Glendon College

**VUL Enters Cutbacks Struggle**

by L.M. Clement

The Cutbacks. Glendon has seen the emergence of hundreds of new clubs and organizations. But, the one that is growing the fastest in number and popularity is the Ultra Violence League.

Starting last January as a fledgling club of four, the League now boasts a membership of over 639 loving men and women. The club became known on March 16, when it held a promotional chicken barbeque on the quad. The club attracted over 280 Glendonites half of whom volunteer to become members that day. Since then, their weekly lectures on methods of destruction have shown sharp rises in attendance.

The founder-president of the Glendon Cutbacks, is a third year political science major. He enjoys African tribal music and his hobbies include spear-throwing, fire-swallowing and mask-collecting.

Last Thursday, Banchacka granted Pro Tem an exclusive interview in his luxury suite in E House. Wood Residence. The room was decorated with tropical plants and voodoo masks from all parts of the world. Throughout the interview, Banchacka played recorded music of the Rumba tribe (southern Congo). It was therefore necessary to shout the questions and responses for the audience to hear them.

**VUL: Why did the Glendon Cutbacks form?**

**Banchacka:** We have an experience of ultraviolence. It is a way of life. It is a way of achieving our purposes. We call it ultra because the opposition that must be overcome is ultra big. We also believe that violence is the solution not only to the problem of education, but to all areas of life, even sleeping. We try to make it an integral part of our lifestyles.

**VUL: I've noticed in conversations with other VUL members, that constant references are made to raze sticks. What are they?**

**Banchacka:** A raze stick is the weapon we use most frequently. It resembles an axe and comes in the pocket model (which we use in our secret operations) and also in the jumbo-size — requiring five people to carry it for over operations. We use the latter for razing telephones and occasionally destroying buildings. Other weapons include baseball bats and banana leaves.

**VUL: But we have been told to stay on campus.**

**Banchacka:** We've got an experience of ultraviolence, that is the solution not only to the problem of education, but to all areas of life, even sleeping. We try to make it an integral part of our lifestyles.

**VUL: I've noticed, in conversations with other VUL members, that constant references are made to raze sticks. What are they?**

**Banchacka:** A raze stick is the weapon we use most frequently. It resembles an axe and comes in the pocket model (which we use in our secret operations) and also in the jumbo-size — requiring five people to carry it for over operations. We use the latter for razing telephones and occasionally destroying buildings. Other weapons include baseball bats and banana leaves.

**VUL: CB: We've got an experience of ultraviolence, that is the solution not only to the problem of education, but to all areas of life, even sleeping. We try to make it an integral part of our lifestyles.**

**VUL: PT: I've noticed, in conversations with other VUL members, that constant references are made to raze sticks. What are they?**

**CB: A raze stick is the weapon we use most frequently. It resembles an axe and comes in the pocket model (which we use in our secret operations) and also in the jumbo-size — requiring five people to carry it for over operations. We use the latter for razing telephones and occasionally destroying buildings. Other weapons include baseball bats and banana leaves.**

Veohive, as this reporter was leaving his head, The terrified journalist was out of the building in an instant.
My Year on the GCSU: A True Life Story

by M. Harold Katz

Dear Mom:
The life of a bureaucrat is not an easy one. Through my experience this year on the Student Union I have found this to be more reality than fiction. Many in analyzing my year on council as Vice-President of Communism (oops) have told me that death would have been easier. This however has not been the case—your boy saw his year as a truly enlightening experience.

The year itself had many ups and downs. Our first gathering, the Orientation Week, was a rip-roaring success as over 1,000 Glendonites arrived from a long summer's nap and made their presence felt throughout the week. Again core group of approximately six council members devoted six days and seven days to ensure that the week was a success it was. As well this week saw the David Mouton insomnia record shattered beyond belief. The reason this was so was on a Friday night a dance featuring Downchild was held. I, unfortunately, missed the dance was a reminder that I hadn't been home to see my relatives. But I'm sure I'll make it when the band is in town again.

The most exciting event of the week was the performance of the Glendon premiere of David Mamet's House of Games at the New Theatre. But though the dance was a success, it didn't last. I was rushed off to Sunnybrook Hospital with a cardiac seizure where I arrived five hours late. One consolation though—I did manage to get my seven hours of sleep this week... and oh yes she was Jewish of course. Well half anyway.

September saw your boy slandering once in the campus paper. This "reign" appeared in a column entitled 'I am in the middle of writing the Trist Pilots. In this column I was labeled an Anti-Semite. The comment I assure you had no basis; however, it did force me to form a Jewish Students' Federation to protect the Jews on campus against people like me.

The first inkling of budgetary cutbacks were felt at the College in October. They came in the form of a speech delivered by Political Science Course Union Rep Daniel Harris, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Karl Marx. Harris told us that the Political Science Course Union would be effectively cut by 25%.

A scant few weeks after this shock your boy made a fool of himself by dressing up as Gomez Adams for the Hallowe'en Dance. The dance was in fact no picnic as shades of Orientation week were felt as myself and several other diehard council members remained behind. After a.m. I was cleaning up. Clearly 3:00 is past my bedtime. I told Cheryl that, but she only laughed harder.

Three weeks later Cheryl tried to torture me again, but to no avail. By this time The Task Force on National Unity rolled around and I had escaped to Cuba. It was, however, a mere stroke of bad luck that I was sent back to the Toronto Downtown Hospital Inn (after two days of exile) just in time to catch the last day of the Task Forces' hearings. The day I was there John Roberts, one of two Task Force Chairmen put Alcoholics Anonymous to shame. He tried to get others to do the same, but your son being the abstainer he is refused to give in.

December was quite an eventful month. Don't tell any of the relatives, but I昭rated my first Christmas Banquet (after all, he was one of us). The meals besides being unique was our Chairman Michael Brooke to concoct some rare unknown food. I was left to carry Mike back to his room several times through the night so he wouldn't Minion cook himself to death. I was also forced to paint her bathroom floor and walls.

Later following this extravaganza, I slept two days and two nights. So many cute interesting things took place in January. The biggest event of the month was the GCSU awards which I will forever cherish.

By the middle of January award-Pat Misek.

The "Me and Pat, no never" award-Cheryl Watson.

The Golden Nose Award-Dorothy Watson. When.

