

BROADSIDE

The Tired Remains of a Student Newspaper

By

Keith Waddington

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BROADSIDE

Is it a bird?

Is it a plane?

Is it the partially decomposed remains of a once popular love song?

No, it's the new STUDENT NEWSPAPER.

We are now soliciting articles from all students who wish to participate in this monumental publication, which will contain words of varying length and sophistication.

WRITE NOW!

WE NEED YOUR INPUT.

WE EVEN NEED YOUR OUTPUT.

Gossip, short stories, poems, jokes, political libel, letters to the editor, letters to the editor's best friend, film reviews, book reviews, nonsense, wild boasting of sexual conquests, and yes, there will be freeee student classified ads.

What more could you ask? Well write and tell us. Mail box at reception desk.

Issue One

October 1987

Basketball Coach Doesn't Play Fair

It has come to our notice that a certain professor in St Lawrence College feels his jurisdiction over students extends beyond the confines of our campus. Last Friday, 2nd October, two members of the girls basket ball team were innocently partaking in a pleasant supper in the near by Table de Roi, before a scheduled match later that evening. Shortly after 6 PM the coach for this team sneaked into the brasserie and from a place of concealment proceeded to take mental note of those members of his squad who happened to be present. It should be stated at this point that the two girls he saw were simply eating and had not consumed any alcohol, a fact witnessed by this reporter. The coach then, and with out word to any one, took his leave. The girls arrived back in the gymnasium in good time for the match, but discovered ,on their arrival, that they had been benched. They were forbidden to play. When they enquired as to his reasons they were told that they were not allowed in a bar just before a game. Where does this type of tyrannical behaviour end? Perhaps next they will be told at what time they should retire of an evening? And perhaps with whom they should associate out of school? And maybe he would like the basket ball team to report to him once a week and confess the number of chocolate bars and sugar snacks they have consumed.

Then again, perhaps teachers should learn that where a student eats supper is none of his concern. Private lives, out of school, are private. They are out of school.

TEACHER

The teacher has a tiny box
an office is its name
The teacher has a tiny box
he calls it a brain
Of both
the door
is kept
locked.

Students Speak Out

Recently a survey of St. Lawrence College was carried out by members of the BROADSIDE staff, which asked students all kinds of silly things. They replied, as it turned out, in kind.

"Is St. Lawrence a first rate school or what?" we were heard to question.

"What?" seemed to be the general consensus. Mr. Fraser, assistant to the academic dean, and general boot licker, told us:

"The problem lies not with the school in itself, which is indeed a fine institution, but with the damn fool students who come here" (At this point he spat on the floor. The globule of saliva, being much bouncier than he had anticipated, rebounded upwards and forcefully splattered him in the face. No one laughed).

But what do those "damn fool" students have to say? And more to the point, do they know how to say it?

"Well, er, yer, er, well ya know . . ." was the basic sentiment employed, though many students seemed unsure of even that.

To the question, "How do you like St. Lawrence," 10% replied, "Not too bad." 12% said, "Not too good," and 78% told us they wished to look it up in the library before committing themselves to an answer.

"Should the drinking of alcoholic beverages be permitted on campus?" 3% replied categorically "No." 5% said they "didn't know," and 92% were too drunk to answer any thing at all.

One point interested the entire board of editors: "Should francophone students be allowed to attend St. Lawrence?" Here is a small sample of the replies we received:

"Mange d' la merde mon Christ d' fou!"

"Ein? Quoi?"

"Va apprande le Francais espece de bloke!"

"Diddle daddle doo."

And so there you have it. Students speak out. A forum of free speech is at last available to those with half an idea of what they want to say. Write now, we may not publish, but at least it will save us buying toilet paper.

Hey You . . .

Are you a good sport? If so get writing and rooting and send us the stuff that comes out. We need all kinds of drip dry items from wet looking people. Participate and become an immortal being: Your friends will talk about you, and they may even let you fondle them. We will publish all your hog wash and you will look like a really great person. Please please oh please. Put that pen to paper and hand in the results to the reception desk. We will be giving all kinds of naughty prizes for be best articles.

Free Tickets for the Nordiques

Help broaden "BROADSIDE."

This is a contest you cannot afford to miss. Why? All students who do not participate will be fined twelve dollars and three "Canadian Tire" coupons. On the other hand, join in, and you could win a free ticket to a local game of the Quebec Nordiques, (Second prize is two free tickets for the Quebec Nordiques!)

We are looking for constructive intelligent comments on our first publication of BROADSIDE, so why not try being constructive and intelligent? It should make a nice change. Enter as often as you like, as long as it's not more than once.

Submit commentary and feedback to the BROADSIDE mail box, at the reception desk.

VIDEO REVIEWS

Lord of the Flies

If you've read the book, now watch the movie. It's almost the same except you don't have to turn any pages.

Lord of the Flies is an example of excellence in film making. Based on the Nobel prize winning novel by William Golding, it suffers only slightly in its translation to the big screen.

Following closely the original scenario, and retaining an atmosphere of terror and mounting tension, we are taken into the inner world of self, where a wild beast lies in wait, much pimped and suffering from bad breath. The gradual descent into the inane realm of primeval savagery by a group of British school boys, the deadly and thought provoking climax, is chock a block with powerful imagery and symbolism. Watch it and weep.

Rating: Five dead fish.

Up in Smoke

Due to a new law recently passed by the very sensible Conservative party, it is now illegal to watch other people smoking naughty looking substances. We therefore do not recommend this movie to any one. It has come to our notice though, that due to a slight oversight on the part of the very sensible Conservative party, it seems to be merely the watching that is against the law, and not the smoking. We consequently suggest that you roll a big fat joint, laced with a liberal sprinkling of dried camel droppings, sit back with all your friends, and get stoned out of your little heads. Next you should pretend that you are in the process of viewing this neat movie, which is all about two people who never know what the movie is about. Invent some good bits and chuckle. Giggle at an imagined nude scene which features strange devices and slippery lubricants. Go to the toilet during the slow bits. Imagine to your hearts content. Best of all, in fact better than best, laugh your

heads of at all that hysterical stuff they forgot to put in the actual movie.

Happy viewing.

Rating: Two dead fish.

The Razors Edge

Do you like films with blood and guts and bad people exploding all over the screen? Do your knees throb with delight when you see darling people who drive fast cars, engrossed in peculiar past times and other people's bare bodies. Do you just love to see those Hollywood bimple pushers and Neolithic nincompoops all frolicking about on the screen? If your answer is, "Yes yes and yes!" don't bother to watch this one.

The Razors Edge, a dramatisation of W. Somerset Maugham's classic novel, moves by degree through the story of a mans quest for truth. (And if you believe that you'll believe anything). Starring Bill Murray in his first serious roll, (his mother said he had to), we watch as this thoughtful American turns from the frivolous and trivial life style of his contemporaries, moves to Paris, and begins to seek out the way to enlightenment. It is a journey into new landscapes of culture and religion, which offer our protagonist a variety of beaten tracks and trails.

Rating: Four dead fish.

Jagged Edge

Jagged Edge, starring Jeff Bridges and somebody else, is one of those American movies made by a bunch of people wanting to make lots of money. They probably did it too. This is a fine suspense thriller which, perhaps

unwittingly, gives hint of the obtuse levels of deception and egoistic mania we are all capable of.

The basic idea behind this engrossing movie is did he do it or didn't he. Did the smooth talking and likeable Bridges murder his millionaire wife, as accused, or was it someone else. Further more, will his cute and cuddly lawyer decide she will reveal more than her briefs? and if so will he notice? Will the judge order they stop beating about the bush? and will they, instead, use whips around a tree? Why does he consistently hide his left molar when smiling? and his big toe when laughing? This is a film posing many questions, and does in fact manage to answer most of them. One point however is left unresolved: Who's paying for the pop corn?

Rating: Four dead fish.

If it's hard -it must be love

Freshly Cut Grass

The air sings with the fragrance of freshly cut grass. As a backdrop to other things, children are working hard at play, swinging too and fro, running and skipping; there are toddlers who toddle and mindful mothers who watch on in painful and patient distraction. The sun is everywhere: in the corners of the pavilion, bearing down on the tennis courts, caressing the flower beds, the convection of its heat pulling at the carpet like lawns, dragging out bodily its scent.

Meanwhile the park keeper potters about, the days work done, reluctant to leave His eternal garden with its endless memories. All His life, or so it seems.

"There's no place quite like it," He thinks in paraphrase. "A world within a world within a world." And on a day such as this He feels it His. His.

Standing in the shade of elm He drifts away, and almost never comes back. He half watches half feels the bumble bees bumble about from flower to flower, as if in search of something, but they appear, as usual, unsure precisely what.

Else where there is great inactivity, and everyone is busy doing it to a degree close to perfection.

The park keeper, a simple man in blue overalls, T-shirt, straw hat, blue pumps and pockets full of silence, seeks out the cool of deeper shadow, retiring to the hidden security of His tool shed, where He sits in the stripy curve of a well worn deck chair. Door ajar, pipe smouldering, gazing out into the summery world through eyes bright with the light of nearly wisdom, He surveys His universe with unhurried care.

A days grass cutting concluded, the park keeper presently plays part of an extra, superfluous to the tale's needs, and knowing this he fades from focus.

Over aways, cross legged, mounted on a blanket and hiding on the inside of a book, sits the person of Doris, who, like her name, is of another age. On display, for the world to see, like a dusty exhibit in the quiet unvisited corner of a dead museum, she awaits the attention of an appreciative visitor. She will wait all summer if needs be. Needs be.

These days, on those rare occasions, during those hot, sticky, sweat filled interludes, she has a strange feeling the men she sleeps with are simply having sex with them selves. She feels like an incidental, an accidental, an irrelevance. It seems to her a solitary sport.

Thirty one years old, she wears shoulder length hair of a blondish tone, which is to say, muddy. Doris uses

expensive "Botanical Formula" hair conditioner, imported from Sweden, which makes the blonde streaks shine and sparkle like golden rays of summer sunshine- or so it says on the bottle. Like her age she is not fooled by it, but buys the stuff, and in quantity, anyway, anyway.

It is Friday afternoon. All of it. Doris nibbles half heartedly on a cucumber sandwich, its crust removed, and sips hot black coffee from a thermos with similar lack of will. She inhales the fragrance of freshly cut grass, and feels the force of its intoxication take hold. Thus, inebriated, it pulls her back through time, through a life time of parks and cucumber sandwiches, to a place where the pain and the wanting bleeds from her mind, draining the life force in its scarlet stream. To a place where her emotional demise first shook her by the hand, and would not let go. Through the years she tumbles, and seeing the ground coming up fast she gives out a cry, for she has reached a time when she knew life, felt life.

Even in those days she was not the prettiest of girls. Not quite ugly, she possessed an air of plainness that others found difficult to breath. It was the nineteenth of July. Doris was twenty years old. She checked her watch distractedly. She was feeling ill, physically sick, needing to vomit. The park keeper was busy cutting the rich green grass of summer England. Filling the air with its sweetness, its foul smelling sweetness, the strands of grass fell in a parody of mutilation. She hardly saw any of this. Him. Doris was an atheist, and anyway, her eyes were focused somewhere distant, where no one else could see. Perhaps she had glimpsed her future. Doris, impatient, wandered over to the park shop where she bought a cup of Styrofoam coffee. She sipped its sweet bitter flavour, swallowing as if sensing the emotional drought that would one day come. She was sad, mindlessly sad. Worried, mindlessly worried. She needed to cry, but there was no one

to see her tears, so she held them back. How long would he be? She had said eleven o'clock and it was already ten past. Maybe he wasn't coming. Maybe he didn't care. Maybe he wasn't coming. Maybe he didn't care. Maybe he wasn't coming. Maybe he didn't care. Then she saw him, walking beside the rose beds with hands lost in his pockets. Doris calmed to a state of panic.

"Hello Jeff."

(At last).

"Hi," he told her. "What's wrong?"

"Sit down," she said.

(Calm down Doris. Take it easy. Do it properly).

He sat.

"How are you?"

(Delay the moment. Beat about the bush).

"I'm okay. What's it all about?"

"It's nice today. They're cutting the lawns."

(I wonder if he can see it in my eyes? If the fear is written on my face?).

It was, but Jeff could not read.

"I don't have too long you know. They'll miss me at work."

"Oh."

(You hate the place anyway).

"What's wrong?" he was eager to get on his way. He was not a park person, like Doris, though she pretended he was.

"I have some bad news."

(Bad news! That's a good one. Bad news: it will rain tomorrow. Bad news: my mother's ill).

"What?"

She took out a cigarette.

"Want one?"

(Take one, please. I need more time. I don't know how.)

Just then the park keeper walked by, and even then he looked as old as time, and almost half as forgetful. He

offered a warm smile to Doris, who grabbed it with an eagerness born of need.

(Thank you).

"Thanks," Jeff took one. She made great labour of lighting up.

"Your hand's shaking."

"Yes."

(Out with it. Just say it. Tell him).

"I'm pregnant."

(I did it. Maybe he doesn't care).

"You sure?"

"Yes."

(Of course I'm sure. He doesn't care).

"Jesus Christ."

(He doesn't care).

"Jesus fucking Christ."

They sat in silence for a moment.

(He doesn't care. Why doesn't he say something?)

"Don't you take precautions, for God's sake?"

" "

()

"So what you going to do?"

(Me? Us. What are we going to do?)

"I don't know."

"You'll have to get rid of it." The need to vomit became unbearable. Doris hurried over to the ladies toilet, where it came burning up her throat. In that moment she lived and died forever. She walked back to the bench where Jeff stood waiting.

"Listen, I've got to go. They'll miss me. Call me. Okay?" She looked down to her feet.

(Oh God oh God oh god oh god. Help me).

"Okay?" Doris glanced up to his cold dark eyes for the briefest of moments. They were like pit shafts descending into the bowels of the earth. Black and dirty. Dirty. As

she looked into them some of the filth came off, onto her pale white skin.

"Okay?" he insisted.

She said, " Okay." It was the hardest word she had ever been forced to say. With it she knew he had been set free. The worm had wriggled free.

She never saw him again. She saw him everyday for the rest of her life.

It was all so long ago, akin to a dream. It had been real enough though, and she is thankful for it. Thankful to have known existence, and felt the terrible pain of it. She can almost feel the echo of its sorrow.

Doris is all but dead, and she all but knows it. The fire of her life is fuelled by a few remaining drops of hope, but even they will soon be exhausted. She stands to leave. Walking by the park keeper in his hide away, He gives a smile of recognition.

Of His routine, she know it well. Next Friday He will once again mow the lawns, releasing their fragrance into the air, to fill the world with sweet perfume. Doris will be there, to breathe it deeply, gasping for more, until it fills her mind, until she becomes drunk, once again, with that smell of freshly cut grass.

Issue Two

November 1987

EDITORIAL

Bob Donnelly and Keith Waddington

Well here we are again with issue number two. We hope you enjoyed the first issue. We did see an unusually large number of students reading in the cafeteria a few weeks ago on a certain Friday morning when BROADSIDE issue number one was made available. Yes, we know there were typos and grammar inconsistencies and a few other minor problems but you have to start some where right?!!!

Student response was pretty good overall after the first issue and we only wish more people had expressed their feelings and views in a letter rather than through a brief comment in the corridor or cafeteria. We want to hear from you and we want to know what you really think of BROADSIDE so far. Remember that all you have to do to submit material, letters, poems, letters of admiration to your favourite teacher, your recommendation for student of the week award, why you think Montreal didn't win the Stanley Cup, or whatever else is on your mind. BROADSIDE will only be as good as you make it so keep reading, and even more importantly, keep writing.

Turning the pages (and reading the squiggly lines sometimes referred to as printed words), the more astute of you may notice that this issue is rather more serious (or less silly as we like to think of it) than the last one. The reasons for this are so complicated even we have a hard time comprehending them, and so it would be foolish to try and explain to you lot. Any way, read and enjoy. The bits

you don't like cut out and send in a brown envelope to your mother, or at least some one's mother.

To conclude, a great deal of hard work goes into this paper, and rather than simply thanking those members of the BROADSIDE staff that you know, why not surprise us with cash, money orders, or offers we cannot refuse.

ENGLISH TEACHERS CAN'T DO MATH

English is by no means an exact science, though for purposes of scholastic consistency a certain degree of standardisation must be employed. One example of this already in use is the M.L.A. format which all papers, even those outside the English department, must conform to; grammar too abides by certain universal laws. Why then is the method of grading English papers left to the whim of the teacher concerned? Why, with so much at stake, is the professor of English a law unto himself? a king in his own egotistical domain? When we, at a later date, present our grades to a prospective university they cannot be qualified by a stating that, "Well yes, I know I only got a 65%, but the class average was 42. The marks must stand alone, and they can, often, create a false impression.

Let us look then at 2 teachers in the St. Lawrence English Department and see just how inconsistent is the system (or non-existent) of grading papers.

Bob Donnelly: First year Com' and Lit':

Class average: 81.3

Number of fails: Nil

Highest mark: 92

Peter Thomas: First year Com' and Lit':

Class Average: 62

Number of fails: 5

Highest Mark: 90

How can this discrepancy be justified? Is there such a difference in the 2 classes basic level of intelligence? Surely not. More than likely these 2 teachers are using different standards to measure individual ability, rendering the numbers themselves completely invalid. It seems rather like stating one person is 6,1 and another 1,9

and failing to add that the former is of the imperial system and the latter metric.

