

Dietician Says Glendonites Must Eat Out More

by Mark Everard

Internationally famous dietician Peg Out visited Glendon Monday March 3 to deliver a lecture on the nutritional habits of students. She spoke to a sparse audience as the talk was given in the ODH during the dinner hour and most residence students were avoiding Beaver Foods at the time.

Ms Out was critical of the eating practices of students in general. "I go away from

this campus, and all I see are people eating such unhealthy things as fresh fruits, natural vegetables and whole grain cereals-----disgusting!" she said.

However she had nothing but praise for the way Glendonites eat. "Students here are very conscious of nutrition," she said. "This is reflected by the wide variety of healthy food items offered by Beaver Foods", she ad-

ded. In particular, she mentioned such specialties as hair pie and furburgers.

Ms Out said she thought breakfast was the most sensible meal eaten by Glendon students. "Instead of yucky things like juice cereal and eggs, you seem to prefer such nutritious products as Captain Crunch, Count Chocula and Grape Nuts," she said.

The world famous dietician

on her first speaking engagement since being hospitalized with a severe case of malnutrition, was disturbed by the decline in beer consumption among Glendon students. "Don't you people know beer is the best source of vitamin B in existence, as well as a terrific pain killer," she said.

In concluding her prepared text, the renowned author of several books including "Don't Talk With Your

Mouth Full", had a few tips of her own for Glendonites. "There are several new products coming on the market, and one of the best is pizza spread--try it on pop tarts", she told the audience. "However," she added, "one of my old favourites is Lucky Charms and coke."

Ms Out's next engagement was a luncheon at the new McDonalds soon to be opened at the corner of Eglington and Bayview.

Final Edition

Pro Tem

Glendon College

UVL Enters Cutbacks Struggle

by L.M. Clement

This year 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 clandestine club of four, the League now boasts a membership of over 639 fun-loving men and women.

The club became known on March 16, when it held a promotional chicken barbeque on the quad. The picnic attracted over 200 Glendonites half of whom volunteered 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 UVL Chiquita Banchacka, 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 Uganda); it was therefore necessary to shout the questions and responses. Following are some excerpts from that interview:

PT: Why did the UVL suddenly decide to go public on March 16?

CB: Because our membership was getting too large--you know how everybody wants to join a secret organization.

PT: What are the league's purposes?

CB: We want to get education back to what it originally was in this country. That is, we want post-secondary education to be limited to people who can afford it. There are too many students running around in universities who

should be working on farms or in mines and factories. Some shouldn't even be working-- they should be dead... (CB starts to go into hysterics).

PT: So why are you called the Ultra Violence League?

CB: Because we believe that violence is the only way to achieve our purposes. We call it ultra because the opposition that must be overcome is ultra big. Also, we 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.

PT: I've noticed, in conversations with other UVL members, that constant references is made to ravage sticks. What are they?

CB: A ravage 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 the overt operations. We use the latter for ravaging telephones and occasionally destroying buildings. Other weapons include baseball bats and banana skins.

PT: Banana-skins?

CB: (laughing hoarsely)

Yeah. To trip faculty in the halls. It gives us a little fun amidst the generally gory action we're involved in.

PT: What will the UVL be doing this summer?

CB: We've got a job.

PT: In what field?

CB: We have been hired by Bill Davis to incapacitate 7% of Glendon's teaching staff this summer by attacking them at their homes at night. We employ several methods of incapacitation like chopping off both legs, both arms, or, in some cases, the head. In addition to our personal intimidation program, we plan to obliterate part of the counselling offices in Glendon Hall, as well as part of Frost Library.

PT: Finally, how are you financed?

CB: We've got an Experience '78 grant from the provincial government.

Also, next year we plan to hit up GCSU president Garth Browncombe for a voluntary contribution.

Throughout the interview,

Chiquita Banchacka was quite civil, apart from the extraordinary loudness of his voice and the wildness of his gestures. However, as this reporter was leaving the room, Chiquita gave him a violent kick in the post-

erior. When the reporter turned his head in surprise, Banchacka was foaming at the mouth and threateningly held a ravage stick above his head. The terrified journalist was out of the building in an instant.



photo by Geoff Hoare

A slight disagreement among members of the Glendon Ultra Violence League

S.S. Chief Joins Faculty

by Connie Lingus
news editor

A new, world renowned professor has been attracted by Glendon College Humanities department. Ex-Nazi Hermann Hess, who has recently severed his tenured position with Spandau Tech, has decided to sign-on with York University as a contractually limited faculty member, and as ex-officio member of the Ultra-Violence league.

"I am pleased to be able to carry out my work", announced the aging 83 year old. Hess is scheduled to conduct courses in Great Humanist movements of the 20th Century, as well as tutorial aid in Soc 179 (crime and delinquency), and NS 339 (experimental genocide).

Humanities chairman, Bill Irvine, was especially pleased with the appointment. "No doubt about it, Rudie knows more about pre-war Germany than any other man alive", he told Pro Tem. However, Irvine was reluctant to comment on the social and racial implications of the new placement, as he described Pro Tem as being "too reactionary to cover the story objectively".

Predictably, Glendon's Jewish Society reacted to the news of the appointment with scorn. "Just see if we invite him to our next lox and cream cheese bash", warned president Marshall Katz.

If Hess manages to elude the KGB for the next few months, he should arrive at

Glendon to take up his position in late August.

Hot Flash

by Brian Barber

A false alarm in Glendon Hall sent Dr. McQueen, his guest and both Café patrons scurrying out into the cold night air on Monday. Two units of North York firefighters responded to the call and quickly extinguished the blazing bells.

Café manager Phil Roche estimated the damage to the building at two hundred lire. The fire marshall is investigating.

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 enriching experience.

The year itself had many ups and downs. Our first collective effort, Orientation Week, was a rip-roaring success as over 1,000 Glendonites awoke from a long summers nap and made their presence felt throughout the week. A good core group of approximately six Council members devoted seven days and seven nights to ensure that the week was the success it was. As well this week saw the David Moulton insomnia record shattered beyond belief. The event that your son planned (a dance featuring Downchild Blues Band) even saw 400 people go through the doors of the New Theatre. But though the dance was a success ma, don't despair I was rushed off to Sunnybrook Hospital with a cardiac seizure when the band arrived five hours late. One consolation though- I did meet a very nice girl this week...and oh yes she was Jewish of course, well half anyway.

September only saw your boy slandered once in the campus paper. This "ream" appeared in a column entitled the Text Pistols. 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 past 3:00 am cleaning up. Clearly 3:00 is past my bedtime. I told Cheryl that, but she only whipped harder.

Three weeks later Cheryl tried to torture me again, but to no avail. By the time The Task Force on National Unity rolled around I had escaped to Cuba. It was merely a stroke of bad luck that I was sent back to the Toronto Downtown Holiday Inn (after two days of exile) just in time to catch the



Council deliberates while Terry sits in the penalty box

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 attended my first Christmas Banquet (after all, he was one of us). The meal besides being unkosher caused our Chairman Michael Brooke to contract some rare unknown form of cancer. It was left to carry Mike back to his room several times throughout the night so he could administer cobalt treatment to himself.

Later in December I experienced what could be best termed a travesty of justice. It occurred when your boy being the celebrate abstainer he is was forced by Cheryl to consume large quantities of the dreaded liquid Captain Morgans Black Rum. She later forced me to paint her bathroom floor and walls. 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 not even sponsored by us. The Gong Show saw your son make a fool of himself twice. The first act presented was a take-off on the old This Is Your Life TV show. In this instance Dorothy Watson was in

the spotlight. It bombed. My second act was destined to win me a place on one of the marquees at Caeser's Palace in Las Vegas. The act itself consisted of a well timed version of my old friend George Carlin's Seven Words You Can't Say on TV. It was going quite smoothly until I was gonged. That however was not the worst part--immediately following this, Cheryl and Dorothy Watson (the Watson Sisters) threw cream pies in my face. I was not pleased, and neither was my agent. I can't help that nobody knows choice talent when they see it.

By the middle of January my weekly Thursday announcements were going smoothly. The problem was that only one person was grasping the full social significance of them--my good

friend Leo Fournier. He is however no longer with us. So, alas, my announcements were in vain.

The blustery month of February saw your good dear son organize The Annual Glendon Formal. You may ask how this was possible considering the fact that I had never even attended one in the past. Well, those who can't do, teach, and those who can't teach, organize formals. Though few people attended, it was as it was billed a "Night to Remember."

March was a dull month spent in Quixley's chamber of Horrors, writing essays. This month though did see your first born son chair his first GCSU meeting. The meeting itself was efficiently run and participatory democracy reigned supreme.

So here I am in April writing my first letter home. Why have I waited this long? Don't ask?

Yours etc, etc,
Your baby

PS the following are list of GCSU awards which I will present in the near distant future.

1. The "Me and Pat, no, never" award- Cheryl Watson.
2. The Golden Nose Award- Dorothy Watson.
3. The "Oh ya, I'm Open" award- Pat Misek.
5. The "I can do everything" award- W.F. Chee
9. The Jew from the Sault award- Pat Misek
10. The Leon Trotsky award- Daniel Harris.



My Favourite Canadian Hero

by Dave Gray

My favorite Canadian hero is without a doubt, Ronald MacDonald of MacDonald's restaurant fame. Ronald is MacDonald's most visible and definitive symbol--he is in the true sense of the word, a clown. Like most Canadian phenomenon MacDonalds has its origins in the US. The company name is of British origin and serves as 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

while aiding in the destruction of Canada's economic independence by encouraging reliance on American goods.

The majority of the Canadian public seems to have no qualms about selling out to American interests even when the American product standards are inferior to that of domestic companies as is the case with MacDonald's.

Throughout our history as a nation we have not only allowed American domination of our country in every sphere of influence, ludicrous as it may seem we have actually encouraged it.

As I have already stated, Ronald MacDonald personi-

fies MacDonald's. He is in all probability more of a household word than Pierre Trudeau. His is certainly a more popular one for most Canadians.

For millions of kids and an incredible number of adults in this country, Ronald MacDonald is a hero. Since I can think of no other Canadian public figure who I consider a hero--Ronald will have to do.

Perhaps some day, a real hero will emerge, and all we Canadians out in MacDonald land will wake up and tell Ronald and other similar American interests what they can do with their "Big Macs."

TAKE A LOOK
HERE'S THE LATEST

News Bulletin

Art Gallery

Dependable person needed to supervise Glendon Gallery from 1:00 pm Mon to Fri, 8:00 to 10:00 Mon to Thurs, and Sundays from 2:00 to 5:00 pm at 2.65/hr. Please contact Laurie at the gallery for further information.

Ultra Violence League

The Glendon Ultra Violence League will be selling flowers this week in front of the cafeteria to support their many community activities. UVL members promise that those people not buying flowers will be sent a whole bunch--at their funeral.

Guest Lecturer

The distinguished British political scientist Ralph Rubberband will give a series of lectures entitled "Why you should buy me latest book" next week in the Bookstore.

Special Film

The History Club is showing the Glendon premiere of Jack Off's new epic of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, seen from the eyes of a Moscow prostitute. War and Piece. Please bring your own popcorn, butter will be provided.

RADIO
GLENDA



MUSIC FOR AN
OPEN MIND

Inside These Pearly Gates

The Final Klunker Awards

by Brian Barber

Wow. 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 I 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 uncommon idiosyncracies.

The envelopes please.

And the winners are...

- 1) The "Which Way Is Glendon?" Award to Al McPherson for his performance as a bumbling idiot at the GRE'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 Starbuck for his clandestine presidential campaign.

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

4) The "Cheryl Watson-Joseph Gonda Roaring Rhetoric" 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 Harvard" Award to Peter Hall for daring to alter the hairstyle 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 Vahi Katenjian for his unabashed displays of affection and verbal endearment to this writer. Same to you, Vahi. Smooch.

