

Studley - the house of humour

by Brian Manning

This year's addition to the Howe Hall brotherhood is a small, twenty year old structure on LeMarchant St. cradled between Henderson and Cameron Houses called Studley House.

If this piece had been written in September, it would have ended here because at that time that was all there was to tell. Now as the sands of time draw to a close one can write a sentimental article about what a wonderful experience it has been to live here etc. If the reader is wondering why this bit is called 'The House with a Sense of Humor', you will understand after reading this sequel to the 'Perils of Pauline'.

The development of our good nature began at the first of the year when we descended upon the place ready to relive the previous years' experiences of parties, card games, bashes and other not so enjoyable activities such as laundry and studying. We were told that we would not be able to move into our new home because it would be

another day or so before the finishing touches were put on it. After eight days of sleeping in the lounges of the other houses we were allowed to move in. We had the pleasant company of carpenters and electricians who tinkered about for weeks. We were all quite happy.

Our happiness was short lived, while the administration had seen fit to overhaul an entire apartment building it decided to leave the bathrooms as they were installed, some twenty years ago. Now don't get the idea that there is anything wrong with twenty year old bathrooms, as a matter of fact 1956 was a vintage year for a lot of things, but the fact remains that these dens of vanity just couldn't hack the pace of fifty people shaving, showering etc. every day, and they soon began to deteriorate. The floor tiles came up, paint peeled off the ceiling, and tiles came off the walls. They were, in short, a mess.

Finally the administration came to the rescue, well sort of. They sent in their army of carpenters to

renovate our hopelessly ruined wash-rooms. They worked off and on for quite some time tearing out the old and building in the new. The main problem with the whole affair was that they were, at first more off than on and when they finally began to concentrate their efforts it was time for our Christmas exams. Who can study when Santa's elves are working right under your nose? Nobody. So we complained to the management and they were only too pleased to call off their workmen. Well in order to shorten this tale, just take note that the workmen did not return until it was time for second term mid-terms and we bathed happily ever after.

We suffered a number of losses over the Christmas break. A rather incidental one was the color T.V. from one of the lounges. The other was the loss of our Residence Assistant, Burns MacMillan. We were all just getting to know Burns and it was too bad to see him leave. Our Dean thought that we were all old enough to take care of ourselves

and that we really didn't need an advisor, so there was no replacement for Burns. The university also saved money.

One rather odd event that occurred this year was the bulletin board issue. A house, especially one in the organizational stages, needs a bulletin board. Since we were not given one our president improvised and used the windows near the front entrance to post important notices. Some cracker-jack photographer from University News took a picture of our windows, complete with posters and displayed it in his rag, showing one and all what untidy people we were. Nice guy. At least the News took note of the QUARANTINED sign that we posted at the height of the flu epidemic. As for the windows somebody broke them over the Christmas break and the university replaced them with nice plywood ones. By the way we did eventually get bulletin boards.

All in all it's been a grand time, what with a second T.V. being stolen, frail railings on the stairs that were replaced with nice sturdy Halifax Sewer commission barricades, and water that is hot only when one doesn't want a shower. If you ever wonder why a Studley man has a good sense of humor and a keen ability to complain - walk a mile in our showers. By the way if you should decide to drop in sometime, don't be surprised if you win the "300th television thief of the week prize".

Ike Spike and Tina Tuna sensational

by Donalee Moulton

There were no blinding lights, no smoke explosions, no Mick Jagger whippings; there was only one slim woman compelling her audience to become totally involved in her music, in her show, in her. That music, that show, that woman was Tina Turner.

The group, which performed here last Thursday, is a show in itself. An all male back-up band opens up the audience with a few fast and funky jazz numbers. Right on their heels and the Ikettes, three girls singing disco and dancing boogie. But all this preamble is merely an obscure noise compared to the explosion Tina created when she hit the stage. She was the show.

Singing material that for the most part was not originally hers, she nonetheless made them originally hers. Producing new sound and new moods out of familiar tunes she was a success not only as a performer but as an artist. One of the more outstanding songs in this realm was her version of "Proud Mary".

With regard to her performance itself there are two words which aptly describe it--powerful and dynamic. From every corner of the Forum Tina's voice, Tina's music, Tina herself forced her audience to respond, compelled them to attention. On stage, lost in sound and movement, Tina Turner is a powerhouse and this power is transmitted to each and every spectator.

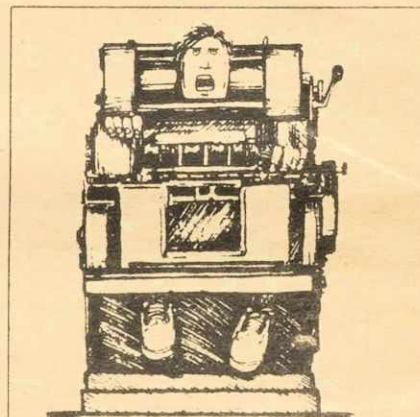
Tina's performance is a duality--her voice and her dance form. Accompanying every song was a dance created and performed by Tina and the Ikettes. Every dance was a movement reflecting the naturalistic to the point of being primitive. Symbolizing the "music moves the body" theme these four are living proof that the body can indeed move. Movement bordered on the mabacre, the erotic, and the obscene, each effectively enhancing whatever number being done.

