

Alfred Bader

Alfred Bader Fine Arts

Jaywalker magazine - in recognition of
Alfred Bader - Kingston ~ November, 2003

2002.

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JAYWALKER

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Kingston ~ November, 2003
Volume 1, Issue Eight



In Recognition of Alfred Bader

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Welcome to Memories!

We are giddy about this issue; ecstatic and in awe over the generosity of the Agnes Etherington Art Centre for lending us the images you see on our cover and centre pages; and as always very thankful to those artists who have submitted their work. As you look through our very diverse pages keep in mind that we are currently accepting submissions for the theme of "Joy".

Your poetry, images, songs, short stories, essays or other printable art forms are crying for a chance to be seen on our pages - let them weep no more! Send them to Jaywalker, their happy place.

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Jaywalker Magazine is published monthly in Kingston, Ontario. November is our eighth issue, with a circulation of 600.
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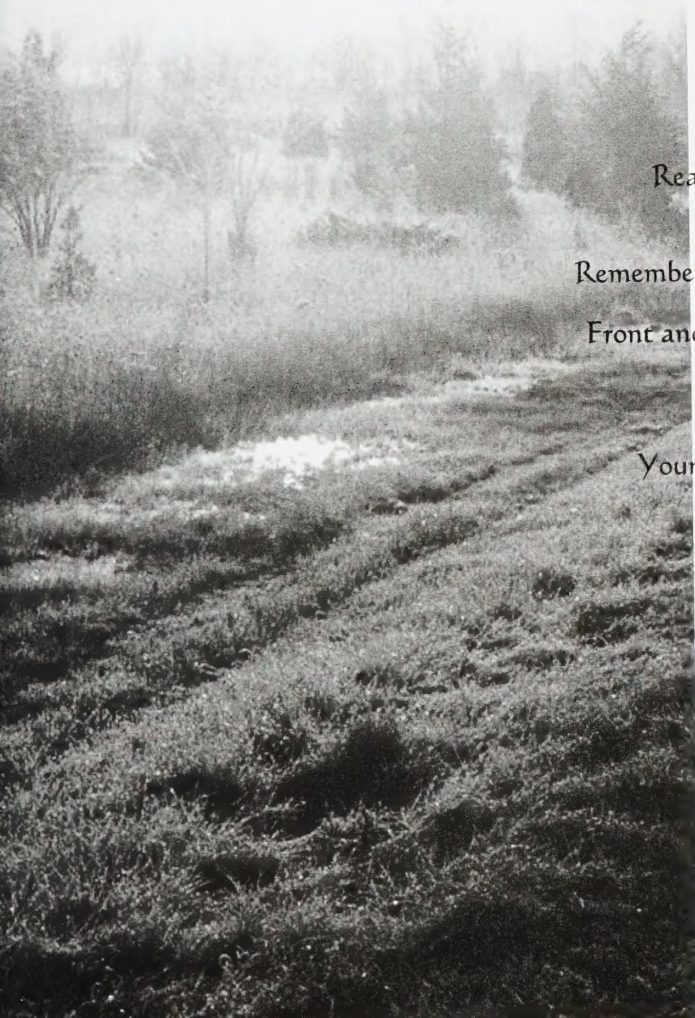
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Memories...

Memory consistently pits time against time in a battle for survival. What is permanent can never truly be remembered, being available both *as is* and *as was* simultaneously - a stationary artifact smeared across infinity. We etch into stone a warning of war and its abominable cost the words "*Lest we forget*", as we fear becoming too familiar with the concept of peace: familiarity risking contempt. Over time, a given moment may fade from our sight, leaving us stranded and empty-handed in the present.

It would seem by this, then, that the impermanent is most appropriate for our memory - and therefore importance in our lives. It is the forgettable that we savor so much; leaving that which carries tradition only a mere but vital vehicle for our new memories. We may risk filling with melancholy with each fond memory, but face emptiness if we have no past.

Over these months, families and friends of all walks will celebrate the traditions together. Whether observing Ramadan, or celebrating Diwali, Chanukah or Christmas, people will carry a lasting memory of this specific year attached to the tradition. Perhaps it is the uniqueness of each year that is the lifeblood of tradition, and of our memories. Maybe change is what makes things stick.

John

Kingston
arts Council

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(ISN'T)

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Entering No-Son's-Land

By J. D. Casnig

Outcasts come in two forms: the made and the self-made. Whether forced into isolation or there by choice, inevitably one's escape becomes inescapable, as sanctuary slowly becomes prison. Is redemption possible for the self-made outcast? Only the nerd-child may tell...

One never really outgrows being a nerd. I know. I didn't.

Just as great pressures and temperatures may form a diamond, the formation of a nerd may occur when metaphorically similar forces cause an outcast to emerge from fourth-generation polyester hand-me-downs. A nerd's pants are held to a higher standard - higher than the ankles, higher than the bellybutton.

In a poor home, the nerd-child knows that a bowl is not for eating, but for

grooming. Our silhouette has the classic rooster crop emerging from an inverted salad bowl. I once complained of having had this rooster, until I met a man who had no hair - in the mirror, that is!

Actually, my hair is *generally* sticking around, but is slowly pairing off and departing like awkward couples at a teen party. Just don't stick around too long, lest one find themselves associated with one of the stragglng *nerd-hairs*.

Continued on next page...

In the school playground, the nerd-child hangs out with the girls. Not because he relates to females better than males. Nor because he is effeminate. The nerd-child hangs out with the girls for protection. Though this plan would often backfire...

Bullies target the nerd-child, as nerds are easy prey. Who's bigger than who is not a measure of physical size, but of sociopsychological size. Though neither has grown to full normal size in this way, the bully is victor by virtue of their familiarity with the spotlight. The cowering, the cringing, the humiliation - these are the bully's crippling blows.

My bullies worked on a tight schedule, and punched in nearly every day.

