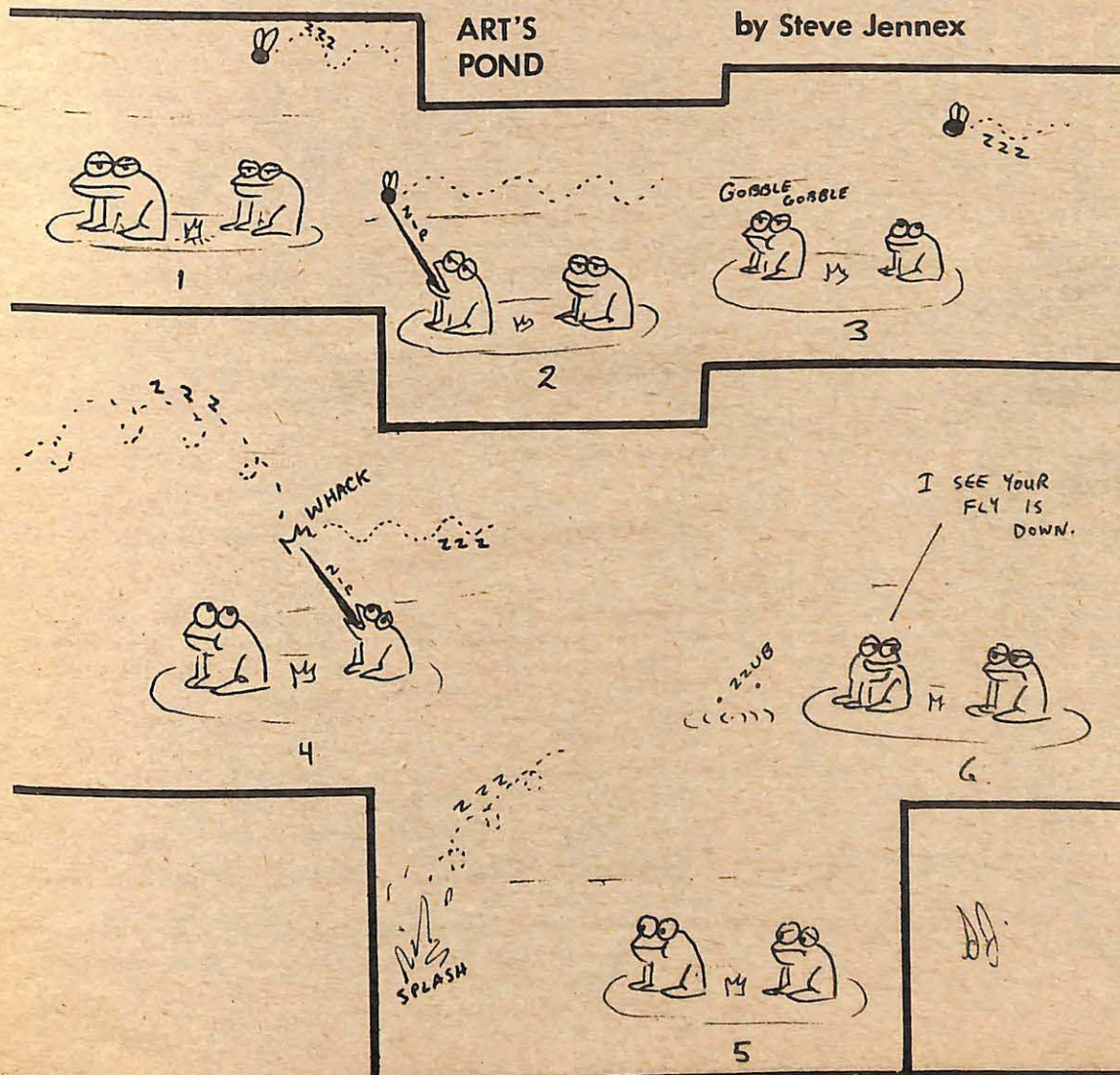
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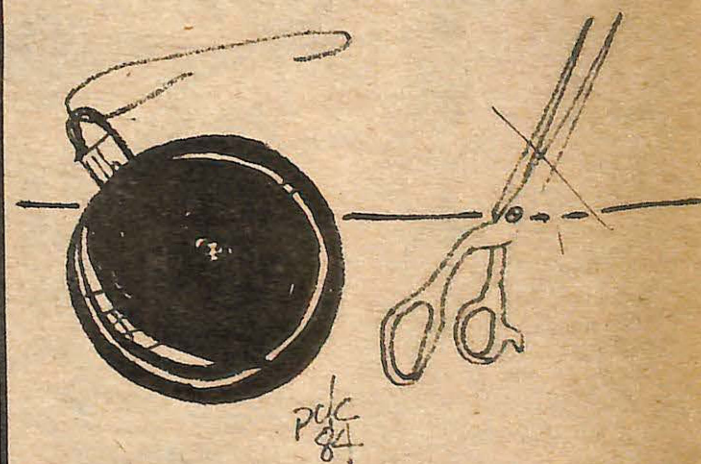
ART'S
POND