Grades must be relative, but the question we face is, relative to what? The way things stand now, they are proportionate only to the teachers own personal judgement.

The entire English Department, if they have any collective conscience, should meet and come to some agreement to insure a greater degree of standardisation. Perhaps though they are reluctant to lose a small degree of that almost absolute freedom they have bestowed upon themselves. Power is indeed corrupt, n'est pas!

This seems an appropriate moment to remind students that a review board does exist should you feel that final marks do not accurately represent your abilities and the work you have produced. This should be seen as a last resort however, and if things do seem to be heading an unfortunate direction, speak with your teacher as soon as possible. The review board is more than likely to agree with your teacher unless you have very strong arguments and evidence to the contrary.

STUDENT COUNCIL—ONE MAN SHOW

After a lengthy interview last week, I came away from room 134 with an uneasy feeling that not only is the student council not working for our benefit, but also that it simply is not working. Since then an inside source, whose name I promised not to reveal, has confirmed my worst fears: The student council is not only a hive of inactivity but one shrouded in secrecy. This one man show starring Marc Fortin is rapidly becoming a farce, with funds laying dormant since last year and a singular lack of will to effect any changes. Marc refused to tell me how much money remains for this year, though I have since learned that it

is considerable. He asked me not to mention, in effect to remind students that an interest free loan service is available for those in temporary difficulty, in case people should ask for one! Another member of the council refused to give me her name lest she should appear in a bad light; this girl it then turns out is not only vice president but is also busy manipulating events in order to assure her succession to the position a president, when Marc leaves at the end of this semester, without the holding of elections. Why all this secrecy?

Inside the council "there is conflict," and it was likened by yet another source and member of that council as being akin to a "soap opera." The farce does not end there though, for although Marc, with power of veto on all decisions, does indeed feel it a one man show, the reality is quite different, for he is nothing more than a puppet of the administration, that embodiment manifesting itself in the form of Mr. Stewart, who pulls the conservative strings and makes Mark dance in a bizarre parody of free will. There has even been a vague rumour that since BROADSIDE is funded by the council we should not become too controversial- or else!

One look at "Inside the Student Association" column is enough to confirm that indeed nothing is happening during the meetings. Not only is the Council lacking in creativity in its endeavours to find useful ways to spend our money, that we might all benefit from, but that also, even when such is proposed from an out side source (such as the radio room), they dilly and dally and finally cause more confusion than one could think possible. And so thousands of dollars sit in the bank like some symbolic offering to the God of inactivity. Another example of the councils willingness to do nothing, is its refusal to purchase a computer for the use of the year book and news paper. We are not short of money, just the will to use it. Meanwhile one is forced to consider the strangeness of the Councils

priorities after learning that financial aid was given to students wishing to see an Expo game!

Setting out to write this article my first intention was a simple report on the Student Council and its activities, there was no searching through trash for a scandal, though it soon became apparent that the story was taking a new direction of its own accord. This is our Council and they play with our money, yet we can get our hands on neither. Marc Fortin claims he enjoys organising and helping people as reasons for his position as president of the council, though in one uncharacteristic slip of the tongue he admitted that it will make for a nice addition to his university record.

Things could be worse I am assured. First year students may not realise that last year 900 dollars were left in a broken safe and not surprisingly stolen. Conflict between president and vice president, then Marc Fortin, was extremely high. And so perhaps we should thank our lucky stars. This year we have a puppet and a puppeteer, and though the show consists of nothing, it is a quiet nothing, with secrecy writing most of the script and the student body blissfully unaware that anything is amiss.

The Big Guy

Mr Murphy is a name with little or no meaning to many students; that he is our lord and master, director of the school no less, may then come as something as a surprise . The purpose of the following interview then is two fold: Firstly, a number of questions which for many weeks have rumbled through the corridors will be answered; and secondly some idea of the man behind the desk may be obtained.

Please note that all quotes are direct, though some editing and condensing was needed; This in no way, however, changed the answers or their connotations.

Q. Why is there no mid term brake in St Lawrence when all other CEGEP's do indeed benefit from one?

Mr. Murphy. The academic calendar for each semester is supposed to contain 82 days, which does not include registration days. We finish on the 18th of December, maybe the other CEGEP's have classes on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd, and since we have a lot of students with distance to travel, to run too close to Christmas would be a bit of a hassle.

Q. How do you justify the limitation of personal freedoms under Regulation 33?

Mr. Murphy. If someone has failed 50% of their courses, maybe they have proven by that time that they need someurging to succeed; and after the second time around they will not be allowed back. We could ignore everybody and just let them go and fail again . . .I think it's not a matter of some one trying to control some one else's life or any thing, its a question of urging them to make the step. Nobody is interested in suppressing any one's freedom, the goal is to get people to succeed.

Q. Do you feel that teachers should be allowed into the Student Macintosh room while Students are not allowed into the teachers room- which has the only laser printer?

Mr. Murphy. There are only, after all, 3 or 4 computers in the teacher's room, so some times they need to use the other one's.

Q. But don't you think that certain exceptions should exist? After all a rule without exceptions seems to exist simply to serve its own purpose, for its own sake, rather than to serve the people who made the rule.

Mr. Murphy. Then of course you see every student will say he has a right to be in there if one or two have. That's one problem.

Q. Who decides on the prices in the cafeteria? And is it run as a private enterprise?

Mr. Murphy. Yes it is, and Mr Girard, who runs the thing, sets the prices. I don't know if you realise that, I think it was 4 years ago, the business students made a cost analysis and they found out that they'd better drop the issue. The prices are highly competitive let me put it that way.

Q. Do you feel the conservative atmosphere in this school is a reflection of your self?

Mr Murphy. I don't know how much you can connect to an administrator in a collegial structure. I don't know if there is any essential cause and effect relationship or not. If some thing's a success everyone's responsible, and if it's a failure no one is. Failures are orphans - success' have many fathers. I'm not sure I even agree that we are conservative here.

To conclude I pass on a message that Mr. Murphy's door is open at all times and to all students who feel they may need his assistance.

An Interview with Keith Waddington

By J.P. Champagne

It is hard to avoid knowing or at least having heard of BROADSIDE's ace reporter Keith Waddington. Yes, the crazy Englishman who is into all the private scandals and sleazy affairs in S.L.C. But what makes this "bloody fool" tick? This interview attempts to answer some of the most often asked questions about Keith. Let us begin this revealing interview.

Q. Are you really English?

A. Just the top half.

Q. Are you really crazy?

A. Just the top half.

Q. View on Quebec v. world?

A. Quebec 2 World 3.

Q. View on sex, alcohol and drugs?

A. I don't do one without the others.

Q. How do you like the women in Quebec?

A. Well done.

Q. Are you married, divorced, separated, homo?

A. Yes, no, yes, no comment- but I'll see you later darling.

Q. Favourite sexual position?

A. Upside down, hanging from a chandelier and singing the National Anthem- which is hard when your mouth's full.

Q. Any kids?

A. Yes, 7 years old; her name is Yumée, and, as you can imagine, she's just as charming as I am.

Q. How do you like S.L.C.

A. I have only one criticism: I spend more hours on the Newspaper than other students do on homework in three weeks; and a lot of it is damn hard work. I'm not looking

for thanks, but I'm fuckin' sick of stupid people telling me what I should and should not write. And I don't appreciate a certain person coming up and threatening me, in all seriousness, that I should watch out what I say about the Student Association. If people don't like something I say they should write in and give their side of the story. That does entail knowing how to read and write however, so I understand all the reluctance! If students want a paper that's good to hang on the walls, with flowers and butterflies and all that harmless hogwash then I'll quit now. I can do other things with my time, Jesus Christ- (may he rot in hell).

Q. View on journalism?

A. I'm glad I don't do it for a living.

Q. View of Administration ad Teachers?

A. @\$!!!!&&*(^^#)!!!

Q. Habits good and bad?

A. Yes they are.

Q. Likes and dislikes?

A. See answer to question 4.

Perhaps I have not revealed all the secrets of this man shrouded in mystery, but hopefully, through this interview, you may better understand the lunatic that is roaming the halls of St. Lawrence. Please note: All quotes are direct.

Sunshine Boy Banned

Our intention to include a nude photo of the BROADSIDE "Sunshine Boy" has unfortunately been voted out by an overly conservative editorial committee.

Video Reviews

Moby Dick

Not simply a film concerned with the plight of a big fish (whale actually) but a look at one man's single minded obsession, which results in his ultimate demise. The theme then is don't be overly obsessed unless your pants are off, and even then takes brakes in between.

This is not the best movie I have ever seen, so why not read the book instead? It lasts longer that way too, and we all know how important staying power is, don't we? Make it last as long as possible and enjoy every minute.

Rating: 2 dead fish.

By the way, if you have pay T.V or rent video's watch out for "Link", a great movie- and it's from England to boot.

The Lady in Waiting

Tick.

Doris lives in a squalid flat in darkest Clapham. There she lives out her dreams and masturbates from reality.

It is ten A.M. Doris awakens to the sound of autumn rain splashing in her head. It is a sound she finds strangely comforting. She climbs from bed and makes over to the gas fire, taking the ankle length flannel night-dress with her for company. Striking of match and twisting of knob bring warmth and light to her world. Doris huddles to it, arms out, hands spread like the tails of two ageing peacocks, soaking up its energy. Warmed, she takes to kitchen, where egg is boiled, bread toasted, and crusts removed; kettle is filled, teapot fed, and table set. She

turns on the radio, twiddles the dial to favourite station, which she never listens to, and finds a love song is playing. One she likes.

The desert of sand has fallen through distorted test-tube and egg is ready. Extra toast leaps from the cage of burning bars and falls dead to the counter top. Kettle whistles, screams and cries. It is a familiar nightmare to Doris, and as the tea seeps in boiling water, she herself seeps in a bubbling caldron of scolding loneliness. On this day though, with rain bouncing down outside, she is partially reprieved. Doris has hope for company. Her sorrow has been sent on holiday.

Tock.

Doris eats breakfast as formality would have it, slurps tea as required by the Queen. Bringing cup to lips her little finger sticks out in forty-five degrees of phallic rigidity. Meanwhile the rain, thousands of miles away, beats down on the street outside, hammering the heads of red Indian post boxes, knocking the sense from forgotten garden gnomes.

Doris dresses, looks through tear stained window pain and sees herself, reflected in transparency.

Doris works in the evening, serving fish and chips to people she would like to know.

Doris' life stretches ahead like a dark road going nowhere. A cul-de-sac of unevents.

Later she becomes a supermarket trolley woman, truddling along, humming tunelessly to herself.

"Hello, dear." The till lady greets Doris. They are of a kind. There is a feeling of camaraderie between them. Their fading dreams share the same bed.

"Hello." Pork chops, one pound seventy-nine.

"How are you?" Mince meat, one pound fifty.

"I'm fine. On top of the world really," Doris answers. Cabbage, forty-five pence.

"You working tonight?" The fish and chip shop is two doors away, down the parade, next to the Dog and Gun. Tomatoes, seventy-four pence.

"No. I've got the night off." Biscuits thirty-five pence.

"That's nice. We could all do with a break." Eggs, forty pence.

"Yes." The black road begins to carry food to its end, where it piles up like a scrap yard of dead cars, awaiting some kind of purpose. Wine, three pounds eighty-two. The till lady's eyes register the bottle. It is not something Doris would normally buy.

"Going to a party, are we?" Her fingers pause on the till's insecure buttons, buttons that need the constant attention of their keeper; buttons with an unquenchable desire to be touched and fondled.

"Something like that." Doris holds the secret to her like a sick child.

Tick.

Walking home the rain continues to pour, but she remains dry, protected by an umbrella of brightly coloured expectation. Her plastic bag is overflowing with booty: packets of dream, cans of hope, for this is no ordinary time: Doris has been shopping with purpose, buying with reason, and even if the vegetables remind her of herself, perhaps she will turn out, by the end of the story, to be a succulent strawberry and not simply a bland radish. There is meaning and direction to her stride and Doris scales the staircase to the third floor flat with the agile sure footed movements of a confident and seasoned rock climber. Coat removed her breasts have renewed buoyancy; she is alive with the demands of regained youth.

Doris, singing, looks almost pretty.

Tock.

The flat sighs with age, its walls groan with fatherly concern. It has seen all of this before. Will see all of this again. It has seen sorrow and pain, laughter and joy. Has heard rusty bed springs tapping out the rhythms of frantic lovers, heard the discordant cries of orgasm. It watches Doris through wall paper eyes of fading roses, listens to her breath with its thread bare furnishings. And in the dark of night, when Doris gives comfort to herself, it turns away. Some things are too much even for a wise and elderly flat to bear.

Tick.

The morning is years away. Doris puts away the provisions in orderly rows. The cans stand to attention in her presence, but who knows what they do when the cupboard door is shut. Doris makes coffee, strong and dark and dependable.

The armchair takes her in its dying arms. The life remaining it would gladly give to her, if only she would take it. Offering what comfort it can, it moulds itself to Doris' tired frame. Sipping drink, gazing out window.

There is silence in the flat. A ticking clock divides that silence into neat segments, just as Doris likes it. Orderly. Out of the window the rain has stopped. Doris places the empty cup on coffee table and takes in a room full of air; her breasts strain to escape the constraints of dress and circumstance. Meanwhile Doris herself decides to escape, into the outside world for a while, to walk, to see what can be seen, while the light is good, while the mood is positive.

Tock.

Doris moves down the hall, down the staircase, leaving tracks of creaking steps as she goes. As she descends the final flight the landlady appears from her secret chambers. A narrow lady, dark haired, fighting off forty- winning the battle, yet losing the war. She is a caretaker of sorts. The house is not hers, it belongs to itself. She has never owned anything in all her years, except a few toys when she was child. There is a black man who thinks it his, who paid money to bank, signed papers of transfer. A black man who visits his caretaker by night, to rattle her bones, to play music on her xylophone ribs, to own another property.

"Hello, Doris," says the lady who keeps inferiority stashed away in her handbag.

"Hello," says the lady who's handbag lies empty, unused.

"Shocking weather we're having."

"Terrible," Doris agrees.

"Shocking weather we're having."

"Terrible."

"Shocking weather we're having."

"Terrible."

"Shocking weather we're having."

"Terrible."

"Be seeing you."

"Yes, by the by." They are both adrift, on different oceans with no common points of reference.

Tick.

The sun shines with withered autumn strength. The avenue is covered by a kaleidoscope of rich leaf canopy, of multi collared foliage, of protective tree hands, outstretched in transparent salutation. A bright light flashes. Doris closes her eyes and sees the after image of

sorrow hang its head in shame. An old friend. She is comforted. This day is no run of the mill day: it is laced with prospect, chilled with the unknown, though sometimes, of course, it is nice to return to the warmth of things we know, no matter what they might be, and she offers sorrow a half hearted smile. Doris walks into the local park, along a mosaic foot path of sodden leaf.

Tock.

Evening comes on silent feet. The sun dies another death. The black man plays his percussive music. The caretaker takes good care of her obscure desires.

Tick.

The time is nigh.

Tock.

Doris prepares a meal fit for a king.

Tick.

It is seven fifteen. Yesterday she had met a man in the park. He was called Harry. He was a few moments older than she.

Tock.

They had retired to a public house where they nestled in a corner.

Tick.

Doris manoeuvred her knee against his leg. Felt her heart b.b.b.b.b. beat. Felt her loins moisten.

Tock.

He was charming. He was divorced. He was charming. He was divorced. She could feel the warmth of his breath tickle her ears with the sweetness of whispers.

Tick.

She heard herself ask him over, during a pause in laughter, tomorrow, for dinner. She heard him smile, glance down momentarily at her breasts, accept, with seeming pleasure.

Tock.

It is seven thirty. Food is cooking itself and Doris retires to her bed chamber to dress. The smoothness of silk holding her gently in its smooth cupped hands, telling her she is desirable. And the funny thing is, there is a certain truth to it. Doris at this moment is desirable.

It is seven forty-five. Doris uses make-up sparingly. Doris is ready.

She returns to the living room to sit. To wait. He is to arrive at eight o'clock. There is nervous silence about the place now, only the ticking clock seems calm. Deceptively at ease.

She pours herself a cup of coffee from the drip-drop machine to pass away the time. Sip, sip. How nice.

Not much longer, she thinks, and begins to prepare her script. What she will say and what he will answer. What she will think and what he will do. She plays this game like hop scotch, bouncing from one idea to another. Doris dares not look up to see the time, though she knows it is passing.

What he will think and she will do.

It must be almost time.

What he will want and she will offer.

Maybe it is past time. Maybe he got held up. Maybe he will be just a little late.

Forever has gone. There is silence. The moment is endless. She knows it is passing. She knows it is his passing.

Sip, sip. The coffee, with the passage of too much time, becomes sickly, almost putrid.

A plainness begins to cover Doris from head to foot. A cold creeping plainness. She stops playing and listens. There is something odd, but hard to place. She examines the air, searches out the enigma. Searching she does not find. Seeing she does not see. There is a stillness, like the after birth of a passing storm, the clouds gone, the woods silent, something missing, that was there but now is gone.

With blood curdling horror Doris discovers what it is. The cold lips of death whisper the answer, bite her nipples, excite her, and laughing he slips away into the night.