I really wasn't good enough at skipping ropes to fit in with the girls. Not like *some* guys... So I chose to be one of that crowd-cowed nerd-herd, who clung to the lengthy perimeter of the school property during recess, like inmates doing caged laps of the prison yard. This was even less a pastoral stroll on rainy days; but soakers were less enduring than humiliation or bruises.

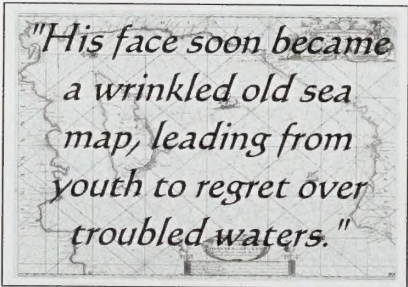
Boredom was a bully too. Pestering me with better thoughts, it was difficult to focus on things I'd learned and relearned many times over. They advanced me. Then did it again. Not a good solution. Coal for a nerd-child's hell.

Eventually, I took to skipping school. This would be much later, when I'd realized that my family had virtually dismembered and I was on my own little sinking island. There is no greater isolation than being on an island, save being *at sea*. And nonchalance is a fool's proxy: abandoning the self to protect the self makes for an empty fortress.

My father, who had no relation to Ward Cleaver, Steven Keaton or Heathcliff Huxtable, was not usually a paternal conversationalist. His words were rare - typically grumbling; and tête-à-têtes were unheard of. He was the crusty, weatherworn sea captain of the family, who had seen the ugly world and came back bitter.

Whenever the warming breeze of love appeared, he would quickly pull anchor and sail away again on a sea of crosswords and

Perry Rhodan books; never looking back, nor leaving a map. Fortified, and in the isolated *unrealness* of his island, he was safely distant - *untouchable*. That is, until one day, when the winds he'd counted on for escape withered away and left him stranded: the love of his wife and sons had apparently abandoned ship.



*"His face soon became
a wrinkled old sea
map, leading from
youth to regret over
troubled waters."*

His face soon became a wrinkled old sea map, leading from youth to regret over troubled waters. Now trapped on his island with his pen and paper pals, he began to *reflect* rather than *retaliate*. For the first time in *my* life, my father was reconsidering *his*.

Continued on page 32...



But is it art?

"But Is It Art?" is one of Jaywalker's newest additions, providing (hopefully) thought-provoking questions aimed at exploring the very meaning of "art". Each month, we bring in an example from one of the art world's edges, then bore our readers with lengthy and meticulous studies of the piece. Actually, that's a half truth; we only have one reader...

The works of Jackson Pollock continue to challenge the definition of "art" among many. His trademark paint splashes and drips have been used as examples of both brilliance and recklessness among fans and critics, furthering the evidence that genius and insanity are frequent bunkmates.

The most common argument among his detractors is that "anyone can splash paint on a canvas - but that doesn't make it art". So we splashed together a couple of shots taken by some drip at Jaywalker who claims that there is beauty to be found in these two images of spilled soda. One image tells a clear tale of each step taken with swinging arms as soda becomes sewage; the other image depicts an impact, then streams of soda mixed variably with the water of melting ice - a beautiful range of tones. Neither image was staged.

Whether intended or accidental, a piece born of randomness may carry a meaning or be deemed beautiful, **but is it art..?**



Jaywalker ~ November 2003



Letter to a Friend

Estranged from friends, and kin, and home,
Lost in foreign lands, alone,
Seeking comfort, solace, aid,
Feeling helpless and afraid,

Your memory is my only peace;
The thought of you my true release.
And as my past life I review,
From day to day I think of you.

Your vision, like a peaceful dove,
Descends upon me from above
In countless times of great distress
It calms my fears and gives me rest.

Last week six porcelain cooking pans
With one accord fell from my hands;
And through the shards of shattered glass,
I saw your smiling face go past.

At dinner, when, by some mishap,
I poured hot tea in someone's lap,
Through the screams that folks for miles could hear,
I heard you laughing in my ear.

The other day, on compost crew,
While shoveling heaps of fresh goat-do,
I gazed into the steaming stew
And couldn't keep my mind off you.

Outside a church, while mowing grass,
A rock shot out and smashed stained glass
As nuns stopped chant and turned to stare,
Your old guitar chords filled the air.

It seems your spirit comes along
Whenever I do something wrong.
Each time you smile in crisis' face
As if you've once been in my place.

When I am at my lowest hour,
Your spirit gives enduring power,
And says, "Though you've screwed up, my friend,
You'll come out laughing in the end.

Rob Gillis

Wordsmith's INTERSECTION



in closing

don't even bother, you said
you said
stop barking at the stars
they will never explain themselves to you
the way i did silently
that first night i lapped at your ear
& tortured your belly with burning butterfly kisses
falling off the stage
you are lulling us to sleep
but good luck, take care
take care of your tempests
they are absolutely beautiful
& give my regards & apologies to the bride
for you are a sweet, sweet bitter man
i toked from your altar, you said
you said
bay at the moon while you can
still stand
stand still a moment
on the skeletal shoulders of a man long-dead
shrug off years of fear & madness & doubt
i will not follow, you said, but i will uncover you
you said
don't dream of kare kare
your silhouette is only that now
a smoked-out x-ray burned on a tree
the maoris will turn on you
my camera filters everything perfectly
i am holding a photo of you in the future
you are clawing at the cool sea from a blistering beach
cracked lips, high sun
as a man wets my mouth with red wine -
are you still mourning england?
10 men hang dead by their desperation, also ambivalent -
we think it's great you're sliding down the surface of
mirrors
in closing
i'm with someone who loves me for who i am
from the periphery of lunacy
& this is all the after-part
it is winter
by the way

John Pigeau

A Kingston Love Story

I was born and raised on Yonge Street,
Lived as a bachelor on Guy Street,
And received my education while on University Ave.

I met a girl from Court Street.
Soon afterwards, we married at City Hall
And moved to Union Street.