8) The "That's Not My Purse, That's Part Of My Body" Award to Robyn Stewart for continuing to ignore the advice of her doctor, who advocates surgical removal of the above-mentioned growth.

9) The "Dare to be Different" Award to Ted Munroe, the only person at Glendon with enough self-confidence to drink beer straight from the bottle whilst wearing a

10) The "I'll Gladly Repay You Tuesday For A Hamburger Today" 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 Gracefully" 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 Allio. Paul has invested enough quarters in King Pin to buy it four times over. Now if it would just match...

14) The "Playgirl Centerfold Lookalike" Award to K. Ian MacAdam who raises the anatomical question, "Is that a man or a tripod?"

15) The "Poor Man's Transportation" Award to the rubes that arrived at this writer's party in the back of Moulton's dump truck.

16) The "Doesn't That Just

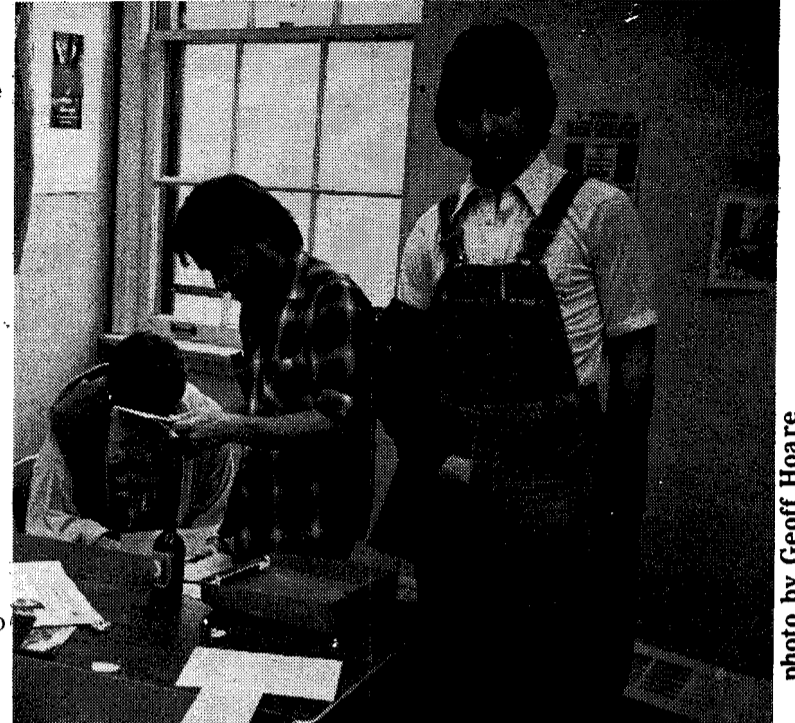


photo by Geoff Hoare

Is this how Napoleon got his start?

Frost Your Underwear" Award to the 12 sad souls mentioned above.

17) The "Case of Mistaken Identity" Award to Michael O'Brien and Brian Barber. 'Nuff said.

18) The "Oscar Madison Interior Design" Award to Charlie Edwards whose room is filled with so much junk that his shadow has to sleep in the hallway.

19) The "Sorry Folks, We Were Just Kidding" Award to the Glendon College Student Union for thier recent

about-face on the Auditor-General issue.

20) The "Glendon Dry Cleaners and Laundry" Award to the students here who live by the slogan, "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.

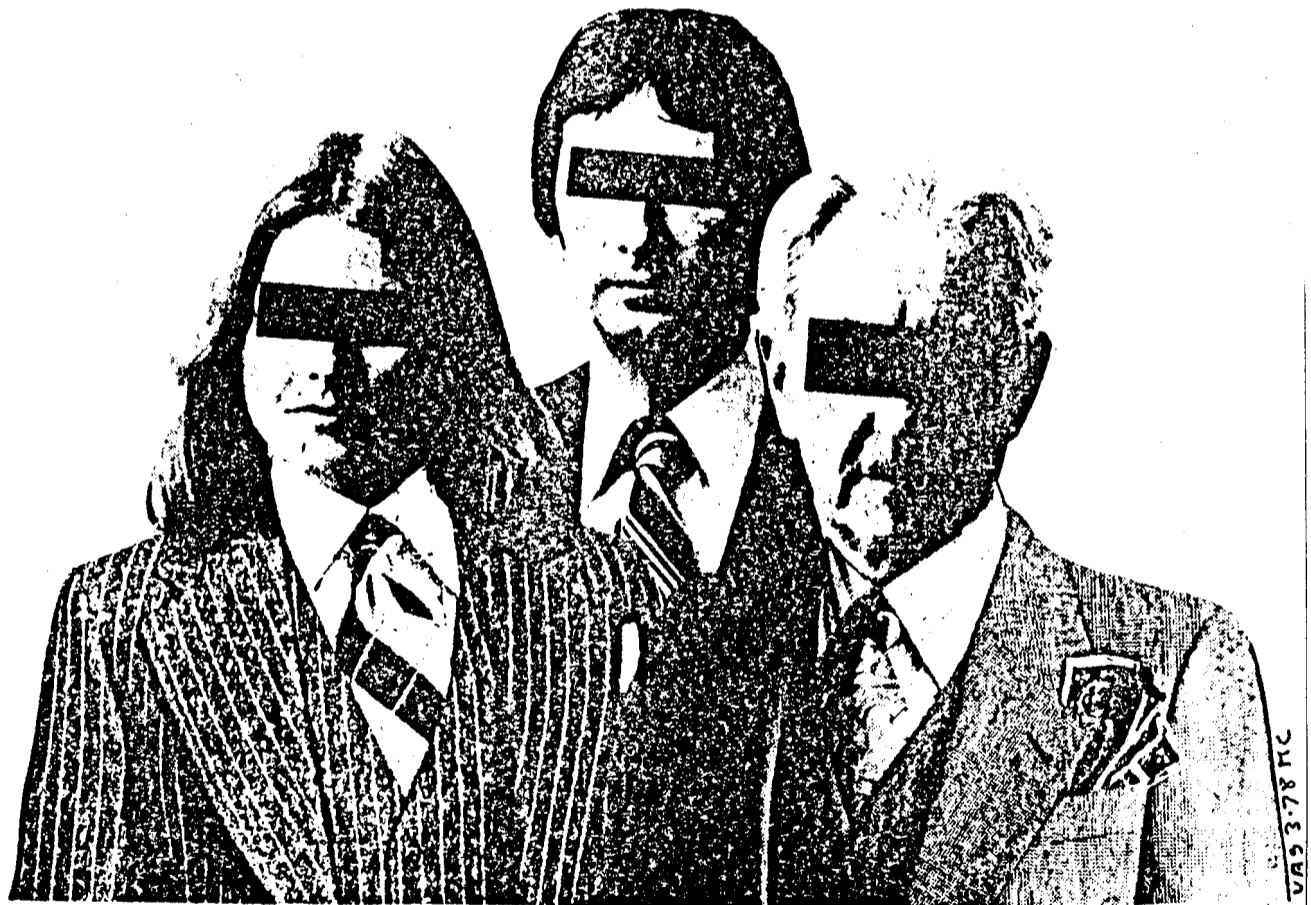
What about us? We get a \$78 million Federal Grant to set up an operation in Guatemala.

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.

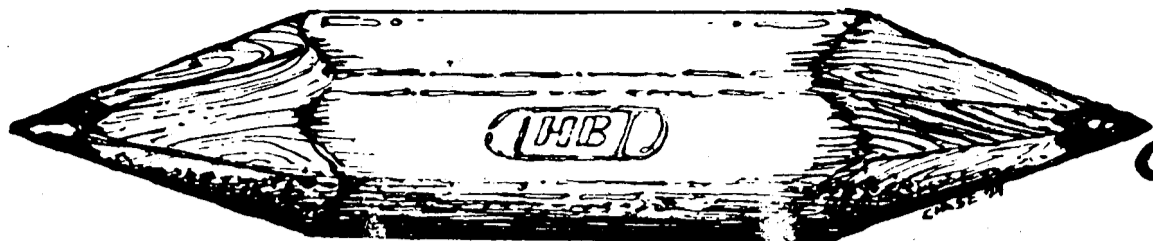
They like INCO.

Laying off people who want to work



Multinationals and their friends.

Letters



Letters

someone Likes Us

To the editor:

Another year at Ye Olde Glendon has come and gone, and once again the minority of literate Glendonites are faced with the final issue of Pro Tem (for the second time this year, I might add).

Despite the profuse criticism of our noble journal, Pro Tem has successfully performed an invaluable function for our campus--reporting significant campus activities both eloquently and enthusiastically, criticising the many aspects of our school which cry out for condemnation, providing a

soapbox for frustrated students to air their beefs, and injecting that all-so-vital vein of humour without which we would all become prime candidates for the looney-farm. When the pressures of exams and essays increases at times like this, we need Pro Tem and its resident lunatics all the more.

Too bad you have to go so soon, guys, but thanks for brightening up the Campus this year... have a good summer--see you next September!

Yours nostalgically
Joe "Mad Dog" Holmes

North Bay

Nora

To the editor:

I'm afraid the newly-ratified Pro Tem editor, Brian Barber, will not be able to assume his duties as scheduled next September. Instead he appears to be pursuing a more lucrative employment opportunity.

He's modeling Julius Schmidt's newest model, "The Red Avenger".

Yours 'till the end,
North Bay Nora

Blintz's Mailbag

To the editor:

I didn't really make up any of these letters this year. Remember the one about Theresa Doyle? She really wanted the how-to manual. I guess she got it anyway. And the manual too. And Nancy Corcoran's letter? You guessed it. Not only was her French exam oral, but I think she really had to swallow hard for some of those questions. Remember the letter about Al Parish's wife? Right again. They're going to name it Miquel. Brian Cooke. Yup! and not only does he strum without a guitar, he fiddles with his wee wee. What about that letter from the Psych Department? You bet. Al McPherson's books were sent overseas so little children in Guatemala could learn about coefficient variables and operant conditioning. Remember the one from Stuart Starbuck? It was gospel truth because he tried to sell drugs to my six year old brother. Jim White? Right again. Not only is he the world's oldest drug pushing student of Glendon, but he's also a personal friend of Stuart Starbuck. Will anyone forget Brian Barber's letter? Yes, so did I. How about that letter from Jim Moir? He wrote it and I heard he's still dangerous in the shower. What about Mary Jean Martin's letter? It's true and they still all call her tapioca because she can be made in a minute. And the one from Rob Williams' parents? Pure fact at birth they didn't know if he'd walk or fly. They still don't. And who could forget the letters from Marshall Katz? All true but they wouldn't have been if his rabbi hadn't sneezed. Dave "Disco" Wexler? I have to admit they were all true. Does this mean I don't get the suit whole-

sale? How about the letter from Garth Brownscombe? As far as I know he's still trying to find out if Robin's like the taste of pork. And of course Stephen Lubin's many letters? He wrote them all. After all he had lots of time since he used my last year's sociology essays. Remember the letter from Mike Pomer? He wrote two but I couldn't unstick them. How about the ones from Cheryl Watson? She threatened to beat me off, I mean up, if they weren't printed. And Dorothy Watson? That one was true too. Her head really does disappear when she yawns. Those letters from Lex Dunkledon? He's still wondering who's Pam Eatin. Lee Zimmerman wrote a letter? Of course, and it has been found that his "Saturday Night Fever" is really tertiary syphilis. Did Bill Helpburn really write those letters? Yes but in crayon of course. They don't allow him to use anything sharp. And Richard Robuck? Yes and he still sits in his reserve seats in Maple Leaf Gardens and makes newspapers soggy thinking of Kurk Walker naked. And Gisèle Leduc? I knew those were her letters because of the unmistakable paw print. Did Ross Nicbottom really write those letters? Naturally. And if you think he scrambles when you drop a dime, you should see what he'll do for a quater. And what about Joe "No Stones" Holmes? Yes and he still has the charm and personality of a hemerroid. Charlie Laframboise? You bet. He's still trying to dip the salami in old Tar a Raboomdeay. And lastly and by all means least, what about Bill "the Korea Kid" Firman? Well, what about him?