Doris knows by the silence his words were true, but fear and the cold chill of despair hold her rigid, prevent her from confirming that which surely must be.

The grip is loosened. Doris listens, hard.

There is no sound.

The clock has stopped.

Doris looks up.

Its hands are still.

The clock has stopped its hands are still.

The Lady in Waiting breathes horror.

Issue Three

November 1987

**STUDENT COUNCIL TO BE HIT BY ATOMIC BOMB DISGUISED
AS RED HERRING**

Once again our very own Student Council is the centre of intergalactic galactic controversy with its blatant refusal to support students in their call for strike action last week. In protest of government cut backs, respective to student loans, all other CEGEP's in our region saw fit to take heed of this one day universal stoppage, no doubt suggested by their own Student Council's, though our own unelected body lay dormant, awaiting the dispersal of those dark clouds of discontent, knowing that with time the sun would return to their quiet introspective world of inflated ego and delirious dream. I have news for you: the light shineath no more; the day of dark is come; there must now be a final reckoning.

Suggestions that the "One Man Show" article was unfair and that I deliberately set out to show Marc in a bad light should now be seen as erroneous. The petition recently passed around the school proved categorically that many students are unhappy with the lack of will manifesting itself in the council, its manic fear of upsetting the status quo and its inability to focus and enlarge student will. What exactly are they up to? Is the council to represent us or the conservative stagnation of administrative doctrine? Whose council is it any way? The goal of the petition, I hope, was not to see heads roll, but to set eyes a twinkling with a clearer view of reality. As an editor of this, dare I say, tactile weapon of the student consciousness, I demand a public apology from Marc as a representative of the entire student council, and if

none is received that we declare nuclear war and wipe out the whole lot of them.

Please note: a meeting will be called next week for all those interested in the election of the next president after Marc leaves. Watch out on the notice boards for when and where.

S.L.C. Teachers Acquitted on Murder Charge

A turn out for the books indeed: It was suggested to me by a half crazed English teacher, whose name (Bob McBride) I promised never to disclose even under threat of torture, that St Lawrence students lack of will to participate in out of class activities is the result of the heavy burden of home work and pressure to attain high marks. He went on to say that indeed perhaps the social lives of students are effected too. Could it be? Are the teachers in our school systematically killing, yes killing, the social lives of their pupils? This reporter decided the situation needed close examination, that this charge of murder must be put on trial. The only course of action seemed to be to conduct a survey which would be broad enough to settle things once and for all, yet obscure enough to allow for generous jiggling of the statistics and thus prove any point that took my fancy. It was in this direction that I began to move, slowly, admittedly, but I did move none the less. I moved right on down to the cafeteria where I sat with my friends, put my feet up, my hands down, and my nostrils on the table, and decided to conduct the poll some other day.

Finally it was done, but shock horror, the answers I got were not the ones I wanted. I decided ignore my better instincts, forget about being a journalist and for once speak the truth, no matter how distasteful it might be:

One hundred students were questioned and the results were quite astounding. More than fifty percent believed that their home work load was quite fine thank you very much and they had no complaints. I said, " Are you sure?" and they replied "Yes." No complaints, not too much home work. Needless to say I was aghast. What the hell is the world coming to? I pondered aloud to myself, drawing a few strange glances from passers by in a note book I keep in my pocket. Further, many of the other students who said indeed they did have too much home work added that they didn't do it any way! What then is the reason for this incredible lack of participation? Take BROADSIDE as a perfect example: A medium now exists through which students may speak directly to every other person in the school, to share ideas and feeling, to say what ever is on their minds; and what happens? Nothing. Hardly anybody bothers. Why is there such lack of will? Why is this lethargy running rampant in our corridors? What has happened to the spirit of rebellion which in other generations has caused blood to be spilled and illegal substances to be consumed? Where is the defiance, the solidarity, the desire to belong? And then, as I sat on the bus on the way to choir practice, it came to me all of a sudden, as if from God, (who happens to be a good friend of mine, who often asks my advice and even laughs at my jokes). Yes it came to me, I finally figured it out. I realised that though you all look like students you are nothing more than programmed clones fabricated by the Conservative party of Canada and planted here to ensure that nothing ever happens and that nothing ever will; a life time guarantee that there will be no change. It all suddenly made sense.

Please note: Although this article was written in a facetious manner, an actual survey was conducted and its results have been accurately presented.

Toward a More Responsible Journalism

By Pierre Gagne, Social Convenor

Resolutely, S.L.C. student Keith Waddington has embraced all the facts of the ever demanding, controversy-provoking journalistic vocation. Along and through his newly brought forth and inky comrade Broadside, college-level Keith duly and almost monthly delivers pertinent informative articles, relishingly humorous reviews, and artistic and suspense pieces of writing to his fellow students. Keith's self set task is truly threefold: he has to bring under the limelight certain S.L.C. individual's and groups' immoral, tumultuous and scandalous conduct, to express his opinion on movies and books, and to spin captivating yarns. There is Keith the reporter, Keith the reviewer, and Keith the short story writer. Nothing can be reproached to the two last Keiths: Keith's journalistic output as a reviewer and a short story writer is a skilful, competent and impeccable one, and we ought to be grateful toward him for his broad, lively and generous contribution to S.L.C. literary life. On the other hand, from what Keith wrote in his last month "Student Council One Man Show", it is clearly perceived that his approach to the reporter's job is utterly incorrect. When a basic, simple reporting of facts is needed, Keith seems to be slightly more interested in having the Queen choked up out of indignation with her 5 o'clock daily cup of tea than in sticking to the facts. Perhaps he is reluctant to admit that the approach to reporting is not that to story-writing. Perhaps he just has never thought that there should be a difference. But there must be one. There must be a difference between the fashion in which one approaches reporting and story writing. One cannot be allowed to play around with facts, create situations and manipulate events in a report as one does in a piece of creative writing and that even if it entails

that the writer must be more passive and less creative, and that his work must be more monotonous and less dazzling. St. Lawrence Campus is not and does not have to appear as corrupted as New York, Detroit or Hollywood. This does not mean that the reporters style of writing should be a non-existing, non vivid and non-rapturing one. This only means that a reporters style should be modified so as to suit best the facts, and not the opposite.

As most industrialised countries, Canada has freedom of the press which is mainly derived from and supported by Article 19 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Freedom of the press grants any journalist in Canada the right to think and to write whatever and about whatever he fancies. However, informative articles, because of their very nature - they are factual and first and foremost intended to inform properly the readers, have inevitably curtailed this freedom and entailed the establishment of a journalistic code of ethics. This code of ethics, although it is no governmental law, is almost always systematically obeyed by the press because disobedience directly implies refusal to inform properly the public; that is, refusal to fulfil its mandate. Canada's journalistic code of ethics clearly reflects Canadians view that journalists have the responsibility to deliver the public unaltered, unshortened and unbiased reports of what is taking place regionally, nationally and internationally. The very credibility of the newspaper as a medium of communication revolves around this sense of public responsibility since the journalist, being an "agent" for the citizen in the gathering of information and knowledge, is in a position of trust and great influence. Journalists must be fair, accurate, thorough, comprehensive and balanced in their presentation of information and they must be competent in judging and selecting what is to be put aside as trivial and irrelevant and what is to be emphasised as being the key point of an issue. Of course, they must also ensure that the widest

possible range of views is expressed and that they are capturing the dimensions and nuances of the issue so that the public can have an adequate comprehension of it. (Journalistic Policy, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation).

Keith Waddington, consciously or not of it, repudiates this code of ethics on his "Student Council One Man Show". If he, or and other influential Broadside journalist, continues to abjure Broadside's responsibility toward the students and just go fooling around, not minding instilling untruths into the students mind, we will end up the year reading a rag. When interviewed in Broadside last issue, Keith said he did not like having people telling him what he should or should not write. He was in his right. He is free to write whatever he wants; however, while striving to prove that he is not intimidated by anybody, he might be oblivious that responsible, healthy journalism has its rules and that these cannot be violated without distorting the key points of an issue. There is the journalists right to write what he wants but there is also the readers right to be well informed. Since Canada's sound journalistic policy is seemingly encrusted in Broadside's ignorance of bad faith, here it is as a reminder for its editing board. "Defamation is the generic term used for the words libel, and slander." (CBC) Anyone reading "Student Council One man Show" would be astounded by the number of defamatory statements in it. For illustration, let us pick the following paragraph. " . . .not working for our benefit, but also that it simply is not working. Since then an inside source, whose name I promised not to reveal, has confirmed my worst fears: The student council is not only a hive of inactivity but one shrouded in secrecy. This one man show starring Marc Fortin is rapidly becoming a farce, with funds laying dormant since last year and a singular lack of will to effect any changes." (Waddington) This paragraph is a fragment case of statements concerning an individual's office, profession or trade and it is even

more deplorable to learn that the above sentences in addition to being defamatory, are sheer lies. And since this piece of writing is also an informative article, let us show that mere factual sentences are as eloquent as well-folded, metaphorical ones.

Activities organiser, sweat pants and shirts sale, bands, New York Trip . . .Marc Fortin. Expo trip . . .Esther Paradis and Bernie Kuhn. School jackets . . .Al Vermette. Dances and yearbook . . .Pierre Gagne. Radio room . . .Gary Levesque. Money In \$11,250.00 Money Out \$17,250.00 BALANCE \$6,000.00 Posters: At least two per activity.

Where is the one man show? Where is the hive of inactivity? And the funds laying dormant?? And the secrecy? I fail to see, just as I fail to see the reason of using sarcasm and cynicism when only 15 students (student council) out of 700 can recognize them as so. Admitted, student council members do not go around in the cafeteria informing students of every detail of the planning of oncoming activities. But should they? Marc Fortin claims he enjoys organising and helping people as reasons for his position as president of the council, though in one uncharacteristic slip of the tongue he admitted that it will make for a nice addition to his university record. (Waddington) This paragraph does not hint at and even less make clear that Marc was joking when he said "this it will make a nice addition to his university record." Perhaps the writer meant that "slip of the tongue" means a joke. That Marc was joking when he said this would strike and be confirmed by anyone who knows him a little, that is to say, at least half the school, but not Waddington. At any rake, if Marc were president only in order to make "a nice addition" instead of to be able to organise and help people, he would have quit the presidency a long time ago.

Getting a nice addition to one's university record is simply not worth all the s . . . one gets as a bonus with the presidency of a student council.

Believe me, I could easily go on proving that thoroughness, fairness and accuracy were in no way reached in "Student Council One man Show." But I will not. I will not because I have already caused and do not want to cause further tension between the student council and BROADSIDE, two excellent teams that work for us. the students. I will not because I believe Keith is one of SLC's most skilled, most gifted and most creative writers and because of his this exceptional writing ability it would be sad if her were working against the student population when reporting. It would be really sad because, after all, a student newspaper will always be reflection of the students themselves. How should BROADSIDE be perceived? As a sort of SLC Enquirer that digs up scandals or as a sort of SLC Time that provides students with relevant and truthful and insightful reports? Because the power of the newspaper as a medium of communication is tremendous and must not be misused or abused, I believe BROADSIDE ought to be like the New York or London Times, I believe that Keith's agile, creative and entertaining per can easily switch to a reporting that would bring all a step closer to a healthier, more responsive journalism.

A Reply

Well Pierre, what a nice letter. I loved every syllable. I had planned on a lengthy reply in which I would systematically destroy each and every point of contention, which you so lucidly conveyed, and in doing so prove that there is no absolute truth, as you would have us believe, and that there can be no real objectivity in a world where

subjective sense is the only sense possible. To give both sides of an argument leaves the reader unstimulated, to balance the good with the bad results in a simultaneous cancelling of the two and we are left with a none entity. Due to lack of both space and time though I have decided instead to summarise my response to your letter in a global manner, rather than a methodical reply to each of the points you brought up.

Firstly, and most importantly, I am not a journalist, have no desire to be one and never shall. That in itself seems to take care of every thing you say, but I shall continue. BROADSIDE may be referred to as a newspaper, though in truth it is nothing of the kind. Show me which paper in the world fills up page three to its entirety with short stories. Show me which first page contains humorous fictional articles. Bring to me a paper that endeavours to fill all its pages with articles from people not actually employed by that paper. BROADSIDE is a meeting place for ideas and opinions, a point of congregation for culture and word. BROADSIDE has become the epitome of free speech where truth may manifest itself with all the subjectivity that makes for real expression of real people with real points of view. Because so few chose to make use of this unique "journal," for want of a better word, for indeed there is no utterance able to succinctly describe what BROADSIDE really is, it is no less valid nor less vital to keep in circulation. BROADSIDE lives, ink is as blood, ideas its breath.

An Imaginary Interview with a Typical S.L.C. Student.

Me. Hello.

Student. What the hell do you mean by that?

Me. Just hello.

Student. It's not a test or any thing?

Me. No.

Student. Are you sure?

Me. Yes.

Student. Oh, well, hello- I suppose.

Me. I wonder if you could tell me what you like most about St. Lawrence?

Student. The holidays.

Me. Apart from that.

Student. The lounge out side the biblioteque.

Me. And is there any thing you don't like?

Student. Are you going to write this in the paper?

Me. No.

Student. Well in that case listen. I hate the way they treat us like kids in this place. I mean it really gets on my fucking nerves. Who the hell do they think they are any way? Treat us like God damn kids they do; like little iddy biddy kids.

Me. What's your favourite leisure activity.

Student. Watching "Passe Par Tout" and flying my kite.

Me. I thought so. Now then, how many students do you think it takes to screw in a light bulb?

Student. Are you sure this isn't a test?

Me. Yes.

Student. And you won't put any of this in the paper?

Me. None. I promise.

Student. Well let me tell you something: I never did understand those light bulb jokes. What do they mean?

Me. They just mean that you're not bright enough to understand them, that's all.

Student. Oh. But what does that mean?

Me. Listen, do you believe that St Lawrence's image as a college extraordinaire is in any way true?

Student. Yes and no.

Me. What do you mean?

Student. Yes, I think it is true, but no, I don't believe it.

Me. Okay. The last question: Do you feel able, at your age, and being fresh out of High School as you are, to make the career choice our educational system demands of you, which, accordingly, means the classes chosen are representative of that single well defined goal expected of you? Or have you, contrary to the conservative norm, more a desire to sample many different aspects of the human experience and a real yearning to unwrap the gift of education for its own sake? In other words have you put all your eggs in the same basket.

Student. No I haven't.

Me. Why not?

Student. My mother does all the shopping.

This space has been reserved for you, the reader, and may be used for writing you very own article. That way there will be at least one thing you like in this issue.

Please use it wisely.

Desperately Seeking Susan

Ace reporter Keith Waddington is anxious to discover the identity of a certain female who very kindly left a card thanking the BROADSIDE staff for their work on behalf of the student body. It is, of course, not the student body I am interested in, so could our secret admirer please make herself known by casually handing me her phone number and vital statistics, including heart rate, inside leg measurement and hat size.

Video Reviews

Death of a Salesman

Arthur Miller's classic stage play is brought to the screen. The starring role is left in the capable hands of Dustin Hoffman, who fondles it and does strange things to it, presenting the character of Willy Loman in a credible and admirable fashion. The film's success is largely due to the "hands off" attitude of director Volker Schlöndorff (Fred to his friends), in that we watch a filmed play rather than an actual film. The decor is all much as it would have appeared in the actual New York stage production, and the images rendered retain the strange surrealism intended by the playwright.

The work deals with the deep and complex character of a father and his unrealistic aspirations for his two adult sons. The father descends in a world of what was and what should have been, slipping further and further into this perplexing realm where past and present become the two sides of a spinning coin. No more need be said; take this video home and cry real tears- real because you don't have

a video recorder and can only look at the nice picture on the cover. A masterpiece.

Rating: 5 dead fish

Extremities

Farrah Fawcett proves at last that she indeed is not a right charlie. Fawcett, in the leading role, plays a woman who, having once narrowly escaped the violence of a deranged rapist, finds him returned to her home. Fighting back this time the tables are turned and she finds herself captor, and he the captive. Her first inclination is to do away with him, to cut him to pieces and turn him into sausage meat, or to bury him alive with only one book to read as he waits, a book from which she has sadistically removed the last page, or to feed him to her pet gold fish in bite size pieces, or then perhaps to squash his squishies and squish his squashes; but instead she decides to do what the script says, and thus please both the director and the play write. With the arrival of her two female room-mates she is forced to rethink her plans.

This is a relatively good movie which encapsulates a common problem of all rape victims: that of credibility in the eyes of the law; a woman's word against that of a man in a system dominated by males. The films social relevance then supersedes its importance as a motion picture. It is worthy of viewing, especially for guys, if only to bring into mind the nature of rape itself.

Rating: 3 and a half dead fish.

Election Special

Welcome Back

By Guislaine Bulman and Keith Waddington

Welcome back. This semester there will be lots of stuff to do, but don't do it in front of the teachers! Keith and I feel that everyone should participate in school life, and if you don't we'll smack your bums.

Come see the basketball games. Come to the dances. Come all over the place. Participate in intramural sports, and all that kind of stuff.

We have only one more thing to say, be nice to mum, be nice to dad, but kick your dog. If it goes ouch, kick it again until it stops.

P.S. Keith just pretends that we wrote this together, but he did it all himself.

P.P.S. Don't you believe a word of it. She did all the naughty bits.

