

the bored



**This
issue?**

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FEATURE: About some pro-active socialist garbage helping people who need it.
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SCENE: Milli Vinilli actually sing at special Laurier engagement.
..... page 11

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..... page 16



... tis the season to be jolly!



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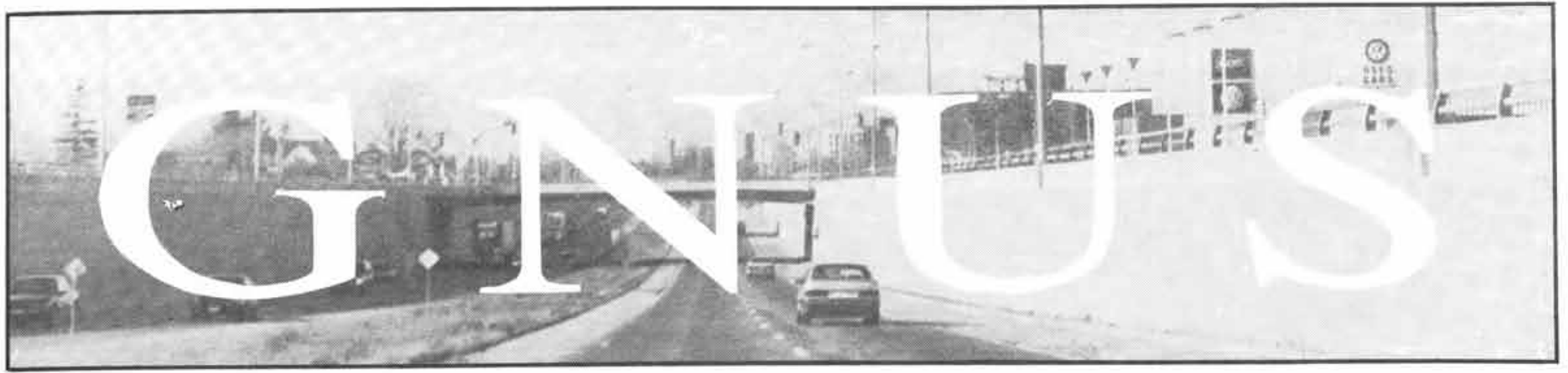


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Due to extensive renovations...

The SUB is sinking

...and I don't wanna swim.



Latest in a series of joke issue building disasters, the Student Union Building fell prey to a bizarre sinkage last weekend. Just the damndest, isn't it? Harvey Luong, photo.

Bony Jerk

The Bored

Due to extensive renovations recently made to the first and second floors of the Student Union Building, it appears that the campus student haven is sinking into the ground.

WLUSU employees entered their wonky offices Monday morning to find that one side of the building had sunk 20 feet into the ground. And investigation is under way to discover the cause of the disaster but, like all other WLUSU investigations, that could take years to accomplish and the answers would never be revealed.

The renovations began with the improvements to Wilf's, the addition of photo copying machines and a bank machine to the Info Centre hallway, and the Advision TV sets.

Phase two of the project took place last weekend which added a private WLUSU President suite and salon, WLUSU executive lounge area with a non-stop Margarita machine, six beds in Wilf's for the waitstaff, half a dozen shoe and apparel stores (an addition requested by WLUSU VP: Executive Karen Gordon), and a state-of-the-art helicopter landing (and, more importantly, take-off) pad, primarily to suit the needs of the fleeting and footloose VP: University Affairs J. Tyler Leatherland.

The much discussed retractable roof and a stunningly deceptive (deceptively stunning?) picture of Stuart Lewis that smiles at you in every direction are being saved for Phase Three.

Part of the problem that can be attributed to the uneven distribution of weight in the building is the removal of washroom facilities on the second floor. When funding for handicapped equipped facilities fell through, WLUSU decided to replace the outdated washrooms with a little space with shrubberies. Business Manager Tim Hranka stated "The renovations were getting completely out of hand." Hence, the shit just kept piling up.

When asked to comment, a representative of the WLUSU Board said "We didn't know any of the renovations were being done. What can we say? We trusted them (the WLUSU Executive) explicitly".

The figure for the renovations -- six billion dollars -- was added in the financial report under "Laundry".

The weight of the outlandish additions to the facilities may have contributed to the disaster yet all looked well when the workmen completed their job on the weekend. The engineers may have failed to take into account the mass of Stuart Lewis' ego.

"He walked in this morning and it all came crashing down," receptionist Linda Lippert said. "Beauticians and manicurists were flying all over the place. It was horrible."