by Steve Jennex



Casanova

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Frantic times and brave new waves hit CBC radio

by Louis Tessier

reprinted from the Charlton Canadian University Press

CBC is a long established institution, and has proven over the years to be something of a mixed blessing as far as its public is concerned. It has given us **This Hour Has Seven Days** and **Sunday Morning**, but it has also given us Wayne and Schuster and the Happy Gang.

In its attempt to reflect the diversity of Canadian life, however, CBC has had an admirable degree of success, especially when one considers the often stingy budgets handed it by the federal government.

CBC is famous for its broad religious programming, its thoughtful public affairs, and its arts programming. One group which this mix has generally failed to attract is the youth audience.

This has been a particular problem of CBC's two English-language radio networks, CBC Radio and CBC FM. CBC suffers from perception of its programming as wall-to-wall classical music and "inaccessible", "dull", public affairs programming. (I would like to make it clear that this is definitely not my opinion.) And overall, this perception is reflected in CBC's nonexistence for the majority at the younger audience.

In an attempt to alleviate this problem, CBC has drifted toward some slightly more youth-oriented programming. **Brave New Waves**, now heard from Sunday to Thursday night from 12 to 6, and **Nightlines**, its

sister show heard in the same time slot over the weekend, are two of the more obvious examples.

But in the last two or three years, a new comedy group has begun to challenge the Air Farce—well, this is the CBC, so it is rather pointless to put in competitive terms. Known as the Frantics, the program features a more subtle and subversive sort of humour than the up-to-date political jokes featured on the Air Farce.

If you're a fan of Mr. Canoehead, Fred Head and the Evil Ultramind, then you know that Mr. Canoehead's canoe was welded to his head in an electrical storm, Fred Head is an occasional host of "The Whole Earth Game Show", and the Evil Ultramind was once a mild mortal whose Commodore 64 was welded to his head when his house burned down.

These terribly silly creations emanate from the fevered brains of Rick Greene, Peter Wildman, Dan Redican, Paul Chatto, and Mag Ruffman, who are collectively known as The Frantics.

Frantic Times, every Saturday morning at 11:30 a.m. on CBC Radio has one of the fastest growing audiences for a network radio show, and the audience has grown by 42 per cent in the last year to over half a million.

If this all sounds rather serious, it's because in interview, at least, Rick Greene, is quite serious about the program he and his colleagues write, perform

and promote on tour. Or perhaps he's just saving the jokes for the program.

One edition of the "Whole Earth Game Show" featured a battle between a denizen of Vancouver's Wreck Beach whose name was Free Universe, and an insurance salesman. The winner was awarded a small animal (I forget exactly which kind) and the loser was given a car. Free Universe lost, but the insurance salesman was all too happy to effect a trade.

Greene states that the Frantics are interested in creating a timeless sort of humour, free from sleazy political jokes.

"Rather than just make fun of one guy... we go for an eternal truth. All politicians are buffoons... so we make up our own," says Greene. "We try to avoid topical humour."

Greene stressed the flexibility of radio versus television. Because in radio the image is all in your head, just what one is willing to make of radio humour is completely personal. Television, on the other hand, needs the image and the result is that the message almost has to be obvious in order to have any kind of impact. On radio, it doesn't matter as much if a joke is a flop, while on television, a joke which doesn't work seems like an even bigger flop than it would be on radio.

The Frantics started out as individuals independently working the comedy circuit in Toronto. But they gradually came together as a comedy troupe.

"All four of us had a similar attitude," says Greene.

The Frantics have been together for about five years now, and after doing local TV, Holiday Inns and cabarets, they approached Keith Duncan, a producer at the CBC. They got their first pilot in January of 1981 and have been going steadily ever since. Duncan is now their producer.

The Frantics found that radio humour had a different element from the sort of stuff they were used to doing on stage.