P.P.P.S. All right, let's just humour him.

ELECTIONS!

Election time has arrived, and though we have plenty of voters, candidates are few and far between. A few positions are being challenged though, mostly thanks to the Dino party, which intends to see that things are not taken too seriously.

Meanwhile, though there is no actual council at the moment, save a few relics from the old one, an interim group has been busy working on issues which could not wait. The next dance for example. They are fifteen or so in number, and together they formed a party calling itself "Students People", and it seems the majority of them that are destined to become the actual council for want of an

opposition. The seat of president and a few others however are up for grabs and of course your vote should be used wisely.

All candidates in contested positions and or interested parties were offered space in BROADSIDE in which to explain why they wished to run for their respective post. No limitations of space nor content were stipulated.

One point of interest is the fact that the only serious challenger, i.e not from the Dino party, Mike Simard, running for president, was also the only one who either could not be bothered to write a piece in BROADSIDE, or decided, for some reason, not to.

Issue Four

February 1988

Election Fever Kills Patient

S.L.C. Elections, in relative terms at least- and compared to previous years, turned out to be something of a success. 46% of all students actually took the time, an incredible thirty seconds or so, to vote, and we can all rejoice in that. All that is except the 54% who didn't bother.

The final results were:

President:

Mike Simard 115

Pierre Gagne 184

Abstentions 6

Vice President:

S Nellis 38

J.P Chaampaigne 250

Abstentions 17

Financial Officer:

J.A. Poulin 52

Marc Antoine Adam 228

Abstentions 25

Election Special Flabbergasts Teacher

In a lengthy conversation with one of St Lawrence's most popular (and hardest to understand) teachers, Mr Kwack informed this reporter that the Election Special was less than he had hoped for.

"I wanted to see a balanced view," he said with an inscrutable smile, which I matched with a childish grin. "I think it was too one sided. It isn't right what you're doing."

As it happens the lack of balanced view was the sole fault of presidential candidate Mike Simard and his supporters. As with all candidates being challenged, Mike was informed that there was space in BROADSIDE for his electioneering, but it was only a few hours before the press deadline that he actually jotted down a few hurried lines. Mike was also informed that his supporters should also write on his behalf, for otherwise the paper would appear biased. He returned with a few one liners from his friends.

Not only the Election Special but BROADSIDE itself is a paper of opinions. If things are not balanced then it is the fault not of the newspaper but of the students who can't be bothered to write.

BROADSIDE, like Mr. Kwak, is unique. The only difference is, BROADSIDE is not too good at badminton.

SPANISH INQUISITION

During the days leading up to registration, with most students intent on enjoying what remained of the holidays, there was in fact great activity in Mr Fraser's office. Four men were busy deciding the fate of students who had failed more than half of their courses last semester.

Hour after hour the "interviews" went on. A constant stream of students disappeared into that room, to face the gang of four, and the ordeal was soon referred to, by some, as "The Spanish Inquisition."

After a while it became apparent that the "interviews" within were somewhat out of the ordinary. The questions posed were, on occasion, very personal, even insulting,

seeming to have no relevance to the job in hand: i.e re-admission.

One victim was asked, "Do you take drugs?" Later I asked him if there was any reason they should suspect this, and was told, "No. Maybe it's because my hair's a bit long."

Later they asked if he smoked Hash, and when the last time he drank a beer was. They even asked who pays his rent.

"What did you think of all this?" I asked him. Somewhat nervously he looked around.

"I think the questions were kind of silly. I mean, what difference does it make who pays my rent? And any way, if there was something I really wanted to hide, something I didn't want them to know, I just wouldn't have told them about it. The questions they ask don't have all that much to do with my academic performance. They should just mind there own business."

In what way are these things pertinent? Of course almost anything can be justified if justification is needed; the brains capacity to find warrant for almost all immorality is no secret. What then is the next step? Perhaps candidates should inform the committee how often they have sex, since of course this could affect home work. And then perhaps their religion should be examined, for we all know pious people are likely to be more studious.

The best method though of insuring that you are not subject to this type of questioning, is simply to pass your courses. Ha.

Students Entombed in Pyramid

Late last semester a "Pyramid" was brought into the school by someone I can only describe as the "Pharaoh of Folly". Students were invited to join this "business scheme" at a cost of either \$500 or \$1000, where upon they would reap vast and easy profits. The fact that many indeed joined this foolhardy enterprise offers some indication of the state of mind prevalent in our school, and no doubt the whole country. Such naive trust in a this perpetual financial motion, where everyone wins and nobody loses, was destined to end as it did, with everyone losing.

There were further repercussion felt as a result of this "Pyramid", one being the expulsion from school of the individual responsible for its introduction here; and on that point there can be no quarrel. The demand, by Mr Stewart and approved by the board of governors, that those members of the student council involved should resign, which they did, is an issue whose moral pertinence is perhaps less clear, especially when we consider that almost the entire council was wiped out as a result of this. Do we not all have the right to make fools of ourselves? The financial loss in itself seems an already apt punishment.

And so the effects of this Pyramid of fools are indeed far reaching, and those of us not involved should remember the lesson learned by those less fortunate.

THE MORALS OF EDITING

Does an editor censor, or does a censor edit? Are they both the same, or are they quite different?

In the last issue of BROADSIDE a humorous article was wiped out, removed, made to exist no more, relegated to oblivion, displaced, hypothetically torn to pieces by a

consensus of opinion, led by that champion of censorship (masquerading as editor) Bob Donnolly, on the editorial staff. The work in question dealt with the "Death of God" and the imagined depraved practices of Pope John Paul. It was deemed to be overly offensive and unsuitable for your innocent eyes. Many students, it was said, would be greatly upset by this sacrilegious offering, would be deeply hurt, some might even say "ouch." At any rate it was replaced by something less vulgar, and I am left wondering what precisely BROADSIDE is. That "bastion of free speech" I had naively presumed it to be, will surely not be its epilogue; and when it dies, for it is suffering the wrath of a terrible disease at this very moment, perhaps the only words we will have to say in its remembrance, on its behalf, will also be considered "offensive," and only silence will be left to mourn its loss.

The important thing to remember is that it was a work of fiction, further more a humorous work. Are there then some things we should not laugh at?

Question: "What's the worse than finding a dead baby in a garbage can?"

Answer: " A dead baby found in seven garbage cans." Did you laugh? Well you won't be put on trial if you did. But should the writer be forced to face the judge of pretended morals? Should his words be "edited"? Should his mouth be sewn up? Should his means of communication, one supposedly liberal and open to innovation, decide that none should read his words?

The writer of comic fiction is free to satirise, to ridicule, to exaggerate truth, and the reader is free to laugh or cry, to disapprove, to learn from, or to throw the text in the bin next to the mutilated baby. The very nature of comedy is such that offence will be felt some where by some one. We laugh at the Nufies, the Jews, the Blacks, Cripples and Fools. We laugh at the guy with the big nose, the flat feet, false teeth. Yes we even laugh at the Pope.

Bad taste comes not from the words themselves, which are intrinsically harmless, but from how they are read, from the reader. Offence is in the head, not on the paper.

Let us turn for the moment from comedy and look at another form of fiction: Imagine if you will a serious novel in which the portrayal of bestiality, homosexuality, incest and a whole array of other sexual deviances run rampant through its pages. Would this be suitable for students in CEGEP? Surely not you say. Sex with animals? Don't be disgusting. Mother and son copulating? Terrible. The work I refer to is "The Golden Ass" by that well known depraved man of letters Lucius Apuleius; a novel being read in Seminar this semester. That being the case, why then should a short short story, to get back to our original subject, in which the catholic church is ridiculed, the Pope rendered a sex fiend and God pronounced dead cause any problems in an establishment whose very reason for being is the communication of ideas. Fiction is not real, it is all pretend, but we can learn some circumstance of our selves from it. How then can we object to some thing which in reality does not exist?

The main question now is what do we want from BROADSIDE? Do we demand freedom of expression, (absolute in the domain of fiction, resolute in factual articles) or do we dig a deep hole, and certainly Bod Donnolly will be one of the first to arrive , with spade in hand, eager to turn turf, in which to bury our ideals and our belief in free speech. When we become afraid of ideas we slip yet further in that black void of supercilious condemnation and complacency, where we become judge, jury and henchman; though in truth it is not the accused, the writer of "disgusting immorality" who shall feel the noose about his neck, it is all of humanity. When we suppress ideas, for what ever phoney reason, we suppress ourselves and the small minded bigot is champion. The dark ages are not yet gone.

BROADSIDE, that torch of free expression, is being snuffed out. God is not dead, he is the one blowing hardest, your manacles are of his design, and it appears they will not be relinquished.

CHAOS IN COMPUTER ROOM

At the end of last semester, Room 334 was rapidly becoming the social centre of the school, with people dropping in and out all day long, to chat with friends, or hang around for obscure reasons of their own. This constant stream of people and conversation was most annoying to those intent on work, and many complaints were made. To make matters worse the Student Council, finally realising that the Year Book and Newspaper do need a Macintosh of their own (after wild protests to the contrary), decided that instead of buying a new computer, they would have one removed from room 334 instead.

The situation now is chaotic. With more and more people realising the practicalities of writing papers on computer, and with now only five available for a student body of over 700 hundred, queues have begun to form. Student can be seen hanging around awaiting their turn, chatting as they wait, adding to the madness.

The Council, responsible for the removal of the computer, was informed by Mr. Stewart that nobody uses them any way. Mr. Stewart, who I have yet to see in room 334, some how knows all about the goings on there. Wake up council, check things out before making a decision. And what of the administration? Are they still sleeping in another century? Wakey wakey wakey. The eighties are here. We do not write with chalk on slate any more. And yes, I do know there are two rooms full of I.B.M.'s, but they are simple too "user hostile" for most people to manage. Surely there must be funds some where to buy a few more Mac's.

Anyway, let's get the semester off to a good start: if you are not working in the computer room, now relocated, please stay out. There are plenty of other places in which to socialise. And let's have some kind of response from the administration.

Communicators Column

Recently a meeting of the student council Board of Governors was called. The following motions were made and finally carried.

In order to facilitate the workings of Council finances, a permanent book keeper is to be hired, at a cost of \$1000 per annum.

Money was provided for the hiring of Fridays bus to Montreal.

Money was provided for St. Valentines Day Prizes.

The decision regarding a students request to fund a "Mac Club" was put off to a later date.

A Parable: The Perpetual Puddle

Once, there was a perpetual puddle in the dark corner of a dark cave; hidden, never to be touched by daylight nor moved by breeze, it was impervious to the laws of evaporation. Within that puddle there was life: protozoa in multitude, the simplest most basic form of existence. And yet, despite this, they held fast to the belief that their knowledge and insight was profound; and in believing a reality was born.

Cosmetic considerations aside, the people of this puddle were of striking similarity, though their social affinity bore an altogether different standing. Everyday activity was confined to the strict rules and conditions of this stratified microcosm, whose claims of collective altruism may indeed have been made with virtuous conviction and honourable intent, though whose practice, with the passage of time, was corrupted by the indomitable effects of power. The goal was a simple one: to educate the

populace and see them off to explore knew puddles, larger puddles, and indeed this was, in effect, done. The presence of and increasingly uninvolved hierarchy though, with a growing distaste for progressivism and disdain for new ideas, brought about a stagnation of this puddle heretofore unseen.

There was a little boy, who, wearing Red Wellington boots and carrying a torch, would visit the puddle from time to time, venturing boldly into the shadows of the cave, whistling a trumpet tune and finally shining his light into those murky waters. He would scrutinise. Examine. Every aspect of the puddle place would fall beneath his ardent gaze, and if all was not the way he liked it, the little boy would jump in, both feet first, and make big boot splash on big boot splash.

The stratification of this puddle was no simple matter, was divided by status and subdivided by age, and so it was that the youngest, who were in fact the reason for the puddles very existence, found themselves strangely inhabiting the lowest levels, made to become a living breathing sediment.

The elders, serious, comfortable in there positions of power, saw themselves as something above and beyond the youth of the puddle, though their delusions of grandeur were tormented by the existence of the little boy, whose power was ultimate.

With the passage of time the elders became further isolated, an elite group dwelling at the surface of the puddle, their behaviour growing more and more distasteful. In there dealings with the youth their tone was sanctimonious, petulant, and it all seemed so normal . Their rule despotic, and it all seemed so normal.

The quality of the water in this puddle was less than civilisation deemed suitable, for you see a terrible transformation was all but complete. The progression from

respect for the individual, for consideration of the protozoic aspect of the protozoa, to that of a tyrannical state, of totalitarian contempt for "person," is not one announced by loud calls of intent, nor is it not achieved by violent overthrow of a benign ruling class. It is a subtle advancement of the dark forces which are intrinsic to the nature of all protozoa. Its beginnings though are more mundane and less dramatic. The first sign of this drift towards autocracy in the puddle was the absence of a word. The speaker was a high ranking Elder. The word was, "Please."

He spoke with a shy youth, who barely noticed the word was not there. It all seemed so normal.

When I am

When I was eighteen

I was twelve.

When I was nine

I was ten.

When I was now

I am then.

FAVOURITISM—FACT OR FICTION?

Do teachers play favourite? Do they have one set of rules for the students they like and another for the ones they don't? Of course they do, and now the whole terrible truth comes out. Read on and be horrified by this tail of blatant favouritism, of foul deed and dastardly doing. Read on, but be warned, what follows is suitable only for the most ardent of cynics, and we accept no responsibility for the shattering of illusion.

Bob Donnolly strikes again in the scandal of scandals. Who is this masked man? From where does he come? What size boots does he wear? Big ones, I can tell you that much. He uses them for kicking the . . . out of those poor pathetic students who are conscientious enough to hand in there papers on time.

Bob, the epitome of laziness, is often seen "teaching" in the horizontal position, but refuses to admit he's laying down on the job. Bob, the one keen to admit that perfection is his one and only fault; that fair play is only for Hockey fans who chit chat with him during class about how wonderful the Nordiques (that gang of brainless hoodlums pretending to be sportsmen) are, whilst the more studious of us beg for work. Beg I say.

"Give us a test," we cry.

"Just a minute, I'm telling J.P about this great goal last night. Great it was. Hit one of the Canadiens smack in the face, bounced off the referee's nose and went straight into the goal."

"Fantastic goal," J.P enthused.

"Yeah, a real scorcher," agreed Bob- agreeing, as you may have noticed, and as is per normal, with him self. He is good at that.

"Yeah, I was listening to the game on the radio." (J.P. does not have a T.V). "You could hear the sound of the puck breaking that guys teeth. It was amazing."

"May I interrupt?" I interrupted.

"Who said that?" Bob looked around.

"Keith did. You know, him in the corner. The quiet one."

"Oh, yeah. What do you want you barbaric British person you?"

"Aren't we supposed to have a test today?"

"Mmmmmm, that does sound familiar, yes. It seems to have a certain ring of truth to it.

"Any way, J.P, as I was saying, the game last night was pretty damn good. I took a case of 48 with me and the whole thing just zipped by. The best part though was during the"

"Er, the test?" I said timidly.

"Test? What test? Oh, that reminds me: you know how I said there would be a 10% penalty per day for over due papers last time?"

"Hello," Susan began, "I remember that."

"Yes, well I decided not to bother."

"Do you mean," I demanded clarification, "the paper I gave in on time and J.P gave in 7 days late. Do you mean that one?"

"Yes, that's the one. Any way there won't be any points taken away, after all."

"I wonder why?" I thought to myself.

Nordiques 4. Canadiens 3.

Bob Donnelly Confronts Failure—And Loses

Bob Donnelly, in his bid for the "teacher of the year" award, received a total of one vote. (And I have heard rumour that his daughter was in school that day). Bob,

consequently, insisted on a recount. Those in charge of the election obliged, and the finding was, yes, there had indeed been an error, that they had over counted by one.

Bob was later seen in the "Table", drowning his sorrows in the ample bosom of a well disposed waitress.

The End

Doris has found herself living yet another winter. Outside the world is cleansed by the soft tread of snow which staggers and falls. Naked virgin feet, yet. She pulls on her boots, climbs inside coat, and tumbles down the stairs towards a fairy tale world.

Ice crystal has transformed the squalid street and its deformed buildings into a Christmas card avenue of childhood memories. Doris, repulsed from the house, pauses to watch the flakes fall from the sky like silver coin and silver coin, wishing she could spend even a few of them, and buy a modicum of happiness. Doris, it seems, is finally doomed. She received a letter marked occupant, telling her so.

Up the street she falters, a thin line of grey on a sheet of fresh white paper. People lacking identity queue politely, awaiting the bus with its polite conductor, who will issue tickets with a polite smile. She joins the queue, merging with it, fixing to it. The bus arrives, sneakily, hushed by the carpet of snow. Like some strange mythical beast the line of people move as one, are eaten by the larger monster, disappear into its sideways mouth. Onward it goes, on well worn tracks, stopping to vomit now and then, now and then.

Doris pays no attention to her fellow passengers. Once, not too long ago, she would survey the bus with hungry eyes, resting on just the right man to devour, to gorge. Her appetite now lost, she stares vacantly out the window, watching children and old people. She is content. She is alone. Now, sadness is an old friend whom she

welcomes with arms agape, who shares her bed and offers her a certain life. The others pay no heed of Doris either, avoiding her with concentrated effort: She is the lady we see through restaurant window as we saunter on by, reflected into her self, sitting, eating alone, motionless, as if any movement will bring great pain. Black lips drink blood wine, she chews the flesh of dead animal. The lady who stays with us, refuses to leave, holds on and will not let go, to haunt our happy moments.