Vince McCormack

Soochow's Revenge

Dear Pro Temmers (I lump you together because I don't have a crowbar):

I realize now that I just can't sink to your level of journalism; for that I'd need a cesspool and a 400lb. turkey. (Any of your writers would do).

But, spring is here! The smell of it is in the air, the smell of you, in the ground, and I am moved to put pen to paper in an effort to describe in words, my thanks and appreciation for all that you have done to/for me this year.

Having been a fan of Speedy Muffler commercials (that's muffler, Vince!) all my life; you know, the place where they make you feel like a somebody, I never thought that it could happen to me. Well thanks to your paper, it didn't. It was close mind you. You took a "normal" Glendon student and made of him a neurotic inksniffer, always turning to the centre page in an effort to find out what malicious, slanderous lies had been written about him that week. He then spent the next 24 hours carefully ripping out the centre page of each and every one of the Pro Tem "rags" (don't get hungry Leo) in an effort to

save his name. Unfortunately it was all in vain. Knowing this now, I'd like to return all 7,000 of the centre pages which I had stored away. They are a bit soiled; but then house-training rabbits isn't easy.

But I'm getting away from the thrust of the article, which is to "describe" my appreciation at having been reamed all year. Leo Fournier and Vince McCormick spent long nights together working hard, I'm sure, to come up with some of the material they used. For what they put out (in effort) they received quite a bit in return (At least Vince "received", or so Leo says!). After all, true "friendship" is hard to come by these days. And Vince, we all hope you're off your back, and on your feet real soon. Vince, Leo, Lubin and the boys (?); I can't thank you enough for the _____ that you've brought to my life. Reading Pro Tem has not made me healthy, wealthy, or wise. It has not brought me either fame or fortune. But it has given me ample subject matter for my new project: transplanting "wimp" (yes I'm not ashamed to use your word) brains in "rab-

bits". Think how much better off you'll be when you can "see" the 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 tribute to you all, I'd like to propose that the name of the paper be changed, from Pro Tem, to "Pour Ten" in recognition of all the "stock" beer you've consumed (bottle, caps, and all). To sum up, Pro Tem has given me "seconds" of reading pleasure, a new outlook on life (I now believe in Euthanasia!), and a pronounced twitch 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 (remember the "dodo" bird).

Soochow Jr.

P.S. I couldn't say goodbye without one last try at a ream. So here goes: Dear Vince, I hope that hair transplant goes through, you need it more than she does! Dear Lube, keep plugging away, you're bound to "strike" it rich some day. Dear Leo, don't worry, I won't tell Anita Bryant, your secret's safe with me!

Letters From the Out-Take Bin

To the editor:

Jeff Rogers leter was lousy. Who does he tink he is? We all tink he should be shot and pissed on. Us guys like your magasine and we get Joey ta reed it to us evry Friday nite after shuffle-bord praktise. We even passed do hat for ya Mark. Wele lone ya some dough if ya still need it.

Sincerely

Da boys from da bar
P.S. We don't understand anythin writed by Cats. Are ya shur he nose howta rite? And send down dat Taka-

watever, were gonna string him up. As a matter of fact, send em all down. Wele learn 'em soem respect.

To the editor:

Would you please pass this letter on to Katz and Lechen?

One of our klansmen chanced upon your latest issue of Pro Tem and upon persual, he noticed something of particular interest to us all. I am referring to the proposed idea of

establishing a Glendon Jewish Society.

Since we are definitely "interested in Jewish affairs", we would all appreciate it very much if you would consider us part of your society.

We are anticipating, with baited breath, your general meeting because we have views to air and ideas to present in as much as we have a keen concern regarding your social events.

Sincerely,

The K.K.Klan
(Toronto div.)



Three lawsuits, a petition and social castigation...not bad!

Pro Tem



Glendon College,
York University
2275 Bayview Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
M4N 3M6

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production: Pete McInnis, Brian Barber, Stuart Starbuck and Leo Fournier.

you can't argue with a sick mind

by Mark Everard
editor-in-chief

When I agreed to take on this job last year, outgoing editor Clare Uzielli warned me against working with friends. Her advice made a lot of sense. Working with people you know can sometimes lead to slackness, conflict of egos and could ultimately break up a friendship. It stands to reason-- How can you tell your best buddy that his article sucks or your girl friend that she's not typing fast enough? For that matter, how can you tell volunteer writers that they're fired if they don't get their story in on time?

I don't mean to burden you with the trials and tribulations of being an editor of a big college weekly, but I would like to say that, despite Clare's advice, I relied very heavily on friends this year, and I think things didn't turn out so badly. On the occasion of our final issue then, let me take this opportunity to thank all those who made **Pro Tem** such a success this year.

Firstly, I'd like to mention the news department. For the past three years this has been one area in which **Pro Tem** has been sadly deficient. However, under the patient leadership of Garth Brownscombe, and with the help of contributors Byron Burholder, Mark Enchin, Dorothy Watson and Stuart Starbuck, the number and quality of news stories this year have improved greatly. This hard-working bunch were able to shed a little light on the many important issues facing students today, and have performed an invaluable task for Glendon.

Another section that has shown a marked improvement is entertainment. Originally under the auspices of Richard Schwindt who contributed some fine pieces before stepping down from the post, the editorship then befell to Dave Gray who promptly changed the name of the page to "Let Us Entertain You". Gray's main area of interest is the theatre, and he soon began turning out some very polished articles on that subject. He was ably aided in his endeavours by Lee Zimmerman, Mark Terry and many other less frequent contributors. Also lending a hand was that old campaigner Rob Williams, who as Rocky Ragoon, rounded out the section with several film and music reviews.

A subject that is not always the most glamorous, but which is of great importance to the college as a whole, is the sports section. This year, Ross Longbottom has almost singlehandedly turned out a high

quality page week after week. As well as maintaining some popular features like "Pro Team", Ross has communicated effectively with the Glendon athletics department and done feature articles on some aspects of sport that do not always enjoy the spotlight. In carrying out his chores, Ross received some belated, but very greatly appreciated help from Tony Hoare, and enjoyed the co-operation of several other correspondents who wrote on the sports in which they were involved.

"Social Disease" was the name that adorned what was arguably the most frequently read page in **Pro Tem** this year. The mastermind behind that section, Stephen Lubin, and the paper as a whole came in for some criticism because of the personal nature of some of the items on that page, but we are convinced it fulfilled the function for which it was created--to inform Glendonites of the many social events going on at this campus and to increase our interpersonal communication. Steve got a great deal of help from that old warhorse Dave Moulton, whose enthusiasm and abilities bolstered not only this section but also occasionally the news, entertainment and editorial departments.

Thanks also go out to those talented and versatile funny-men, Vince McCormack and Leo Fournier. Vince always took time out of his busy schedule to dash off some hilarious "reams" that went a long way towards making it all worth while for us. Leo, though a less frequent contributor, was matched in his ability to go for the jugular only by his fresh, clear style of writing.

Another innovation this year has been the literary page. Although "Oasis" fell short of editor Craig Laudrum's plans, we believe it was a worthwhile attempt to reach a special segment of the Glendon community. Great inroads were also made on the visual side of the paper. Graphic artist Frank Remarr Chase, alias Chuck Laframboise, did some very professional illustrations that never failed to brighten up these pages, and has designed a number of our regular logos. We also had an active photography department that included Donn Butler and Jennifer Palmer. However, the visual side of **Pro Tem** did not really begin to happen until Geoff Hoare joined our staff with two months left to go. Geoff is responsible for the many beautiful photographs which appear on the front and other pages. Without its production staff

Pro Tem would be nothing but 12 empty pages. Thanks go out to Nancy Corcoran, Meg Ferullo and Sue Bourcier and to those who helped with proofing and pasteup, especially Pete McInnis, who also appeared on these pages as Ravi Age, Ma Bell and Mort Kiley.

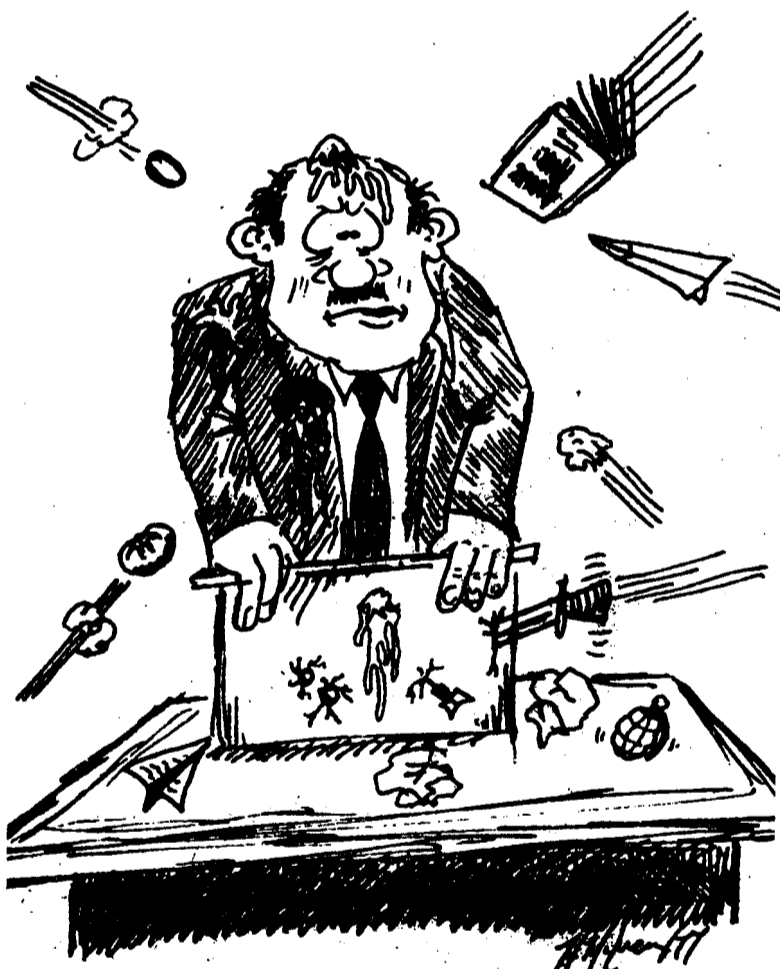
One area of this paper that has fallen down this year is the French material. This is by no means a reflection on Pierre Robitaille, who week after week submitted some carefully crafted stories, or our other contributors, Gisèle Leduc, Claude Martel and Christiane Beaupre. Rather, the fault lies squarely with our inability to inspire input from the many Québécois on campus. Perhaps this will improve next year.

Speaking of next year, we would like to pass on our best wishes to Brian Barber, who should do one hell of a good job as **Pro Tem** editor for 1978/79. Brian this year was a columnist of some repute. Joining him to make our columns some of the most interesting and stimulating features I have ever seen in the student press were Bill Hepburn, Al McPherson, Gerry Flahive and Michael Ridout.

Another frequent contributor was Marshall Katz, who displayed an admirable amount of tolerance in his ability to take the "reams" in these pages and keep on writing. Thanks are also extended to Cheryl Watson, who did the occasional presidential report, and to anyone I've forgotten to mention.