I treated her like royalty on Princess, then Queen,
Staying briefly on Park Street;
And things were going just peachy on Cherry,
That is, until I accused her of dishonesty on Lyon Street,
Causing her to go silent on Fifth Ave.

We separated on Division,
Leaving me depressed on Pine
- Even suicidal while on Cliff Crescent -
But we settled our disputes on Concession Street,
Hoping never to go down that road again,
And moved back together on Union Street.

Anonymous

Crest Fallin'

A battle has been brewin'
Between my crown and brow
This hasn't caused me much concern
At least, that is, 'til now.

You see, it seems, while allergies
Had pulled me into fray
Brow had taken tuft of turf
And put it on display

Headquarters bid a last adieu
To the few who stood
Telling them to fall out and
Take cover where they could

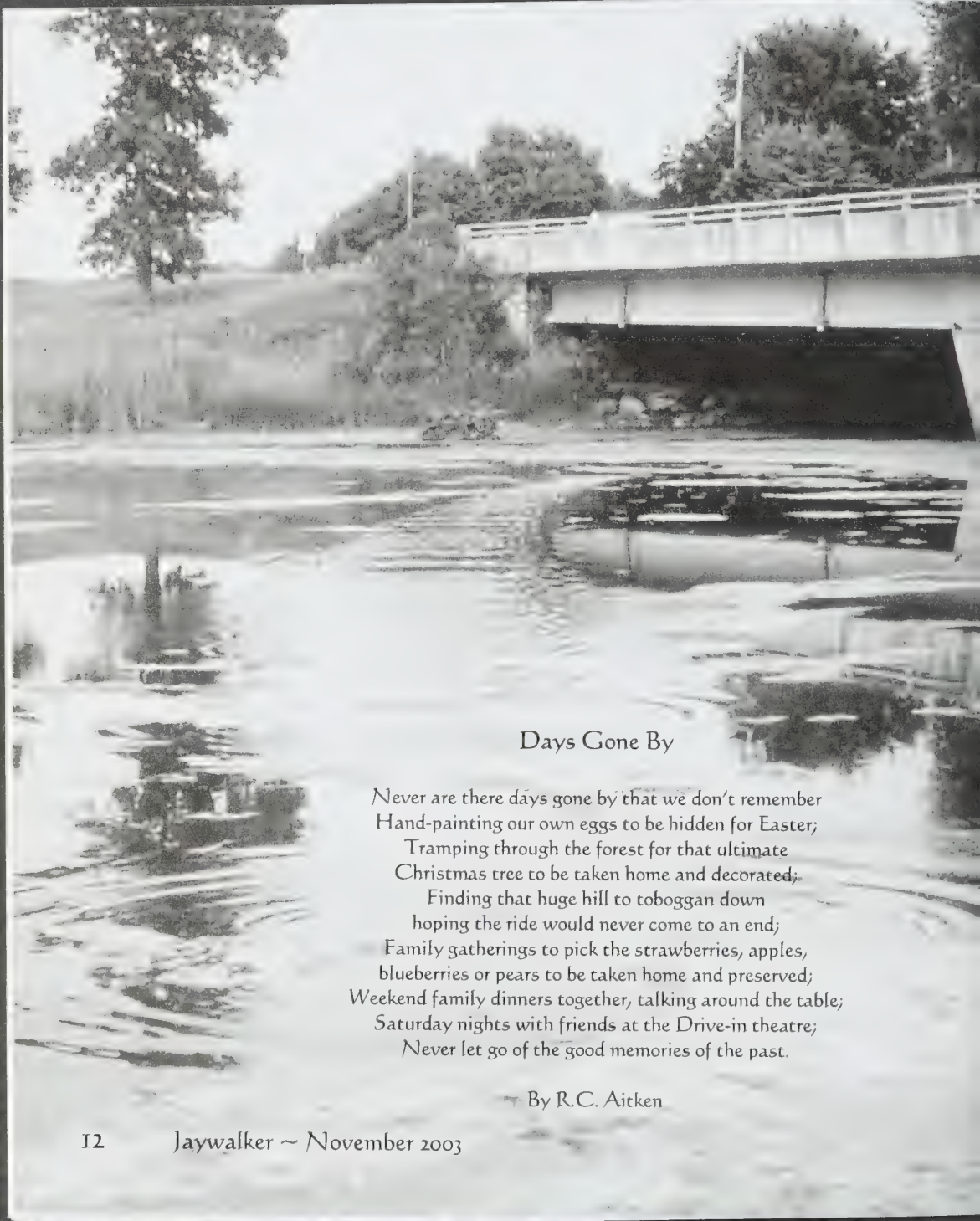
So some remained to hold their claim
While others had retreated
But most who stayed and held their ground
So quickly were defeated

But as they fell they placed a spell
On the soil once called home:
Make barren these forbidden lands
And build a gleaming dome.