"It was very visual stuff. We have very distinct face and body types. On the radio it was just words," says Greene. "We had to learn to make our words count."

Despite the fact that "you have a lot more freedom on radio, the Frantics have taped a TV pilot which should be aired sometime this season on, yes, CBC TV. In the meantime, their hundredth show was aired in the regular slot on the AM network on Nov. 24.

The Frantics enjoy touring, because it allows them to do skits they can't do on the radio. They especially enjoy colleges and universities, because they get to do raunchy skits such as one featuring what is known in colloquial parlance as a "whorking contest".

The Frantics' success is summed up neatly by Greene.

"We are very self-critical... You'd better be funny if you're gonna get up in front of 10,000 people."

In the beginning, the national anthem was played, and then there was silence. Then CBC decided to use up the dead air which existed between midnight and 6 a.m.

And that's where **Brave New Waves** came in. The program premiered on Feb. 6, 1984 and in that short space of time, CBC appears to have come up with a hit.

Host Augusta La Paix says that she doesn't really know of any analogies for the program other than the early FM rock sound in the 60s, when younger broadcasters tried to change the face of radio.

La Paix, along with the rest of the staff, has a background in CBC public affairs programming.

"I was really fed up with information interviews that took three minutes at most and gave you this little capsule that was mainly ten factoids strung together. It didn't really tell you what was going on and was usually presented by a spokesman or a politician or a union analyst or whatever."

On **Brave New Waves**, La Paix and Co. attempt to "freshen the airwaves". The attempt certainly succeeds. There is a sense of warmth and immediacy about the program that recreates the best of university or college radio.

Guests are interesting though not often well known outside a particular circle. There isn't a sort of interview format imposed upon the program, and people can tell their own story. There is no pushy interviewer trying to establish a certain point of view or dig up a certain fact.

Says La Paix, "It's not that we're so innovative or experimental but it happens in your life all the time—people sit around the table who don't know each other and talk. And people are playing the music we're playing in their homes, when they can afford to buy the records or find them."

Very rudely, I asked Augusta about guests who bomb on the show.

"I don't want to mention names, obviously... but there are times when you talk to someone on the phone and then they turn out to be not quite the same person once they get here or they tend to be fanatical about a certain subject or they turn out to be just boring shits... I always thought it would be great to be a punk interviewer and when somebody was really obnoxious and boring to say to them 'What the hell are you doing in my studio? Would you get out of here please.' Of course, one can't do that, even on the CBC."

Despite the jokes she makes on air about the Mother Corporation, Augusta feels that the CBC is genuinely committed to experimenting with its programming format, despite the fact that there's not a lot of money involved.

"We don't have a lot of money and that works in our favour, actually, because had they had a lot of money to put into all-night programming, they wouldn't have given it to a younger crowd, they probably would have gone for a big name and they would have tried to make a big splash."

Brave New Waves, probably due to its young staff, plays a lot of music that often doesn't see the light of day in commercial broadcasting.

What's especially encouraging is the way in which listeners often write in and talk about the music scenes in whatever city they happen to be living in. It's really the first outlet for a lot of groups who can't afford to make a video or for whom video is not even a point of consideration. In addition the program is an aid in subverting the regionalism that has always been such a factor in the national culture.

Reading **Now** magazine one day, La Paix received the most important kind of encouragement.

"I was just flipping through the houses for rent and there was an ad that said 'Beautiful House for rent, great landlord, must be **Brave New Waves** fan'. That when you know you're hitting the right kind of pulse."



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Close game for Mystics

by Lisa Courtney

With the odds stacked high against them, the MSVU's Women's Basketball team surprised everyone last Friday by losing to Nova Scotia Teacher's College, (TC), by only eight points, 75-67. High scorers were Suzanne Karis with 18 points and Marcie Bishop with 15.

TC have seven returning players and recently defeated the Agricultural College, (AC), 79-23. The Mystics lost to AC by one point.

"Our lack of communication played a big part in our loss,"

said Sue Terry, coach. "They have to let the others know when they're open or cutting."

The play was matched basket for basket in the first half, even with TC using a press. But with three minutes left in the half, TC sunk a few quick baskets ending the half 37-32.

The Mount got back on track in the second half but they could not catch up. The Mount's key rebounder and blocker, Nancy Rudback was fouled off early in the second half but a new addition from King's, Marcie Bishop, hustled well bringing the ball up

the court and driving to the basket.

Coach of the women's basketball team, Sue Terry, says she has a good competitive team with a lot of keen players.