The "I can do everything" award-W.P. Chee.

The Jew from the Sault award-Pat Misek.

The Leon Trotsky award-Daniel Harris.

Mystic Favourite Canadian Hero

by Dave Gray

My favorite Canadian hero is without doubt, Ronald MacDonald of McDonald's restaurant fame. Ronald is MacDonald's most visible and definitive symbol. He is the true sense of Americanism, a clown. Like most Canadian phenomenon MacDonalds has its origins in the US. The company name is of British origin and served a constant reminder of America's co-partner in the History of Canada's cultural, political and economic domination. The effect of the presence of companies such as MacDonald's in Canada, is to fatten American wallets with Canadian money.

This however has not been the case—your boy saw his year as a truly enlightening experience. As I had already stated, Ronald MacDonald personifies MacDonald's. He is in all probability the most household word than Pierre Trudeau. He is certainly a Canadian phenomenon one most Canadians.

For millions of kids and an incredible number of adults, Ronald Mac Donald is a hero. Since I consider a hero-Ronald will probably not speak the truth, teach, or organize formal events. Though few know choice talent Marilyn Chaise I have never heard of her.
Inside These Pearly Gates

The Final Klunker Awards

by Brian Barber

It's been a long time since I've done this column. Even the typewriter seems strange. (And I used it only last night). Oh well, as they say in the political world, it's good to be back; or as they say at Everard's place, it's gotta be from the back to be good.

I want to extend my most sincere thanks to Michael O'Brien for filling in the space that we so graciously vacated for him last year. Now on with the show.

Seeing as how it is now the end of the year, the time has come for more Pearly Gates Klunker Awards for general excellence in the fields of total inefficiency, gross incompetence and un-common idiosyncracies. The envelopes please. And the winners are...

1) The "Which Way Is Glen-don?" Award to Al McPherson for his performance as a bumbling idiot at the GPI's Chiro Charity Ball and Wing-ding. Al managed to make it half way up Bayview before he realized that he no longer knew who he was, where he was or why he was. He just wuzz.

2) The "Unknown Candidate" Award to Stuart Starick for a clandestine presidential campaign.

3) The "Run Like A Rabbit tie- With A Bullet Up His Ass" Award to Wayne Cree for his performances during two Glendon Invitational Marathon Relays.

4) The "Cheryl Watson-Joseph Gonda Roaring Rheto-ric" Award to the missing rabbit that damn near put a bullet up the ass of the organizers of this year's Winter Weekend.

5) The "From Hippie To Ha-rry" Award to Peter Hall for daring to alter the hair-style that won so many Gregg Allman Look-alike contests for him.

6) The "Childlike Innocence" Award to Nancy Corcoran who still believes that Steve "Stinky-poo" Lubin only has one month to live.

7) The "Don't Kiss Me There, I'm Armenian" Award to Vahl Katengan for his unabashed displays of affection and verbal endearment to this writer. Same to you, Vahl. Smooch.

8) The "That's Not My Purse, I'm Armenian" Award to Vahl Katengan for his un-abashed displays of affection and verbal endearment to this writer. Same to you, Vahl. Smooch.

9) The "That's Not My Purse, I'm Armenian" Award to Vahl Katengan for his un-abashed displays of affection and verbal endearment to this writer. Same to you, Vahl. Smooch.

10) The "I'll Gladly Repay You Tuesday For A Hamburger" Award to Joe Holmes, alias "Joe Cool" for being the sleaziest mooch on campus. Joe does have a good point though; he always pays you back, but usually with somebody else's money. D'Arcy McKeough could learn a lesson in deficit financing from this boy.

11) The "Growing Old Grace-fully" Award to Jon Harris. That famous comment, "beauty before age" often leaves Jon puzzled as to whether he should be the before or the after.

12) The "Power Of The Press" Award to the Pro Tem staff for increasing readership by over six hundred per cent and denials of same by more than twelve hundred per cent.

13) The "Own A Piece Of The Rock" Award to Paul Allo. Paul has invested enough quarters in King Pin to buy it four times over. Now if it would just match... Oh well, as they say at Everard's place, "In by nine out by four.")

Those are the Pearly Gates Klunker Awards. My congratulations to those who escaped them. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go into the next room and check out the editor's desk.

A MESSAGE FROM THOSE WHO KNOW THEY CAN CHEAT YOU

"We're not really dishonest."

Unfortunately that's not true, but we're INCO. We're big, and we don't give a damn.

For instance: over the past 4 years we got a $368 million tax break, times were good.

But now times are bad. Either cut profits or jobs, goodbye jobs.

3,500 workers laid-off and more to come.

$368 million paid for 3,500 lay-offs.

That's not dishonest. That's business.

Sniff.

What about us? We get a $78 million Federal Grant to set up an operation in Guatemala.

Labour's cheaper there

We like it there

We make higher profits there

They shoot trade union leaders there.

Now don't get us wrong,

We're patriotic.

We're not narrow grubbing dollar patriots.

We're just as nationalistic as the next multi.

As a matter of fact we sang the national anthem at our last board meeting.

It's not always easy.

Ever sing in Indonesian?

So how do we get away with this.

Well, we have friends like Pierre and Joe, and Bill. They like multinationals.

They like private ownership of public resources and services. They like us. They like INCO.

Laying off people who want to work

Multinationals and their friends.
Soochow's Revenge

To the editor:

I am writing in regard to an incident that recently occurred in the Glendon student community. I was present at a GLC meeting last week when a resolution was proposed to restrict the use of certain words in student publications. I strongly oppose this resolution and believe it is a violation of free speech.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Letters From the Out-Take Bin

To the editor:

Jeff Rogers' letter was overly emotional. Who does he think he is? We all think he should be shot and plased on. It's just like your mother saying "I love you" but you know she really means "I hate you".