The effect of the group is a sensual effect--literally. The body movements of the girls do not rely on timing and form; the show is not

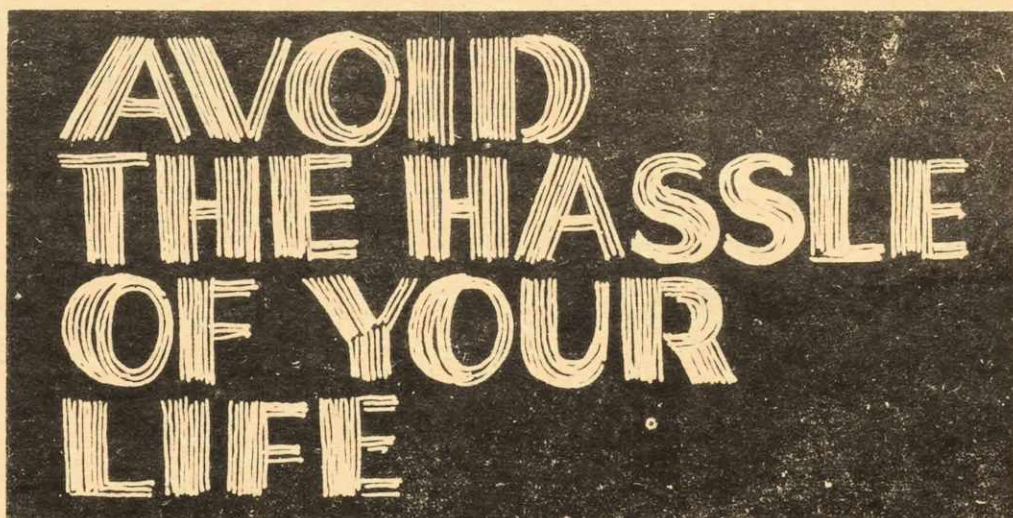
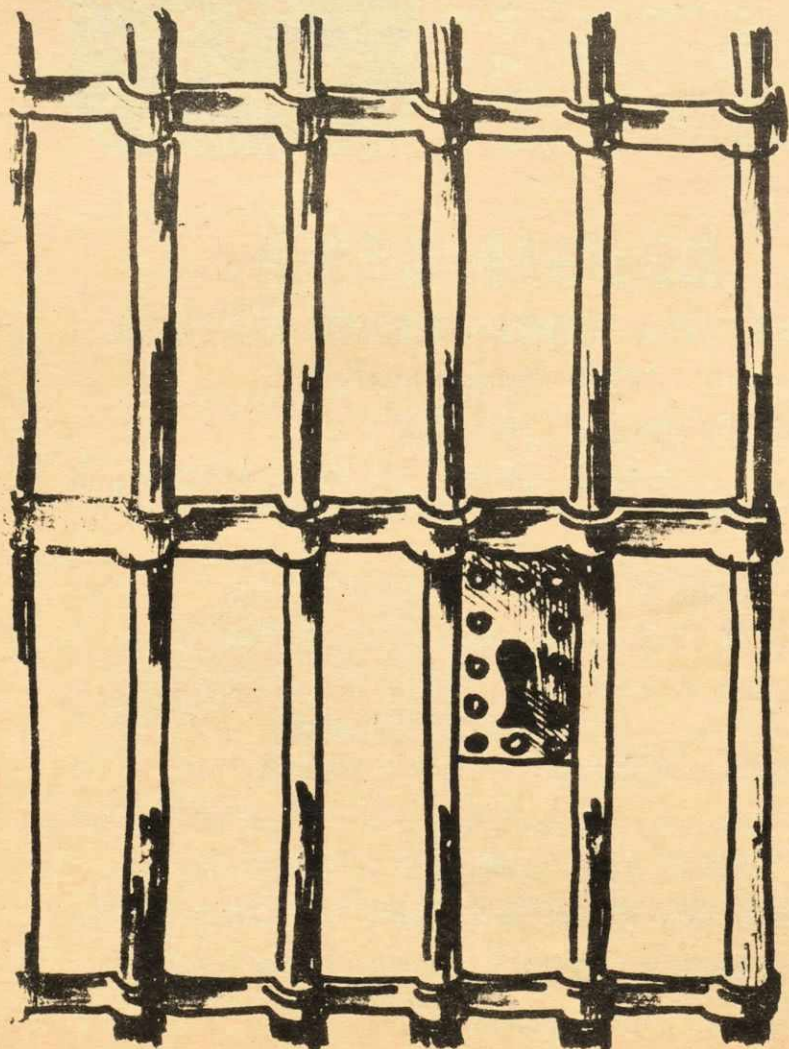
meant to be a Hollywood artifact of polish and poise. It is meant to be a display of music in the body, with the body, and by the body. The emotions of the audience are reached, not through logic and rationale, but purely through the senses. Tina and her group move not the mind but the body. They appeal to the senses and in retrospect are truly sense-ational.

Under the magnetic Tina, Ike became just another vague figure in her background. Vocalizing only twice he failed to make the audience aware of his presence as a presence worth being aware of. A fine performer in his own right he is, however, overshadowed by Tina, a role he obviously enjoys.

Backstage in an interview Ike felt that the concert had gone well pleased both with their performance and the reaction of the audience. His only regret was that, "maybe next time there will be more people". And hopefully there will be a next time.



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- Fail to obtain a visa when required
- Violate local laws and offend customs and sensibilities
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