The bus comes to a halt and Doris alights. Clapham has become Wimbledon, with its winter Common stretching out beside her, away from her, like a toy wilderness in a toy town. Somewhere out there imaginary Wombles sleep in their imaginary warren, snug, hiding from the winter. Doris herself has retired to the black of eternal solitude where she too feels at home, warmed by its familiarity, comforted by acceptance, that this is all there can ever be, that there is no more need to venture forth into that outside snowbound world of fleeting images and confrontations with self. With the dirt of Clapham still running through her veins Wimbledon begins to transfuse a certain feeling of calmness. She feels the needle prick of a place where being alone evokes no introspective visions of great embarrassment, where solitude is in its element. She walks beside the Common, for once feeling a great comfort in her own company. The doomed lady begins to whistle a happy song.

The walk is long and soon the cold is seeping in, urging her to make haste, though Doris is of no mind to hurry, is impelled to dilly-dally, and wonders about in that chasm of bleak thought, loving every minute of it. Despite all her efforts, the moment does arrive, like a late train of wounded in a deserted war time station, and she finally enters enemy territory. Swinging the gate open

with care, Doris avoids unnecessary noise, knowing that just ahead the foe may lay in ambush. As door bell is pushed, all vestige of happiness is reduced to a slimy sediment, pushed down to the depths of her soul. Inside she hears a shrill ring, and footsteps bubble and boil. The door swings open.

"Hello mother," she says.

"Doris, come on in. You look freezing."

"I am." The resemblance is not immediately apparent, though Doris can see it, and wishes she could not. Her mother had been nothing more than a child herself when Doris was born, and so there is a closeness of years too. Her parents were divorced when Doris was eight, were divorced to the sound of a solitary bell ringing in her young mind, offering the first hint of the gothic misery that lie ahead. She has not seen her father since then, though she still hears the bell from time to time as it swings in the icy breeze of low depression. What a strange chap he must be, though she remembers him as being quite nice, really. Her mother on the other hand is still around, has all the charm that Doris does not, married again and again to a man with money, with money.

"Come into the kitchen, I'm just making tea."

"I'd rather have coffee if you have it."

"Oh, yes; I forgot." Doris removes her coat and hangs it by the neck on the hat stand in the hall.

"Now then, sit yourself down and get warmed up. It really is shocking, the weather out there." She now goes on to explain precisely how shocking it is.

"Yes," Doris agrees.

"I don't see you much these days. Are you still working in that horrid Fish 'n' Chip shop?"

"Yes, but"

"I don't know, I really don't. Why. Why do you put yourself through such stuff 'n' nonsense." She was talking

to her self, her remarks rhetorical. "You know you don't need to."

"I like it. The people are nice," she said quietly, looking away.

"People," she scorned. "Why don't you let me have Roger find you a nice job in one of his shops? You'd get much more money too. I keep telling you but you never listen."

"I like it where I am"

"I'm only thinking of you, Doris."

" I'm fine."

"I'd hardly call working in a Chip shop 'fine'."

"Well" The kettle calls out the end of round one.

"Ah," says mother, and busies herself pouring and stirring, especially stirring. "You like it strong, don't you?"

"Yes please."

"And black?"

Silence says, and with great sarcasm, "Yes mother, I like it strong and black. " Doris herself though merely offers a weak "Yes," and leaves it at that.

"There we are." Doris, doomed and distant, takes the cup, stares into the black pool of despondency, and swallow its essence. In its darkness she sees her future, painted in water colours of contrasting shades of black.

"Tell me, are you still seeing, er, what's his name, David is it?"

"Yes, I am. We're just friends though, mother. Don't jump to the wrong conclusions."

And then the silence said, "Like you do Doris, like you," but no one answered.

"Oh." David is a nice man she met in a bed of autumn leaves. He is shy, but not the way Doris is, outside, with words, with people, but inside. At first glance he seems more extrovert than shy, chatting easily with difficult

people, though there are certain traces, mannerisms, which give hint of his deeper nature. Perhaps he has something to be shy about. In his head there is a great timidity, a blindness too. A lack of will also. He looks nice, he looks wantable, but fate, with four aces, and two up his sleeve, will not play fair. Their relationship is platonic, without hint of desire on his part. He is another name in a short list of distant friends, who live too far to be ever close. Forlorn, Doris is at last finding rescue in a life boat of acceptance. In the last few weeks this feeling has become deep rooted, has changed the way she signs her name.

"What does he do, this David of yours?"

"He's not mine, mother; and he's a teacher. He teaches English." Another nail in her coffin. He is educated. He can see her for the fool she thinks she is. Doris stands, floats over to the counter for more sugar, and sees her reflection in a mirror: a death mask looks back. Doris is dying, and the strange thing is, it feels nice, all warm and cosy.

The snow is dirty now, slush returning Clapham to its normal state of bleak submittance. The sun is slipping into its midwinter bed, and blankets of thick cloud hang over the city landscape of working class squalor. A world of forgotten desire, streets piled high with the corpses of dead ambition.

Doris arrives home. It is cold, drab. Cold and drab. The gas is turned on, and she huddles forever to its pitiful heat. The door comes to life. There is a knock knock knocking.

"Who can it be?" the silence mocks her.

"Who can it be?" Doris wonders. Doris glances quickly about, making sure the dust is all in place, and the damp patch on the wall is in order. Sometimes it moves, during the night, comes and cries its damp tears on her body; but

always , by morning, it is back. Doris does not like this knock knock knocking on her door. It is her night off from work, and the world should not intrude without several years advance notice. The doomed lady, the lady without future, makes to door. She will open it. Maybe it will be the Devil himself, come a calling, with an offer she cannot refuse. She will open it, and ask him in.

Doris opens the door.

"Hello, David." Doris is unsure whether to feel happy or sad. She looks to his hands, looking to see if he brings a hammer on this dark night visit, wondering if he comes to bang the final nail in her coffin.

"He is empty handed," the silence says. "You must bide your time. Death comes slowly to those who wait."

"Hello, Doris. Can I come in?" and he offers a deceptive smile.

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry, I was miles away."

"Where?" he enters, removes his coat.

"Miles away. I've been to my mothers"

"Oh."

"I was just about to make coffee; would you like some?" He is the hang man, she knows it now, the executioner, and she will give him refreshment. It must be thirsty work, all that killing. Ah well, she is all but dead anyway. She will, probably, barely even notice the noose around her neck; and when it pulls tight, she will smile, for there will be no more pain.

"Yes, I'd love some." David is two years her senior, a man of words who rarely speaks. He's so nice too, she decides, but then that just makes the big fat joke that much bigger and that much fatter. They retire to the kitchen. Doris lights the oven and leaves the door open to warm the room. Soon, too soon, it becomes so warm they feel crowded out.

"Coffee is served," Doris says, feigning waitress.

"Thank you."

"I wasn't expecting you tonight. There's nothing wrong I hope."

"No, no. Actually I wanted to have a word with you."

"Only one?" Doris finds humour someplace she never knew existed.

"More than one," and he gives that deceptive half hearted smile. There is silence.

"Well, it's rather delicate. I hardly know where to start."

"You'll manage." Doris feels the cold wind of endless winter blow in through her mouth. David fidgets. He has ten fingers too many, and hardly knows what to do with them.

"Actually, I wanted to ask you to marry me. I love you. Will you marry me?" And he looks into her lovely blue eyes.

"Yes, yes, yes," she thinks, but what will she say? "Yes, yes, yes," she thinks, but what will she do? Can she now cast away such abject misery, whose every move she has herself commanded, who will surely grovel and ask forgiveness; discard him, who will beg to be her slave forever more. Can she leave him and the home they have made, together, together, always together. "Yes, yes, yes," she thinks but will she, can she, will she, can she, will she, will she, will she?

"Yes, I will," she says, and breathes life.

Issue Five

March 1988

English Department Spineless Beast With Yellow Spots

English Reread Become Comedy of Errors

Most students are aware that a reevaluation procedure exists should one feel that either an error has been made in a final semester marks, or that for some other reason a grievance is felt, but how many of us know the actual workings of this process?

Last year I received what I considered to be an unjust mark in Mr. Vandenburg's Creative Writing class and decided that a request for a reread would prove fruitful both as a means of obtaining the result I felt I deserved, and also in order to learn how the reevaluation process works. The truth of the matter is that the entire thing, which supposedly exists to bring about justice is by its very nature unjust.

The English department, in a Collective Agreement decided, in their infinite wisdom, that a panel of three teachers should sit, and that, strangely, the very teacher whose final grade has been brought into question should be one of those three. Thus the accused becomes also judge and member of the jury. His word is taken as gospel. As for the student he is not permitted to make an appearance and speak on his own behalf. Such is the desire to discover the truth by this sanctimonious and self-righteous brigade of teachers. Is this justice or a mockery of that very ideal?

In the case of the Creative Writing reread Mr. Vandenburg vindictively presented pretended proof that not only did I deserve not a point more, but that further he had been overly generous and that my mark should be greatly

lowered. Bob Donnelly and Mr. Petzel, those other members of the reread board, showed amazing qualities of naiveté and cowardice, agreed whole heartedly without hearing a word from my part, ignoring the fact that this course, unlike others, entailed no final exam and that therefore the final grade was much more subjective and consequently open to abuse, and rendered a decision that yes Mr. Vandenburg was right.

We speak, of course, only of the English department. Perhaps those teachers in that auspicious body should turn to their dictionaries and examine the definition of the word Justice. Failing that to their Bibles, for their conscience cannot rest too easily.

Birth And The Bible

S.L.C. BIBLE STUDY GROUP ON ABORTION

15th of March saw the presentation of "The Silent Scream", a pseudo scientific propaganda film on the insinuated immorality of abortion. During the presentation the suitability of the "Bible Study Club" as a forum for such a film came into question, and also if indeed the an institute of further education was itself entirely appropriate.

The video began with a reference to the chilling silent scream of a baby facing imminent extinction. From then onwards the foetus was referred to as the "child."

The secret to effective propaganda is the diction of narration, and this was rendered a fine art in "The Silent Scream". And if the words did not strictly denote the reality of that which they described, then it seemed to be of little concern to the films makers.

The "victim" then will be "torn apart . . .dismembered . . . crushed . . .destroyed."

By means of an ultra sound scam "The child can be seen moving rather serenely". Its bodily functions, even at twelve weeks, are "indistinguishable from any of ours." Here then the truth seems to be disposed of completely in order to achieve the desired effect.

Next we venture into a whole new world: When the suction tube is inserted into the womb the "child senses aggression. Senses mortal danger." And then, "The child rears away from the suction tube purposefully."

The narrator goes on to inform us that the abortionist and the anaesthesiologist have a "secret language with which to shield themselves from the grizzly reality." The entire secret language, it seems, consists of only one phrase: "Number one", which is defined as meaning the

child's head. Of course this is not used to spare the patient further distress or trauma, but in order that those performing the abortion be spared that "grizzly ordeal".

And now, with the ultra sound scan we see the tip of the suction tube as a "typhoon like series of echoes", as the body is torn from the head.

This, we are later told by the individual responsible for the films presentation, is the end of the scientific part. We now see still pictures of rooms filled with buckets filled with aborted foetus'.

The meeting is concluded with an announcement that a petition is being planned. The first draft is worded as follows:

"We the students and teachers of St. Lawrence Campus ask you to support legislation that would guarantee the right to life of unborn Canadians from the time of conception."

Should students of various moral opinions and diversity of thought allow themselves to be represented by this extremist minority? St. Lawrence Campus means you. Moral questions have no clear cut right or wrong, and people perverted by such blatant propaganda as "The Silent Scream" would best serve humanity by keeping there biased opinions to themselves.

S.L.C. ADMINISTRATION STRUCK DEAF BLIND AND MUTE

Good manners come virtually free of charge, but it seems that recent expenditures have made even that too expensive for our administration.

Several months ago Peter Thomas made a request to purchase four new Macintosh Laser Fonts, the cost of which would total \$1000. (Fonts are simply the different kinds of type settings used to print text, in this case stored on computer disk). The purchase was approved by Bob Donnelly,

English Department Head. Bob Stewart, as Asst' Campus Director, finally gave it his seal of approval, and the order was made.

The new laser fonts arrived, and everything seemed very nice, until it was suddenly discovered that a computer able to read both sides of a disk was required, and the only one in the school was that in the BROADSIDE office. The disks, unusable, began to gather dust only weeks after their purchase.

And so it was that an official and signed request was made, on behalf of both BROADSIDE and The Yearbook, for a cable connection between our office and the laser room. This seemed the perfect solution: The new fonts could then be put into use, the \$1000 then would not seem wasted, and both BROADSIDE and the Year Book would have an efficient means of access to the laser printer, which of course is desperately needed. The cable connection itself would cost next to nothing since all the materials had already been bought.

Our written request was ignored. Politeness and efficiency, it appears, are of low priority in the upper echelons of S.L.C Administration, and it seemed at the time that they had decided to pretend the disks do not really exist. We were left wondering what was going on, since a reply never appeared, and also if this lack of communication was due simply to bad manners, or to a lack of respect for the students here.

The useless font affair finally had a happy ending: After much work and experimentation by Peter Thomas and another teacher a means was found to make the disks work on normal computers. BROADSIDE and the Year Book, however fared less well, for though we are permitted to use the laser printer, we may not enter the room in which it is kept, and are still forced to run like children to seek out a teacher of generous disposition, to harass him and beg him politely to print out the needed material.

Common sense then seems to make no sense to our perplexing Administration. Not only do they make no attempt to remedy a ridiculous situation, but when one is offered they ignore both it and the students whose suggestion it is.

Bad manners in an individual can, of an occasion, be excused, but when it comes from the administration of an institution then we venture into a whole new area in which questions of respect for the individual must be confronted.

GOD VISITS S.L.C

BROADSIDE learned recently that Mr. McDonald, professor of philosophy practices "private" prayers before each and every one of his classes. We wonder precisely how private these prayers can be, seeing that they are held in a public class room. We understand that Mr McDonald informs new students that they are free either to participate with him, though how one participates in a "private" prayer we are equally unsure, or use the time in their own way. He then turns his back on the class.

We find this practice possibly runs contrary to the Canadian Charter of Rights.

The class room is far from the appropriate place to conduct such personal and private ceremonies, which some students and parents alike might find conflicts with their own beliefs. Mr McDonald should remember that we learn by example, and this is an example of consummate thoughtlessness.

S.L.C. FOR RICH KIDS ONLY

This is the state of affairs at least according to one of our teachers. On Wednesday of last week Bill Mc Neil stated to his entire Seminar class that if a certain

student "could not afford a book he should not be in school."

"So you're saying that poor people shouldn't be in school?" the student replied; to which Mr. Mc Neil, realising the implications of his comment, filibustered his way out.

Two students from that class came to the BROADSIDE office, individually and on different occasions, to report this brief dialogue, so much were they taken aback. One can only conclude that it certainly does not concur with the normal and expected conduct of a professional teacher, and that such comments might best be kept for bar room talk, or such like.

Outraged Readers

We, the outraged readers, have grievance to make known on this so-called paper. Is this the best SLC can offer? Surely not for we have yet to see any other input other than the articles and ridiculous poems written by the infamous Mr. Keith Waddington. As for as we can see, Mr. Waddington's only motives are to merely shock and surprise the reader, not to inform and entertain as a worthy journalist should. We do not profess to be "God's gift to Journalism", however we feel we do have the right to criticise where criticism is due. Thus far we have been disgusted by the feeble attempts at quality journalism and the scandalous way in which Keith Waddington, among others, portrays his thoughts to the unsuspecting reader. We realise that Mr. Waddington commits much of his time towards the paper, however, we believe his time would be better spent elsewhere.

We know that generalisations would be of no use for they prove nothing. Therefore, for those of you who want

proof, just look at any article in any edition of BROADSIDE.

A monopoly is not healthy or beneficial to the reader, for his is subjected to one, and only one, viewpoint- in this case, that of Mr. Waddington's. Therefore we can only say that there is only one practical use for this paper: to line kitty-litter boxes.

This is not to say that articles not written by Mr. Waddington (which are few and far between and are always refreshing to find) are all bad. As a final note, we would like to bestow our only advice to Mr. Waddington. That is to take our criticism gracefully and keep it in mind for further BROADSIDE editions.

Cindy Richards, Jodi Hayes, Kymberly Meike, and Bonnie Ramiee.

My Daughter Stayed Away Today

My daughter stayed away today
and waiting
I saw
and feeling
I knew

Another part of me fell off
She rips me limb by limb
and burns the bits

There is a permanent smell of flaming flesh
-and of smoke
in our house

I wonder what it's like at her mothers?
It probably reeks of roses

English Class See French Play

By Keith Waddington (the article not the play).

It has come to our notice that the English class of a professor Bob Donnelly recently paid visit to Salle Albert Rouseau where they witnessed the performance of a French play. It seems that the administration of this English College subsidised the cost of tickets to the order of one third.

Students, we are informed, were enticed to a post performance discussion at the Table du Roi where they were force fed with alcoholic beverage. There students began to explain the show to their teacher who had caught only one word in seven- those being the dirty ones.