Well, that seems to be everybody. Everybody, that is except Sarah Irwin. Though some people complained that **Pro Tem** was frequently late in arriving on the news stands, it probably would never have appeared at all if it were not for Sarah. In her position as production manager, Sarah was in charge of the many assorted technical aspects of the paper. However, Sarah has also written articles, done the typesetting singlehandedly and laid out whole sections of the newspaper. On occasion she has even put together the literary page at a moments notice. Thanks hon.

Words begin to fail me as I try to express my unbounded gratitude to each of the generous, gifted people mentioned above. For those of you who were already my friends, I think this year has only strengthened our friendship. Those of you who I did not know, I hope I have found several new friends. Now, I think I'll go into retirement.

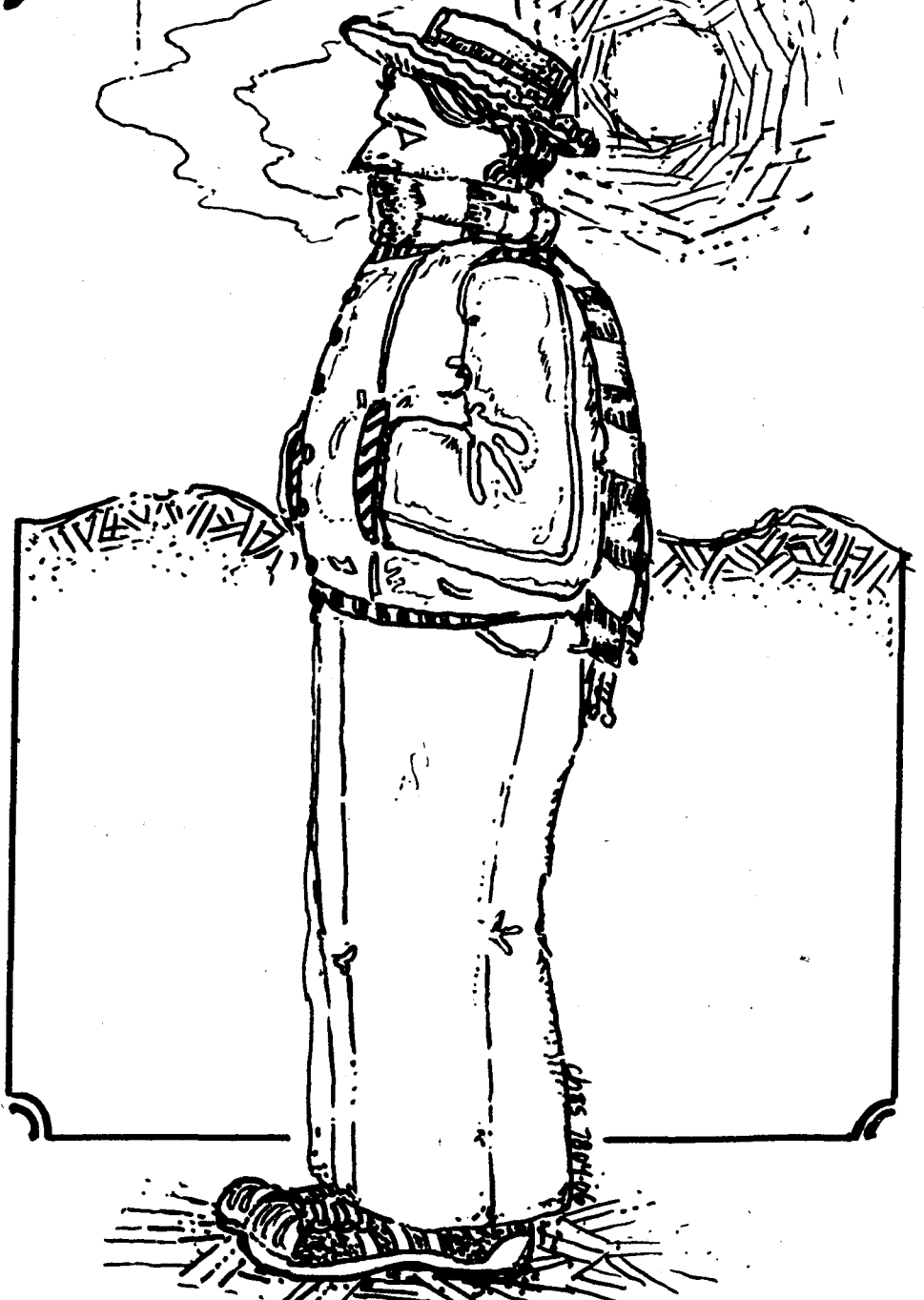
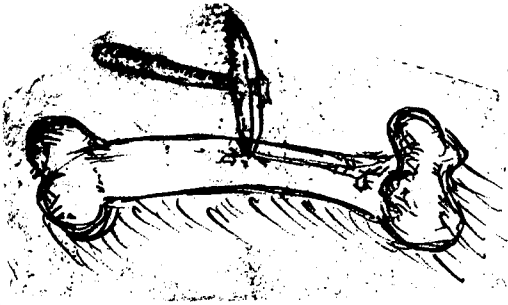
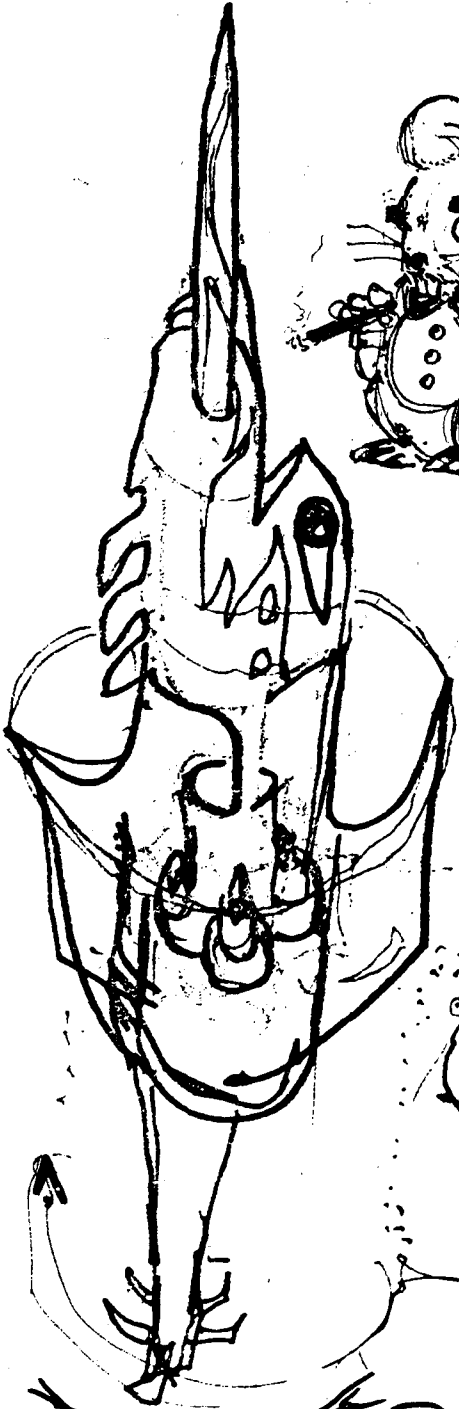


"I UNDERSTAND THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS CLASS AREN'T TOTALLY SATISFIED WITH THEIR MARKS...."

Staff Meeting

PRO TEM INVITES ALL NEXT YEARS' PRO TEM STAFF, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE, FULL OR PART-TIME, TO AN OFFICIAL MEETING FRIDAY APRIL 14 AT 1:00 PM IN THE PAPER'S OFFICES. COME OUT AND DISCUSS THAT'S FRIDAY AT 1:00 P.M. EVERYONE'S WELCOME.

REMARR- FRANKINASE





ODE 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 deviate 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 plea.

We were once all so naive
 As to actually believe,
 That the patrons in a T-room
 came for tea.



We were given explanations,
 Of successful degradations,
 For those of us who tend to
 go astray.

We learned the stigma & affliction,
 Of food and drug addiction,
 And how delinquents got to be
 that way.

I am constantly amazed,
 At the multitude of ways,
 And lengths we'll go in order
 not to fail.

The crunch was really felt,
 And the final blow was dealt,
 By demanding that we all spend
 time in jail.

The ways used to recruit,
 And train a prostitute,
 Would embarrass any self-respecting
 Pastor.

In seminars informal,
 We learned which crimes were normal.
 Yes, we've been guided through the
 subject by a Master.

But I'd like to understand,
 How much knowledge is first-hand,
 As compared to what he learned in
 books at school.

You'll forgive us if we tease,
 Because everyone agrees,
 Our Professor Diamond really is
 a jewel.

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.

Now the time has come to go,
 It would be a shame, you know,
 To waste the information I
 have gotten,

So I've come to the decision,
 That in spite of all derision,
 I'll adopt a style of life that's
 really ROTTEN!!!!



ILLUSTRATION FOR THE CHRONICLE BY SALVADOR BRU

Special Summer Travel Section



Total Trips to the Soviet Union and Ireland

by Richard Schwindt

Having forgiven the editors of this rag for all transgressions, I have decided to once more prostitute my talents and prepare an article for Pro Tem. (Am I back in the gang now Mark? ---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 the other hand, if money is lacking, one must settle for the best available. For instance, the bus fare to Huntsville is quite reasonable and the rates 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 excursion and, if you never do sober up, you may even decide to stay.

If its Wednesday, this must be vodka

The first of my major travels took me to the USSR. A fine place, that --and intellectually stimulating too. I travelled on a bus with a group of Australian women. It was a lovely arrangement. During the day I would explain the history of Russia to them as we visited the Tsar's palaces, the Kremlin, the park of economic achievement, etc. During the evening they would pick me up and put me to bed after I had attempted to keep up with their drinking pace.

While most young Canadians frown on bus tours, they do have some real advantages. For one thing they're cheap. Also, you're never alone or, without an experienced comrade and, best of all in my opinion, they get you into some places that you would never get 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

that if nothing else happened I could kill time in a pub for two weeks.

Fortunately, the results were pure poetry. One of the local secretaries picked me up at the airport and decided to show me the town, Joyce's and Behan's pubs, and Dublin life in general. I took off to the Aran islands where the natives still speak Gaelic and dance around fires during the night at crosses in the road. And where ancient fortresses of Celtic monks are perched on three-hundred foot cliffs forsaken by all but the wind and the moss. I went to Sligo and followed Yeats' path to the deserted isle of Innisfree on Lough Gill in a rented rowboat. At night the natives would buy me Guinnesses and then point me in the direction of my guest house.

The key to enjoying travel is in your attitude--you must really takes -off mentally when your plane leaves the ground and forget about any care or responsibilities that stay behind you. Be friendly to everyone you meet because if you're friendly to them its surprising how friendly they will be to you. Drink a lot-- your car and nine o'clock class are back in Toronto. One thing that you will find if you travel is that everybody everywhere else drinks a lot unless you're keeping up with them they will cease to make sense very quickly. Eat the local foods and take in the

culture. Romantisize what you are doing; combined with pictures that will make the memories all the better. Unless you are in Arabia of some other restricted society it doesn't hurt to make a few advances on the local women (or whatever). It will be the people you meet that ultimately make your trip as joyful and complete as possible.

In short, what I am advocating is a total trip, body, mind and spirit. Not only is that one of the purest forms of education, but it is also the most fun. If you go with the right attitude from the start its the easiest thing in the world.



Our correspondant recommends lots of these when travelling



This is Norway to Treat a Lady

by Vince McCormack

Who can afford Europe? And who really wants to see southern Ontario? I have the only real sensible solution. For \$3.00 I not only saw many part 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 Blowjob. 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-shaped vallies in Norway. At this point, the man sitting

beside me got so involved with the scenery, I could feel the hot springs myself.

