

Welcome to Canada Mr. Belafonte

by Gregory J. Larsen

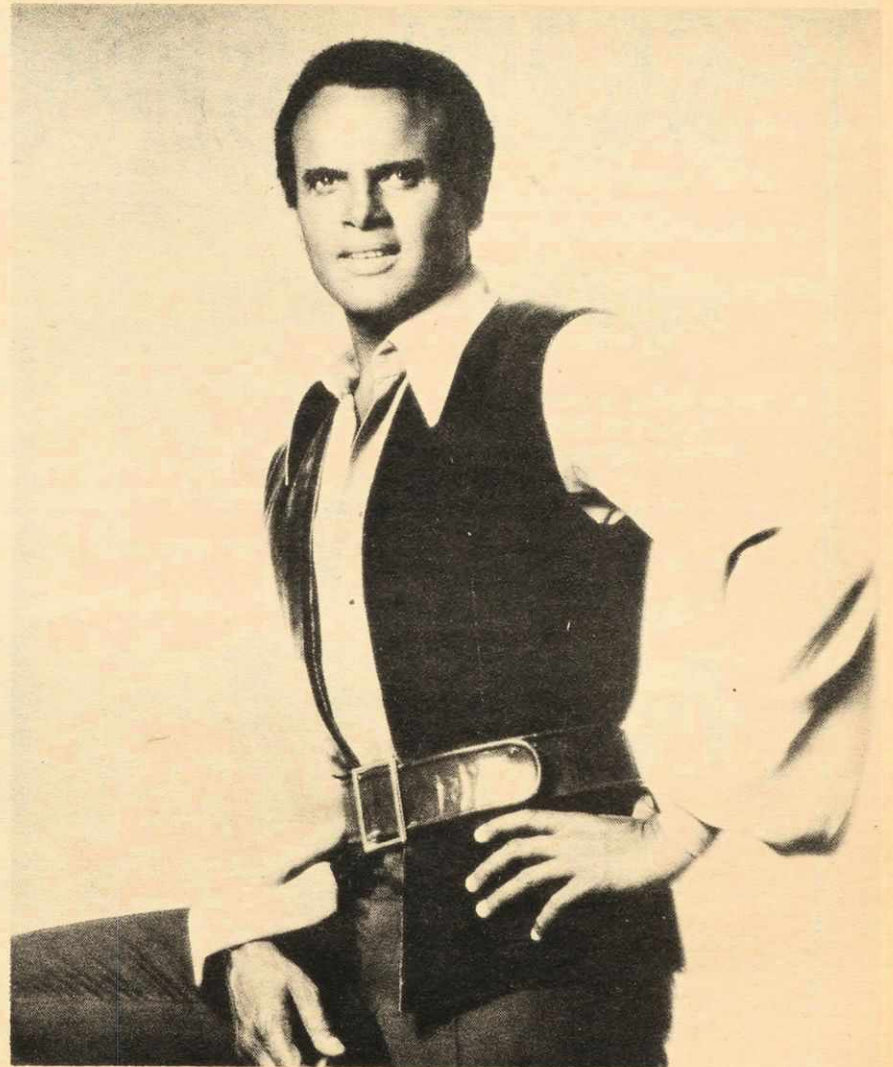
I was very fortunate to have had the opportunity to meet Harry Belafonte prior to his Christmas performance in Halifax. Belafonte,

a man of impressive stature, addressed our small group in a pleasant, witty, and diplomatic manner. His knowledge of current events, politics and philosophy was made clear through his conversation with each of us.

Belafonte spoke of the purpose for making his benefit tour, raising money for symphony orchestras in Canada. He explained that he hopes to stimulate a movement in the arts that will allow more successful artists to aid those of less renown. Belafonte feels that the arts are a crucial aspect of any society. By bringing the arts forward he believes that society forms a truer and more solid identity.

Belafonte complimented Canada for having a strong artistic identity, but added it is only the Canadians themselves that are blind to this quality. He stressed his admiration for the Canadian government's financial support and aid of the arts, and regrets the U.S. hasn't followed Canada's example. He noted the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra had an extremely successful 1977 season. Oddly enough, the A.S.O.'s deficit is an indication of its success. Symphony Orchestras recover only 40% of their income and the rest is made up by government support.