Dance

This Friday in the Motel Universel a unique experience awaits your sensory system. Yes folks, its time for the event of the year: The 1988 Pyjama Dance. Come in your pyjamas. Come in some one else's pyjamas. If you sleep naked then come like that. All students participating in this incredible theme will enter that sacred hall of alcoholic beverage for the reduced price of nothing. Don't believe it? Well you should you suspicious people you. Entry will be absolutely free, or perhaps even cheaper. Yes, even cheaper than free. There will be prizes for the best pyjama people. Don't forget that added incentive: When you arrive home you'll already be dressed for bed. In for free and save time too. Not to mention the numerous, perhaps uncountable members of the opposite sex who will flock your way.

SORDID SIN ON WINTER WEEKEND

Yes, its true. Marie (pictured) is indeed pulling up her trousers, and Mike Labadie, being the perfect gentleman (ha!), is helping her. Turn to page three for the whole immoral story of what really goes on during S.L.C's popular Winter Camping Class.

Beating About the Bush: A Tale of Winter Camping

An almost real interview with Marie T. Ouellet.

The truth at last. Cornered and questioned Marie T. Ouellet, who preferred not to give her name, though who willingly offered her actual age and inside leg measurement, reluctantly agreed to the following interview.

Readers should be warned that certain depictions of things that go bump in the night are suitable for an immature audience only.

Q. So why was Mike Labdie helping you on with your trousers?

A. Because it's all part of winter camping- or so he tells us.

Q. Is it true that Mike Labadie, whose name we cannot divulge, showed you his big tent pole, and that in fact you helped him put it up?

A. Yes. We all had certain tasks- and I'm always willing to do more for extra points.

Q. So what was your final grade?

A. I don't know yet but, hey, how can I fail?

Q. How did most of the students keep warm?

A. We all sat on Mike's hairy chest.

Q. How hairy was it?

A. It was so hairy that we lost three girls in there and they weren't found until the next morning.

Q. How did you entertain yourselves during the night in the log cabin.

A. We played Doctor.

Q. Who was the Doctor?

A. Mike.

Q. Who was the nurse?

A. Bob. [Delaney].

Q. What was the hardest part of Winter Camping.

A. Mike's.

Q. Would you ever go winter camping again?

A. Only if Mike goes with me.

The Rabbit

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived a little boy called Sam, and a little girl also called Sam. They were brother and sister, and their parents were so poor they could only afford one name for the two of them.

It certainly was a hard life for the children, who were forced to work tying lengths of strings into loops to make ends meet.

One bright and sunny day the two children went out for a walk in the meadow close to their home. It was so warm that Sam had taken his hat off, which was most unusual since he had a bald head and usually liked to keep it covered up.

"It's very warm," Sam said to her brother. "I think I'll take off my hat as well." This surprised Sam to no ends, for his sister had a bald head as well.

On they went, going nowhere in particular, and getting there fast. All of a sudden they came upon a rabbit, who, strangely enough, had a bald head too. When the rabbit saw Sam and Sam he made haste to the safety of his warren, which he shared with a maggot salesman from Epping.

"Did you see that rabbit?" Sam asked Sam.

"Yes," said Sam.

"Let's go inspect," said Sam, and off they went to the opening of the burrow. They peered within.

"There he is," said Sam. "Come on out little rabbit, we only want to stroke you."

"No," cried the rabbit, "you will grab me and eat me up for breakfast."

"Don't be silly," Sam retorted, "it's nearly lunch time! We only want to stroke you."

"No," cried the rabbit, " you will grab me and eat me up for dinner."

"Hogwash," said Sam, "We only want to stroke you."

"No," cried the rabbit, " you will grab me and eat me up for supper."

"Tittle-tattle," said Sam, "We only want to stroke you."

"Oh, all right," the rabbit finally agreed, and out he came. The children began to stroke him with vigorous movements of the wrist, arm, and tonsils, and what splendid fun it was. Sam and Sam had never had a real pet of their own, though they did one keep a tame box of matches under the bed. This may seem insignificant, but was, in actual fact, a feat of great wonder. Sam and Sam, you see, had no bed.

"Can we take you home and keep you as our pet?" Sam asked. "We will feed you and care for you and play obscene games with you."

"No," cried the rabbit, "you will grab me and eat me up for breakfast."

"Laudy daudy no," said Sam, "We just want to be your friend."

"No," cried the rabbit, " you will grab me and eat me up for dinner."

"Suffering Solitude," said Sam, "We just want to be your friend."

"No," cried the rabbit, " you will grab me and eat me up for supper."

"Bullshit," said Sam, "We just want to be your fucking friend!"

"Very well," said the rabbit, and Sam picked him up and carried him home. As they reached the garden Sam put the rabbit down to walk the rest of the way himself.

"Look," Sam called as she opened the gate, "Mammy, Daddy, come see what we've got." Mammy and Daddy came out of the slum they called home. Daddy, on seeing the rabbit, took the axe he used for chopping wood, raced over and quickly chopped off the rabbit's bald long-eared head.

"Lovely," he said, "We can have it for breakfast tomorrow."

"Yes," smiled mother, "and there might be enough for dinner too."

"And we can use the bones to make a nice soup for supper," said Sam and Sam.

And everyone laughed.

Issue Six

April 1988

Editorial

This is our final issue of the semester, and it is perhaps fitting that it should prove to be our most democratic. I would like to thank everyone who took the time to write and submit work during the year, who helped to make BROADSIDE the very paper I had originally envisioned.

One point should be clarified, with the maxim "better late than never" certainly applying. BROADSIDE has, by some, been labelled a scandal sheet, S.L.C.'s answer to the National Inquirer. It is only through a magnified sense of moral justice and an idealistic yearning for equality on the editors part that BROADSIDE took its present form, and if certain flowery language and exaggeration was employed, it was because this was felt appropriate given the peculiar environment of its circulation.

It is hoped that BROADSIDE entertained as well as informed its readers, and we look forward to the coming semester that we might continue with this effort, and further increase student input.

Happy holidays and may the exams be infinitely forgettable.

Editorial Policy

BROADSIDE is a unique publication. We make no attempt nor claim towards objectivity, but solicit the opinions of students and staff.

Slandorous articles will not be printed.

All material submitted should be signed, with the exception of poetry. Items not signed will only be published at the editors discretion, should it be felt that a disservice would be done by the articles exclusion.

The editor assumes responsibility for BROADSIDE's contents.

Slave Labour In S.L.C

No Pay

No Thanks

The 1988 S.L.C. Year Book was recently completed, and first and foremost BROADSIDE would like to thank all those concerned for all the hard and thankless work they endured.

It was the first Year Book since 1984, and, seeing all the trouble it represented, it is no mystery why. What induces students to work so hard on such voluntary projects as this? Clearly there is no effort from the school to encourage such things, and at times those involved become quite exasperated with the whole thing. The Student Council and BROADSIDE join the Year Book in demanding time energy and perseverance from those involved, and it is, almost without exception, a small few who find themselves doing all of the work. None expect thanks, though the Administration might consider the fact that in Universities scholastic credit is given, as in normal classes, to those working on such things. It has further come to our notice that in at least two CEGEP's, namely Levis Lauzons and Ste Foy, a similar practice is followed. Levis Lauzons in fact has developed a most liberal philosophy, and most any serious project, which would include things like fashion shows etc. can result in scholastic credits being given.

Perhaps the S.L.C. administration might consider something on these lines; the result would be an increase in the participation levels, allowing more to benefit from these practical experiences, and also an end to what is nothing more than official condonation of slave labour.

Persecution—

A New Resolution

NO EXCEPTIONS—EXCEPTIONALLY

We are all familiar with the phrase "no exceptions" which is the forever ready reply when students require some special assistance due to exceptional circumstances. "If we make an exception for one person we must make it for everyone," is the way it goes. Any one with even half a brain can see the flaw in this argument, for the very word itself, "exception" means something which is not customarily done and is out of the norm. We now find that exceptions will be made, but only when the administration feels like it. Such was the case with the year book, which was far from completion with only a few days remaining for the printer's deadline. Permission was then given for students concerned to use the laser printer, not only during school time, but throughout the weekend. That very room boasts a message signed by Mr. Murphy stating that it is strictly for teachers and staff only. That very room which is forever out of bounds to BROADSIDE even when we are faced with a publishing deadline. Of course there are too basic differences between BROADSIDE and the Year Book: BROADSIDE has not endeared itself to our administration, in fact has provoked letters from its highest levels, directed at staff and the student council asking that some control be initiated, that student not freely speak their minds. The Year Book however is like a lump of sugar, all sweet and pleasant and unfilling. Guaranteed to upset no one.

I recent days several students have been seen in the laser room, at one point out numbering the teachers 2 to 1. Perhaps the new rule really means: This room is for everyone except Keith Waddington.

And so exceptions will be made, quietly, hoping no one will find out, when it suits those above our lowly level. There is an interesting word in the English language. That word is, hypocritical.

STUDENTS TAKEN FOR A RIDE- WITH SECOND CLASS TICKETS

Once again the gulf between students and teachers is made greater. New toys were recently bought, at a cost of thousands of dollars, for the pleasure and amusement of teachers, whilst students must make do with cast off's given as a token offering. I refer of course to three new Macintosh computers which found themselves in the Teachers work room, along side the laser printer, which itself was at first made available to students but is now for the sole use of the staff. I wonder that so much of tax payers money, spent to benefit students in our educational institutions, is really used to make easier the lives of teachers without so much as a whisper of protest from anyone. How might students benefit from this new purchase? How might it be justified? I'm sure the administration could find a way, but even they must realise that students are getting a raw deal. Students, whose parents or they themselves provide money for this and other schools are treated as second class citizens, and are so habituated to this that they feel it a normal situation.

Perfect equality perhaps is a ridiculous goal, though should we not expect to have at least some benefit from the money made available for our education?

S.L.C. LIBRARY REFUSES TO LEND OUT BOOKS

It seems strange indeed that the library has taken a no exception attitude in its insistence that student cards be shown when books are borrowed, and at the same time the gymnasium, under the control of Frank, wants your card as well when equipment is borrowed. More than once at least

one student has found himself in the unusual position of needing at least two cards in order to function according to the rules. Even if you are known on a first name basis in the library, are in your second semester or more, the staff there require you to prove that you are indeed a student here. The strict conformity to rules has been taken to a ridiculous level, and one can only laugh of the sheer stupidity of it all.

Even Mrs O'Brien herself agrees that the whole thing is unfortunate, and that the system should be changed. Will it change? Don't hold your breath. Rigor mortis has already set in.

The Cost Of Our Radio Room

From September 87 to February 88, under the dictatorial management of Gary Lavesque, our radio room ran up a bill totalling 1704.58. Many members of the Student Council were questioned concerning this extravagant bill, and it appears that no one but Gary Himself knows exactly what this money paid for, and even those amounts accounted for are shrouded in peculiar mystery. According to a financial record no fewer than seven out of ten cheques were made out to Gary Himself.

Perhaps our Financial Officer should commence a close investigation of where this money went.

Communicator's Column

The following issues were addressed in previous Board of Governors meetings:

*School flag. \$500 is to be spent by the Student Council, on behalf of this years graduates, in order that a

gift of a hand made flag might be given to the college. The vote was 5 in favour and one against.

*Movie day. \$200 to be spent for the hiring of a cinema auditorium.

*German Day. \$150 towards sponsorship.

*BROADSIDE. A letter received by Mr. Stewart from Mr. Murphy regarding BROADSIDE was passed on to the Board of Governors for consideration. Its contents offered both advice and criticism, some of which has been accepted. A heated discussion broke out in which the question of the Board's control over BROADSIDE was brought into question, the editor (also a member of the Board of Governors) claiming that the student Paper is an autonomous body, and that its staff alone may decide on its form and editorial policy. Others, not surprisingly, felt that the final word rested with the Board members. Since no previously set guidelines could be found, further discussion was postponed. BROADSIDE then will continue as before.

CBC's QUEBEC A.M

Comes to St. Lawrence Campus and asks young English speaking Quebecers: "Is Language going to effect your future in this province?"

A public forum, Tuesday April 26, 12 noon, room 268.

Come in and have some fun. Hear your lovely little voice on the radio the next morning. Become famous, known to all your friends.

The age of the Radio has arrived.

BROADSIDE is happy to offer you, and at no charge what so ever, the following letters, which were surplus to our needs.

A B G H C

F T D H Y B

F

P L K

The Pepsi Challenge

BROADSIDE recently received a document by Gilles Talbot pertaining to the identification of soft drinks by taste alone. This work was partial fulfillment of requirements for the course, Scientific Foundation of Psychology II.

We felt the results might prove interesting to BROADSIDE readers, but were unable to make head or tail of the data. We understood not one iota of the 9 page work. It made no sense what-so-ever. We take this as proof that the only difference is so complicated as to be not worth consideration.

Super Soccer

Recently I was offered the opportunity to play with our school soccer team in Cornwall Ontario. I was soon to discover what Canadian Soccer is all about. We were a dedicated bunch, I decided, as I lounged about in the motel whirl pool sipping beer and sharing soccer stories and recipes with the other players.

"Hey, where's Mark?" someone asked. He had been missing for at least four hours. We later found a pool of something which looked like melted margarine with eyes on the floor of the sauna, and deduced that this had once been he.

From the whirl pool we made our way to one of the numerous motel bars, to build up our strength for a game of squash, or perhaps a session in one of the motels sun tanning rooms. Yes, a soccer player's life his a terrible one. We suffered, we were filled with woe, and it made us burp constantly.

To the "normal" Motel guests we must have appeared a strange bunch, wondering about the corridors, half naked, staggering, showing off our balls. Nick, our goal keeper, seemed particularly fond of his, and insisted that they were bigger and bouncier than the rest of the teams.

Oh how we suffered in order that soccer should become more popular in this fair land of ours. We actually- and most selflessly, I might add- let the other teams win so that they might be inspired to continue in the game.

So there I was, tired out after a hard game spent sitting on the bench, expanding my horizons in that whirling pool, with streams of water going places that streams of water have no business to be, when some one, and I swear to god it was not me, some one, another person, not

an English man, somebody else, suggested that we put soap in the whirl pool- just for the fun of it.

"No," said I indignantly. "That would be very naughty. We must not. Shame on you for suggesting it." But they forced me to participate under threat of no more beer for the rest of the night.

"Very well," I succumbed, "but I am theoretically and philosophically against the whole thing. After all it is not in the Soccer rule book. We must stick to the book." It was at that point I realised I have been spending too much time in juxtaposition with Harvey Mead. And so we set to the task of transferring liquid soap from a shower dispenser and mixing it, with outstretched big toes, into the whirl pool. Of course, dedicated as we all are to sport, we discussed soccer tack-ticks during the whole thing.

Our job complete, we sat our naked bodies back in the water and began to disappear beneath a slimy monster of bubbles. It grew and grew, feeding upon our mirth- until the whirl pool could contain it no more and the bubble beast spilled over the sides and began to fill the room. Bubbles bubbles and yes more bubbles. It was like one of those crazy horror movies with all kinds of bubbles in the last scene. By this time people were becoming nervous. It seemed like the entire Motel might have to be evacuated, and I envisioned middle aged couples in various states of undress running out into the street with layer upon layer of flab flopping about as they ran. Some carried certain items and devices which they found useful and stimulating- at appropriate moments, of course.

So we left the room and its still growing body of bubbles, sauntered casually and innocently down the corridor, whistling a merry tune and leaving a trail of suds in our wake.

"Don't tell Mike," (our coach), they all said. "He'll go mad. Don't breath a word of it," they pleaded.

"My lips are sealed," I told them with a smile which went all the way to my belly button and then came back up again.

"Hi guys," Mike greeted us. "What's been going on?"

"Well Mike, it was like this," I began. "I had nothing to do with it, it was all some one else's idea, but there was this soap and . . ." But the door was suddenly pushed off its hinges and the bubble beast surged forward.

"Help," Carlos cried. "Help me God. I suddenly believe in you."

"Help," cried Mike, like a baby la-la.

"Help," cried Nick, suddenly realising his bouncy balls were of no consequence any more.

"Help," cried everyone else. This was the big one. The match to end all matches. Would the soccer team survive this deadly game with the bubble monster?

Bubbles 3

S.L.C 0

Yes, they mopped the floor with us, but it was a clean match.

BROADSIDE STAFF

To comply with an administrative suggestion we print the names of all staff for this issue.

Features Writer: David Hickey

Laser and SE work, printing, driving, beer, getting Keith out of teacher's SE room, and moral support: Bob Donnelly

Photography: Elaine and Nathalie.

Editing: Keith Waddington

Features Writer: Keith Waddington

Reporting: Keith Waddington

and friends

Typing: Keith Waddington, Bob Donnelly, John-David Hickey,

Layout: Keith Waddington

End of the Line

It seemed like I had been on the train all my life, and the stations were like bright memories amongst all the muddle of things gone by. Sitting opposite me was a cute looking nun. Alone in the carriage, we had passed the time in cute conversation. She was too attractive to be a nun, and I had told her as much. I imagined her spreading margarine over my toast. Oooh. The very idea made my nostrils twitch with pleasure.

"So you believe in God," I said, after a few minutes of silence.

"Kind of," she replied in a noncommittal sort of way.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I believe in Him, but I'm not sure He believes in me." She actually pronounced the capital "H". Now there's faith for you.