Ingrid meets a tall strapping Norwegian named Lars Leaka, who works in a ball bearing factory. He shows her a fine precision tool, something Norwegians are known for. Lars takes Ingrid for a stroll in a meadow and lays down beside her. However, 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 Norwegian.

We are taken next on a whirlwind tour of such notable cities as Oslo, Voss and Trondheim--at this point Ms Blowjob has more herring than the North Sea. Then we reach the breath-

taking Jötunheim Mountains where we see Ingrid proudly display her twin peaks and also catch a glimpse of a little forest. At this point I must commend the Eve cinema. While staring at the beautiful spread in front of me, four men in the back row made it snow! However, the breathing effects did not really sound like a mountain breeze as much as an old fashioned Havganger Fiord hurricane!

At this point, Ingrid is reunited with one of her friends and they gayly disrobe. I now know why they call the Norwegians whalers, as opposed to Swedes, who are mostly moaners.

The movie takes us further north to Navvik and Tromso, just above the Arctic Circle. I've heard that

this is the Land of the Midnight Sun, yet all 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 Hammerfest which was an appropriate name because Ingrid's partner certainly had a fest with his hammer. Ms Blowjob next takes us on a tour of a scenic cave, which must have been used in World War II as an arms depot because she tells us that all the servicemen used to put their weapons in it.

In the city of Fannrem, Ingrid meets a man and the plot comes to a head. There must have been a malfunction at this point because snow started falling from the projectionist's booth. The

movie then gives us a quick aerial shot of Ingrid and a man ploughing in the field. The man beside me must have really gotten into the movie--he offered me some popcorn and it wasn't until I reached the bottom of the box that I realized that there wasn't any left. But it may have all fallen out because there wasn't any bottom on the box either. So I had a handful of nuts.

The movie is certainly worth seeing. 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 (Hic!)

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.

One of the first things that will strike you about London is the number of pubs that can be found there. They say there's a pub on every streetcorner in London, and they're not far wrong. Our rooms on Great Russel Street had one not half a block away. Unfortunately, it sold only Watney's (which is the Labatt's 50 of English

beer), so we avoided it like the London Savoy avoids students.

Perhaps a quick note here about the ownership of pubs would be valuable. Most English pubs are owned by one of several main breweries in the country. They are thus permitted to sell only the brands manufactures by that company. You thus select a pub not only on the basis of its decor, atmosphere and clientele, but also by which brewery owns it.

This must be borne in mind as you're undertaking one of the first tasks you'll have during your stay in London--the selecting of your "local". The local is the one pub you'll centre out, as most native Englishmen do, to spend some time in, and which, given the great variety and number of pubs in the city, is probably the only one you'll go to more than once.

Our local was the Sun, a "freehouse" (one of a handful of pubs not under the control of any brewery) just off High Holborn Street. We had our first sample of "real ale" there, and also the first of our many encounters with English hospitality. Being introduced to a few genuine cockneys on a Sa-

turday night, we soon found ourselves being pumped with pint after pint of the house's best bitter, without ever having to touch our wallets. Being somewhat unaccustomed to bitter, which is the characteristically smooth, full-bodied English ale, we certainly found our appetites whetted and our bedsheets wetted.

After selecting a local, you'll want to visit some of the more famous pubs in London. One to keep in mind is the Sherlock Holmes. Situated just off Trafalgar Square, you can drop into the Sherlock for lunch after a morning of sightseeing (nearby attractions: Lord Nelson's column, Canada House). The notable feature of this establishment is the impressive display of Holmes' memorabilia, which includes a reconstruction of the famous detective's sitting room at 221B Baker Street.

Intending to have just one pint in the Sherlock, we found the allure of the decor and the aroma of the bitter too much to resist. Six large mugs of beer later, we were evicted from the premises. foiled as the newcomer often is, by the regulation that all pubs must close at 2:30 in the afternoon and not reopen till the supper hour.

Another establishment which merits a special visit is the Prospect of Whitby. You can take in this historic pub after visiting the nearby Tower of London. It affords a terrific view of the activity along the Thames River and is suitably decorated in a nautical motif. Perhaps you'll want to follow our example and take home some souvenirs of this venerable pub-- just don't let the governor catch you.

After getting your basic training in London, a side-trip to some of the surrounding locales is very much in order. We first tried Surrey, a suburb south of London, where we were whisked without a moment's delay to the Earl Haig. There is nothing outstanding about

this establishment--it is not meant, as many pubs in London itself are, expressly for tourists--but it gives one a glimpse of the real working man's pub. Strangely, something in its atmosphere gave us a thirst somewhat akin to the mommoth capacities of your average Englishman, and we were forced to conclude an afternoon's festivities with a visit to the adjoining off-licence (the English equivalent to a Brewer's Retail store) to purchase two huge tins of draught beer.

Moving on to the picturesque county of Kent, an easy car ride from London, we experienced a typical country pub, the Hound. Here the walls were whitewashed, the ceilings laden with immense timbers, the publican clad in cardigan and tie and the local patrons enthusiastically played at darts in one corner. Nothing could have reassured one more convincingly that England, despite her present economic difficulties, is never going to perish than this quaint, polite little establishment.

However, a trip to the north of England and a sampling of their somewhat livelier pubs is also recommended. We journeyed first to Liverpool, famed in England for its importance as a shipping centre but better known in North America as being the home of the Beatles, and chanced upon a pub in the downtown area. Finding very little else in the city to recommend itself, we spent the best part of the evening in that establishment, getting to know some Liverpooldians and trying the local favourite, black and tan --- a half pint of bitter mixed with an equal amount of dark, creamy Guinness.

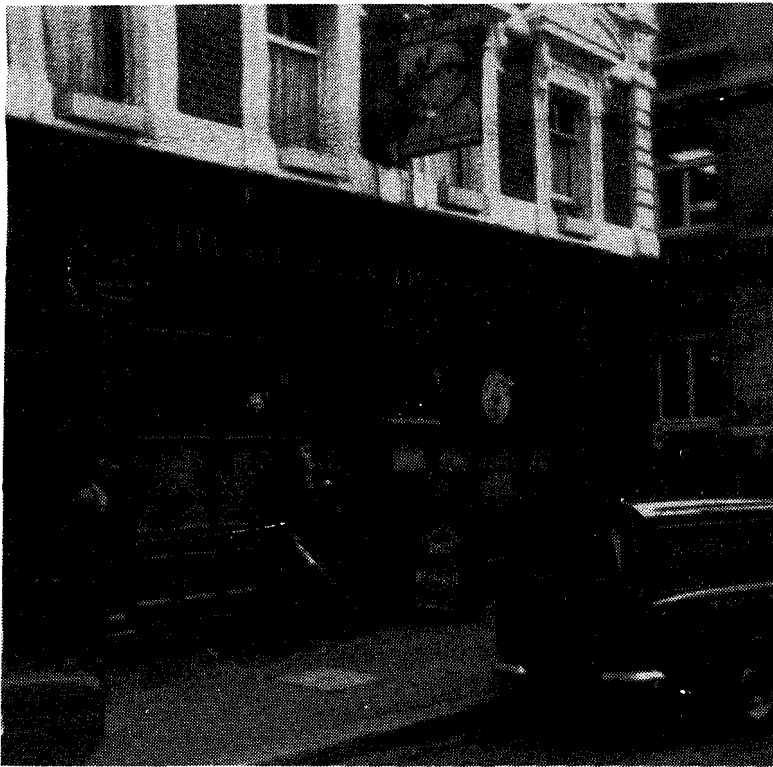
Stretching our trip into an international pub hop, we ventured next to Scotland, staying for the night in Edinburgh. After paying lip service to the famous Edinburgh Castle and strolling along Princess Street (the second best shopping area in the Kingdom, next to London's Oxford Street), we stumbled upon a hotbed of activity, not to mention several natives of that city who had inexplicably drunk themselves under the establishment's lovely hardwood tables. In the space of



a few hours, we absorbed a quantity of local colour that might have taken us weeks to find on our own. We also learned never to confuse the portrait on the Scottish pound note of national hero Robbie Burns with the famous American comedian of the same surname.

The final notable stop on our return trip to London took us through Sherwood Forest, and we stopped in nearby Nottingham for lunch. There, nestled beneath the walls of the castle from which the evil Sherrif of Nottingham would sally forth on Robin Hood and his merrie men, we found the Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem, said to be the oldest pub in England. According to local legends, it dates back too 1189, when the crusaders stopped in on their way to the Holy Land, and this is borne out by the portions of the establishment that are actually caves dug into the surrounding rock. If any further reason is needed to visit this historical pub, the naturally-brewed Marsten's ale should suffice--this potent brew had us going 102 along the M1 in our tiny Ford Escort.

On this note, we conclude our survey of English pubs. While a pub holiday is by no means the only method of seeing this fabulous country, we recommend it highly as a point of departure. The best of luck with your trip in England, and as the English say when someone up the tab for a round of drinks (which invariably is the case), cheers!



An unidentified Glendon 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, its time to get serious and face up to the holes 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 "Endless Wire". Who can afford Europe?

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

Sudbury--Nice slag. Big nickle. A great local for

rockhounds or Neanderthals.

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

Mattawa-- No airplane is needed to fly here. The mosquitos will carry you away.

Ottawa--If you're not a civil servant, you won't like it here.

North Bay--This 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-- Unquestion-

ably the finest city in the province. Lots of beer, babes, and bergers. You'll look like a native if you wear a club jacket.

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

London-- The absolute pits. Judging by the demeanor of some of the residents, they'd prefer to be in Brampton.

Brampton-- This place really sucks. Unless you are a wimp-eyed dink, you'll hate it.

Oshawa-- The mayor could change its name to Hamilton and nobody would know the difference. All tourists are reminded that hard hats are mandatory.





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 most 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 unfortunates, Peter "Two Words" McInnis 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 partying 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 stil!

took top honors as the Glendon team to finish first across the line. Dare Foods were 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