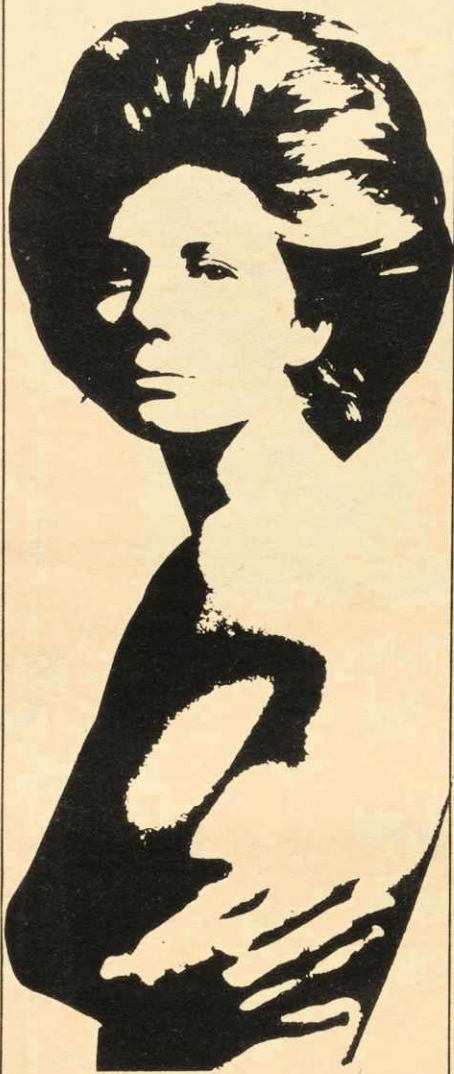
I am pleased to note the A.S.O.



had the opportunity to perform with such a devoted and sincere artist,

and I wish Belafonte the best on his tour.

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*turntable
drugs*

by Andrew Gillis

There are no two people in the world as unlucky as Tom Waits and Rodney Dangerfield.

Tom Waits once was an all-night snowplow operator. He took bennies and whites to stay awake, and to make plowing snow seem like more fun than it really was. Bennies **always** made plowing snow seem like more fun than it really was. The whites always kept you awake, too, so there was no need to miss a minute of the action.

Big, big mountains of snow, piling up and up and up. The diesel motor right behind your ass screaming because for hours it had been at 2,000 revs past the limit. Screaming and screaming and screaming as the snow piled up and up and up, and you know all the time that the next day you won't remember any of

it, not the screaming or the mountains of snow. You just wake up and get ready to go again and rev the engine way past 3,000. Piling up more snow than anyone has ever seen in any parking lot anywhere before. Making the biggest **damn** pile of snow anybody ever saw, except for in Alaska or somewhere like that.

The reason Tom Waits is unlucky is that one night he's out plowing snow, an all-night shift, coffee and bourbon in the breaks, Thunderbird (the American aperitif) in the thermos, bennies and whites in the Buffalo-Springfield-Gardner-Denver-Caterpillar glove compartment, all the whites already digested and in effect. And at 5,000 revs or maybe more, the scoop down and a perfect white-out in front of the windshield,

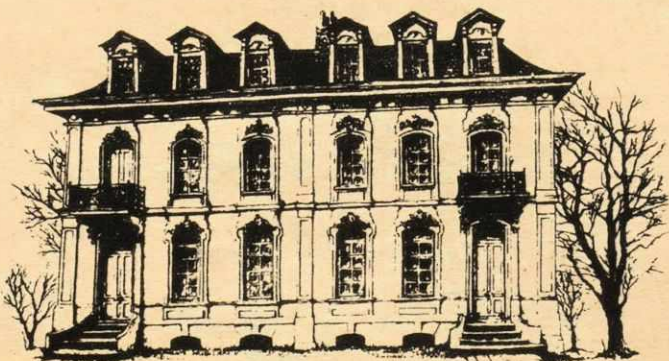
billows of snow all over the place, Waits runs the lip of the plow into a five mile-per-hour traffic bump. This jackknifes the tractor and throws Waits headfirst through the window of a Catholic dormitory for female offenders. They have sexual perversions that have made them too troublesome for the house of correction. All these women hate men, just hate them completely.

Rodney Dangerfield is unlucky because he was on the fish diet everyday of that week. It was a good diet, but the next day he ate a can of worms. Santa Claus never left him any presents—this year, Donner and Blitzen just left a little something on the lawn. Christmas dinner at the Dangerfields was so bad, Rodney went to the bathroom afterwards—not to brush his teeth, but to count them. He says he has the only dog in the country who begs for Alka-Seltzer. His wife's meatloaf glows in the dark. And sex—he's got no sex life at all. His dog comes into the bedroom to learn how to beg. His wife woke Rodney up to have sex the other night—and then she watched him.

The best party album I heard on

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