Shocking library accident

Char D. Flesh

The Bored

"Shocking."

That's what head librarian Les Nessman was calling the near-electrocution of chief book demagnetizer Telly Savalas.

Savalas is in stable condition after enduring 40 000 volts for nearly an hour last Tuesday when he mishandled the handicap chair lift in the library basement. Although paramedics arrived within minutes they postponed the rescue so that the Cord could get there and snap this dandy picture.

The incident occurred immediately after a librarian all you can drink tequila and keg party when Savalas and another member of the staff,

Anita K. Lude, went joy riding on the lift. As it was lowering, Savalas spilled a frothing glass of Molson Export into the circuitry causing the jolt to occur.

Lude commented, "It was freaky deaky. Green smoke was coming out of his ears. He looked like the guy in the picture above."

Nessman denounced calls for the removal of the ramp replying, "One little electrocution and everyone wants to spend more money."

A massive rally was held by handicap students yesterday in Wilf's. Screaming, "Stay the hell of our lift," they sent a clear (but slurred) message to the administration that they are sick of drunk librarians creating mischief on campus.



Chief book demagnetizer Telly Savalas sits in the hot seat.

Ted Bundy, photo.

Imaginative prof making history

Maik B. Leaf

The Bored

It was recently discovered that long time history professor (and current chairman) Terry Copp has been making history. Literally.

Copp has taught classes for years without reference to a single note leading students to believe he possessed remarkable mental capabilities. Wrong.

This impression was broken by Elmore Coughdrop, a former student who had taken his night class on World War Two, better known as "Tuesday Night at the Movies".

Wishing to relive this orgasmic academic experience, Coughdrop sat in on a lecture this year and was surprised by what he found, "Last year Terry said the Battle of Britain was fought in Madagascar and this year he changed it to New Guinea. Shocking."

It seems Copp has even been creating history amongst his own colleagues. Fellow professor H. E. Carr was astounded at the news, "All these years Copp told me Churchill and Roosevelt had beaten Mussolini and Hitler in handball to end the war. And now it turns out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Frank Actually Speaking

an Interview by Frank Morningstar

THIS WEEK: THE POPE
A ROUGH AND
TUMBLE COWBOY.

A dazed and bedraggled Frank Morningstar was found pilfering from the Holy coffers in Vatican City over the weekend. To cover his attempt at theft, he introduced himself as an ace Cord reporter on assignment to interview the Pope. Impressed with his Press credentials, his Holiness granted this interview transcribed by Fraser J. Kirby.

Frank Morningstar: Hi your Holiness, how are you?

Pope: Im a gooda, thanks.

FM: So what's new at the Vatican?

Pope: Nothin' isa ever new at de Vatican. Thatsa sorta de point.

FM: Your Holiness uhhh, how come your speaking with an Italian accent, you're Polish?

Pope: Oh yeah, sometimes I forget with all these Italians around. Besides it makes them feel better, they're still a little bitter about that.

FM: I saw you give your speech up on the balcony today. What is it you say to all the people who came up to the Vatican yard to hear you? I couldn't understand the lan-

guage.

Pope: It's Latin. Roughly it means, "Hey you Jerks, get off of the lawn!"

FM: So what about Vatican policy. Are you going to lift the church's ban on birth control?

Pope: No way. I don't need it anyway. I had a vasectomy in '72.

FM: Are you ever going to let women be priests?

Pope: I sure am. Some of the Cardinals are getting randy. You've heard of the Papal hiring couch?

FM: The threads you wear are pretty wild, the hat's especially. Where do you get your duds?

Pope: I go to the same designer as Elton John. After he changed his image I got all his hand-me-downs. It's a shame Liberace's wardrobe got away.

FM: Who is your favourite musician?

Pope: Bach and Mozart are pretty inspiring, but if I had to pick just one I'd have to go for Muddy Waters. I play a little delta slide myself. The cardinals and I used to have a blues jam every Thursday

night. By the way, I've arranged for Milli Vanilli to go to hell.

FM: What was it like to get shot at?

Pope: What do you think, bonthead? It was a fucking party.

FM: Yet, you went and forgave the man who shot you.

Pope: Well, to be honest that was sort of a white lie. Good press though. What really happened was I had some of the Swiss Guard hold him down and I layed the Holy Boots to him for a little while. That asshole is going to hell by the express elevator. Damn, don't get me started.

FM: Sorry. So what do you do in your spare time?