"Oh, " I said, using all my mouth and at least half my teeth.

"I'm beginning to feel a little discouraged. I'm thinking of packing the whole thing in and taking a job in Mc Donalds."

"That would be nice. You like hamburgers then?"

"Not really- but they seem to like me."

"Oh," I said again. It was starting to be my favourite word. I took out a pen and paper from my bag and wrote it down a few times. "O" "H" I scrawled. Even backwards it looked nice. "Ho ho ho." Yes, there was something about it.

"What are you writing?" I showed her.

"Oh," she said. She appeared to like it too.

Clankity clank, clankity clank. The train tapped out its rhythm. It was a waltz.

"Would you like to dance?"

"Yes," she said, and we began to strut. I put my arms around her and felt the warmth of her body through her black habit. It was a nice habit- though she told me it was more of a hobby.

I checked my watch. It was so late the hands had stopped and were probably sleeping for the night. I took forty winks. They were good winks. The best I had ever had. A born glutton I took a few more, but they were not as good as the others. It seems to be the way of all things. Just enough is good, but take too many and you feel like you have stolen them, that they are not rightfully yours.

When I woke up I was shocked to see the nun had gone. I was entirely alone in the carriage. I gazed out of the window but saw only my face reflected in the darkness. It looked strange. It looked like someone I had known long since but had grown out of. Sitting there, staring, I felt a sudden urge to masticate, but there was nothing to masticate on. I decided to go to the restaurant car, and dragged my body along for the company. An eerie feeling come over me and began to move up my nose and make itself at home in my head. All the carriages were empty. They were more than empty; they were we studiously empty. That means they had been thinking about being empty for a long time and had actually taken an exam on it and passed. I walked down that clankerty clank corridor, looking in all the compartments and seeing only seats with blank expressions smoking Benson and Sledges with those elegant long black cigarette holders. I came to the restaurant car and it too was empty. The service hatchway was still open and there was only a space where the server should have been. Something odd seemed to have happened during my sleep, and

I had a feeling it had occurred during those extra winks which I had not really been entitled to.

It was time to freak out, so I removed my trousers, pushed down the door window and screamed into the wind. Either the wind was louder or my scream more quiet. Either way I lost.

Slowly I made my way down that empty train towards the front. Directly before the drivers section was the first class carriage, so I removed my shoes blew my nose and made a sign of the cross before entering. Of course it was empty there too, but the emptiness seemed more refined and culture; even a little bombastic- in a silent sort of way.

I knocked on the drivers door. There was no answer. Doors can be like that sometimes. I knocked again, this time with a real intention to hurt, cause agony, but the door ignored me even more. I twisted the handle as much as it could be twisted- and then a little more. Pulling it open I saw within, and my heart began to hop skip and jump, landing in the sand and creating a new world record. It was an L.P., and I listened for a while. I especially liked the bass part. It went bu-bum, bu-bum.

Inside the drivers section there was still more emptiness. The train was going all by itself. The driver was absent with out leave. A.W.O.L. G.O.N.E. Done a bunk. Just then a station pulled the train into it we came to a halt. I say we, even though I was all alone, because it is much quicker than going into a long and boring explanation about how things happened that could not, and also to avoid using the word "it" twice in the same sentence. It was all very strange, it was.

I climbed from the door and felt something touch my face. It was my hand. The station was deserted.

Walking through and out into the street I suddenly came upon crowds of frolicking people, walking beneath street lights which tossed out darkness by the bucket full. I was not overly joyed to see these people, for you see

they were, one and all, transparent, like gossamer people lacking substance and pubic hair. They seemed to be wondering about aimlessly, harmlessly, carelessly, in-and-outlessly. One of them, a black type person with a speck of dust in his eye, turned and beckoned me to follow with a long green beckoning stick. I followed. Heck, I had nothing else to do.

Down a narrow labyrinth of narrow alleys we went. All the building, like the people, were transparent, like they were only half there.

A cul-de-sac. At the end, in its centre, a real light shone, emitting real whiteness. As we approached I saw a dog sat beneath it; a real dog, all there, opaque, solid, wagging its tail and panting.

"Hello there dog," I said. The sound of my voice was like the remembrance of a sloppy thing which had often brought me pleasure yet ruled my life, my thinking.

"Woof," said the dog.

Issue Seven

October 1988

**WELCOME BACK,
FRONT AND IN-BETWEEN**

BROADSIDE extends a warm welcome to all students and teachers. At least half of you seem to have realised by now that school has begun, and for the other half we make the following announcement:

"SCHOOL HAS BEGUN."

For those of you reading your student newspaper for the first time, a few surprises are probably in store, and we make no apologies for exposing anything which, on examination, seems either unfair, immoral, or dishonest. If this is judged by some as "raking the shit," then so be it.

Beyond informing, our aim is above all to entertain. BROADSIDE is an open forum. Anything you have to say about anything is exactly what we want to hear, so drop us a line and make this semester one to remember.

**STUDENT COUNCIL, VETO AND OTHER SUCH FICKLE
FUMBLINGS**

MEGALOMANIA CONFRONTS BROADSIDE

Publishing this issue of BROADSIDE proved an event comparable with the building of the pyramids, the digging of the Grand Canyon, the burning of the bush, and the winning of the Stanley Cup by the Nordiques.

BROADSIDE is an independent newspaper funded by the Student Council. In other words, funded by you.

On the 20th of September David Hickey and J. P Champagne attended the weekly Council meeting as representatives of BROADSIDE. A copy of both the Editorial Policy and, more importantly, the financial break-down of projected expenses were presented. With 13 people working on the newspaper and the entire population of the school reading it (twice), we assumed it a mere formality and anticipated immediate acceptance. Council President Dany Pearson though had other plans.

His preliminary demand was that the council be allowed to read all articles (particularly those concerning the council) before publication, and that further they would possess the power of veto. In effect, they would censor any story they don't like. Does this seem somewhat ludicrous? With such thinking, perhaps they have reason to fear the exorcising of truth.

After a good deal of dillying, and a fair amount of dallying, the demand was watered down with a muddy residue from the bottom of someone's murky mind. The Council now desired- insisted upon- preferential treatment, insisting that they, unlike anybody else, and contrary to any journalistic practice to be found the world over, be allowed to read all articles in which they are specifically mentioned before publication. Furthermore, space would have

to be made in that same issue for their own rebuttals. Apart from practical consideration such as knowing if and when and how much space to leave for their propaganda, the very suggestion has an unpleasant tyrannical stench to it. At the very least it is a product of befuddled thinking. Maybe we should let everybody read everything before publication, just in case they want to respond straight away.

All students and teachers alike may comment on articles they read, and priority is given to such submission- in the following issue.

BROADSIDE will not be bound nor will it be gagged by a paranoid Student Council. BROADSIDE is an autonomous club paid for by you. We will never submit to despotic flights of fancy born of Council members inebriated thinking.

It was only after the passage of much time, and with the first issue actually complete, that we were finally given funds to publish the first issue.

Mike Simmard, Financial Executive, was clearly trouble.

"You know, the Student Council is a corporation. A corporation has the right to get rid of its subsidiaries."

The accuracy of this statement is of little concern. What Mike should remember is that the members of the Student Association are quite able to be rid of any Council which abuses its authority.

A Concise and Complete History of BROADSIDE

"First there is a mountain, and there is no mountain, then there is"

Donovan 1966

Last year a group of students decided to organise a campus newspaper, a real campus newspaper. There were 6

issues in all written, edited, printed and distributed to the students and staff of St. Lawrence Campus. Printing costs were paid for by the students of SLC through the SLC Student Association Inc. BROADSIDE made a few people excited, angry, fearful, happy and simply pissed off a few others. At least no one can say that they didn't know what was happening because 1,000 copies of each issue were distributed throughout the campus and the Commonwealth. The paper had pictures and lots of interesting articles and opinions. On six days last year there was more reading done in the SLC Cafeteria than in the previous 30 year history of the college-campus. The first issue of BROADSIDE this year will probably be the final issue of BROADSIDE and that's a shame I say. This is because the SLC Student Association wants enough control and veto power over what articles go into BROADSIDE so that the students involved with the paper will probably not want to continue with the paper under those conditions. I wouldn't either for that matter. "If dogs run free, then what must be, must be, and that is all." Bob Dylan 1970

Bob Donnelly
Languages Department

Student Council: Culture? What's That??

S.L.C TAKES A BITE OF THE APPLE- AND SPITS IT OUT

Most of you are no doubt aware that a trip to New York has been planned during the latter part of October . The finalised plan however, once in the hands of our new Student Council, was transformed into a peculiar beer - guzzling beast quite different from that envisioned by its creator.

Early this summer Bob Donnelly, work-a-holic extraordinaire, began a series of calls, etc., which would,

in effect, get the trip off the ground; the intent being a pleasant cultural weekend in the heart of New York. A Broadway play was tentatively planned, as was a visit to a museum. The weekend would prove both diverting and educational. New York is, after all, a major world centre for the arts.

A request was sent to the Student Council to subsidise the excursion, that all interested might then participate, less burdened by financial consideration.

During the next council meeting this issue appeared on the agenda. John David Hickey, BROADSIDE reporter, was present.

"See a play?", one member was recorded to say. "Who wants to see a play? You go to New York to get drunk, not to see a play!"

"The administration ain't gonna like that", someone replied.

"We'll pretend we're gonna see a play!"

As for the museum outingwell, that was lost in the general reverie of anticipating the consumption of endless bottles of American beer. And so the New York trip will finally receive funding, specifically \$200 towards the cost of the bus. Those students who have decided to join the party should realise though that no cultural shows will be subsidised, or indeed even planned. Incidentally, Americans are tough on drinking laws. 21 is the legal age. Bon voyage.

YOUR MONEY—YOU SPEND IT.

At the start of each scholastic year all students are obliged to pay a whopping \$40. This money then zooms off in two directions. One chunk goes to Dominique Routhier- who squanders it at her own discretion- and another chunk to

the student council. That makes two chunks, I think. They are big chunks too- with cream on top.

As far as the chunk going to the council is concerned, and it is a chunk worth thousands upon thousands of dollars, most of it is eaten up by social activities organised by the Council, Students should be made aware though that funds are available to anyone- irrespective of whether he/she is on the council or not- offering a reasonable project which would involve the participation of fellow students.

Remember that chunk is your chunk. See any Council member for further information.

COMPOSER An Interview With the English Mouth

By Nandi Prashad

"A wise man on a Sunny Sunday said:

Now is, was, and will be'

I gave a shrug and I looked over my shoulder -
life is killing me."

from "Time" by K. Waddington

Keith Waddington, fashionably clad in jeans and a striped blue and white sweatshirt bearing the simple but formidable word, "Quebec", sits down, puts his feet up and giggles. Here goes nothin' . . .

His first question, he dictates, is, "When did you start writing music?" His answer he tells in the same fashion, "I started humming at two and it just went on from there." If anyone believes that Keith, at any age, could be capable of such low volume sound as humming, well let's just say the joke is on you.

Keith is 27 by the book. By his own records he's 19. His first real introduction to music began at age twelve

with piano lessons. He claims that three weeks later he wrote his first symphony, "Only it wasn't a symphony, it was a concerto but I was too dumb to realise it." Keith borrowed a guitar from his school at age fifteen, he has yet to return it. Off with his head!!

Using all five of the only chords he knew, he wrote "The Whiskey Song", his first on the guitar.

Monday I drink a bottle of whiskey.

Tuesday I sleep it off.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday:

I drink my life away.

I drink my life away."

What does he do on Sunday? Like a good Christian boy, he goes to church. (Don't believe everything you read.)

Sweet, innocent, sixteen-year-old Keith went "busking" (that's playing guitar in the streets) in London for awhile. He picked a few grapes somewhere along the line and tapped his ocean of wordy resources to write a few more songs. He also developed a distaste for playing other people's songs because, "They don't play mine so why should I play theirs." Where did that boy find his mouth?!

Waddington (waddle, waddle) says, "Writing music is an irresistible urge. I have nothing to do with it." - Sounds sort of like peeing. He does, however, want to write good songs. "I Wish I Was Somebody Else", is his personal favourite because, "It's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth - I think." Has he ever had a spiritual revelation? "Do you mean an orgasm?" Keith obviously needs help with his vocabulary, but maybe someday . . . In the meantime, Keith enjoys the better things in school - I have to censor that part.

Keith has never had a blank spell. "Writing music is as easy as baking a cake though, sometimes it gets awfully hot in the kitchen." Meaning he sweats, so I guess some of the cakes don't taste very good.

Most of his songs are for himself but occasionally he'll write a tune for a girl, "Because they think it's romantic," and it is, and Keith knows it. How important is his music to him? "Sometimes it's everything, sometimes - nothing."

Sometimes it's better not to listen to what Keith says but what he sings and plays. No, let me rephrase that, most of the time it's better . . .

Jean Robert, Drugs and Chocolate Milk

During a deep and penetrating interview with Jean Robert- actually it only lasted 2 minutes but we were standing in a hole- our infamous Guidance Councillor insisted that his amazing physique is not the result- at least to his knowledge- of Steroids. He does not discount, however, the possibility of the S.L.C chef lacing his chocolate milk behind his back- which, as you know, is singularly muscular. A urine sample is presently being inspected. Results will be printed in the next issue.

The World As We Know It

And now
A few words
To hungry people everywhere:
"Fish 'n' Chips."

Fred and Harry

Fred was a potted plant.
Harry was a potted plant.
Fred never spoke to Harry.
Harry never spoke to Fred.
They were well and truly
potted.

Anonymous

-I want you to climb a mountain with
me.
-But I cannot.
-For why?
-For I have never climbed a mountain before.

Bacon

Something took someone from a warm slumber and tossed
him back into the cold frigid land of the living. For a
while he refused to succumb to wakefulness, lay their, eyes
tightly shut, trying to dream a dream. It was no good.
Those days were gone. It was is.

Suddenly an image appeared, as if projected upon those still closed eyelids; a blind image that insisted on being seen:

A young plump Pig, grunting, frolicking in the mud. Frolicking and grunting. Grunting and frolicking. And then a fumbling fellow came along, a seemingly harmless farm hand, wearing rubber boots wearing, recently disinfected, which hid his dirty sweaty feet. He traversed the fence of the Pig sty in a casual sort of way, pretending that his intentions were of a moral and innocent nature. Then he did something to that Pig.

The someone opened eyes and the image vanished with a splash of something red.

"We kill Pigs before they even know who they are. We kill them more than once. Each time we eat that smooth and salty and youthful flesh, we kill it again. "

The next day the someone opened a new hermetically sealed package. Opened for the first time, ripping, yanking, shoved in a finger, feeling the bacon, pulling and twisting, yanking, feeling the juice, the slippery bacon juice. We do it so well.

And then he warmed up that bacon, sizzle, making it hot for his mouths. He bit and the Pig died again. It died of shame. The room was filled with smoke. Burned singed flesh. Munch crunch gobble gobble gobble. The meal over, satiated, he wondered into the bathroom to wash off the fat which had smeared itself all over his all over.

There he stands, confronted by the present. Glutton. He has eaten like . . . Yes, like . . . No, like . . . yes . . . no . . . like. Looking into the mirror he surely must see, and he does, that he has eaten like a pig. He has eaten one of our own kind. He is a cannibal.

The whole world vomits.

The whole world vomits with pig fat over its ugly collective ugly face.

The whole world vomits pig.

Issue Eight

November 1988

BROADSIDE EDITORS FIRED

VANDENBERG GONE FOR GOOD

Some weeks ago the Student Council, having finally decided to pay for the October issue of BROADSIDE, promptly fired the Editor. The next thing BROADSIDE staff learned was that Mr. Vandenberg, a teacher, had been hired as the new Editor of our student newspaper, and that he would be paid, by the Council, \$100 per year. \$100 of our money. (Approximately \$25 of the \$40 we all pay at the start of the year goes to the Council). Further more, of all the tasks normally performed by the Editor (and previously without any payment whatsoever), Mr. Vandenberg would have a considerable reduction in work load. The new By-Laws state that the Editor, who must be chosen from outside the student body, must ensure that BROADSIDE informs and entertains without "damaging, or offending individuals, clubs or organisations."

Mr. Vandenberg then, in accepting the position, agreed to enforce this new and restrictive Editorial Policy, written by members of the Student Council, which would, in effect, prevent the inclusion of any articles showing that Student Council in anything but a favourable light. Anything the Council might construe as being "offensive" (such as the truth) would be censored. Mr Vandenberg's metaphorical scissors would certainly need to be sharpened.

We were left wondering two things: Why is the council afraid of students sharing their views, through BROADSIDE, with the rest of the school; and why does Mr Vandenberg feel he should be meddling in Student affairs?

Next stage in this farce was the quite simple and slightly underhanded on our part. We agreed to go along with all this hogwash in order to keep the BROADSIDE office until the writing had been completed. Dany Pearson had already threatened that if we went underground we would be thrown out of the office and not have access to the computer and hard disc. Mr. Stewart too had suggested that this was a possible future scenario. And so a selection of the stories was given to Mr. Vandenberg for him to read and censor, according to the new Editorial Policy.