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Da boys from da bar

P.S. We don't understand anything written by Cats. Are you shur he nose how ta rite? And send down dat Taka-

Letters From the Out-Take Bin

To the editor:

Blintz's Mailbag

To the editor:

Someone Likes Us

North Bay Nora

To the editor:

Revenge'

Mc­
bi­
P:-a
Ri­
away to­
re­
Rob
af
He's still trying
Je­
et.
Williams' pa­
-
Fe­
McCormack
from
......:.th~e:::--

Letters From the Out- Take Bin

To the editor:

Glendon has come and gone, Pro Tern has succesfully

sured next time this year, I might

some thm writed by Cats. Are

ject: transplanting: "wimp" (not ashamed to use your word brains in "rab-

bits". Think how much better off you'll be when you can "see" to crap you write. "smell " the "people" you work with, and hop away from potential enemies, such as those who actually read the paper". As a fitting Bridge, I'd like to propose that the name of the paper be changed, from Pro Tern, to "Poor Tern" in recog­
nition of all the "stock" beer you've consumed (bot­
tle, caps, and all). To sum up, Pro Tern has given me "seconds" of reading plea­
options on life (I now believe in Euthana­sia), and a pronouncce witch in my left eye-ball.

So, goodbye Vince, Lube Pete, Leo and the things; it's been unreal. Oh yes, hang in there, you're the last of a dying breed (re­
member the "dodo" bird).

Soochow Jr.
P.S. I couldn't say goodbye without a last try at a ream. So here goes:

Dear Vince, I hope that hair transplant goes through. But it needs more than she does! Dear Lube, keep plugging away... you're "stripe" it rich some day.

Dear Leo, don't worry, I won't let you down, your serrer's safe with me!

Vince McCormack

Three lawsuits, a petition and social castigation...not bad!
PRO TEM INVITES ALL STAFF, PAST, PRESENT, AND STUDENTS TO ATTEND A SPECIAL MEETING AT 1:00 P.M. ON FRIDAY, APRIL 14, IN THE PAPER'S OFFICES.

COMING TO DISCUSS NEXT YEAR'S PRO TEM AND MEET THE NEW EDITOR, WHO WILL BE INTRODUCING HIS AUTOGRAPH AND NOTIFYING THE STAFF ABOUT HIS FUTURE PLANS.

THEME: "NEXT YEAR'S PRO TEM AND MEET THE NEW EDITOR."
ONE TO DEVIANCE

by Ann Hatch

I admit to feeling wary,
The initial task was scary.
You might just say it really
was a bummer.
I just prayed we’d be dismissed,
So I wouldn’t have to list,
All the deviance I’d practiced
during summer.

That was only the beginning,
To examine social sinning,
We’d run into situations such
as these:
A career in forging cheques,
Those who deal with sex,
And the increase in venereal
disease.

Agents working undercover,
And why swingers need a lover,
And how lawyers in a courtroom
change their plans.
We were once all so naive
As to actually believe
That the patrons in a f-room
came for too.

LISTENING TO MUSIC

by Peter Elias

Listen to romantic music
and think of your suicide.
Imagine that you are a cripple
sitting in wheelchair blind.

Stop the music and stand up straight,
you’ll feel some pain in your ass.
Romantic music made you ache
where some women show the class.

Listen now to country music
and think of your childhood years.
You still have hair bushy and thick,
you’re chasing in woods the deers.

Stop the music and touch your hair,
you’ll find there a fancy horn.
Country music made you share
the knowledge you had when born.
Special
Summer Travel
Section

Total Trips to the
Soviet Union and Ireland

by Richard Schmidt

Having forgiven the editors of this rag for all transgres-
sions, I have decided to once more prostitute my tal-
ten and prepare an article
for Pro Tem. (Am I
oak in the gang now? ---wack?) The subject is
travel.
People travel for different reasons. Some for
their minds, some for status, some to visit, and some for
the joys of hedonism. Others try to combine all of these
and, obviously, some are better than others. On
other hand, if money is la-
ching, one must settle for the
best available. For instance,
the rates at Huntsville
are quite reasonable. That
in the Empire hotel
are noticeably cheaper than
those of the Paris Hilton.
If your mind is numbed by
alcohol then you may not
notice the difference in the
overall quality of the ex-
cursion and, if you never do
sober up, you may even de-
cide to stay.

In Wednesday, this must be
vodka

The first of my major tra-
vels took me to the USA.
A fine place, that -- and in-
tellectually stimulating too.
I traveled with the nates
with garlic and dance around fires
during the night at crosses
in the road. And where ancient
castles and the Kremlim,
the park of eco-
omic achievement. etc.
During the journey we
would pick me up and put
me to bed after I had attem-
ted to keep up with their
drinking pace.
While most young Can-
adians fron tour buses, they
do have some real ad-
ventures. For one thing
they're cheap. Also, you're
never alone or, without
an experienced comrade and,
best of all in my opi-
nion, they get you into some
touches you would never
got to on your own -- such
as the Soviet Union.

If its Friday, this must be
Guinness

Last September, after a
long summer, I got into
a Quebecair jet (don't ever
let that happen to you) and
flew to Dublin. I don't know
why I picked Ireland. I guess
it just sounded neat. I didn't
know what I was going to do
once I arrived. but I figured
why I picked Ireland. I guess
it just sounded neat. I didn't
know what I was going to do
once I arrived. but I figured

This is Norway to Treat a Lady

by Viane McCormack

Who can afford Europe? And who really wants to see
southern Ontario? I have the only real sensible sol-
ution. For $3.00 I not only
saw many parts of Norway,
but at times I even felt I
was there. I'm talking of course, about that superb
film "Norwegian Tarts" now
playing at the Eve cinema.

The movie opens up with the
star of the movie opening up.
Her name is Ingrid Blow-
job. Her only line in the
film, which she repeats
more than once, is "That'll be
five herring." It is in this
scene where we are first
introduced to many of her
friends and discover some
of the most beautiful U-
ipped valleys in Norway.
At this point, the man sitting
beside me got so involved
with the movie that I
feel the hot springs myself.
Ingrid meets a tall strapp-
ing Norwegian named Lars
Leska, who works in a ball
bearing factory. He shows
her the lion and I feel that
something Norwegians are
known for. Lars takes Ingrid
for a stroll in a meadow and
lays down beside her. How-
ever, it must have been Eric
the Red time because Lars
leaves her. We last see
him with a goat, making me
wonder if he wasn't a Greek
playing the part of a Nor-
wegian. We are taken next on
a whirlwind tour of such not-
able cities as Oslo, Voss
and Trondheim. At this point
Ms Blowjob has more her-
ing than the North Sea.
Then we reach the breath-
taking Jotunheim Mountains
where we see Ingrid proudly
display her twin peaks and
also catch a glimpse of a lit-
tle forest. At this point I
must commend the Evi
cine. While staring at the
beautiful spread in front of
me, four men in the back
two made it snow! However,
this time the Tetons palaeo-
really sound like a mountain
breeze as much as an old
fashioned Huber's flour
hurricane!