G.G. Falderal

Jaywalker ~ November 2003

II



Days Gone By

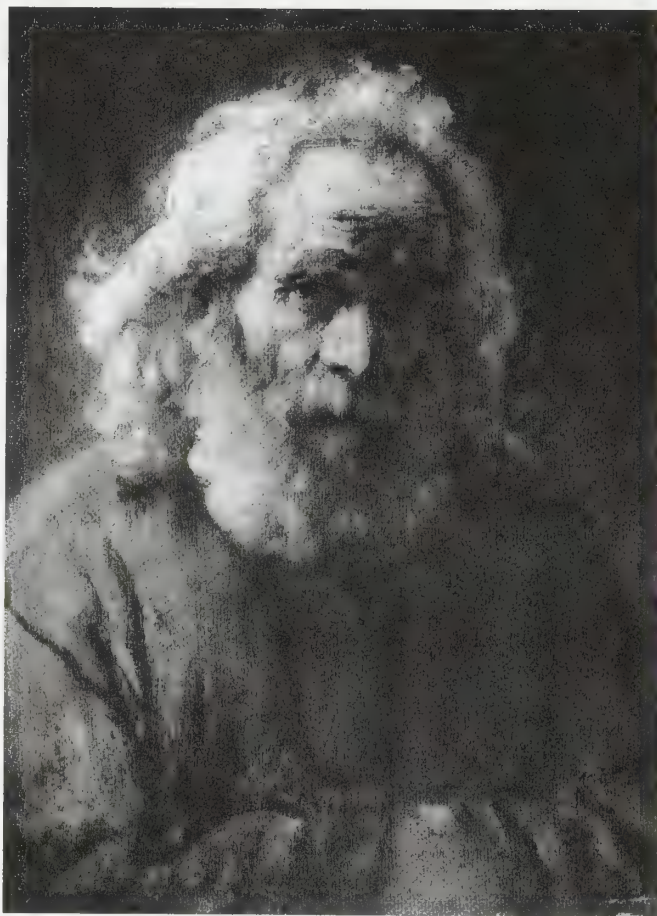
Never are there days gone by that we don't remember
Hand-painting our own eggs to be hidden for Easter;
Tramping through the forest for that ultimate
Christmas tree to be taken home and decorated;
Finding that huge hill to toboggan down
hoping the ride would never come to an end;
Family gatherings to pick the strawberries, apples,
blueberries or pears to be taken home and preserved;
Weekend family dinners together, talking around the table;
Saturday nights with friends at the Drive-in theatre;
Never let go of the good memories of the past.

By R.C. Aitken



Alfred Bader once said of this painting, which he plans to give to the Agnes Etherington Art Centre, "When I wake in the morning and get a cup of coffee and look at the Philips Koninck in my bedroom it is a wonderful beginning to the day." *Philips Koninck, Extensive Landscape with Estuary, around 1665, oil on canvas, 104.5 x 135.5 cm*

Thank you, Alfred Bader...



These two paintings are the only works in Dr. Bader's entire collection of Old Masters that will not come to the Agnes. They will go to Alfred's two sons, David and Daniel.

*Above & cover:
Unknown follower of Rembrandt,
Joseph and the Baker
Oil on canvas, 106 x 114 cm.*

*Left:
Unknown follower of Rembrandt,
Head of an Old Man
Oil on panel, 37.5 x 26.5 cm.*

There's something a little eerie and disturbing about most collectors. I oughta' know - I'm a collector of coins and bills, and I'm just nuts about the 1954 series of Canadian bills. We gather and learn, possessed by possession, ultimately becoming protective of our "babies".

This is true of both types of collectors, but for two very different reasons: those who collect by value are protective of their investment; those who collect what they love protect it for its own well-being. I can really only relate to the latter. My love for 1954 series banknotes is for their robust

colours and beautiful scenes - vignettes that also captured the feel of Canada precisely. My love for ancient coins comes from the patina that coats the coin in layers of human experience as it is carried through time on a river of hands. I protect them from going unappreciated by sharing their meaning with others.

It is my personal love for coins that made it very easy for me to understand Dr. Alfred Bader's love of fine art. Alfred is a major benefactor of Kingston's most prestigious art gallery, the Agnes Etherington Art Centre. Extending over most of its 50-year history, his gifts have truly set a world-class standard for the gallery.

He has bequeathed two of his paintings (page 14) to his sons, Daniel and David. The remainder of his extensive collection of artworks will eventually move from his personal possession to the Agnes. He does not live in Kingston, thus, his generosity has separated *collector* from *collection*: an act of both kindness and *trust*.

What is often lost within such outstanding acts of philanthropy is the unspoken underlying human value. It is easy to be in awe of the sheer magnitude of a gift - such as its monetary value, size or rarity. Or we may be overwhelmed by the broad scope of its impact - such as its "importance" or influence. But let this not blind us to other, more timeless meanings under the surface of such gifts.

Most of the paintings you see here have a special history or significance to Alfred - an invisible *patina of meaning*: Alfred shares

About Dr. Alfred Bader

Alfred Bader was born and raised in Vienna, Austria. It was here, in the 1930's, that he developed his own version of the ABC's: arts, the Bible and chemistry. A devout Jew and budding collector, his weekend trips to a synagogue in Prague would include a stop at a nearby art vendor. As a boy, he helped salt animal hides to make shoe leather, perhaps his first job as chemist.

Threatened by Hitler's regime, he was among the first children to escape to Britain via the *Kindertransport*. Finding refuge for only a year in Brighton, he would become wrongfully imprisoned as an "enemy alien" and eventually uprooted yet again to a prisoner-of-war camp in Canada. Despite suffering daily molestations by a prison guard, he continued his studies and even purchased artwork from a fellow inmate.

Released to a family in Montreal 15 months later, Alfred Bader worked towards his further schooling. Rejected for admission at both U of T and McGill because their Jewish quotas were full, he would finally find warm acceptance at Queen's University. Kingston became his new home, and Queen's his Alma Mater. He completed his education at Harvard, earning himself a doctorate in chemistry.

This led to work as a research chemist in the early 1950s, then to his own chemical company a few years later. The Aldrich Chemical Company (est. 1955) would grow quickly, propelled by its innovative marketing techniques and pioneering spirit.

Continued on page 17...



Dosso Dossi, *Allegory of Rhetoric*, circa 1523, oil on canvas, 140.8 x 121 cm.
©2003, Agnes Etherington Art Centre.

his morning coffee with the "Philips Koninck" piece; a Good Samaritan once rescued the "Head of a Man with Curly Hair"; and two of these works were specially selected to leave to his sons.

Alfred does not acquire paintings unless he personally likes them, regardless of their provenance or quality. He has spent years harvesting the world for this beautiful crop of artworks - actually, he's been gathering it most of his life. This remained constant, despite enduring great hardships in a POW camp or facing injustices in the forms of theft and governmental incompetence. In recent years, Alfred seems kept in forward motion by his deep affection for these paintings - and for beloved wife and search-partner, Isabel.