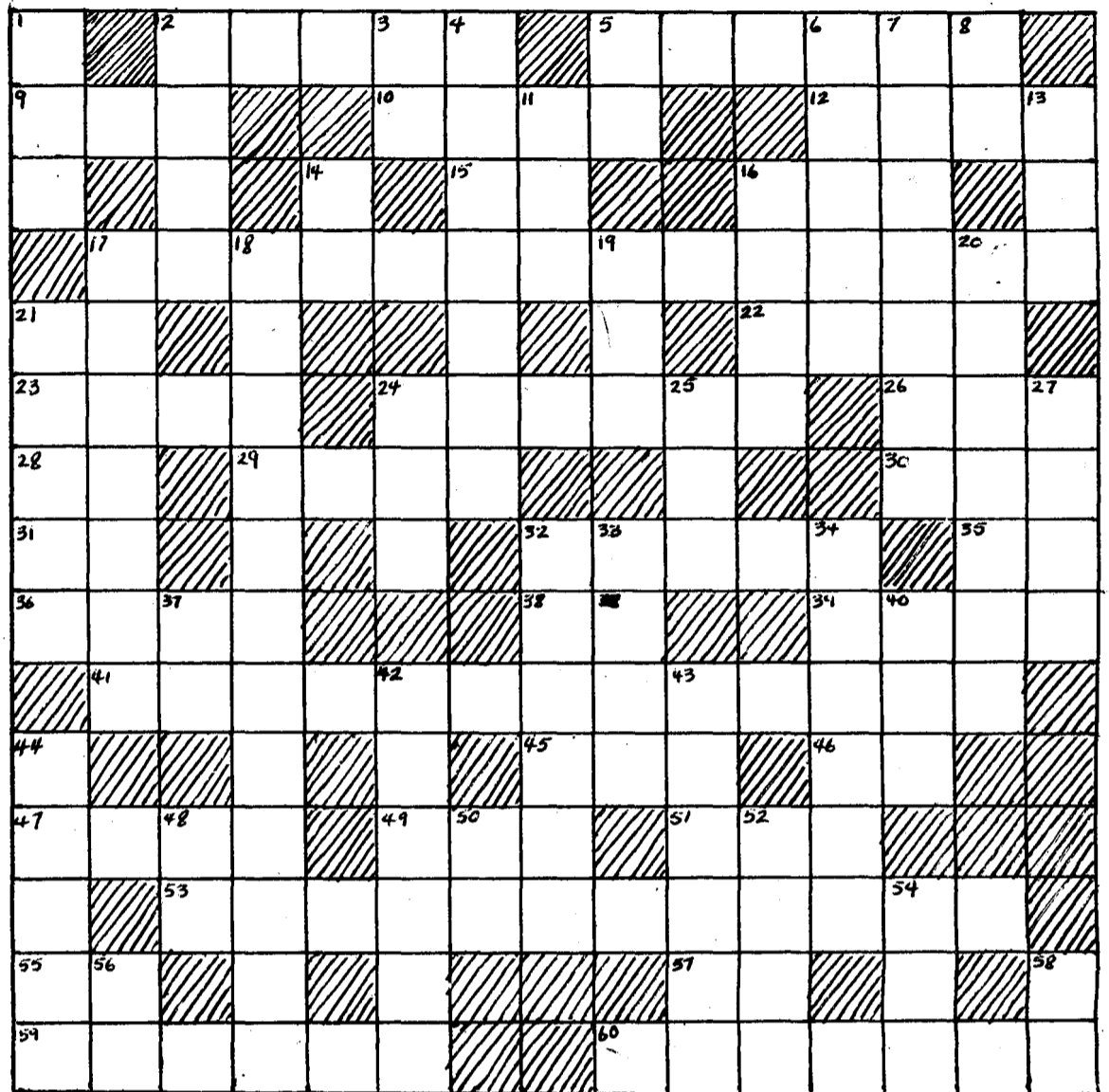
is to run from Glendon to the Muir Park Hotel, sit and have several ales and then proceed to return to the campus. No wonder they lagged behind everyone else in the race.

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

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

Fournier's 4-Letter Crossword



by Leo Fournier

Across

- 2- The late great Rob William's vanished page.
- 5-What Frost librarian Jim Quixley has when "the Greek" Moir renews a book.
- 9- Scrotem
- 10-Those of the female sex are born with two pair.
- 12 Russian roulette is a dangerous one.
- 16-The young of a ruminant hollow-horned quadruped
- 17-The "Little paper that grew" thrives on this type of reporting.
- 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 feeding ourselves with Beaver Food, we all are proud owners of underwear customized with this type of patch.
- 28-Dave Wexler's expression in reaction to a Dow Jones drop.
- 29- What Brian Barber's mother disowned him for saying (besides "I'm gay").
- 30-Ragout de Starbuck.
- 31- Singer of "Long Tall Glasses" (initials).
- 32-The crust Dave Moulton scrapes off his 'Mr Briefs' after a date with June.
- 35-The objective case plural of the personal pronoun of the first person.
- 36-Dave Gray forgot himself and inflicted one of these wounds on his slave during his last S & M encounter.
- 38-Monogram of the 33rd

U.S. president.

- 39-Vince's favourite cologne: "Eau de....."
- 41- Pro Tem scandal mongers' column.
- 45- U.S. basketball league (abrev).
- 46-To visit.
- 47- What is in Pete McInnis's pants (Fr.)
- 48-Street (Fr.)
- 51-'Five finger discount'
- 53-Kosher diet (3 words).
- 55-Ms Lollabrigida's initials if she married Steve 'the rube' Lubin.
- 59-"The Lastof Beau Geste".
- 60- The location of York's Cutback Headquarters (2 words).

Down

- 1- British television.
- 2- A demon that devours human beings (ie, our editor-in-chief).
- 3-First name of Mr "Hang in there".
- 4-The column the people you never want to hear about: "the Text.....".
- 5-Bone (Fr).
- 6-Sexy Sarah in bed.
- 7-GCSU 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, When men were full of glee, And women were'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 nymphomaniac (3 words).
- 19-Possess
- 20-The actual natural height of an animal body (note: natural means when it is soft.)
- 21-The only girls Garth Brownscombe gets under the covers.
- 24-Rock group interested in "Steet Action" (abrev).
- 25-Possessive pronoun (Fr.)
- 27- I.P. Knightley's bedspring problem.
- 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 vaseline 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 believe that Mark is Neverhard (clue:It's not a rubber dildo).
- 48- I believe this is a railway 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 Remick.
- 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

by Samuel Beckett

<p>VLADIMIR</p> <p>Gogo?</p> <p><i>(He does not answer)</i></p> <p>Gogo?</p> <p>ESTRAGON</p> <p>What?</p> <p>VLADIMIR</p> <p>Your trousers.</p> <p>ESTRAGON</p> <p>Yes. My trousers. <i>(Pause)</i></p> <p>What about them?</p> <p>VLADIMIR</p> <p>Take them off.</p> <p>ESTRAGON</p> <p>Certainly.</p> <p><i>(He does not move)</i></p>	<p>VLADIMIR</p> <p>Alright, then. Don't.</p> <p><i>(Estragon removes his trousers slowly. First one leg, and then the other.)</i></p> <p>ESTRAGON</p> <p>First one leg, and then the other. Life's like that. <i>(Pause)</i> Now what? <i>(They look at each other.)</i></p> <p>Oh. I see what you mean.</p> <p>VLADIMIR</p> <p>It would pass the time.</p> <p><i>(ESTRAGON nods. With a savage cry of despair, VLADIMIR leaps upon him)</i></p> <p>ESTRAGON</p> <p>You're in me! Oh my Godot, you're in me! O sweet Jesus Godot, yes!</p>
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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 Glendonite felt there was a need for a social column. After listening to a song by the Strangers in which the first line is "Someday 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...

Hang in there Al was asked last week about future plans at Glendon. Replied Al, "Well, I don't know." Asked where he was going, Big Al answered, "Well, er, I don't know."

And he still doesn't know. The following week the society page was appropriately renamed Social Disease and the author decided to write under a pseudonym for reasons of personal safety. That week he was joined by a 28 year old wank who gets off on reaming wimps on campus. Together they became Captain Crook and Peter Pan. Typical of their first combined efforts was...

We note that Sleazy Easy Al of Radio Glendon is back on campus. We are at a loss to understand why, given the fact that Alan has done all the bird courses offered and that birds fly south in the fall, he hasn't taken the hint.

The following week we received some negative feedback with...

Bob Faulkner is well named to do imitations of a certain famous writer from the southern United States. Unfortunately this has not been enough for wee Robie. The Hemingway style he has been using was cute but it has begun to wear thin--so have his jeans.

It only seemed fair to apologise to Mr Faulkner so the following week we did...

We apologise for last week's reference to Bob Faulkner's imitation of Ernie Hemingway. It has come to our attention that in fact Mr Faulkner has changed his campus role to that of Humphrey Bogart as the heavy in the pub. We at Social Disease can only hope that he lands the starring role in the upcoming remake of the Big Sleep and takes his role literally.

We then went on a tour to Oktoberfest...

The return trip was a sombre (but definitely not sober) affair as many Glendonites displayed distinct signs of weariness. David Moulton, by this time, not only lost his sobriety but also his voice. Some people would claim that he lost this puberty but how can one lose something one has never had. And Ian Lovelace lost his cookies--he claims something just snatched and away they went. And he's next year's pub manager!

The Smack Your Face gang then went a-boozing again, this time to a free piss-up at Carling...

As a result of last Sat-

urday's excursion of Glendon students to the Carling-O'Keefe breweries, all the people at Humber and Seneca colleges know why men at Glendon walk around black and blue. Wrist-wrestling contests were dominated by Glendon females, as Cheryl Watson and Pat Misek reached the finals. No Glendon guys went beyond the second round. It just goes to show that the Glendon male population is not getting enough wrist exercise. All around, the boys are having a hard time.

To say the least.

We then visited the November Marathon...

And how could we conclude without mentioning Jon Harris, the only person on campus sadistic enough to organise such an event? We only hope that next year Mr Harris will shorten the course lead to twice around the quad.

He didn't.

Then came Christmas...

Some commentators of the Glendon scene have referred to Livia Cayden as a body in search of a mind. However, it is also well known that a number of males on campus wouldn't mind searching her body. Now that is a dialectic for all you budding Marxists. (Ah, ah! no 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, our Dean of Students...

In history, we have wit-

nessed the Night of the Long Knives, and the Valentine's Day Massacre and now we can add the Winter Weekend "South African Safari" led by dean of students Indian Joe Gonda. Within the span of one afternoon, Indian Joe had banned four students from the activities on campus and effectively made them non-persons. He then proceeded to throw off campus one of those students who dared show up at the GRE extravaganza. Within 12 hours 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.

And then the DAP...

According to our entertainment editor, Dave Gray, innovation and the DAP never mix. It appears, however, that there is an exception with their production of Twelfth Night. Our sources have discovered that Debbie Leedham has not only found her true role in life--a clown--but she took on a male part without having one. We all know there were a few kinks in Michael Gregory's armour but this is ridiculous. Next he will have Edmund Thomas as Rapunzal and he won't be hanging down his hair. We realize this is a cocky prediction for the jerk of B house Wood.

Finally, we got the biggest wimps on campus, the chiro...

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.

Later, it seemed only right to preview our elections...

Gisèle "Apple a Day" Leduc (vote for her or you will be courtmartialled) and Tim "Hamilton Hardhat" Hyslop (he really isn't a lunch bucket) are battling it out for vice president external--NUS to them anyway. The final competition finds Mike "6.0 Average or Bust" Brooke matched up against Wayne "I'm Always Running Chee" for the position of vp internal. Well we know that's not the only position Mike has tried this year, given his membership in the Greek Chorus.

Finally, the year came to an end...

One of the most asked questions at Glendon this year has been: "Does Theresa Doyle ever wear anything else than painter's pants?" It has been reported that dear Theresa has even showered in them (alone, we believe) and that she sometimes attends posh Mount Pleasant parties attired in clothes that would embarrass even Michelangelo.

Despite all the many reams set forth in this column, one of the most asked questions on campus is "who are Captain Crook and Peter Pan?" If you don't know by now, you'll never find out. Muck 'em all!

Keeping a Low Profile

by Tweety and Tinkerbell

We told Tony Caldwell that we would remember something to ream him about; we're sorry, we apologize, we forgot, excuse us! But now we'll make up for it. He has found a new way to calm his sexual frustrations---strumpet (oops) trumpet music at 5.00 am. We don't need to ask it it's that bad; we've heard. Tony has also been seen chasing Robins through the woods, for Pete's sake. We don't think it was the spring that gave him the fever. We found out later that the fire was not in his pants, it was in his room. (P.S. Thanks for the type writer Jack!).

The Last But Not Least team showed great running ability in last week's marathon, or was it Big Jim's shorts they were after. Jimmy the geek (oops) Greek has even been known to wear his shorts in a blizzard and that's no snow job. After the marathon, Jon Harris started a new trend at Glen-

don. The latest way to greet your best friend is to pull down your pants and crack a smile. The more precocious members of the audience like Dave Moulton, John O'Connor and Tony Caldwell thought this was a real bummer, but was it clean? They're just assholes anyway!