At this point, Ingrid is re-
united with one of her friends
and they gaily disrobe. I now
know why the Nor-
wegians whalers, as opposed
Swedes, are mostly
males.

The movie takes us fur-
ther north to Navvik and
Trondheim. Just above the At-
ctic Circle, I've heard that
this is the land of the Mid-
night Sun. Yet I could see
in the picture was moon.
In the lovely city of Harstad
Ingrid meets a man and we
see that Russia may not have
the best gymnasts after all.
They go together to Har-
merfest which was an appro-
riate name because Ingrid's
partner certainly had a fest
with his hammer. Ms Blow-
job next takes us on a tour
of a scenic view, which must
have been used in World War II
as an army depot because
she tells us that all the ser-
civemten used to put their
wepons in. In this film, the
man and the plot comes to a head.
There must have been a malfunc-
tion at this point because
snow started falling from the
projectorist's booth. The
movie then gives us a quick
clip of the hotel and Ms Blow-
job in ploughing in the field.
The man beside me must have
gotten into the movie -- he offered me some pop corn and it wasn't until
I reached the bottom of the
box that I realized that there
wasn't any left. But I had a
handful of nuts.

The movie is certainly wor-
seating. Certainly the ad
saying "Come one, come all"
is appropriate. After it was
over, I found it difficult to
leave my seat. Eve cinema
informs me that following
"Norwegian Tarts", they're
showing the classic movie, "How to Eat Danish."
One Way to See England (Hi!)

by Mark Everard

While it is possible to omit Stonehenge, the Tower of London, Big Ben, St Paul's or Stratford-upon-Avon from one's itinerary of a trip to England, it is inconceivable to overlook the justly famous English pubs. The many inns and taverns which dot city and countryside alike at least partly explain why young people continue to be fascinated by the British Isles. Let us, then, take the pubs of England as a basis for a tour through that fabled land.

We'll begin our tour in London, the starting point for many a foreign visitor, since most major airlines land in airports, Heathrow and Gatwick. By the way, don't bother spending any time in either of those two establishments, they're both crowded, expensive and thoroughly un-English.

An unidentified Glenndon student standing outside the Sherlock Holmes pub, near Trafalgar Square in London

Travel in Southern Ontario

by Gopher Head

Now that you've read all about the places that you can't afford to travel to, it's time to get serious and face up to the hole that most of you will be stuck in this summer. The Canadian dollar has dropped through the floor, unemployment has skyrocketed, and tuition fees have risen faster than Everhard's "En-dress Wire". Who can afford Europe?

Well, relax concerned readers, this handy guide to Southern Ontario hot spots should keep you busy throughout your idle summer hours.

Sudbury--Nice slag. Big nickel. A great local for rockhounds or Neander-thals.

Sault Ste Marie--Get a belly full of beer, take a tour of Queen St, a Ford pick-up, and have a brawl with a tribe of yahoos in the "Vie". You can't beat it.

Mattawa--No airplane is needed to fly here. The mosquitoes will carry you away. Ottawa--If you're not a civil servant, you won't like it here.

North Bay--TI is thoroughly forgettable city produces some of the province's loveliest girls (see letters page).

Kingston--The city of institutions. A great place to get locked up in.

Belleville--Forget it.

Peterborough--Unquestionably the finest city in the province. If you own a car, leave it there. The bars, beer and bergerers. You'll look like a native if you wear a baseball cap.

Parry Sound--Full of rubes. You may bump into Bobby Orr, which would be less surprising than Tim Horton or Barry Ashbee.

Regent--Limos, limos, limos. A pity. Judging by the demeallor of Orr, which would be more surprising than Tim Horton or Barry Ashbee.

Parry Sound--Limos, limos, limos. A pity. Judging by the demeallor of Orr, which would be more surprising than Tim Horton or Barry Ashbee.

Regent--Limos, limos, limos. A pity. Judging by the demeallor of Orr, which would be more surprising than Tim Horton or Barry Ashbee.

Parry Sound--Limos, limos, limos. A pity. Judging by the demeallor of Orr, which would be more surprising than Tim Horton or Barry Ashbee.

Regent--Limos, limos, limos. A pity. Judging by the demeallor of Orr, which would be more surprising than Tim Horton or Barry Ashbee.
Someday
I'm Gonna
Smack Your
Face

by Captain Crook and Peter Pan

For the past few years a vigorous debate has been waged in the pinball room of Glendon Hall regarding who is the worst player of the silver ball at this campus. Until this year people were willing to award this dubious honour to either Alan "Easy Al" Lysaght or to Dave "The Centre Alley has My Name" Moulton. Fortunately for these two substar-features, Peter "Two Words" McElmias has made a real name for himself as a non-playing pinball player. The way he handles the silver ball he would beat even Stephen Lubin for the minute man award.

The Glendon Marathon witnessed a veritable miracle last Saturday. Despite the fact that two of Pro Tem's top runners were out pur- turing until 4 am the morning of the big event and that the newspapers managers were out for a night on the town until the same hour, the team still! took top honors as the Glen- don team to finish first ac- ross the line. Dave Foods was disappointed when no whoofed cookies were produced by the(runners. One of the great training secrets was revealed in the post- race festivities that took place in the Glendon theatre.

Ian Waters and Tony Caldwell were kind enough to suggest that a fine method of reaching top condition is to run from Glendon to the Muir Park Hotel, sit and have several ales and then proceed to return to the campus. No wonder they lagged behind everyone else in the race.

One of the "Sure I'm Mature Awards" must go to Dave Gray. Dave, after reaming the organizational work for the upcoming rug- ger marathon, then decides to go to Sherbrooke, and not bother to help get the teams together. This beats his Sermon of the Mount per formance of last fall.

What can one say about Wayne F. Chee that does not smack of being brutal. Here is a guy who feels comfort- able only when he is running with the faculty-alumni team for the marathon (we have heard of underqualified faculty but this is ridicu- losuright professor Doctor Cohen?). And then when the team rings in as a winner, he refuses to drink the beer in the champi- onship cup.