Pope: Well I used to be heavy into weight lifting before they popped me, but I just can't hit the gym like before. I guess when I can I like to take my Harley for a ride, but my robes keep getting caught in the chain. Every once in a while me and the Bishop of Canterbury play a little one on one.

FM: Back to business, what about allegations of Vatican ties to the Mafia?



Pope: None of that has a grain of truth and if you ever mention it again, I'll punch your heart out and bury it with that Hoffa punk.

FM: Got it chief. What do you want for Christmas?

Pope: Christmas is a sacred time of the year to me. It represents an important day for the Church. Attendance is up and that means higher

revenue. Personally I'm hoping for a new Mercedes. I'd settle for a slicker "Pope Mobile". I like Batman's myself.

FM: Thanks for the interview. Can I get a parting blessing?

Pope: Hey pal, I'm the frigin' Pope. I don't do that crap anymore. Get out a here.

FM: Bye Your Holiness, say hi to God for me.

Prof uses bio-dex to grade exams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

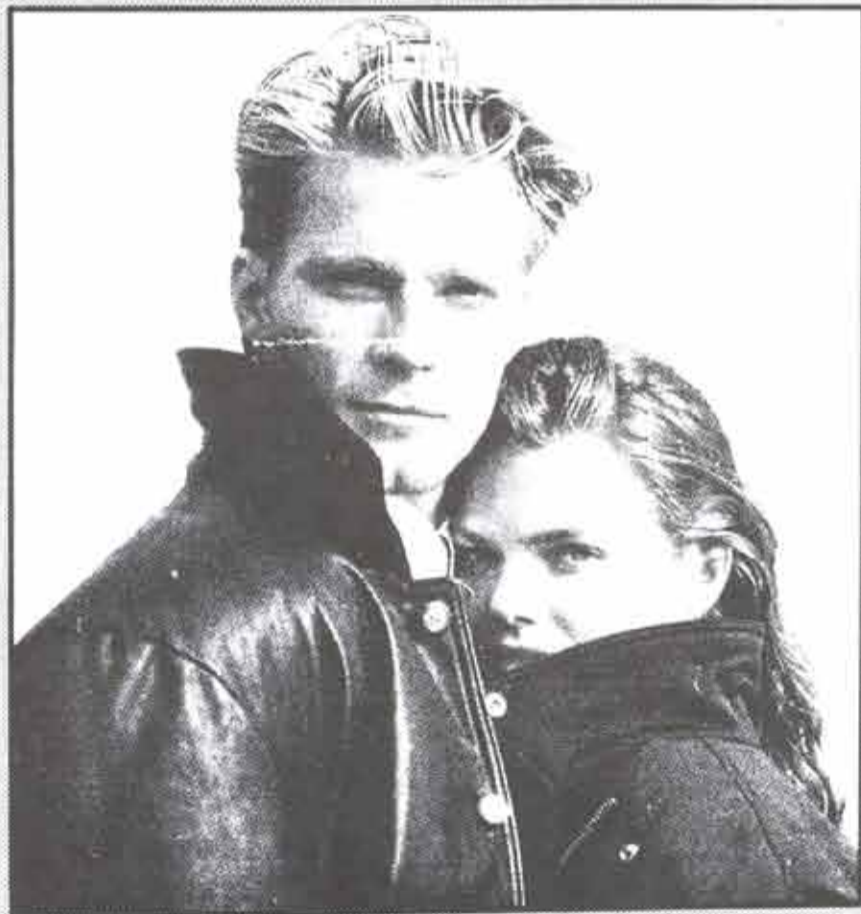
to be euchre."

Exams and term papers for Copp's courses were not determined on content alone. Instead, he had devised a complex scheme which included writing style, colour of ink, barometric pressure and his own personal bio-dex.

Copp is also accused of copyright infringement in tainting the World at War movie series. Using small-scale military models and scenes from Metropolis and Rat Patrol, Copp was able to invent a complete and unique visual history of the war. Copp himself imitated Lawrence Olivier's voice to give the documentary authority.

This whole episode has spawned a new movement claiming the war never happened, that it was all a figment of Copp's imagination. The group, called War Not, is expected to publish a complete history of what did not go on between 1939 and 1945.

Copp himself is to be restricted from using his bio-dex in marking exams and essays. WLU president Johnny Weird defended Copp in response to calls for harsher discipline. "He made a mistake. Hell, you never made a mistake. Besides he told his class I was responsible for winning the battle of Upper Volta. Can't be that bad of a guy."