It had been reported that the Chiros had a hand in the disappearance of the Wood shower curtains. It seems that chasing little white shorts is no longer a thrill. Ron Rose to the occasion. Jimmy the Greek also likes the new shower situation and wishes his brother Rick the Greek was back. The Quebecois team leap-frogged their way to the finish line; when they came in third they jumped for joy. Pro Tem got excited when it was announced that they came in first. Chee wiz, we knew that all along. The rubes ran faster than the streak in Everhard's undies. Sorry, we can't ream the Chiros now that they're keeping a low profile. How low

they go we don't know but we've heard they go low. Right Buffalo Bob? Do chickens have lips; are Chiro's bi? Any queries?

Congratulations to Vic Tarnow and Mary Lou on their engagement (in what?). I guess this means he'll have to stop stuffing the C-house Hilliard girls pants (with snow). It was a ball! We noticed that Vic Viera recently got a permanent (permanent what?). We hear he'll never be straight again. Hard Luck!

Branko is really starting to blossom. It's all coming up Daisies in the Dale in the Mary month of June. We hear that Paul Pritchard is really kinky-- he likes butter on his buns. That's western moonshine. It melts in your mouth; something to get your teeth around.

Bob "Big Red" Wilson had a painful run in Saturday's marathon. Although he did look rather sheik in his shorts (right Jim?), he said he had a sore, red head. This was also noticed by

Denis Chaimberlain, the unhung (oops) unsung Quebecois cum John revolting.

And last of all, Ian (You didn't think we'd forget you) Waters has been known to

take off his shirt for his fellow man and his pants for his fellow woman; whatever makes you feel big.

Have a nice day!

Crossword Answers



Glendon is No Longer Hanging in There

by Al McPherson

In case Glendon dies while I'm away wor--away for the summer, I'd like to write its autopsy 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 \$) in the system of the college. Another symptom was a half-destroyed organ called the poliscus (the sociolus was rotten as well). Also prevalent was ratitus. Ratitus 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 apathy. This was shown by cells that, when told they may have half their courses cut, responded only "Doo-yyy" and had to "clean their room" when a certain rally was held. As if the situation wasn't bad enough, Glendon was found to be infected with germs of "denial"--many cells were saying "that isn't really happening to us". No



photo by Geoff Hoare

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 excreted anyway, were the

ones fighting to save Glendon--the younger ones, who had everything to lose must have suffered from small nuclei.

Eulogy

Glendon was a wonderful, unique college. It was such a nice place to be. Leo Durrocher said, "Nice guys finish last." Bill Davis said, "Nice guys get

finished first". We will sure miss having a small liberal arts college around. The only people still on campus are the Young Conservatives and the Julius Schmidt 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 in its short lifetime. 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 remember to fight 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 Glendonites who 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, and this is my last column for Pro Tem, so I think I'll indulge myself a little. I haven't had a very high profile here (at least not since my plastic surgery), so I thought a little biographical information 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 even crueler. Nobody knows this better than Gerry Flahive. This popular Canadian 'philosophe' has plumbed the depths of failure and rejection and breathed the exhilarating air of success and fame. Now, barely out of high school, this amazing Renaissance man has shed the burden of past troubles, shed his image as a 'second bananook' of the north and embarked upon a career sure to eclipse even the greatest achievement of his past.

Born in Toronto ('sometime in the 20th century' quips Flahive), he was an elastic yet ferro-magnetic child. At an early age, signs of talent, even genius, were evident. He was artistic, aware, able, ambidextrous, accomplished, ambulatory, abstemious, accursed, acetylsalicylic, and akimbo beyond his years. More specifically, Gerry was writing surprisingly sophisticated comedy, as well as the occasional pamphlet denouncing incipient 'capitalist-oriented' reform in contemporary Euro-communism. At age 3, Flahi-

ve was writing sketches for Jack Benny's TV show. At 4, he was sketching drawings for Steve Allen's show. At 5, he was drawing pay from Skitch 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 had been insulting fat women all night when the top comedian Shcky Mullen overheard him, and was convinced that the boy had a future as a stand up comic. The rest is history (Origins of Comedy 301): Las Vegas appearances (at the fabulous Desert Sans Hotel), hit albums ('Laugh Hotel'), hit albums ('Laugh, Clone, Laugh' sold a million copies), and his own TV show, 'The Jerry Hour'. (Born Jerry Flahive, he was forced to change his name to Gerry after he was roughed up by 15 of Jerry Lewis's henchmen in Vegas--"It saddened me deeply, because I had always respected Jerry Lewis as an artist: I've seen 'The Nutty Professor' 20 times at least".)

But the trapping of success were too alluring for Flahive, and he began leaving a trail of broken hearts, commitments, liquor bottles, and Lego bricks across nice, shiny clean kitchen floors.

His judgement faltered: an appearance on the extremely right-wing (some called it fascist) TV program 'People Are Funny' cost him what had been a close friendship with tragi-comedian Lenny Bruce. He lost all powers of concentration: one night he told dozens of jokes to a stunned Urbana, Illinois audience--but left out all the punchlines. And then, one steamy January night, he was picked up by Manhattan police on two charges of attempted murder--the now demented Flahive had tried to kill both comic Jerry Van Dyke and Jerry Vale, convinced that they were conspiring to force him to change his name to 'Gerrri'.

He was then committed to the renowned Breen Brain Institute in Salt Lake City, Utah. Despite electro-shock therapy, mega-vitamin diet programs, and frequent blows to the side of the head with pillows soaked in ammonia, Flahive, in a hypnotic 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 letters to the Toronto Sun, sardonically demanding to know where Pierre Trudeau was "when I was fighting the Big One in '44? Rich punk!".

Now his confidence was renewed, and Flahive was con-

stantly occupied with new projects: a screen adaptation of *Citizen Kane*: an autobiography and statement of personal eulogy, *I am Nervous*; the first opera ever based on television game shows, *La Triviata*; and a seminal work in political theory, *A Marxist Interpretation Of Marxism*, among other things.

And then the big break came: the lead role in a Jean-Luc Godard film, *Francis The Talking Mule Sells Insurance In Papua-New Ginea*. The film was

such a success that Flahive will never have to rent shoes again. A string of boffo movie hits followed (he won the Academy Award for Best Actor for *Ulysses Part 2*), as well as more books (*201 French Verbs* and *Hi Neighbour!* being the most notable). Nowadays, Gerry Flahive lives in peaceful quasi-retirement, emerging from his villa in Mississauga only infrequently to record an album ('Blonde, I'm Blonde' is his most recent), or to puzzle neighbours with the question "Is it Flahive or is it Memorex?".



Duck Soup



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sports

Faculty-Alumni Takes Marathon



Principal McQueen readies runners for start at 24.6 mile 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 hallowed halls 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. Chiros	2:33.50
5. Masters "A"	2:39.00
6. Newtonbrook	2:40.15
7. Pro Tem	2:48.45
8. Vanier College	2:56.50
9. Masters "B"	2:57.55
10. Greeks	2:58.38
11. Haggis Striders	3:00.02
12. Quebecois	3:01.00
13. Chiros Masters	3:02.10
14. Squash	3:20.00
15. Last But Not Least	not in at press time.



Mike Pomer's 30 foot headstart did little to help the Haggis Striders

It's No Better the Second Time Around

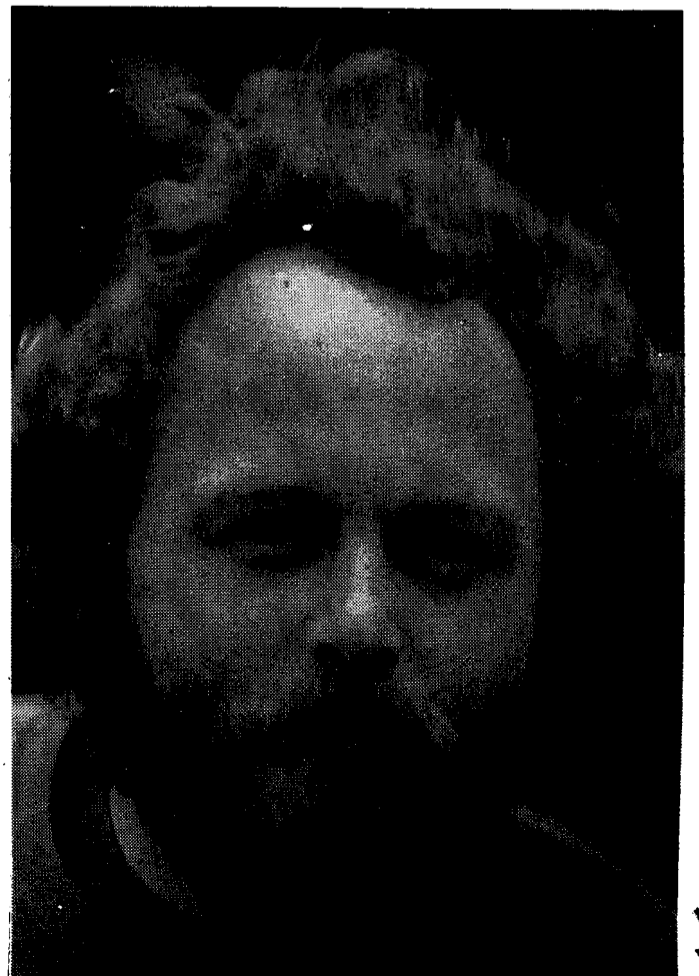
photos by Sarah Irwin



Yours truly looking athletic



The Striders keeping their hands warm



The old bear himself

RECREATION NOTES

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A scene from Second City's latest show, *Once More With Fooling*

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 the Old Firehall Theatre. Starting off at a fast clip, the black-out skits 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 Torokvei and Dan Akyroyd as Darryl 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.

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 or 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), man-

ages 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.

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 on a par with the script. They're both terribly unimaginative. Spratt now playing at the Tarragon is definitely a play to miss.

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" has him playing unaccompanied, and here he clearly demonstrates his mastery of the fret board with seemingly endless runs punctuated by some sweet sounding chords.

It's a pity that Wes Montgomery isn't around today, since Benson and Wes would have made magic. "We all remember Wes", written by Stevie Wonder is obviously a tribute to the giant, interesting but a bit predictable in parts.

Benson's band is probably one of the tightest units around. I avoid using the term "back up band" becau-

se at times the band is close at Benson's heels, especially the keyboard players Ronnie Foster and Jorge Dalto.

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).

I 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 so-

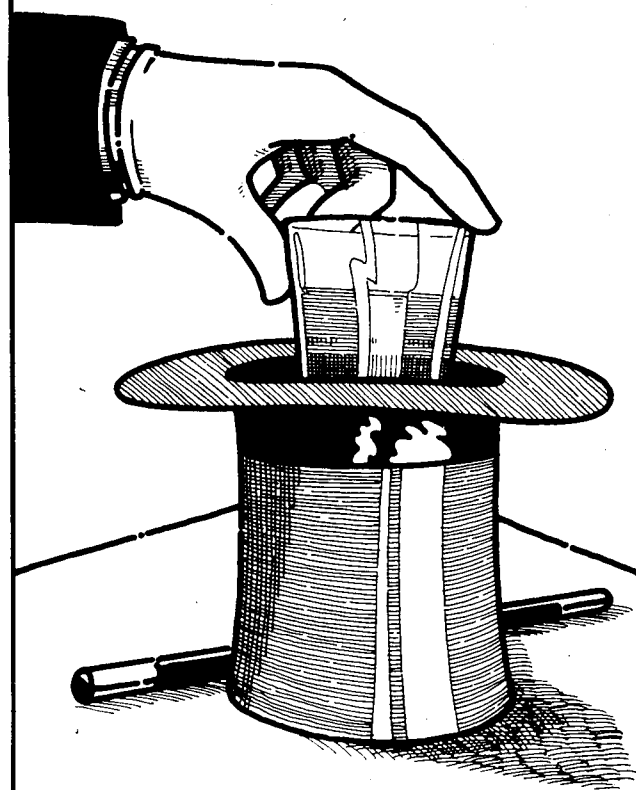
metimes hilarious.

