

1992. Other than the fact that it will screw up the dates on my notes for a few months (You know - "Anth 3204, Monday, January 6th, 1991-1992") and the realization that there will not be another atomic year until 2000, the year will not go back and forth between nineteen ninety-two and nineteen ninety-one. The interesting thing is trying to remove yourself from the linearity of history and project forward to what the history books will say. What will the historians label as being important from 1991? The Gulf War? The dissolving of the USSR? The death of Freddie Mercury and Doctor Seuss? We live in a time of intense and incredibly rapid change. Think: The dinosaurs ruled the planet for some three hundred million years, and couldn't even evolve proper thumbs. We've been here for less than one hundredth of that time, and in the last five years alone we have made CD players portable, Communism obsolete, and bombs smart. 1992 will undoubtedly be chock full of just as useless innovations and inventions.

1992 also represents another of man's great achievements - the 500th anniversary of the destruction of an entire kaleidoscope of cultures with the arrival of Christopher Columbus on the shores of the New World. Many people have suggested that things would be much better today if the native population had simply bludgeoned Chris to death upon his arrival, but of course he would have been followed by countless others, and we'd still be at the cruise missile stage of our self-destructive development in any case. We can't turn the clock back - nor should we be made to feel responsible for the actions of our now-ancient forefathers - but we can re-evaluate the incredible importance of the complex, highly-evolved culture of the native North American peoples, and cease these endlessly tiring, highly damaging and inane conflicts.

In Canada, 1991 ushered in the GST, increased the possibility of Quebec separatists getting their way, and saw Brian Mulroney declared the most unpopular freely elected leader in Western world history. Little, if anything, has world improved since Russia (or Serbia) gets the bomb).

All in all, however, it was a fairly unimpressive year. The world was united to CNN's technologically perfect (but by technologically perfect I mean coverage of the Gulf War (we still never found out if that was a baby food factory they blew up), and we all realized exactly who was running the war - Peter Arnett. Musicians jumped on the gulf war bandwagon, and even good old Bob Hope and the USO found something to do for a change (haven't had a good war to entertain the boys in since what, 1974? - or did Bob go to Grenada and Panama?).

Nicely isolated from the horrors of flood in Bangladesh, the atrocities of war in Yugoslavia, Haiti, East Timor, Northern Ireland, and countless others, and spared agony of watching famine in Ethiopia, Sudan, Chad, Somalia, and elsewhere, we had a good time here in good old Freddie Beach. Did you lie to the Student Loan people to get a bigger bursary so you can buy more CD's this year? Whadjagit for Christmas? Disappointed that the recession kept mom and dad from buying you that car? Oh no, we have to pay four hundred more dollars next year to come here and finish that business degree. The horror. Sometimes putting things in perspective can make you feel a lot better.

Music reflects our history. If the 20's were "roaring" as a result of a new American attitude, and the 30's were "dirty" because of economic depression, and the 40's were influenced by the horror of WW II and the elation of it's ending, and the 50's were the birth of rock'n roll, and the 60's were Vietnam and Woodstock, and the 70's were "Art Rock" and disco (I still have no adequate explanation for disco on a socio-cultural basis), and the 80's punk movement and rap culture developed out of world nuclear paranoia and urban tensions, what will the 90's be? We can only hope that *Vanilla Ice* and *Nelson* can lead the way to a brighter understanding.

So welcome to 1992. People will die, governments will collapse, DAT tapes will become commonplace, and television will get more brainless and insultingly stupid. But hey, you're in University. You can learn things. Big things. Important things. You can also go out and see good music (*Tom Cochrane*, *Crash Test Dummies*, *Asexuals*, *SNFU*, and much, much more), and you can write about it and bring it to the entertainment department at the Bruns for publication, and put an end to cynical, pontifical editorials - a worthy cause indeed.

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# ENTERTAINMENT