Obviously Jim "The Greek" Moir didn't understand the rules of the marathon. Most people who entered thought that the point of the exercise was to run from one place to the next as quickly as possible. It appears from all accounts that poor Jimmy persuaded himself that his walking the course would produce a superior result to those lowly lags who were running. We must presume running is for poofs, eh Jimmy?

by Lee Fournier

Across
2. The late great Rob Wil- liam's vanished page.
5. What Frost librarian Jim Quixley has when "the Gre- ek" Moir renews a book.
9. Scrutem
10. Those of the female sex are born with two pair.
12. Russian roulette is a diet (3 words).
16. The young of a ruminant.
17. The "Little paper that grew" thrives on this type of reportage.
21. The tone F.
22. The girls of Hilliard are keeping their pharmacists busy with their numerous pregnancy....(singular).
24. "...’s Mail Bag".
26. After a year of force fe- eding ourselves with Beaver Food, we all are proud ow- ners of underwear customi- zed with this type of patch.
28. Dave Wexler's expres- sion in reaction to a Dow Jones drop.
29. What Brian Barber's mother disowned him for saying (besides "I'm gay").
30. Bagot de Starbuck.
31. Singer of "Long Tall Glasses" (Initials).
32. The crust Dave Moulton scraps off his "Mr Briefs" after a date with June.
36. Dave Gray forgot him- self and inflicted one of these wounds on his slave during this last S & M encounter.
38-Monogram of the 33rd U.S. president.
39. Vince's favourite colo- nise: "Eau de.......
41. Pro Tem scandal mongers' column.
45. U.S. basketball league (abrev).
46. To visit.
47. What is in Pete Mc- liniss' pants (Fr.)
18-Street (Fr).
51. "Five finger discount"
52-Teacher diet (3 words).
55-Ms Lollabrigida's initi- als if she married Steve the "tube" Lubin.
59. "The Last.....of Beau Geste".
60. The location of York's Cutback Headquarters (2 words).

Down
1. British television.
3. First name of Mr "Hang in there".
4. The column the people you never want to hear about: "the Text....."
5. Bone (Fr).
7. GSU representatives are specialists.
8. Ms Monroe's initials.
11. A sticky pastelike substance which is eaten in Hawaii (c-u-m isn't correct Wexler).
13-In days of old.
17. When men were full of glee, and women weren't invented, they drilled holes in this kind of tree, and walked away contented.
14-Nazi police force.
16. If you didn't get #7, you won't get this one either.
18. The campus nympho- maniac (3 words).
19. Posses.
20. The actual natural height of an animal body (note: natural means when it is soft).
21. The only girls Garth Bro- wencombe gets under the covers.
24. Rock group interested in "Steet Acolin" (abrev).
25. Possesive pronoun (Fr).
32. Rub-adub-dub, three Greeks in.....(2 words).
37. Bubblegum rock and disco music.
40. Always got one in the hole (don’t need the vase- line for this though).
42. Our very successful foot- fetishists: The..team.
43. A favourite pass-time of Pro Tem staffers.
44. This is definitely what you are making if you be- lieve that Mark is Never- hard (clue:it’s not a rubber dido).
45. I believe this is a rai- way bridge. If not, fuck it & guess.
50. The overwhelming cry at an orgy: "all for....and.... for all," (Fr.) (French! Ha! No kidding?)
52. How the reverend Jim White will look at any brew.
54-Miss Reminder.
56. Do, a deer, a female deer.......a drop of golden sun.
58. What Cheryl Watson calls his one-eyed trouser snake.

WAITING FOR GODOT

VLADIMIR
Go go? (He does not answer.)
Estragon
Gogo?
VLADIMIR
Ah, then.
Estragon
Doesn't.
VLADIMIR
(Vladi- mir removes his trousers slowly. First one leg, and then the other.)
Estragon
Oh. I see what you mean.
VLADIMIR
What?
Estragon
Your trousers.
VLADIMIR
Yes. My trousers. (Pause.)
Estragon
What about them?
VLADIMIR
It would pass the time.
Estragon
(Vladi-

Fournier's 4-Letter Crossword

A P T

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>R</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>U</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W</td>
<td>P</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>N</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

VLADIMIR
You're in me! Oh my Godot, you're in me! O sweet Jesus Godot, yes!

VLADIMIR
Take them off.
Estragon
Certainly. (He does not move.)
The History of Smack Your Face

by Captain Crook and Peter Pan

History has been made, and one of the most controversial columns in Pro Tem's short existence has come to an end for 1977-78.

The idea for this column evolved last summer when a certain Glendolite felt there was a need for a social column. After listening to a series of the Strangers, in which the first line is "Somebody I'M gonna Smack Your Face", the column got its name. It made its debut September 15th 1977 on the society page of Pro Tem with such reams as: "Then Blue

The Buckos were orgy-appropriated and renamed Social Disease and the author decided to write under an assumed name to protect his personal safety. That week he was joined by a 28 year old wanker who gets off Moulton, by this time, not only lost his sobriety but also his jeans. He had a sore, red head.

One of the most asked questions on campus sadistic enough to organise such an event? We only know that there's been a lot of social Disease.

Mr. Harris will shorten the course, but that course will not be the only one to blossom. It's all coming round.

The return trip was a sombre (but definitely not sober), as many Glendolites displayed distinct signs of weariness. David Moulton, by this time, not only lost his sobriety but also his voice. Some people went so far as to say that all lost this puberty but how can one lose something one has never been blessed with. And how can one lose his cookies when he claims something just stolen. And last need to be Groucho.

Livia responded to this with a plateful of meatballs and potatoes, only she got the wrong person.

Then it came time to attack Mr. Big around here, one of Students in that Department. It was... a painful run in Saturday's marathon. Although he did run, he had that student's door lock changed, and this from the man who has been unable to organize a Residence Council meeting all year.

Then and the D.A.P.

According to our entertainment sources, Big Grey innovation and the D.A.P. never mix. It appears, however, that there's been a lot of social Disease.

Mr. Harris will shorten the course, but that course will not be the only one to blossom. It's all coming round.

had been reported that the fire was not in his pants. "Are you sure Theresa has even shown anything less than painter's pants?"

The final competition finds Edmund Thomas as Rapunzel and he won't be hanging down his hair. We realize this is a break with tradition for the jerk of B house wood.