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Two boneheads in the White House

Cord Washington correspondent Chris Jaspal Jhaj was spying...um...that is, reporting on the numerous conversations in the air in the White House of the Kuwait affair when he overheard this startling debate between two members of the White House staff.

George: ...So, the generals are bored, eh? Damn Dan you were in the army, what can we do?
Dan: Well Pres., we could let the boys go jerk off in Kuwait.
George: You really think that'll keep them happy Dan?
Dan: Yup -- they'll be like hungry muskrats at a food fight sir, and we can have great T.V. over Christmas.
George: Gee, I guess we could say we need to protect our way of life, and maybe protect democracy. Yeah! That's the ticket.
Dan: But Kuwait's not a democratic state.

George: That's because Saddam's in there, damn it! Anyway we need to protect the Middle East from destabilisation and them Goddamn Commies!
Dan: That's Muslims, sir.
George: Oh! Those Godless Muslims!
Dan: So are the Kuwaits!
George: Ah.
Dan: Perhaps war might cause a little destabilisation in the Middle East itself.
George: But war is neat. Things get destroyed -- Keynesian market stimulation.
Dan: Yes sir!
George: And we can't let states just annex land and say, "We're here, it's ours" just because they have big armies. What about the little guy?!!
Dan: What about Israel sir?
George: Shh Dan! The Israeli lobby is going to hear you. And what about U.N. resolutions?

Doesn't anybody respect legality anymore?
Dan: What about the U.N. resolutions on Israel sir?
George: Shut up with that "Palestinians are people too" left-wing nonsense, or someone's going to call you a Nazi.
Dan: Sowwy Sirr.
George: Don't talk with your mouthful, just keep that rhythm boy. just think Christmas, the Duke, armies, explosions, gunfire, ah, destruction, aaah; and cheerleaders waving their pom-poms! aaaaagh, aaaah!
Dan: Yea, cheerleaders, give us a V, an I,C,T,O,R,Y! Yea! The Soviets are suggesting further negotiations, analysts feel that instead of destroying hundreds of thousands of lives, carrying on negotiation and embargoes for longer may work. If not, the Arab League should be fully consulted, and if possible suggest the next

course of action. "Steady pressure", right sir?
George: Don't talk dirty around me Dan. You need a good spanking boy. Who speaks for their league? Their about as unified as a bunch of drunken bowlers. Anyway, what about the Kurds?
Dan: Sorry sir, I didn't realize you were hungry.
George: Goddam godless commies. What about the American way of life, Dan? Mom's apple pie, football, baseball, two girls for every guy, democracy, gasoline, oil revenues, Kuwaiti investment -- eh Dan? How are you going to tool around in that

Porsche if you don't have gasoline?
Dan: Good point sir! Shall I call congress to session early?
George: What!?
Dan: Well, shouldn't we OK the war with them?
George: Sometimes I don't know why I chose you as a running mate, Dan.
Dan: For my charming boyishly good looks, sir.
George: Ah yes, I'd forgotten about that. Just get me the Pentagon, I want to talk to the Duke.
Dan: Who?
George: The Duke, dammit, the Duke!

Dreams of youth, dreams of a pair of Leggo trousers

FROM THE ASS By **Woody von Hairy-palms**

I was trudging along to school just the other day in gale force winds that threatened to make my spindly body take flight, when I looked up to the horizon and spied the ginormous Aird Building looming over me like a harsh oppressive parental figure out of memory. Once again, I was reminded of a dream that I had as a child.

There I was in my living room -- resplendent with it's two foot high plastic Christmas tree, fake fireplace, and gaudy couches -- playing with my budding brother and our much-loved Leggo sets.

He was so proud of his little creations. He spent hours that day constructing a nifty working scale

model nuclear power plant. Power plants are neat and all but, hey that's all been done before.

It was I who had the glory of a truly unique creation: I created the first pair of 100% Leggo trousers.

They were beautiful -- and practical, too. They were a shiny, bright red -- except for a little blue on the cuff of the right leg where I ran out of red blocks -- and would never have to be washed except to be hosed down after playing in the dirt a while.

There was only one problem: you can't grow or they will have to be remade. Simple enough really but you'll have to buy some more Leggo.

Movement was a little tough too. I thought about putting in some hinges by the joints but by that time I got quite bored with the things and decided to make a pair of underwear instead. Needless to say, being young and having a bladder problem, it wasn't long before they were soiled and I refused to touch them anymore.