Alfred's renowned love for discovery and creativity - buried treasures, both - is not simply reserved for finding lost artworks in out-of-the-way antique shops. Through the Aldrich Chemical Company (now Sigma-Aldrich), which he founded and raised for over 35 years, he has expressed his philanthropic interest in supporting creativity through various awards. These awards include prizes for "Creative Works in Synthetic Organic Chemistry" and "Creative Research in Synthetic Methods". These creativity-based awards are but a few in his broader collection of *kind acts*.

Whether building a playground for underprivileged Roma children of Prague, establishing an award for chemistry in Britain, or providing Canadian students with a castle to continue studies abroad, Alfred can be seen the perpetual doer of good deeds.

Continued on page 20...

His success well underway, he began Alfred Bader Fine Arts in 1962, eventually infusing his art collection into his chemical company's catalogue and its magazine *Aldrichimica Acta*.

His companies grew over the following decades; his chemical company merging with a biochemical firm to become the world's largest supplier of research chemicals, Sigma-Aldrich. During this time, he would become reunited with lost love Isabel Overton.

A true romantic, he fell in love with Isabel over 30 years before he could hold her hand in marriage. Several years later, he would leave behind his chemical company and travel the world with Isabel, searching for lost artistic treasure.

He is as inveterate a philanthropist as he is a collector, and funds many awards and scholarships worldwide. His long support of the Agnes Etherington Art Centre has played a vital role in the gallery's continued success and growth.

Two exhibits featuring the Bader collection are currently underway, "The Contemplative Imagination", which ends November 16th, and "Gift of Genius", which ends on January 18th.

Dr. Alfred Bader's autobiography, "Adventures of a Chemist Collector", ISBN 0-297-83461-4, can be found at the Stauffer Library and the W.D. Jordan Special Collections and Music Library at Queen's; or, at the Calvin Park, Isabel Turner and Central branches of the Kingston Frontenac Public Library.





Govert Flinck (1615-1660), *The Sacrifice of Manoah*, signed and dated 1640, oil on canvas, 74.3 x 123.8 cm.

Continued from page 17...

Of course, no chronicle of his philanthropy would be complete without pointing out an important good deed that was bestowed upon *him* - by a Boy Scout, fittingly! Stranger became part of painting when "Head of a Man with Curly Hair" was stolen in Amsterdam by a pair of cunning thieves, discarded, then found and returned by Good Samaritan and Boy Scout leader Bert Vos. Touched deeply by this kind act, Alfred now affectionately refers to this work as his "*Bert Vos Panel*", adding another layer to *this painting's patina of meaning*.

Alfred's favorite piece is the painting "Joseph and the Baker". The beauty of the tones alone seems fit for anybody's love. Its crystal-clear intensity depicts the story from Genesis, and highlights the Rembrandt focus on interaction. Its skilled artist has never been identified, keeping this painting's mystique intact and its past - and future - unwritten.

As was pointed out earlier, Alfred does not collect meaningless paintings, purchasing only that which moves him, and often only after exhausting efforts. Though a painting may win his heart quickly, each piece in the collection has within it a hidden mountain of painstaking research, restoration and study. The love *and* the care behind the collection is what makes it great, thus the greatest of gifts.

Each painting is not a mere object, but a gift of Dr. Bader's time and efforts. Of his early years of hardship. Of his lengthy schooling towards *both* careers. Of his continued devotion to understanding the Bible and Judaism. Of the countless hours of work and energy growing his company



*Unknown follower of Rembrandt,
Head of a Man with Curly Hair
("Bert Vos Panel").
Oil on panel, 19 x 16 cm.*

to fruition. Of he and Isabel's worldwide searches together for that undiscovered piece. Of the tireless research behind each piece. Each artwork is not only a painting; it's a part of his life.

And so it is with this that we in Kingston may find our own layer of meaning behind the Bader collection: he has been giving us his life's work.

**Thanks Dr. Bader. You have made
Kingston a better city to live in.**

With many thanks to David de Witt, Curator of European Art, for his help in obtaining material for this article; and to the Agnes Etherington Art Centre for providing us with the images.



Arent de Gelder, *Judah and Tamar*, 1681, oil on canvas, 104.1 x 149.8 cm.
©2003, Agnes Etherington Art Centre

"It was said of Goethe that his life was his greatest masterpiece. That applies as well to Alfred Bader."

*Dudley R. Herschbach, Nobel Laureate,
remarking on Alfred's many achievements thus far.*

November On The Town

November 1

**Learn at Leisure: Holiday
Decoration**

St Lawrence College
544-5400 ext.1180

United Way Kick-a-thon
1187 Princess St.
549-2674

Nightlife:

The Tuques
The Scherzo

Harry Manx
Octave Theatre

November 2

**Andre Bieler: Draftsman &
Printmaker Opening**
Reception 2-4:30 pm
Agnes Etherington Art
Centre

**Learn At Leisure: Cooking
- Taste of Provence**

St Lawrence College
544-5400 ext: 1180

Performance by Pianist

Tarina Kim 2:30 pm
Dunning Auditorium

November 3

Nightlife:

DJ Collective
The Scherzo

November 4

**Scotia Bank Silent Auction
& Fashion Show 7pm \$12**
The Ambassador Hotel

Nightlife:

**The Weakerthans, The
Carnations, & Christine
Fellows** The Elixir

*Submit your art to Jaywalker
For "Joy"! Email us at:
jaywalker_magazine@Cana
da.com*

November 5

Nightlife:

Cuff the Duke
Queen's University

Jersey

The Scherzo

The Spades

Merchant MacLiam

Tegan & Sara, Matt Sharp

The Cocamo

November 6

**Art Matters At the Agnes
Etherington Art Centre**

*Speaker David DeWitt tours
"Gift Of Genius: a
Rembrandt for Kington"
12:15 -1pm*

Nightlife:

DJ Vadim

The Elixir

*Send us your December
listings:jaywalker_magazine
@canada.com or call:
(613) 549-4446 It's Free!*

Artifact: The Agnes Etherington Art Centre first opened its doors to the public in 1957, "to further the cause of art in the community".