Finally, we got the biggest wimp on campus, the chis...

It would not come as a surprise to your faithful correspondent if Steve "Sure I'm Sick" Lubin keeps a low profile on campus for awhile. His performance as guest singer for the GRE at the CMCC dance Friday night left all attending chiropractic students somewhat shocked. "So you all think you are going to make $100,000--well you are all fucked up." And this was a compliment.

"Sorry, we can't ream the door lock changed, and this from the man who has been unable to organize a Residence Council meeting all year.

Then and the D.A.P.

According to our entertainment sources, Big Grey innovation and the D.A.P. never mix. It appears, however, that there's been a lot of social Disease.

Mrs. Harris will shorten the course, but that course will not be the only one to blossom. It's all coming round.

had been reported that the fire was not in his pants. "Are you sure Theresa has even shown anything less than painter's pants?"

The final competition finds Edmund Thomas as Rapunzel and he won't be hanging down his hair. We realize this is a break with tradition for the jerk of B house wood.

Finally, we got the biggest wimp on campus, the chis...

It would not come as a surprise to your faithful correspondent if Steve "Sure I'm Sick" Lubin keeps a low profile on campus for awhile. His performance as guest singer for the GRE at the CMCC dance Friday night left all attending chiropractic students somewhat shocked. "So you all think you are going to make $100,000--well you are all fucked up." And this was a compliment.

"Sorry, we can't ream the door lock changed, and this from the man who has been unable to organize a Residence Council meeting all year.

Then and the D.A.P.

According to our entertainment sources, Big Grey innovation and the D.A.P. never mix. It appears, however, that there's been a lot of social Disease.

Mrs. Harris will shorten the course, but that course will not be the only one to blossom. It's all coming round.

had been reported that the fire was not in his pants. "Are you sure Theresa has even shown anything less than painter's pants?"

The final competition finds Edmund Thomas as Rapunzel and he won't be hanging down his hair. We realize this is a break with tradition for the jerk of B house wood.

Finally, we got the biggest wimp on campus, the chis...

It would not come as a surprise to your faithful correspondent if Steve "Sure I'm Sick" Lubin keeps a low profile on campus for awhile. His performance as guest singer for the GRE at the CMCC dance Friday night left all attending ch...
Glendon is No Longer Hanging in There

by Al McPherson

In case Glendon dies while I’m away—away for the summer, I’d like to write its autobiography and eulogy now.

Autopsy Report

Glendon died from a case of Davistitis. Many symptoms bore-out this diagnosis. One was a lack of blood (type O in the system of the college). Another symptom was a half-deestroyed organism called TV-politics (the societas was rotten as well). Also prevalent was ratitis. Ratitis is the state where an outside force attacks an organism, limits its food, and different parts of the body compete with each other for the food rather than together opposing the outside force.

Another symptom found was the belief that they could be cell by cells that, when told they may have half their courses cut, they responded “Dew-yyy” and had to “clean their room” when a certain rally was on. As well, the situation wasn’t bad enough, Glendon was found to be infected with germs of “denial” — the many cells were saying “that isn’t really happening to us.”

This photo has absolutely nothing to do with the story, but it looked nice

Gas was found in Glendon’s lungs, however (just a lot of hot air). One puzzling finding was that the old cells, which were about to be evacuated anyway, were the ones fighting to save Glendon— the younger ones, who had to lose everything must have suffered from small nuclei.

Eulogy

Glendon was a wonderful, unique college. It was such a nice place to be. Leo Du-rocher said, “Nice guys finish last.” Bill Davis said, “Nice guys get finished first.” We will miss having a small liberal arts college around. The only people still on campus are the Young Conservatives and the Julius Schmitt Abstainers.

Glendon offered something to many people which they could find nowhere else. How unfortunate it is that paying people welfare is chosen over having them work for the community in research and other such fields. Glendon contributed so much to the world.

Up in heaven, Glendon must be laughing at us as we go crazy at places like Ryerson, UofT, RMC, etc... Glendon stood for “the personal touch.” Glendon fell by way of “a mighty touch in its anus.” If we can re-establish the fight for the many diseases which knocked-off Glendon, then its life will not have been in vain.

P.S. We would like to say goodbye to certain Glendenites, are leaving Glendon as a result of the cutbacks. We shall miss people such as Miss Dennis Chamberlain, and others in more ways than one.

Duck Soup

by Gerry Flahive

This is my last year at Glendon. This is my last column for Pro Tem, so I think I’ll indulge myself a little more than usual.

I have a high profile here (at least not since my plastic surgery) so I thought I’d give a little biographical information which might be of interest to some of you (European papers please copy). What follows is a large excerpt from the Time magazine cover story on me (“Canada’s Zany Madcap Funster”) published several years ago.

Showbusiness is a cruel business at best. At worst, it’s a cruel, inhuman business. Nobody knows this better than Gerry Flahive. This popular Canadian ‘philosopher’ has plumbed the depths of failure and rejection and breathed the exhilarating air of success and fame. Now, barely out of high school, his amazing Renaissance man has shed the burden of past troubles, shed his image as ‘a sick man’, taken his south and embarked upon a career sure to eclipse the modest achievement of his past.

Born in Toronto (sometime in the 20th century) Flahive, he was an elastic boy with ferro-magnetic child. At an early age, signs of talent, even genius, were evident. He was artistic, aware, able, amiable, articulate, published, ambulatory, abstemious, ac-cursed, acetylalcoholic, and ambivalent beyond his years.

More specifically, Gerry was writing surprisingly sophisti-cated comedy as well as the occasional pamphlet denouncing incipient ‘capital- list-orientated’ reform in contemporary Euro-commu-nism. At age 3, Flahive was writing sketches for Jack Benny’s TV show. At 5, he was drawing pay from Rich Henderson’s show. The list goes on and on. And on. But the strain of three-hour days proved to be too much for the young funnyman—he had a nervous breakdown, not to be his last. The condition forced his premature retirement at the age of 6, and Flahive spent the next five years of his life as a virtual hermit attending grade school like any other ‘normal’ child.

Then, in a chance encounter at a cocktail party at Grossinger’s resort in the Catskills, Flahive’s career was reborn. He’d had some small success and was invited to appear at a benefit in the Catskills. Flahive, in a hyp-no tic state, had the delusion that he was a patient in a mental institution. Just then doctors realized that he was a patient in a mental institution, and released him. Confused and depressed, the young man decided to return to his home town Toronto, where he was greeted by crying and joyful creditors.