Their best advantage is their number of good players. She says, "We have a well-rounded team." Everyone is good and therefore they can give their best all the time. They will always have someone to depend on.

To help the team, Terry will

draw on her experiences as a player. Terry played basketball for St. F.X. and in the Antigonish and Halifax Senior Women's Leagues. Last year, at the Mount, she was assistant coach.

Terry is concentrating on fitness for speed and strength to be an offensive team. Although defence and offense should not outweigh each other, Terry's emphasis is on offense for an aggressive team. The team has the talent, and want to blow the opposition away with speed.

Special aerobic classes

Due to popular demand, there will be a number of aerobic classes during the exam period. All classes will be held in the MPR. The classes are as follows:

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Fri., Dec. 7 | Noon Fit 12-1 p.m. |
| Mon., Dec. 10 | Noon Fit 12-1 p.m. Energy Break 8:45-9:15 p.m. |
| Tues., Dec. 11 | Energy Break 8:45-9:15 p.m. |
| Wed., Dec. 12 | Energy Break 8:45-9:15 p.m. |
| Thurs., Dec. 13 | Energy Break 8:45-9:15 p.m. |

The energy breaks will be followed at 9:30 with refreshments prepared by Chef René.

This is a great time to revitalize yourself.

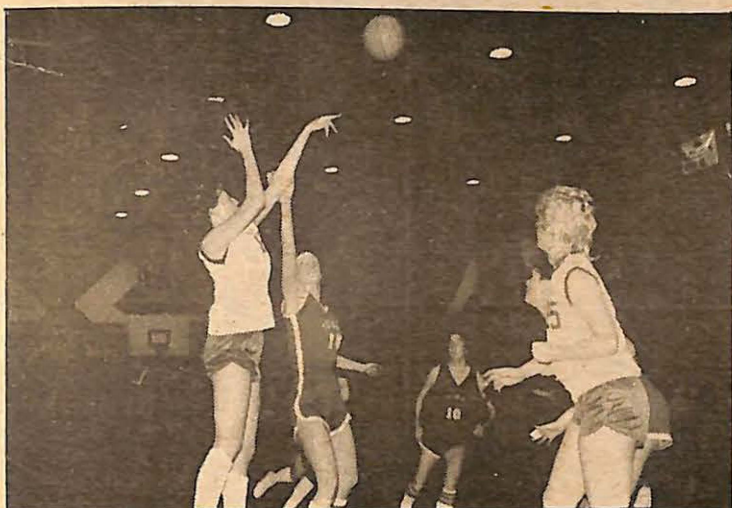
Don't let studying stop you from exercising. Exercise increases the supply of oxygen to your brain, thereby increasing your ability to learn more, faster.

Happy Studying!

Basketball winners

On Sun., Nov. 25, in their basketball league, MSVU defeated the A.K.'s 91-75. Top scorers for the Mount were: Bill Andrekdryk with 24 points, and Paul Henderson with 22. In the second matchup, the Mainlanders defeated the Misfits 69-60. Top scorers for the Mainlanders were: Darrell Clark with 20 points and Joe Swan with 18.

Regular league play will resume on Jan. 13.



The Mystics lost to TC on Fri., Nov. 30, 75-67. High scorers were Suzanne Karis with 18 points and Marcie Bishop with 15.



The Men's basketball team went down to the Mainlanders, 69-53, Sun., Dec. 2. High scorer for the Mount was Bill Andrekdryk with 20 points.

Merry Christmas

The entire staff of the Athletics/Recreation Office would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas. We look forward to seeing you in January ready to Get Moving.

Our winter program is available now, so you can make plans for the New Year.

Basketball team

by Peggy Boudreau

One of the best ways to develop and display school spirit is to participate in some capacity in school sporting events. OK, so maybe you aren't really into playing sports competitively, that doesn't mean that you can't get involved in other ways.

One way to participate in school sports is to come out to give your moral support to the teams. The more people the teams have cheering for them the better they feel about themselves and they usually will perform better.

The men's basketball team plays every Sunday here at the Mount between 2 and 4 p.m. The season begins again Jan. 13, 1985. Why not come out and watch the action.

The women's basketball and volleyball teams will resume play after Christmas on Jan. 16 and Jan. 10 respectively. Basketball on the 16 is at Rosaria Gym at 7 p.m. while Volleyball on the 10 will be at Rosaria Gym at 8 p.m.

Why not come out and show some spirit and support your school teams. They represent you and the Mount.