For more information, go to <http://www.queensu.ca/ageth/>

November 7

Kingston Public Library
Chili Fest 549-2674

Pianist Yoko Hirota will
Speak on Bela Bartok's
"Writing For Piano"
12:30 pm, Harrison-LeCaine
Hall, Rm.124
Queen's

Hungarian Piano Music
Performed by Yoko Hirota
7:30 pm Dunning
Auditorium, Queen's

Nightlife
April Wine
The Cocamo

Pico De Galo
The Scherzo

November 8

United Way Fundraiser
Grant Hall is transformed
into the Amazon by Queen's
Engineering Society!

November 9

Hadassah- Auxiliary
Bazaar Portsmouth Olympic
Harbour

Philosopher's Café at the
Agnes Etherington
"Art: Time For the Compost
Heap?" With Speaker &
Artist Gary Kibbins 2-4:30pm

November 10 Municipal Election Day

November 11 Remembrance Day

Queen's Remembrance
Day Service Performance
by Polyhymnia, an all-
women's choir 10:58pm at
Grant Hall

Author Caroline Smart
The Author of "At The End
Of the Day" will read from &
discuss these memoirs
12-1pm Ban Righ Centre
32 Queen's Crescent.

November 12

Nightlife
54-40 and Roller
AJ's Hanger

The Spades
Merchant MacLiam

November 13

Open Rehearsal with
Primal Orbit & The
Queen's Jazz Ensemble
5:30 - 7 pm

Nightlife
Andy J. Forest & David
Gogo at The Iron Horse

Primal Orbit and the
Queen's Jazz Ensemble
The Scherzo

November 14

The International Faculty
Series Pascal Gallet
performs French Piano
Music 8 pm Agnes
Etherington Art Centre
(613) 533-2558

November On The Town



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November 14

(continued)

Nightlife:

Dears

Alfie's Pub

November 15

The International Faculty

Series *Gisele & Michel*

Szczesniak

Agnes Etherington Art Centre

Learn at Leisure: Men-only

Cooking Class

St Lawrence College

544-5400 ext:1180

Plaster Molds Workshop

MacLachlan Woodworking

Museum 2993 HWY 2,

542-0543

First Noel Christmas

Bazaar St Margaret's United

Church, 690 Sir John A

Macdonald Blvd 542-9305

Piano Master Class With

French Pianist Pascal

Gallet 10am-1pm

Harrison LeCaine Hall,

Rm.124

November 16

The International Faculty

Recital Series *Lakshmi*

Ranganathan Performs

Music From Southern India

Agnes Etherington Art

Centre

Call 533-2558 for tickets

Nightlife:

Stretch Armstrong

Scherzo Pub

November 17

Give yourself an excuse to

stay home

November 18

Performances by Student

Chamber Ensembles

11:30-12:30pm

Harrison LeCaine Hall

Rm.120

Queen's Choral Ensemble,

& Queen's Polyhymnia

7:30 pm

Grant Hall

November 19

Mosaic Workshop

MacLachlan Woodworking

Museum 2993 Hwy 2,

542-0543

Nightlife:

Belvedere, Closet Monster,

& Nitrominds

The Scherzo

The Spades

Merchant MacLiam

November 20

Highlights Tour at The

Agnes Etherington Art

Centre

12:15 pm

Down for the Count:

Queen's Jazz Ensemble

7:30 Grant Hall

Mosaic Workshop

MacLachlan Woodworking

Museum 2993 Hwy 2, East

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November 21

Happy P.A Day kids!

Composer John Beckwith presents "The Music Of Canada: Some Research Topics"

Harrison LeCaine Hall, Rm 124

Learning at Leisure: The Grandkids and me - Holiday Baking

St Lawrence College
544-5400 ext: 1180

Winter Pa Day Fun at the Museum Maclachlan Woodworking Museum
542-0543

Pa Days at Artillery Park
7:30am- 5:30pm
Lots of Activities for the Kids
549-7998 ext:1700

The Monday Painters
Art show at the Frontenac Mall

November 22

Grant Writing Workshop for Arts Organizations

Conducted by *Thais Donald*
\$15 KAC Members, \$20 Non- Members 10am-3pm
KEDCO Boardroom,
67 Brock St.

Kingston United Way Music Festival *Many venues and genres to choose from.* Call 542-2674 for tickets.

November 23

Family Program at the Agnes Etherington Art Centre *Tour of exhibits, plus activities.* Pre-registration required
533-2190

Kingston Symphony Masterworks 3 2:30 pm
Grant Hall Call 530-2050 for tickets

November 24

The Creative Process: A Lecture by Composer *Claire Pepin* 8 pm
Harrison LeCaine Hall

November 25

Performances by Queen's Student Chamber Ensembles
11:30am-12:30pm
Free Admission
Harrison LeCaine Hall, Rm 120

Queen's Wind Ensemble
Conducted by *Gordon Craig*
2:30pm \$6 Adults \$3 Students & Seniors
Grant Hall

November 26

Class of Musc 153, Genesis of the Avant-Garde, in concert 7:30pm
Free Admission
Harrison LeCaine Hall, Rm 120

November On The Town



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November 26

(continued)

NightLife:

The End

The Scherzo

The Spades

Merchant MacIam

November 27

NightLife:

Bullmoose w/ Mary Jayne

Clarke Hall Pub

November 28

The Queen's School of Music's Annual Messiah

Sing-along All Welcome to this informal tribute to

Handel 1:30 pm

Harrison-Lecaine Hall

November 29

Slide Taking Workshop

Conducted by Ben Darrah

\$15 KAC Members, \$20

non-members

The Theatre Pipe Organ Society Presents Dave

Wickerman 8pm \$5

Church of the Redeemer

89 Kirkpatrick St

November 30

Afternoon Tour and Tea At the Agnes Etherington Art

Centre 1:15 pm

Call 533-6913 for

reservations

Victorian Christmas Sale

Machlachlan Woodworking

Museum

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A Success"**

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at 3pm.

