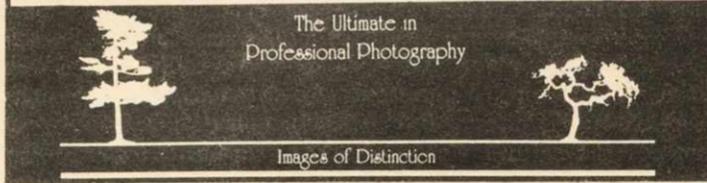


GRADUATION PORTRAITS

The contract for DAL PHAROS Yearbook Graduation Portraits has been awarded to Robert Calnen, Master Photographer of Halifax. Sitting Fee : for four poses - \$10.50 and up. For an appointment call 454 - 4745
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An ecumenical Church offering students a home away from home

January 27th 10:30 a.m.

Sermon: *The Time Is Fulfilled*

Rev. John E. Boyd

Music: *Oldroyd, Campbell*

February 3rd 10:30 a.m.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Richard Coffin

Canadian Baptist Federation

Music: *Willan, Faure, Bach*

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Director of Music: David MacDonald

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ARTS

Erotic cinema

by Chris Lambie

PHILIP KAUFMAN'S *Henry and June* is delicious, but strongly unsatisfying. The film focuses on the diaries of Anais Nin as she seeks to go beyond the simple perverse and into the realm of sexual understanding.

Nin's adventures with both Henry Miller and his wife June evoke a purity of soul never before associated with raw emotion. As each character, one by one, relaxes into the bubbling vat of desire, Nin and Miller are able to continuously refresh their source (read - muse) and maximize their writing potential.

The almost constantly beautiful imagery of the film numbs the audience to society's clenching fear of nudity. The syntheses of musical and sexual orchestration bring light to the dark room of human instinct. This film is a thirties-something, opium eaters' bohemian/ambrosial delight.

Miller is portrayed as the naked animal of new-worldly lust; in fact, it is pointed out that he and Anais only use people for experience in



order that they may continue writing the fantastic. He fits right in with the circus of Parisian Art students' bacchanalian festival of blue comedy - in fact, it seems like there could be no better place for him!

Anais, Miller's Portuguese/American lover and fellow-writer, is a voyeur of the highest order. She is paramount in her honest vision of "the small road that will lead [her] away from Henry, and will lead [her] back again." Hugo, her banker of a husband is the personification of boring open-eyed innocence and love who's patience and stupidity know no bounds.

The film is peppered with incredibly fragile and delicate magical acts that bring the fantasy of film to a truthful clearing in the modern woods of popular pseudo-realism. The only violence in the film is more a joke than reality.

Occasionally Miller will throw a tantrum, but he is even more practically harmless than the featherweight Anais because nobody ever really takes him seriously, aside from when he's writing.

Nin even mocks Miller's virility at certain points in the movie. She ironizes by saying "don't ever let [your failure] make you think that you may never be able to do it again," and the entire male portion of the audience groaned while the women I was with cackled with delight.

June, because she is a complex jewel from the heart of the Bronx, can never be completely reflected by either Miller or Nin. While they are both trying to capture her essence on the written page, she is continuously changing like an artist's model who cannot sit still.

All of *Henry and June's* characters vacillate from love to feverish hatred and back again in seconds. The *Andalusian Dog* of the 90's, Kaufman's new film is as shocking, beautiful and censurable as either Miller's or Nin's writing ever was.

Music in 1990: a recap

by Bruce D. Gilchrist

The Best

Bootsauce - *The Brown Album*

This album runs the gamut from bluesy ballads to hard-core funk and even to heavy-metal self-parody. The Montreal band manages to successfully mash together more musical styles and rhythms than even Paul Simon, while retaining a sense of honesty with the fresh, unabashed, all-out intensity of the album's tracks. Listeners will find that quality doesn't succumb to loudness when it comes to this explosively 'live' band.

National Velvet - *Courage*

With the addition of rock guitarist Tim Welch (Alannah Myles), NV turns the corner to a brasher sound, than that found on their introspective, layered punk, self-titled debut. Maria Del Mar's sometimes forceful, sometimes soft, and always wonderful voice, highlines her caustic, sociologically-involved lyrics. With such heavy songs as 'Sex Gorilla', it is little wonder that this album is a favourite of many stereo owners who want crunchingly loud tunes laced with sharp wit, not mindless thrash.

Sinead O'Connor - *I do not want what I haven't got*

Singlehandedly resuscitating the rhythm guitar/voice ballad, Sinead has carved out critical and popular acclaim. Ironically, the hugely successful 'nothing compares 2U', is the weakest song on the album,



which shines much more deeply in its simplicity with the unreleased songs '3 babies', and 'you cause as much sorrow', than with any of the drum-based rhythm songs.

Eddie Brickell and New Bohemians - *Ghost of a Dog*

Rhythm and medley have been a staple of the list so far, and the New Bohemians certainly complement this. With a more grassroots focus, the band has sacrificed mass appeal to explore southern US rhythms. Eddie still maintains all lyrical involvement and increases the number of lightweight and fun ballads. The album is most expressive when at once it is more electric, but also more acoustic than the band's first album, as in the song 'Mamma Help Me'.

Paul Simon - *The Rhythm of the Saints*

Although undoubtedly this will become the biggest album of 1991, it was released in 1990 and therefore qualifies for this compilation. Even better than 'Graceland', 'Rhythm of the Saints' sums up

everything that is good about music: live expression, observational and thoughtful lyrics, ethnic focus, instrumentalism, and a freedom of the spirit that can only come from a liberated heart. It is pathetic to note that some rap so-called 'artists' have accused Simon of cultural theft, when it is they themselves who have abandoned any link with rooted music in favour of fake instruments and easy profits.

Honourable Mentions

Chris Isaak - The Wicked Game video is better than the rest of Wild at Heart put together. An R&B wonder.

Basic English - Keeping it simple, acoustic, and most importantly, Canadian.

Concrete Blond - The once punk band has finally found their groove, in soulful harmonies, and ironic lyricism.

Worst of 1990

Heart - All I want to do is to puke on you. Need I say more?

Vanilla Ice - Rap is bad enough. But preppy white rap? Yeeecchhh!

Micheal Bolton - A record exec's dream, but he can't sing, at all!!!

Faith No More - An abyss of 'Epic' proportions.

The Cure - Disintegration is fantastic. The Remixes are deplorable.

Milli Vanilli - Not the albums. I'm talking when they really tried singing for the first time in public!