Short Story Contest

sponsored by the Picaro and the Mount English Department



Prize: The author of the winning story will be awarded a choice of one pair of fashion boots from the **Factory Boot Outlet** and two **Neptune theatre** tickets for January's performance.

Attention:

Contest deadline has been extended to Feb. 7, 1985. Please submit your story to the Picaro office by 3:00 p.m. Stories must be between 800 to 1800 words. The English Department will select the winning story for the Feb. 21 issue of the Picaro. Please type your name, program, and phone number on a covering paper as judges will not be given author's names.

Sport teasers

1. What professional sports league originated the college draft?
2. What brothers named Bobby and Al have won the Indianapolis 500?
3. How many throws make up each turn in a game of darts?

1. The National Football League
2. The Unser brothers
3. Three

Secret Police are going places

by Karen Toupin

The Secret Police, a three member band from Speed, Ontario, rocked the Mount's Multi-purpose room on Friday night. The band played 96 per cent Police material and four per cent varied material including some original tunes.

Brad Milner on bass and lead vocals entertained the audience with his accurate musical impersonation of Sting. Lead guitarist Richard (prefers first name only) and drummer, Lance (Baby Blues) Chalmers completed the impressive Police sound with their instrumentation and back-up vocals.

Intended or not, the Secret Police were sending out romantic sound waves. By 12:30 a.m., no one in the multi-purpose room (appropriate name) seemed to be "So Lonely" during the band's version of that song.

The Secret Police played enthusiastically even though their energy was a bit low. "We've been through a tragedy," said Richard.

During their tour, a series of calamities befell them. They were robbed twice of both equipment and personal belongings in Quebec. Luckily, the police (the boys in blue) returned their equipment. Then, while in New Brunswick, two days before their MSVU date, they rolled their truck. No one was hurt, but over 50 per cent of their equipment was destroyed. These unfortunate events did not affect the quality of their show.

Sticking together through these events could be their key to success. Brad and Richard have been playing together for four years in various bands. Lance joined them two years ago, but has only been playing steadily with the Secret Police for six months.

"Our last drummer was stupid and lazy and thought he could

make money without doing anything," said Milner.

Chalmers obviously works hard and adds a good visual, and sound effect to the band.

The Secret Police is an excellent copy band but they realize that doing another band's material will not take them far.

Their goal is to eventually be well-known for their own material and get a recording contract from outside of Canada.

"We want to be known as Canadians but we want to be known outside of the country," said Milner.

Richard explained that they use the Police image to get work and money, but they concentrate their talent on the recording of original material.

"Police is a vehicle. We can get a record contract on the strength of our tapes. We do all of our writing and recording in

the daytime, and do the Police things at night."

The Secret Police do not feel that it is in their best interests to play all of their original material at their club dates. They want to be assured of a record contract first, which they feel will come through within the next year.

The band have recently been talking with a representative from Le Studio at Morin Heights, Quebec. If they do their recording there, the Secret Police are almost guaranteed to do well.

"Morin Heights has the best equipment, the best engineers and some of the best artists record there," said Richard. David Bowie recorded his "Tonight" album at Le Studio.

The Secret Police are playing the Network the week of Dec. 17 and will be on tour in Western Canada in January.



The Secret Police entertained another sell-out crowd in the MPR during last week's double decker



Willie Hop played to a smaller group in Vinnies.

Cabaret breaks all records

The tally is in—Neptune's first production of the 1984-85 season, **Cabaret**, has broken all records.

Last year the critically acclaimed production of **West Side Story** played to 15,434 people—a staggering 99% of house capacity!

This year another record has been broken, under the artistic direction of Tom Kerr, Neptune Theatre is pleased to announce that **Cabaret** was attended by more people than any other in-house production in the history of the theatre. A grand total of 17,471 people viewed this memorable production.

A critical box office success, **Cabaret** was unanimously acclaimed for its direction, choreography and stunning set de-

sign.

Theatre Director, Tom Kerr says,

"I am thrilled that the Neptune Theatre has, in the past two seasons achieved such overwhelming audience response."

Twelfth Night opened just two weeks ago. It is expected that this brilliant combination of Gilbert and Sullivan musical numbers and the hilarious prose of William Shakespeare, is on its way to exceeding the 90% figure.

Neptune Theatre gratefully acknowledges the support of the Province of Nova Scotia Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness as well as Petro Canada for sponsoring **Cabaret** and the Halifax Herald Ltd. for **Twelfth Night**.

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