In essence, the incident proves very little except that I dream alot about really stupid childhood memories. They serve no purpose but to annoy you with thoughts of misguided imagery and subliminal messages. Which reminds me of the time when I was on a bus and I got two pearls stuck up my nose...

Woody von Hairy-palms' dreams do not reflect those of the Bored staff or anyone else who really matters.

Shit-in planned



Chris Skullecup

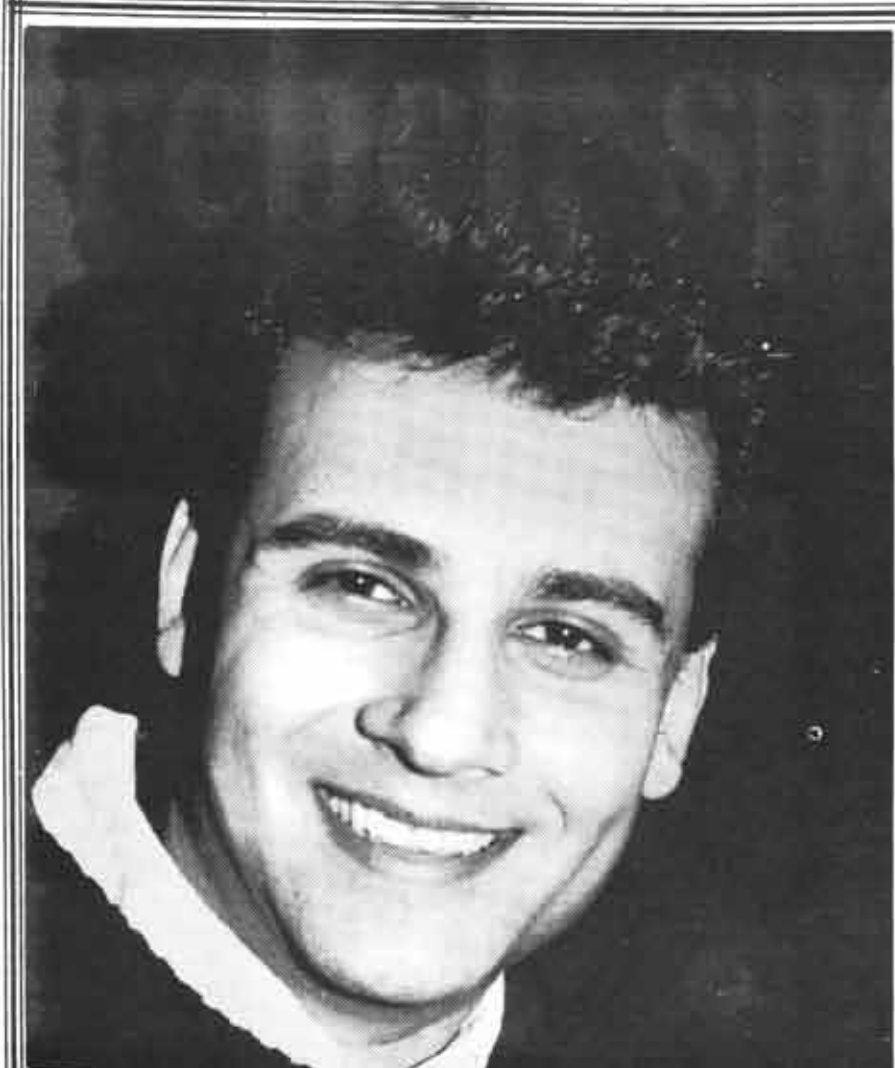
The Bored

No this is not a beauty contest. This young mammal who wished only to be referred to as Bowser, a second year Honours Canine Student, was caught "gracing" the patch of ground in front of Professor Ballard's car.

At first glance it may seem like an act of happiness or a terrible strain of bowel disease, however Bowser is making a statement about the lack of fire hydrants on campus.

He believes that direct action is worth a mouthful of verbal demands, and why not start by obtaining the Prof's attention first? Bowser is positive that his "Raise a stink" tactics will force the administration to watch their step when responding to students' demands. The funds that are being used to build the illuminated signs could be directed toward the installation of public fire hydrants.

This brave protester plans to target the Dining Hall and Torque Room before joining a massive "shit in" at the WLUSU offices. When asked if he would like to comment on his position about this growing (groaning) concern, Bowser could only muster a deep sigh.



joke ad

I'm spending your money.

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WLU-STU Enterprises

We're in the business of looking good.