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"The Affections Of May"

*By Norm Foster, Directed By
Will Briton*

Nov 27 - Dec 13, 2003

Grand Theatre

218 Princess
530-2050

**"Cabaret" *The Kinsmen
Club of Kingston***

Nov 6 - 8, & 11-15, 8pm

"The Nutcracker"

Nov 28-29

Theatre 5

370 King St W
546-5460

**"Dr. Faustus" *Directed By
Charles Robertson***

Nov 6- 22, Thurs, Fri, Sat

Theatre Kingston

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544-2021

**"Brebeuf's Ghost - A tale
of Horror in 3 Acts" *By
Daniel David Moses***

Nov. 13-22

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November
At the
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**Agnes Etherington
Art Centre**

University at Queen's Crescent

"Choice"

Francis K Smith Gallery
Until Feb 22, 2004

"Grammar Horses"

Gary Kibbins
The Davies Foundation
Library
Until Jan 11, 2004

"Our Great Adventure"

*The Group of Seven
Historical Feature & R.
Fraser Elliot Galleries*
Until May 9, 2004

**"A Contemplative
Imagination"**

The Bader Gallery
Until Nov 16, 2003

"A Gift Of Genius"

A Rembrandt for Kingston
Samuel J. Zacks Gallery
Until Jan. 18 2004

**Please see "On the Town"
for information on regular
daily events*

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Gallery Raymond

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George, Micheal Minthorn,
AWB Sherman, Verna
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For information on upcoming seminars, please see "On the Town"

"Self-Portrait Chimera"

Ted Heibert

Main Gallery

Until Nov 22, 2003

"Abandonment: A Visual & Auditory Exploration of Places, Things & Times Past"

Bill Weedmark

State of Flux Gallery

Until Nov. 22, 2003

Sleepless Goat Café

91 Princess St.

"A Story in 3 Paintings"

Aida Sulks Macdonald

All November.

The Town Crier

350 King St. E

Paintings by Cheryl Pelow

Union Gallery

The Stauffer Library

"The Space Between Us"

Katy Chambers, Vanathy Ganesharajah, JR Hunter & Claire Li.

Verb Gallery

85 Princess St (through Wayfarer Books)

"Carols"

Sharon Thompson

Until Nov 19

Windmills Café

184 Princess St.

"The Sound of the Word"

Paintings by Artists from the H'art Studio

All November

Of Further Interest:

Kingston Life Drawing

holds sessions thrice every Wednesday: 9-12, 1:30-4:30, 6:30-9. \$15
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Call Joanne Gervais for Information: (613)542-8451.

The Monday Painters show regularly at the Frontenac Mall. Their next show starts Nov. 21 and runs all weekend.

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Crossword #4

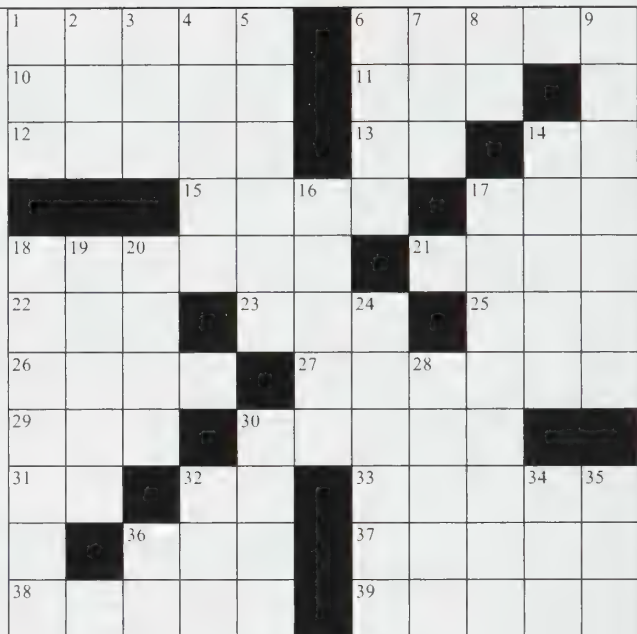
By J.D. Casnig

Across

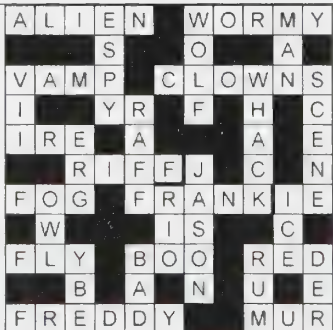
1. Leading.
6. Rise and shine! (2 wds)
10. System of solmization.
11. Lennon's better half.
12. Tea type.
13. We.
14. The second degree?
15. Leave out.
17. My Gal ____.
18. Natural fiber.
21. Vegetable that starts with O and ends with A.
22. America, briefly.
23. The highest degree?
25. Our female side, in China.
26. Quarrel.
27. "Eerie" flavor of jellybean, to Harry Potter.
29. Soaking.
30. Mistake.
31. Either.
32. Arsenic, to chemists.
33. In flight, to poets.
36. Downturn, to stock analysts.
37. Bristles.
38. Tempermental.
39. Visited Neverland.

Down

1. Type of snake.
2. Santa's favorite tool?
3. Moose to some, wapiti to others.
4. Walking.
5. Part mortal, part god, and all Greek.
6. Painful foot condition.
7. Inning has three of them?
8. Toronto, to the hep.



9. Tight formation of troops.
14. "Sound of Music" problem?
16. Bury.
17. Express in *plane* English?
18. Low-level lopping larva.
19. Willow.
20. American sculptor.
24. Annoy.
28. Pointy wheel on a spur.
30. Discover, visually.
32. Assist.
34. Siesta.
35. Purchase.
36. Execute.



Solution to last months puzzle.