"Excitable Boy" is his second album, his first was deleted. Jackson Browne coproduces 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.

A trick shot



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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 intense visual and auditory imagery of awesome strength and strange beauty. The production carries an almost tangible charge akin to that of a powerful 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 song and tap-dance material to dramatize characters and events from Our Lady, and to explore Genet's perceptions of evil, homosexuality and sainthood, themes that haunted both the man and his writing.

Flowers opens explosively. Blue and yellow lights focus on four actors in separate cubicles reminiscent of gogo dancer cages, rhythmically thrusting and caressing their genitals amidst a cacophony of sound, while a reddish light rises in the background outlining a crucified figure. The deafening clashes, clangs 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 Sartre's reference to the novel as being "an epic of masturbation". If the novel is an epic, then Flowers might accurately be described as an ode to the homosexual lifestyle, depicting its irreconcilable freedoms and constrictions in both harsh and poignant terms.

Kemp's pantomime also manages to capture the essence of the contradiction apparent in nearly all of Genet's characterizations, between illusion and reality. The main character in both Our Lady, and Flowers, is Divine (played by Kemp), a homosexual prostitute imagined by Genet the intellectual as being "a thousand shapes, charming in their grace," but whom Genet the intellectual describes as "a toothless bald, aging queen." Understandably, given that theatre is the art of the possible as opposed to the mundane, Kemp tends to explore Genet's illusory vision more than his "realistic" one.

Aside from such technical aids as gels, strobos, sound effects and dry ice, the fantastical atmosphere is

sustained by the highly fluid performances of the actors themselves, especially Kemp, who in his mime sequences appears to be literally floating across the stage.

The pantomime contains some memorable fusions of the illusion/reality riddle. For instance, the bar-to-bedroom scene in which Divine, neglected by her companion in favor of another queen, lashes out in a fit of jealous rage at the usurper. In the scrap that follows, Divine's sequined skull cap is ripped from her head revealing her age and baldness.

Garishly beautiful in the perverse manner of drag queens, Divine is rendered suddenly ugly as the illusion is exposed and destroyed by the reality. Also unforgettable, is the scene in which Divine is literally unfurled when the bolt of cloth she wears wrapped around her body is unceremoniously unravelled like so much ribbon. This episode corresponds to a passage in Our Lady of the Flowers in which Genet speaks of Divine's certainty that she is old and unfolding within herself "like the hangings formed by the wings of bats."

Genet's themes of sainthood and evil are intertwined throughout the pantomime, as stabbings and shootings of rejected and betrayed lovers coincide with the images of crucifixion and ascension.

The performance ends,



Lindsay Kemp is divine in Flowers at the TWP

with Divine dressed in a white, ethereal costume, in the throes of tuberculosis--as she is in Our Lady of the Flowers--spewing blood while tearing the masks from the murderers of her lover.

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.

Truffaut Takes Sex Out of the Locker Rooms

The Man Who Loved Women is a most difficult film to review. Director Francois Truffaut has the painful yet fascinating habit of stripping away all the layers to get to the bottom of people's actions and motives.

In this case a man who is infatuated with women, any beautiful woman, and he feels it to 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, the audience is left to draw its own conclusions.

Set in France, the film has an added cultural flavor providing an atmosphere

where it appears there is a somewhat healthier attitude toward sexual relations amongst people, than up-tight pseudo-cool North America. Time after time, type after type of female are attracted to and conquered by the central male. But I don't mean this in a chauvinistic sense. Certainly he sees these as experiences to be felt, rather than conquests to be knotted in his belt. He is in love with the idea of being in love, and never

allows the women (with one exception) to stay overnight at his place.

He is tender and gentle, treating the women with respect but chiefly acts as though love is a one-way experience. Perhaps, in essence, it is just that.

In any case, his obsession is an exaggeration of all people's need for love. The portrayal of this is too long but, like most Truffaut films, it is an extraordinary treatment of everyday life.

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Captain Video at the Movies

As this is my final review for Pro Tem, I will attempt to keep it short (small?). An Unmarried Woman might better have been titled "An Unmarried, Well-off Woman", but beyond that wee oversight, writer/producer/director Paul Mazursky has come up with one fine movie that finally tells the story of the break-up of two unmarried heterosexuals.

The key to the continuous strength of the film is Jill Clayburgh's touching and beautiful portrayal of the central character, Erica.

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

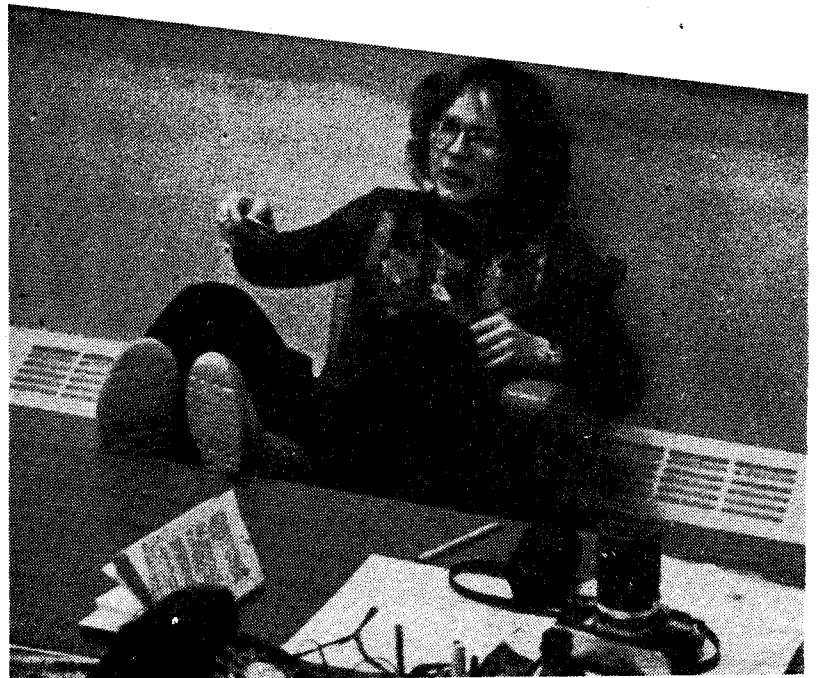
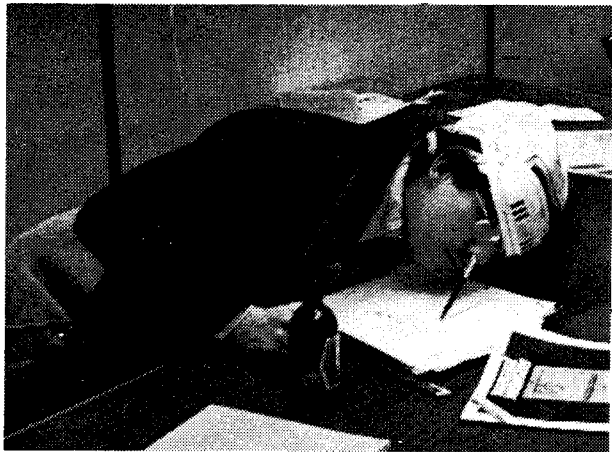
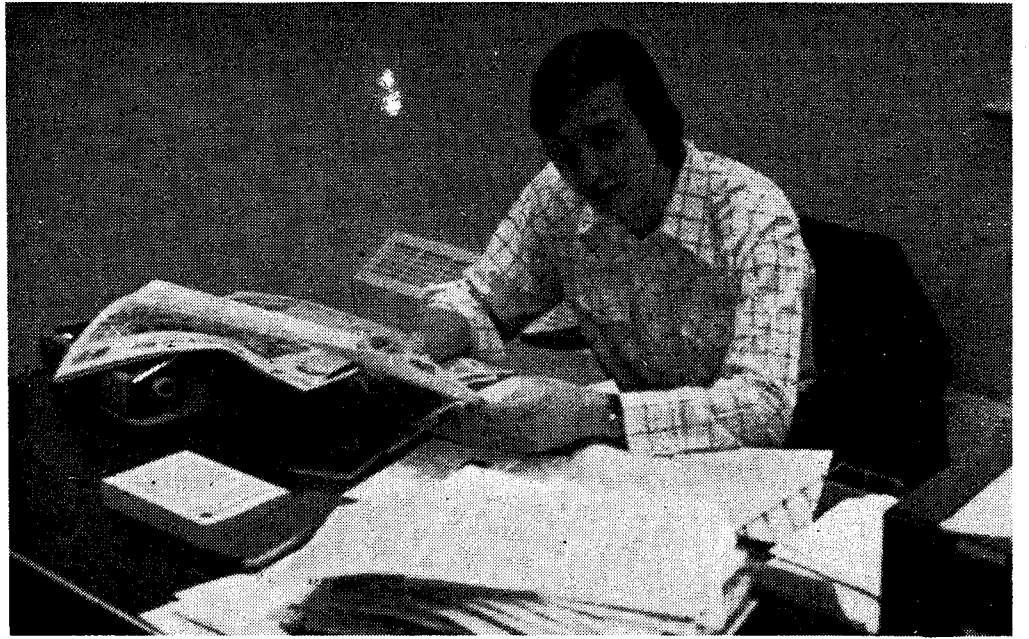
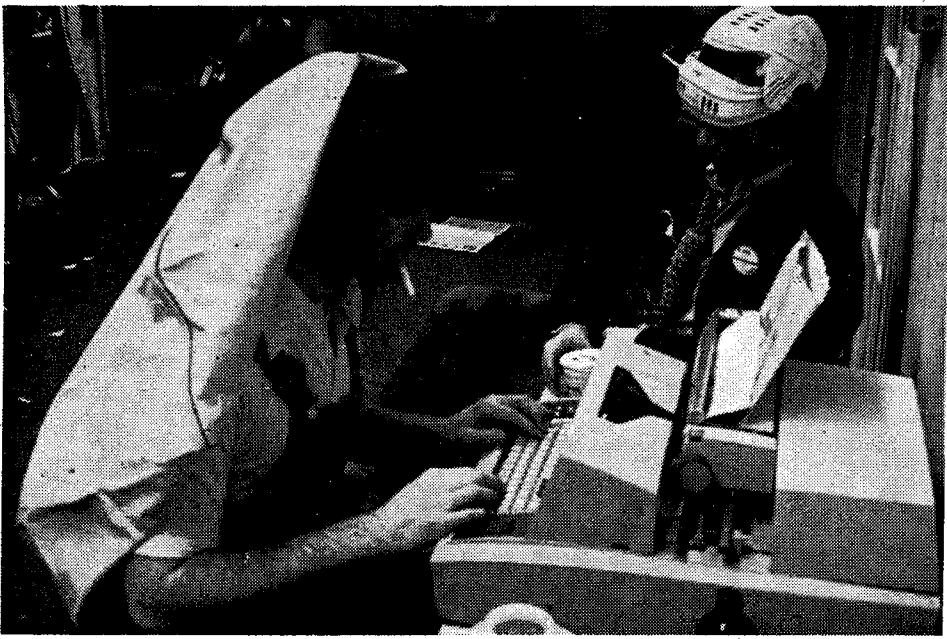
refreshingly by Lisa Lucas but miscast because she looks adopted) pick up the proverbial pieces and begin life anew. New sorts of growing pains are experienced as Erica finally meets her perfect mate, Saul Kaplan, a painter. But he is discovered only after some of the jerks are weeded out. Saul is properly 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 in places but 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 her age, 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 about men and know precious little about the species we shack up with. And I hope film directors will start to make more movies like this; only minus the Hollywood aspects, so we may begin at least to drop all the crap and learn about each other.

Have a Good Summer...



photos by Geoff Hoare



...We Certainly Will!