

As Yet Untitled...

I had big plans to study all day Saturday, but as fate would have it, Saturday just wasn't meant to be a day for intellectual enhancement in the field of economics, which I now regret ignoring all weekend. Saturday was more of a day to sit around with a couple friends, drink International House coffee, and discuss world affairs. I am about to tear down that cosy setting as quickly as I built it.

We were in the Pit -- hardly the cosiest place campus has to offer -- along with four or five other work-weary and uninspired students who had also drained themselves both physically and mentally. We were drinking the usual variety of soda pops (I give only one free endorsement per article), and to a certain extent were discussing world affairs. The importance and mentality of these affairs is the key to all this, but I must say it was a definite departure, whether welcome or unwelcome, from the usual topics ranging from the Maastricht Treaty to the purpose of the Preston Manning's of the world.

This day our discussion focused on Dan Quayle. Now, I know you are questioning as to why I deemed this man (I hope this word usage won't lead to the downfall of a gender) to be an unusual subject. I do realize he certainly is not a rare conversation top, but it was the context in which he was used that gave the discussion a decidedly Canadian twist: whether or not vice president Quayle has ever been afforded the pleasure of viewing CBC's "Mr. Dress-Up."

"Mr. Dress-Up." The name alone brings to mind for countless twentysomething's thoughts of childhood, of growing up in the 70's, of Finnigan -- the dog that didn't bark, just whispered. Enjoy this masterpiece while you can, for once Mr. Quayle's children teach him how to use the satellite dish and he catches a glimpse of Candaiana, it will be good-bye tickle-trunk.

There are a number of complaints Quayle might bring to the public eye and I really don't think Aunt Bird has the ambition of Murphy Brown to retaliate. After all, she's no spring chicken (sorry, I couldn't resist). Quayle might bring atten-

tion to the fact that Casey has not aged in well over twenty years. This surely distorts the concept of reality for an impressionable five-year-old. I do not recall Casey receiving an education and he lived in a tree house in the back yard, only being allowed in for the night if he had a valid excuse.

Was Mr. Dress-Up a single parent? Was he even related to Casey? Who was this mysterious man without a first name? These are many of the questions little Danny might demand to be answered by the almighty CRTc. We should all be thankful that someone has finally identified the program that is threatening to unravel the social tapestry of this great country. We can only hope future generations may be saved from this program born out of pure conspiracy to twist the ideals of conservative family values.

All of this is being said with the assumption that the trials and tribulations of Casey (last name Dress-Up?) would not be deemed too challenging for the vice president. Just make sure that before it is hauled off the air, sit down with some close childhood friends and experience the half-hour commercial-free show that moulded our generation into the corrupt, careless, selfish, and angry one it is.

I would like to thank my colleagues for joining me in the discussion that prompted my writing of this article -- a discussion that would rival those of the McLaughlin group anyway, not to mention the sauna chats at the beginning of "Sisters."

Until the next time I decide to share moments from my personal life with you, the reader of this free publication, I will leave you with one question sure to challenge the neo-conservatives of the world: What was with Sinead O'Connor's shredding frenzy with the Pope's pic on SNL?

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