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Your November Hors D' Scope

By: The Mysterious, All-Seeing Big Brown Eye of Sarcastio
(Your Horoscopic Punnisher and All-Around Mean-Spirited Oracle)

Aeries: You think you're so high and mighty - you birdbrain! Come November, everything switches around your life, leaving you pent up in your house. But don't let this ruffle your feathers or get you down - just sit it out.

Tardus: November has returned and poor wallflower Tardus is yet again behind the times. So put your petal to the metal and open up a little. Everyone always knew you were a late bloomer anyway...

Gemalli: Life's little bumps have got you on the move. But everywhere you go seems deserted. Why? You are driven to loneliness, riding on the backs of others to get there.

Canner: Don't flip your lid! Though you feel the pressure rising by times, you can't let out what's inside just yet. Instead, wait until they least expect it...

Libnah: Everyone can see right through you - that is your station in life. This mirage - of Biblical proportions - has caused others to desert you; so, as always, you are revolting.

Virago: Your stars are dominant this month, and every month - just like you. Be freely loud and obnoxious, as usual, knowing that your

bull, madam, can cow anyone with a beef. Some will be attracted to you, but why?

Le-eyo: God, you're a disaster! Confused? Let us spell it out properly for you: you're smile is waning *not* winning, and people are mooning you, not mooning over you!

Snor-io: Although you're loud and abrasive, you can keep people's attention through the night with your chatter - even when they're trying to sleep. Don't you ever wonder why you always wake up with a sock in your mouth?

Saggita: Have you heard? Not likely. There's something fishy going on, but unless you bone up on your listening skills or consult an auricle, your ears will be ringing off the hook.

Cap'n Corn: Your hokey impersonations are getting tough to swallow. You will not make it through the final crunch. You're sinking fast, and as you go down, remember: it's a long way to the bottom.

Ackroydius: November is giving you nothing but trouble, and is driving you into the blues. So take the neighbors out to a Carnival and get a snow cone, head to the movies or go out on the town this Saturday night - live a little!

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Continued from page 6

Perhaps it was fate's fine weave that had us meeting; each at our own crossroads. Reflection had been slowly killing me with its long, icy knives of rejection: though my father had *chosen* isolation, I was *forced* there by a dysfunctional home, and an even more dysfunctional society. Either way, our fate was the same lonely introspect - and desire to escape it.

Each morning, as the aroma of coffee and bacon seeped through a thick smog of Black Cat cigarettes, I would rise and prepare for the scholastic tedium that could transform the toughest meat into wilting vegetable. We had great teachers at QECVI mind you; but school to the young, active mind can be nothing more than a cage of slate and paper. What I needed to know would not be found in the classroom, but in our kitchen on my father's island, or on my own, in solitude.

He talked; I listened. He knew; I learned. He vented; I *chilled*.

The ghosts that haunted my father's creaking spirit came to life, while on that other plane pencils were secretly doodling in notebooks and near-empty hallways echoed with hard-soled footsteps. I learned that my father was *only* a man - and a self-made *lonely* man at that. I know now that if not for the impact of those revelations, I may have never managed to escape *my* island.

You see, although he was often near tears as he spoke of the rough seas of his past, I could not console him. Nor would he allow me to relate to him. I'd learned that one's soul could be *visible* while remaining completely *unsusceptible*. To be open for inspection is not necessarily to be open to change. I'd arrived on his island; but I'd planted no seeds.

*"I'd learned that one's soul
could be visible while
remaining completely
unsusceptible."*

However, even the sourest of soils will at least grow weeds; and the value of plant over weed the penultimate

semantic folly. Such weeds grown between parent and child are the basis of what is now termed "quality time" or "bonding". And at that time, for me, they were *medicinal* weeds.

The first weed sprouted from the unfinished crossword puzzles he'd leave about. Silently I approached them, and vicariously, *him*. To amend something he had done may seem a puny milestone, but to this unwanted son, it was entering a new frontier of maturing: to dare venture into *no-sons-land*. To secretly add to the puzzle that single missing letter was to surreptitiously build a bridge as part of a father-son team worlds apart.

He never vocally acknowledged my additions, but he did begin to leave these puzzles at increasingly conspicuous angles, as if to be shared with an invisible partner. At the time, it was the closest I could ever get to him.

Conclusion on next page...

Continued from last page...

The second weed took time and trust to properly grow. My father had a strong taste for abstract humor that clearly carried to his sons. It was this very abstract ground that he felt safe in sharing - perhaps the dissociation assuring a safe *sweet-and-sour* distance. Though not exactly brimming with Oprah-esque sentimentality, this weed would one day stand tallest when it was necessary to explain my tardiness to higher powers.

"John was late today because someone was standing on the cord for the alarm clock."



A priceless photo of my father laughing.

"My father's slow waltz
with redemption had
gone rock 'n roll."

Sadly, whatever medicinal value these weeds had was no match for lymphoma, and a tug-of-war between my father's island and the great hereafter had begun. Mortality, whether feared as grim spectre or welcomed as release, can change one's tune pretty quickly. My father's slow waltz with redemption had gone rock 'n roll. We talked nearly every day.

The soil became rich, and the patch of weeds turned into lush garden. Over the years that followed, he would come to speak of his feelings far more often, sounding emotions from every note on an undiscovered scale. He would allow me to give his bed-broken back a rubdown, defying wanton homophobia, and allowing caring touch between himself and a son. He began to call *me*, inviting me to *his* island - to *our* garden.

He died, falling as gently as a leaf from a tree, on October 26th, 1991. We spread his ashes on the lush shores of Belle Island, as I sang *Empty Garden* by Elton John. I still miss him.

We only held hands twice in our lives, once for a gag photo, and once as he lay dying.

J.D.C.

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Dreams: Deadline Dec 12th, 2003

Appearing in January's issue.
Write about your hopes and
dreams or paint a dreamy land-
scape. Imagine!

Passion: Deadline Jan 12, 2004

Appearing in February's issue.
Works about love, hate, sorrow,
trauma, or drama.

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Details on page 34...

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