Bye Maggie, we'll miss you. Not.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

By
Timmy
Fullofit

Oh Maggie, what will we do without you? For so long you've been my role model, my *raison d'être*, but now you're gone and I'm sad. I guess I'll just have to look to lesser leaders, like Dan Quale, William Vanderzalm and the memory of greats such as Atila the Hun and Mussolini for inspiration.

No one could possibly fill your army boots; those wimps like George (do it for democracy, decency and apple pie) Bush and Brian (yes George) Mulphoney can only pay homage to your greatness. They can only wish to rule an empire the way you did, with a vision of your country's hegemonic past and gloriously Draconian present.

I fear that the legacy you have left will be sullied. For who but you could keep a firm hand over those bleeding hearts who wanted to spend precious defense money on frivolous things such as hous-

ing and health care. No, you didn't take that pinko shit from anyone, not even the sell-out softies in your cabinet.

You stood firm and protected your fortress from the attacks of the godless socialist hoards. No needless welfare programs to waste the hard-earned money of upstanding citizens, you know, the ones who deserve to benefit from the rewards of a god-given capitalist free market system.

You took no heed of the sniveling of those wretched underachievers who whined about a perfectly logical poll tax. Why shouldn't they pay the same as everyone else to live in the greatest bastion of conservatism the modern developed world has to offer? Just because they make next to nothing is no reason to avoid a civic duty.

You re-established your empire, taught those uppity

Latinos a thing or two about which hemisphere really rules. Did they think they could get away with taking their own land back? Stupid underdeveloped country.

Just because the islands are a bunch of barren, wind-swept rocks doesn't matter; it was the principal of the matter. You don't mess with first world domination and you don't mess with Maggie. Besides it was kinda fun to play war against someone who obviously couldn't win. (Like playing Risk with your music major roommate).

No, you never backed down, you never sold out. A faithful supporter of the classical liberal economics your fine country bred, you refused to mess with The Invisible Hand. Just because blacks are being repressed in South Africa, just because the world condemned apartheid was no reason to boycott the regime.

Things will work themselves out, remember Burke said not to rock the boat. You were right, things are **much** better now, and you didn't lose a penny, didn't forsake the important things in



life, like unrestrained capital.

And you didn't care if they accused you of being insular, xenophobic. To hell with the idiots on the continent, you weren't xenophobic and you wouldn't be forced into linking your great country with their pinko communc-type politics. Britain is an island and stood firm. No outside attack, nor inside dissent would be tolerated.

Take the case of those irritating Irish. What is their problem anyway? Why can't they just assimilate nicely and shut up about it? Oh well, force is legitimately

at the disposal of the state, why waste it? And those irritating miner strikes, it took a while to break them but you didn't give in to unreasonable demands for a living wage and tolerable working conditions. Bully for you luv!

Ahh, I could sing your praises forever. It was a long and illustrious reign, pay no heed to those who say the acid rain you failed to control ate away at the iron lady. Your strong leadership will stay long in the minds and hearts of Little Brittoners and people of sound politics everywhere. We'll miss you.

Proposed Human Sexuality Tax may prevent unsafe copulation

Tex O. Pression

The Bored

On Tuesday November 20th the Deputy Minister for Revenue, Richard P. Burpower held a press conference outlining a new government proposal to fight the deficit. The new tax known as the Human Sexuality Tax (HST) is expected to be in place by January 1, 1992.

The tax itself is a \$1.25 surcharge levied on sexual relations between consenting adults. As Mr. Burpower explained, "We've decided on a tax on sex because cigarettes and alcohol are already taxed to the hilt. In all honesty, sex is the only central pleasure the government hasn't touched yet".

The tax is paid in the following manner. After relations you and your partner are each required to fill out a separate T69 Form and return it with a cheque for \$1.25 to Revenue and Taxation Canada. The forms will be made available at Post Offices, drug stores and in the washrooms of many bars and dance clubs.

Now the tax only applies to one if one achieves climax. While explaining this, Mr. Burpower began singing, "So relax, go to it, when you wanna do it. Relax, when you wanna come". In addition the tax

only applies to consenting heterosexual and homosexual adults. Pedophiles and necrophiliacs are not required to pay the tax. Also exempt are Zoophiliacs and gerbil enthusiasts.

As Health and Welfare Canada advises the use of a condom during sexual intercourse to prevent sexually transmitted diseases, we are shown a rare display of interdepartmental co-operation. If one practices safe sex and does use a condom, one is eligible for an HST rebate of 40% of its cost. All one must do is retain the receipt and the used condom. Enclose both when filling out one's Federal Income Tax Return to receive the full rebate.