The atmosphere of home perked up Flahive. He became perky. He soon felt well enough to begin writing again, but started off on a small scale, with things like his first book, “I’m Blonde, I’m Blonde’ is my best recent), or to puzzle neighbo-

ors with the question “Is it Flahive or is it Memorex?”

There’s a lot in it for you.

To get your copy, mail the enclosed coupon to your local branch of the Bank of Commerce.

$1
Send me a copy of The Commerce Magazine.

Name

Address

City

Postal Code

Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce
Faculty-Alumni Takes Marathon

by Ross Longbottom
sports editor

Another cold, grey day marked the second running of the Glendon Invitational Marathon Relay Race, but did little to dampen the success of the event, won by the Faculty-Alumni squad. The winners were the class of the 15-team field, finishing with a time of 2:22:40, nine minutes ahead of the Canadian Badminton Team and a full 11 minutes ahead of third place finishers, the York Track Team.

The Pro Tem Low Lifers took the Glendon title with a time of 2:48:45. As usual, Anne O’Byrne, Marion Milne and Jon Harris did an excellent job in organizing and running the event. This includes the après-run drunk that followed in Theatre Glendon. After weeks of training, competitors were more than ready to consume large quantities of beer and smoke their heads off.

“"The race is now institutionalized," said Jon Harris upon the presentation of the handsome trophy to Faculty-Alumni captain Wayne Chee. Harris' words were backed by the fact that in only its second running the number of teams entered increased from 10 last fall to 15 this time, and the fact that winners will now have their names inscribed on the trophy.

The event attracted a large variety of Toronto runners including two Masters teams. These men, who averaged somewhere around 51, left more than one lad or lass in awe as they burnt up Cardiac Hill, leaving people 30 years their junior in the city dust.

Next year should see an even better turn-out as even those leaving our hall’s spoke of returning to compete again in what is now a very special Glendon event.

MARATHON RESULTS

1. Faculty-Alumni 2:22.40
2. Badminton Team 2:31.00
3. York Track Team 2:33.10
4. Chirios 2:33.50
5. Masters “A” 2:39.00
6. Newtonbrook 2:48.45
7. Pro Tem 2:48.45
8. Vanier College 2:56.50
9. Masters “B” 2:58.38
10. Greeks 3:00.02
11. Haggis Striders 3:01.00
12. Quebecois 3:02.10
13. Chirios Masters 3:04.10
14. Squash 3:20.00
15. Last But Not Least not in at press time.

RECREATION NOTES

Heavy drinking will be the big sport at any place all time this summer.
Call Ross Longbottom for Sun Landscaping services - 444-8944.

Yours truly looking athletic
The Striders keeping their hands warm
The old bear himself
Spratt a Lean Play

by Dave Gray

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean." Too bad Joe Wiesenfeld didn't pay closer heed to the nursery rhyme when he wrote his first play. Spratt. His concept was lean enough—the necessity of exercising responsibility in human relationships. It's the actual working out of that concept that suffers from an extra fatty layer or two, maybe even three of four. With this rambling bore of a play, it's hard to tell: the few tid-bits of insight being smothered by masses of uninteresting, unintelligent, unnecessary dialogue with which Wiesenfeld bludgeons the audience half to death. The hero or rather anti-hero of the piece, Jack Spratt (Neil Munro), manages to get fired from his job, totally alienate the few friends he inexplicably still has, display a degree of callousness towards his wife that Marie Antoinette would be proud of, and then to top it all off, gets himself charged with having intercourse with a feeble-minded girl! I was hard pressed to believe she was any more feeble than Spratt himself. And all of this takes place in the first act. Incredible!

This is no action packed thriller though. It's more like a peep show, with the audience being treated to the delights of watching a loser's loser totally screw up his life, seemingly without remorse. A bit like Son of Sam (the devil made me do it).

It's fairly obvious that Wiesenfeld was attempting some sort of social comment with this hollow, contrived piece of work, but it doesn't come through. What isn't obvious is why Spratt was produced in the first place. Perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of the whole "Spratt affair" is that such a good cast was wasted on its presentation. Perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of the whole "Spratt affair" is that such a good cast was wasted on its presentation. Both Munro and Barbara Gordon as Jack and Dorie Spratt are accomplished actors and the rest of the crew put forth a good effort. The fake flag-stone (yes fake flag-stone) set is more interesting, unintelligent, audience being treated to the teleview shot. Incredible!

Walker's Record Reviews

by Hector Walker

Weekend in L.A.

George Benson

Warner Bros.

By now most of us know Benson is clean, fast and sometimes just plain amazing. I was really expecting something new on his new live album, Weekend in L.A. Very little happens in fact. His best cut, "Ode to Kunda", demonstrates his mastery of his original composition. Young jazz enthusiasts will probably be astounded by his technique. The purist might be tempted to dismiss him as another so called "cross-over" artist (Herbie Hancock, Miles Davis, etc). For one think that after you have mastered your instrument you should commence creating, and Benson is lacking in this area. His next album should be built around his original compositions. The music business is flooded with imitators, and Benson need not slip into that category.

Excitable Boy

Warren Zevon

Asylum

The first thing that struck me about Zevon was his rather strange voice. He's got a deep, slightly gravel sounding voice, and his lyrics are at times absurd and sometimes hilarious. "Excitable Boy" is his second album, his first was deleted. Jackson Browne co-produces and, with his recent success, one wonders if Zevon can possibly miss with this one. For a moment I thought that Browne's presence would over-power Zevon, however, on the contrary there isn't a trace of him. John McVie, Mick Fleetwood and Linda Ronstadt do make a cameo appearance.

An idea of his bizarre lyrics: "I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu in his hand, taken from the song "Warewolves in London". The title song "Excitable Boy" is just as crazy. Hardly anyone would be in awe of his piano playing, but then again with such a voice you tend to overlook the music. I expect a few people will buy the album just because Jackson Browne had a hand in it. It's a shame because Zevon can stand on his own.