After one week they were returned to us and we were surprised to find that he had rejected nothing, despite the fact that almost all the stories I wrote are intended to be "offensive" to the Student Council. Obviously he chickened out when the climate became too hot for his liking. The only other possibility is that he finally saw sense, but we must discount this option, for if he had been truly enlightened he would also have quit the job. As it is, he simply did not do what he was hired to do. I repeat, almost all my articles are intended to be "offensive" to our wonderful Council, yet Mr. Vandenberg rejected nothing. One can imagine our dear President's face when he discovers that he is paying \$100 for someone to correct punctuation and dot the I's. When the new Editorial policy was written this surely was not the intention.

To conclude then, since the Council's Editorial Policy still stands, the potential to enforce it in the future remains. Also we can never agree to the Editor being a teacher. For these reasons we decided to print the newspaper ourselves, accepting no money from the Council whatsoever. Accordingly, I will leave it to the collective imagination of the Council to figure out what they can do with the rules and their Editorial Policy.

STUDENT BODY MOLESTED

Petition Rejected

BROADSIDE STAFF would like to thank all student who signed the recent petition which demanded the continuation of a free and uncensored student newspaper. Almost 500 of you signed it. The final result, unfortunately, was nil. The Council, in its infinite wisdom, decided to ignore the wishes of the student body completely. It now seems that any petition presented to the Council can be rejected in a similar manner. Mike Simard, Financial Officer (or Executive, as he now likes to be known) told me the student were misled, that they thought the petition was about censorship. This strikes me as odd, because even I thought it was about censorship. I suppose only Mike and other members of the Council really know what it was about. It just goes to show how intelligent they all are, and how dumb the rest of the school is.

This action is tantamount to a molestation of the student body. We, and our wishes, are simply being abused.

To conclude, I would like to inform students that the By-laws state that any member or members of the council might be dismissed from their position and a election called by means of a petition featuring one third of the student body's names. This is to say around three hundred. I suppose such a petition, if it was to be organised, would also be rejected. When Dany Pearson and his merry men were given office, it appears that we opened up a can of worms and that they all wriggled out.

To the Broadside:

In regard to your recent petition against Vandenberg, I would like to say that I believe you're being too critical of him. I believe that your disagreement with him

is merely based on good Mr. Waddington's instinctive hatred of him (and all people in authority). I think that you could make some good changes with Mr. Vandenberg's help, so please just tell Mr. Waddington to go to

Reply: This letter was written anonymously on the BROADSIDE computer by what we can only assume was an unauthorised person. I would like to say simply that the petition was not against (Mr) Vandenberg, but against a restrictive editorial policy. As for hatred entering into it, hate is granted only to those worthy of it.

BEER BASH PROFITS

In reply to J. P Champagne's article concerning the last Beer Bash, in which he praised the council for making mega-dollar profits on the event, I would like to make it known that the goal of the Council should be to provide services and not make profits from students. It is, after all, our money they have in the first place, and I for one would like to see it spent. Last year, with a quite different Council working for the students, a band was hired and happy hours featured beer at 50 cents per bottle. Not surprisingly the Council usually broke even or made only a handful of dollars.

Do we really want our Student Association to be run like a business?

BIG BULLY BADGERS BROADSIDE

Intent on gagging BROADSIDE, newspaper staff have endured endless petty pesterings from Danny Pearson and other sheep on the Council. Twice they have attempted to have us locked out of room 271, not to mention all the changes in By-Laws which were imposed upon us. (Changes, I

might mention, which were made outside of stated procedure). Because of all this our normal plan of publishing three issues per semester has proved impossible to accomplish. This is the last one.

Perhaps in future other would be Dictators with similar lack of judgement should remember the famous maxim I recently made up: "If it works- don't fuck with it."

**NOTHING CHANGED
NOTHING WILL-
BUT LET'S TRY ANYWAY**

After last issue's revealing article which brought to light the illegal appointment of First Year Vice President, it perhaps surprises nobody that nothing has been done. The Student Council is still functioning in an illegal manner.

Those of you concerned with this diabolical state of affairs should consider filling in the section below, cutting it out, placing it in an envelope addressed to Mr. Fraser, c/o Betty Ableson, and handing it into the reception from where it will be forwarded.

Dear sir,

Since the Student Council Continues to operate in an illegal manner, that is to say, contrary to its own By-Laws, and since my conscience prevents me from condoning this, I hereby request that unless the situation is immediately rectified, the fraction of my \$40 given to the Council be refunded without delay.

Signed:

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**STUDENT COUNCIL GETS ON DRINKING DRIVING BANDWAGON—
AND FALLS OFF**

I'm sure I speak for many people when I say that I was stunned by Dany Pearson's announcement that the Student Council will support the Drinking Driving Awareness week by throwing a Booze Up Party on Friday. The idea of a party is one thing, but to associate it with a programme such as this is sheer nonsense. Mind you, we have come to expect this of our Council this semester. Indeed, Nonsense is their middle name.

In Praise Of An Open Association

I would like to thank the Student Association on behalf of nobody in particular. I noticed recently that the Association notice board in the Cafeteria is being put to much use by the Council, keeping students informed of what is going on. So what if the minutes of meetings are not posted, as they were last year. So what if financial statements are not posted, as they were last year. So what if Board of Governors' decisions are not posted, as they were last year. So what if anything pertaining to the inner workings of the Council is not posted, as it was last year. At least this year we know that the winter has arrived and so have the "Official" school jackets. At least we know that Cinema Ste Foy is open for \$1. Thanks to all you people on the Council for keeping the students informed about the important matters.

POSTER PERVERTS

Recently you may have noticed several posters announcing the possible death of BROADSIDE as we know it, and asking students to sign the petition. These posters were made by two girls not connected with the newspaper, but who felt the issue important enough to spend time and effort on its behalf. We are not sure who was responsible, but these posters, striking as they were, were torn down, despite having the official school stamp allowing them to be exhibited. The two girls went to the Council asking for some more card.

"Sure you can have some," they were told. "No problem. What's it for?"

"BROADSIDE," they said. Suddenly there was not plenty of card. In fact there was not any available at all.

Whoever tore the posters down should present themselves to any member of the BROADSIDE staff and receive our special GOLDEN NERD AWARD. It is a long twisted thing. We don't know what it is for, but we have a few suggestions of what to do with it.

RADIO ROOM SILENCE IS NOT GOLDEN

It was hard not to notice the singular lack of music in the Cafeteria earlier this semester. A silence whose duration was long, and whose cause was again the result of the dictatorial tendencies in the Student Council.

So what was it all about? I asked Carl Little, one of the Radio Room managers.

Q Why was the room closed so long then?

Carl Well, first of all the amp broke. It took quite some time to get the money, and when all that was finally done we needed a new \$20 stylus. It took them a long time to give us that \$20, and by then somebody, I'm not sure who, said the students didn't really care about the radio room, and that we needed to conduct a poll. We did that and everything seemed fine from then on.

Q So everything is ok now?

Carl Well, I guess so. The only thing is we have a new rule which says only D.J's are allowed in the room. Most of us don't like that much.

Q What's this rule supposed to be for?

Carl Well, the Council thinks there were too many people in there.

Q What difference does it make?

Carl I don't know. I suppose it's to make sure nothing gets stolen.

Q Has anything been stolen this year?

Carl No. We've had no problems at all. There's been nothing stolen or broken. The thing is, the Student Council

offices are always full of people who are not on the Council. Friends and stuff. It's not really fair. They hand out rules to people but they don't follow them themselves.

Q Ok. The final thing, we've had to complaints about the management sent to BROADSIDE. What's it all about?

Carl Well, people who have problems should come and see us before they go to the paper. Going to BROADSIDE should be a last resort.

Q Thanks Carl. You're a great guy!

**The following people paid for this issue of
Subterranean Broadside:**

Lorne Coughlin	Guy Fournier	D. (somebody)
J.P	Bob Donnelly	F. Way
Alain Laliberté	Carl Little	Marie Claude
Andrew Weber	Nathalie	Renaud
Harvey Mead	Dick Dousett	Yves Derome
Jean Robert	Nancy Hinton	Gail Moir
K. Waddington	Can Nguyen	P. S. K (?)
Hans Heize	Mary Robertson	Alan Monfette
Nandi Prashad	Louise Hinton	Dinos Bardaklis
Guislaine Bulman	David Hickey	John Poliquin
Martine Dubois	Tommy Vavoagios	Mina Kerwin
Josée Tremblay	Viviane Cantin	Brenda Tuppert
Andrew Jones	Suzanne Le	Patricia
Mike Jespersen	Andrea Renaud	Mitchell
Michelle	Linda Mackay	Francois Pitt
Pallotta	Guylaine Paris	
Viktoria Papp	Celine Boulanger	
Michael Sheaffe	Hugh Fraser	

M.L.A. AND ITS MONGOLOID OFFSPRING

It seems that teachers in various departments are still requiring students to use various formats on the papers they hand in. This is leading to a good deal of confusion and can even cause a lowering of marks due to slight mistakes which have nothing to do with the actual content or even "presentability" of the papers. Mr. Bob Donnelly of the English department actually deducts points if a paper has a title page, which most rational minds would consider adds to the papers aesthetic value. Still in the English department, Lorne Coughlin seems to have hit upon the most sensible and liberal policy, insisting that a paper's format should simply be clear and neat, and that students need not take out their rulers and measure spacings and margins etc. Perhaps other teachers should take note of this most enlightened and reasonable approach.

Philosophy Department: A Mockery Of Socratic Dictum

What does Harvey Mead and the rest of the Human race have in common? They both make mistakes.

This year the Philosophy Department in S.L.C managed a boo-boo of Brobdingnagian proportions. This epic error was not realised until very recently, and all students in Philosophy qqqq must pay the cost.

So what happened? you all ask. Well read on and be shocked.

The semester began with the class reading various plays by Euripides and a dialogue by Plato. We then turned to a complex work by Friedrich Nietzsche entitled "The Birth Of Tragedy" which, as our final 2000 word semester project, we were to relate to those works of Euripides and Plato which we had read. With the semester rapidly coming to a conclusion we discovered that Nietzsche feels both Euripides and Plato have no place in the realm of Greek Tragedy, and that, to make matters worse, that it was by there actions that the Greek Tragedy actually ended. How then to relate "The Birth Of Tragedy" with authors who actually caused its death.

And so two new unplanned Greek Dramas were sprung upon the class, suggested no doubt by someone who would best serve the human race by keeping his mouth shut, though this time they are indeed Tragedies according to Nietzsche definition. They are the works we should have read in the first place, if only the Philosophy Department had the foresight, logic and wisdom to check the books they were choosing before they chose them (see what I mean?), especially since the idea of tying all these things together was an integral part of the conceptual course outline.

Of course, I have not mentioned the virtual impossibility of the paper itself- which involves more work than one would normally associate with 10 major English papers- and I shall not.

If Socrates was alive today he would turn over in his grave.

CANOE CAMPING

The handful of students fortunate enough to participate in the Canoe Camping course earlier this semester were witness to a rare treat. Not only was it fun, but it proved educational in a variety of ways, not least of those being a renewed respect for the environment. This element, though perhaps not part of the course in any concrete sense, was nevertheless pedagogically manifest through Mike Labadie's sensitivity to the issue.

Canoeing down river is perhaps one of the most pleasurable ways to feel the power and majesty of nature, and we were filled with a reverential wonder for the untamed state of Canada's countryside.

The cost of providing a course such as this is doubtless higher than many others, though the long term benefit for all who participate proves it money well spent.

JEAN ROBERT CLEAN

Last issue we reported that Jean Robert's amazing physique was possibly the result of an abundance of steroids passing through those enormous muscles of his. These allegations, which he denied in a most violent and uncharacteristic manner, proved, after extensive urine tests, to be false. Unfortunately Jean Robert's muscles were of a similar state.

The Vandenblinken

Imagine Nazi Germany. It was full of Nazis, frankfurters and sauerkraut- though which was which I have no idea. Inside a certain bunker, a certain person was having his mustache trimmed. All of Germany loved this mustache, and most people, had they known it was being cut, would have gone into immediate mourning. It was too late though. It was already late afternoon.

"Mein Furheir," the barber began, "your mustache is well and truly trimmed."

"Excellent. Take ze remains and have zem framed."

"Heil Hitler," said the barber and was soon gone.

"Ya ya. Zat is gut," Hitler said to himself, looking into a life size mirror. "Gut." At that moment Lieutenant Colonel Dickshell arrived.

"Ah, gut to see you both," Hitler said. "How goes zat var?"

"Var?"

"Ya var."

"?"

"Var you dungle shitzer. Bang bang, puff puff, ouch."

"Oh, the war."

"Ya."

"It's half time, but we seem to be winning."

"Vinning. Gut. And ze secret plan?"

"What secret plan?"

"Ze secret plan."

"I know nothing of a secret plan."

"Of course you know nothing. I am ze only one who knows. Zat is why it is ze secret plan."

"Oh."

"So how goes it?"

"What?"

"Bollockenhisen! Ze secret plan."

"Oh that, mein Furher. It goes well. Very well. Excellent one might say."

"Gut."

A few days later the secret plan was no longer a secret. In fact everyone and his dog knew about it- though it was only the dogs who really understood what it all meant. When Hitler arrived at the testing site he called upon the head of the project- a french poodle wearing a pink ribbon- to explain how things were going. Things, it seemed, were going woof.

Soon the huge and probably heavy doors of a hanger opened up and out floated the Vandenblinken. It was the first of a new generation of Zeppelin balloons which were to begin dropping poisoned Yorkshire puddings on unsuspecting England. Well, England was not totally unsuspecting. In fact everyone knew about the whole thing, and were busy having a good laugh.

The Vandenblinken was remote controlled. If things went wrong and the Vandenblinken was destroyed, no lives would be lost.

"Ya. Gut, gut. With zat we vill vin ze var," Hitler said.

As the huge balloon, filled with hot air, rose skyward on its first test flight, a team of English commandos, disguised as a severe case of foot and mouth disease on a herd of nearby cows, prepared themselves for action.

"Are you ready lads?" the leader called. They discussed it for a moment, and the general consensus suggested that, no they were not all ready, and that they wanted more tea. General Consensus was later shot and then court marshalled for cowardice in action.

The Vandenblinken was now almost over head. The commandos were just about to do what ever it was they were just about to do, when a soldier said, "Sir, it looks like

such a nice balloon, that Vandenblinken. Do we really have to destroy it? I mean, it looks harmless enough."

"Appearances can be deceiving," the leader said.

"But sir, if I help to destroy that lovely looking Vandenblinken, I will feel like a major shit head."

"I salute you, Major Shit Head," the leader said. "Now come on lads. Lift up your guns, take aim, and open fire." Instead of a barrage of shots, an empty silence ensued.

"Open fire!" the commander shouted. To this a quiet trembly voice said:

"Sir, we can't open fire."

"Why not?"

"We forgot the matches."

"Oh no. We've really buggered this one then."

"Maybe not," another voice spoke up. It was Private Quarters.

"Private Quarters, do you have a plan?"

"Yes sir, I think I do. You see, I read a lot, and I remember once reading something about the word being mightier than the sword."

"So?"

"So maybe its mightier than the gun too."

"What are you suggesting?"

"That we shout out, at the top of our voices, certain pertinent words and phrases. Like 'Bang! I got you! Your punctured!' Things like that."

"Let's give it a try then."

"Just one thing, sir. We musn't forget the punctuation. It's very important."

"Fine. Right lads. Raise your voices. Take aim. Shout!" So they shouted, and quite suddenly, after only a few moments, the Vandenblinken began to deflate. The hot air come bellowing out. It tumbled downward, spinning and twisting, not knowing what the hell had happened. The Vandenblinken crashed into the cow field, quite close to

the commandos. It crashed into some brown stuff which looked like mud.

Meanwhile Hitler was having fits.

"Oh mien plan, mien plan. Ruined. Vat vent wrong?" Several of the poodles who were in charge of the research centre offered their commiserations, but it did no good.

Ze End

The Last Word

Since this is my last semester here at lovely S.L.C., it also goes without saying that this issue of BROADSIDE is also the last to bear my print.

For those of you who found the self-righteous-holier-than-thou tone of my articles a little too much, I excuse myself only by mentioning that loud trumpets are needed to awaken the partially deaf.

To conclude my stint on BROADSIDE I would like to mention two things which might give some insight into the state of this school.

Firstly I feel it my duty to state that in three semesters at S.L.C., this student council is the worst I have experienced. Apart from trying to silence voices of opposition, apart from enforcing new and ridiculous rules on the yearbook, radio room and BROADSIDE, which are designed simply to show that they are in charge, apart from running the Association like a profit making enterprise, apart from a singular lack of original ideas, where we see the only events organised are events which were done last year, apart from all the secrecy, where students are told nothing of what goes on in council meetings nor in what state are our finances are, apart from running slipshod over students demands and immorally rejecting a petition

featuring almost 500 names, apart from all these things, the underlying problem is power trips and inflated egos. This manifests itself in name plates on doors and desks, and we should not forget the position of Financial Officer is now Financial Executive. Who are they kidding? Themselves no doubt.

Secondly, and perhaps more importantly, I would like it to be known that in allowing me to start school two weeks late this semester, Mr Gagné obliged me to sign a paper, which he himself penned, stating that I would not come back to S.L.C after Christmas, that this would be my final semester as a student. I would say publicly to Mr. Gagné that perhaps the thorn will indeed then be removed in January, but that it is a mighty prickly world.