Finally, believe it or not, the HST is regionally adjusted to account for the socio-cultural variation in the frequency of sexual relations. Going on to explain Mr. Burpower stated, "Persons from London Ontario for example, must pay an additional \$0.17 per encounter to make up for their lack of activity. Similarly, residents of Gaspé Bay may deduct \$0.76 from their payment".

In closing the conference, Mr. Burpower gave the assembled press a sneak preview of the ad campaign to be used to inform the public. The memorable part was the slogan, "Canada's HST. Let's come together."

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joke ad



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Santa: is he really



SATAN?



Santa Claus is, without a doubt, the most frightening character in our society. This menacing figure lurks in the background of our lives, existing as a nightmare to young and old alike. Now, the truth is revealed: Santa is really Satan.

☞ He rewards the greedy with gifts. Greed is one of the seven deadly sins, remember. Furthermore, he curses those who refrain from the sin of greed by giving them coal. What would happen if, when this demon with a pot belly glides down our chimney as he invades the privacy of our very homes, some of this coal were to ignite? Nice Christmas gift when your whole house is burned to cinders by this terrorist.

☞ What does he do the other 364 days of the year? Hmmm? Why, he's tempting good people into performing nasty deeds so that they'll rot in the depths of the abyss forever. Ha ha ha ha ha.

☞ Mrs. Claus is the envy of all beer-swilling, football-on-the-television-watching, boorish, pig-gish husbands. Imagine, a wife who stays home baking brownies

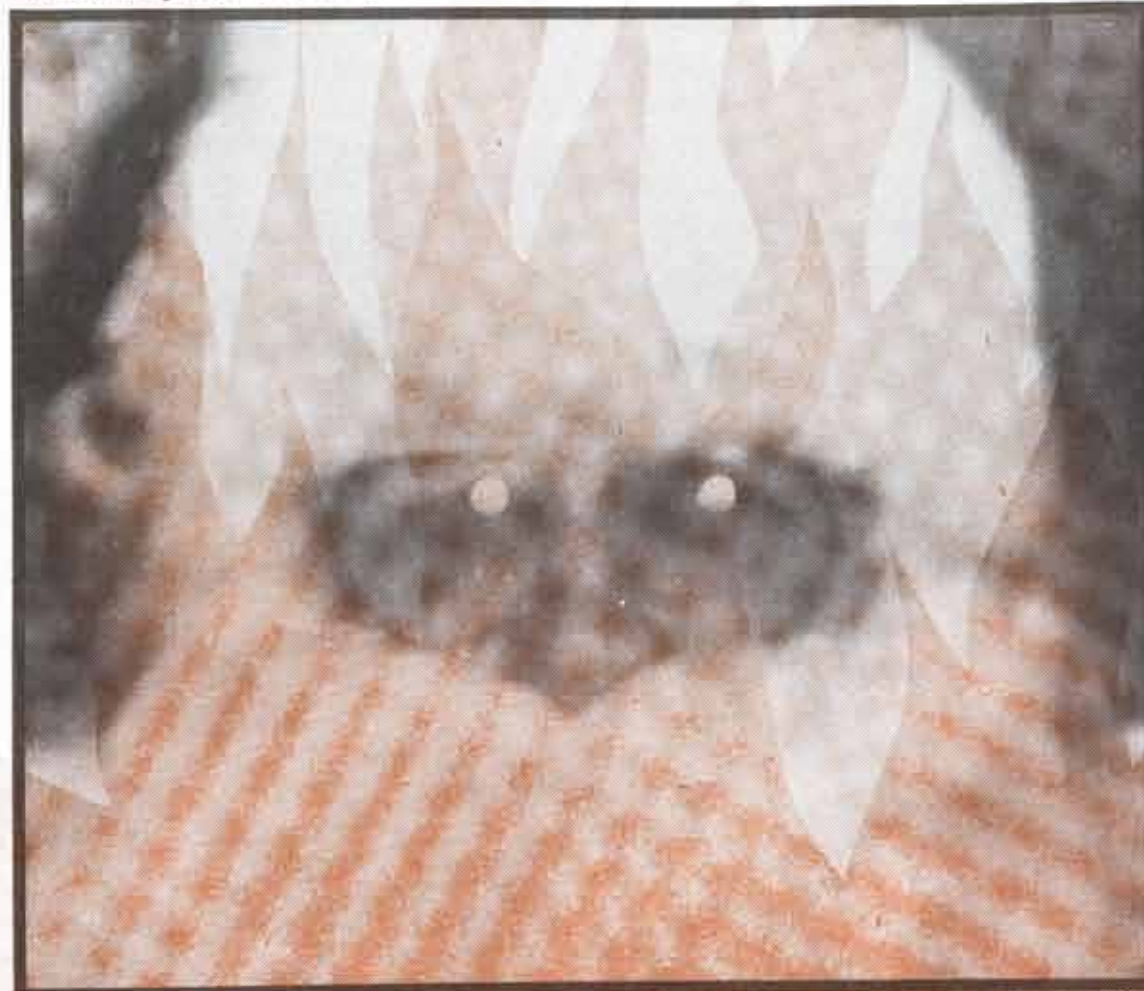
☞ The ultimate equalizer: arsenic. Just lace those cookies and milk with a little rat poison and I guarantee you'll not be haunted by old Lucifer Claus for quite a long time.