Second City a Laugh

by Rocky Racoon

Second City has got to be one of the funniest shows in town. Their newest show, a "Best of..." type revue called Once More With Fooling, is currently playing at Old Firehall Theatre. Starting off at a fast clip, the black-out shifts lambast everything in sight with considerable verve. Much of the writing was based on intriguing ideas but the delivery of some lines was poorly timed. Must have been an off-night.

Students will especially appreciate the sketch involving a nervous graduating student who runs through numerous excuses with his Russian history teacher attempting to get a credit in a course for which he has actually done no work. The most memorable scene of the evening is one in which Martin Short plays the gay, CBC-type producer we all love to hate, with Peter Torkov and Dan Aykroyd as Daryl Sittler and Guy Lafleur respectively, who are all rehearsing for a commercial. The outlandish jibes thrown back and forth between the two hockey stars with regards to their ethnic backgrounds were matched only by Short's outrageous habit of grabbing both their rear ends at the start of each take.

A trick shot

When you're drinking tequila, Sauza's the shot that counts. That's why more and more people are asking for it by name.

TEQUILA SAUZA

Number One in Mexico. Number One in Canada.
Flowers—a Triumph for Lindsay Kemp

by Dave Gray
entertainment editor

Lindsay Kemp’s controversial Flowers—A Pantomime For Jean Genet at the TWP theatre, attacks the audience’s sensibilities with a barrage of images and auditory imagery of awe-some strength and strange beauty. The production carries an almost tangible charge akin to that of a power of magnet which simultaneously repulses and enthralls.

An extraordinary theatrical masterpiece. Flowers draws its inspiration and basic framework from Jean Genet’s. Our Lady of the Flowers, the avant-garde French novelist and dramatist’s first prose work. Kemp uses no spoken dialogue but rather relies on dance (primarily ballet), mime and some cabaret style tap-dance material to dramatize char­acters and events from Our Lady. To escape Genet’s perceptions of evil, homosexuality and sainthood, themes he shared amongst the man and his writing.

Flowers opens explosively. Blue and yellow lights focus on four actors in separate cubicles reminiscent of go-go stage settings. Rythmically thrusting and caressing their genitals amidst a cacophony of sound, while a red light rises in the background outlining a crucified figure. The deadening clashes, clanges and gale-storm noises, pounding drums and ecstatic groans coupled with the eerie spotlighting create an atmosphere of brutal energy on-stage that compels the bewildered audience to catch its breath.

This startling first scene undoubtedly alludes to Genet’s reminiscences in Our Lady, of the different cells in which he was imprisoned and also quite possibly to Sarre’s reference to the novel as being “an epic of masturbation”. If the novel is an epic, then Kemp could accurately be described as leading Genet’s illusory vision more as stabbings and shootings of rejected and betrayed men than his “realistic” one. Of rejected and betrayed women is also the cause of his death.

In this case a man who is infatuated with women, any beautiful woman, would focus on his soul. He feels it to the point that he locks himself in his apartment and writes a brilliant book about himself. His obsession for women is also the cause of his death. This movie takes dis­cussion of sexual attraction out of the washrooms and locker-rooms in order to discuss it openly and frankly. And although the film is told from the central figure’s point of view, it does not necessarily defend it. In fact, it is needed to draw its own conclusions.

Set in France, the film is a beautiful portrayal of the woman’s need for love. The conservative side and the Hollywood aspects, so

Truffaut Takes Sex Out of the Locker Rooms

The Man Who Loved Women by Dave Gray

is a difficult film to review. Director François Truffaut has the painful yet fascinating habit of stripping away all sugar to get to the bottom of people’s actions and motives.

As this is my final review for Captain Video I will attempt to keep it short (small?). An Unmarried Woman might better be titled An Unmarried, Well-off Woman, but beyond that we'll see the movie in general. Writer-producer-director Genet has come up with one fine movie that finally tells the story of the beautiful woman and in­married heterosexuals.

The key to the continuous outrage of the movie is Jill Clayburgh’s touching and beautiful portrayal of the central figure. She finds herself dumped by her husband (played quite believably by Michael Murphy) for a younger woman. She and her fifteen year old daughter Patti (portrayed refreshingly by Lisa Lucas but miscast because she looks adopted) pick up the proverbial pieces and begin life anew. New sorts of growing pains are experi­enced as Erica finally meets her perfect mate, Saul Kaplan, a painter. But he is discovered only after some of the jeers are wrecked. Saul is properly per­ceived by actor Alan Bates but the character itself was written a bit too much on the conservative side and comes off as a knight in shining armour.

The film is, therefore, flawed. Where Jill Clay­burgh consistently focuses us back to reality in scenes such as her uncomfortable yet liberating sessions with her psychologist.

It seemed that the best scenes took place when women interacted with women, like Erica’s bond with three other women, all very different and all refreshingly open and loving with each other. I hope that women will see this movie because it is about their feelings. I hope men will see this movie because we have seen far too many men and how precious little about the species we shake up with. And I hope film directors will start to make more movies like this; only minus the Hollywood aspects, so

Tout un événental de services spécialement pour vous

Pour obtenir un exemplaire de cette brochure, veuillez envoyer ou remettre le coupon ci-contre à votre succursale de la Banque de Commerce.

Pétrole

Adresse

Ville

Code postal

Pour obtenir de plus amples renseignements, veuillez composer le 1-800-363-7656.

CINEMATHEQUE AUX ÉDOUS

DESSINÉE À UNE PROFESION LIBÉRALE

Lindsay Kemp is divine in Flowers at the TWP with Divine dressed in a white, ethereal costume, as she is in Our Lady of the Flowers—spewing blood while tearing the masks from the murderers of her favorite magnet which simultaneously repulses and enthralls. The performance ends. Flowers in short, is pure, unadulterated theatre— shocking, draining, ultimately exhilarating. It rep­resents a tribute to the genius of Lindsay Kemp as much as to that of Jean Genet.

Lindsay Kemp is divine in Flowers at the TWP with Divine dressed in a white, ethereal costume, as she is in Our Lady of the Flowers—spewing blood while tearing the masks from the murderers of her favorite magnet which simultaneously repulses and enthralls. The performance ends. Flowers in short, is pure, unadulterated theatre— shocking, draining, ultimately exhilarating. It rep­resents a tribute to the genius of Lindsay Kemp as much as to that of Jean Genet.
Have a Good Summer...

photos by Geoff Hoare

...We Certainly Will!