☞ Sure the old guy can control fire, but how about a thirty or forty sticks of top grade blasting dynamite?! Hide it in the bottom of the fireplace and set it off as soon as Fat and Jolly tumbles down your flue. Isn't the sacrifice of your home worth the elimination of the Ultimate Evil from the face of the planet forever?

☞ Call your local politician and complain. I have it on good authority that not even Satan will try a contest with a good wind-bag. He might be a fallen angel, but he's not all-powerful.

Take a look at the proof, and decide for yourself:

☞ He knows when you are sleeping. He knows when you're awake. He knows if you've been bad or good. Who else but the nemesis of the Lord could have such omnipotence? Who else has the power? This merry devil invades the innermost thoughts of people, and passes rapid judgment. The man is evil.



X-MAS EVIL

☞ He wears red. Need I say more?

☞ He somehow manages to survive in the bitter cold of the North Pole. How does he manage this when even polar bears get turned into big white popsicles in such a harsh climate? Let me just remind you, hell is full of fire. Could it be that this netherworldly maniac has the power to use the fire and brimstone of Hades to heat his polar domain? Hmmm. Damn straight, he does.

☞ He wears red. Damnit, this has to mean something!

☞ He blatantly disobeys all the laws of civilization by breaking and entering into people's homes. Not only that, he does it through the chimney. More flames of hell, everyone.

☞ He enslaves elves in his factories of purgatory. Elves. Yeah, right. More like the souls of those condemned to serve the Dark Lord for eternity.

☞ Look at the name: Santa. Switch the letters around, putting the "n" and the end. What does it spell? Ah-ha!

☞ Rudolph's red nose. A flying sled pulled by animals? Really hell-hounds that look like reindeer, people.

☞ They say the guy works magic. Black magic. Witches, and all that stuff. Evil evil evil evil.

all the time, and who doesn't mind if you take off for the night cavorting around the world. Let's face it, the Mrs. is really a succubus; a demon in human form who taunts humans, gorging herself on the agony she produces.

I think the facts speak for themselves.

So now that we've identified Santa as the Prince of Darkness, what do we do now?

Read on for helpful hints to foil the jolly devil himself:

NASTY DUDE

☞ Tell the nearest native band that Santa's planning on building a golf course in your living room. Slam, bam, and within a week you've got a few dozen of the best (and experienced) terrorists barricading Him out.

☞ Grease the roof. Whooooosh, those reindeer are off and on to the next house before they know what hit them.

☞ Garlic. Crosses. Silver bullets. he usual. (Can't hurt.)

☞ Invite half a dozen toddlers over and don't let them go to sleep. Everyone knows he only comes when the kiddies are snoozing.

☞ Pray.

You'd better watch out, you'd better not cry. Santa Claus is coming to town. Lord help us all....



the bored

cover photo by some photographer that has to be reminded to take the lense cap off loser

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The Bored welcomes all food, comments, donations, money, or donuts from readers and Tim Horton's. Please submit letters, typed, double spaced on Tuesday before publications so we can laugh at the really dumb ones in advance, and change the good ones to make them look stupid. We only print letters that reflect nicely on The Bored, and have the phone number of a hot babe because Crock needs a date. Your name may be withheld upon request, but that would open you up to having a ridiculous name given to the letter by the Editor-in-libel-suits. Letters become the property of The Bored, but we would rather have real estate. The Bored will not print anything considered tasteful, true, or of any sound journalistic integrity.

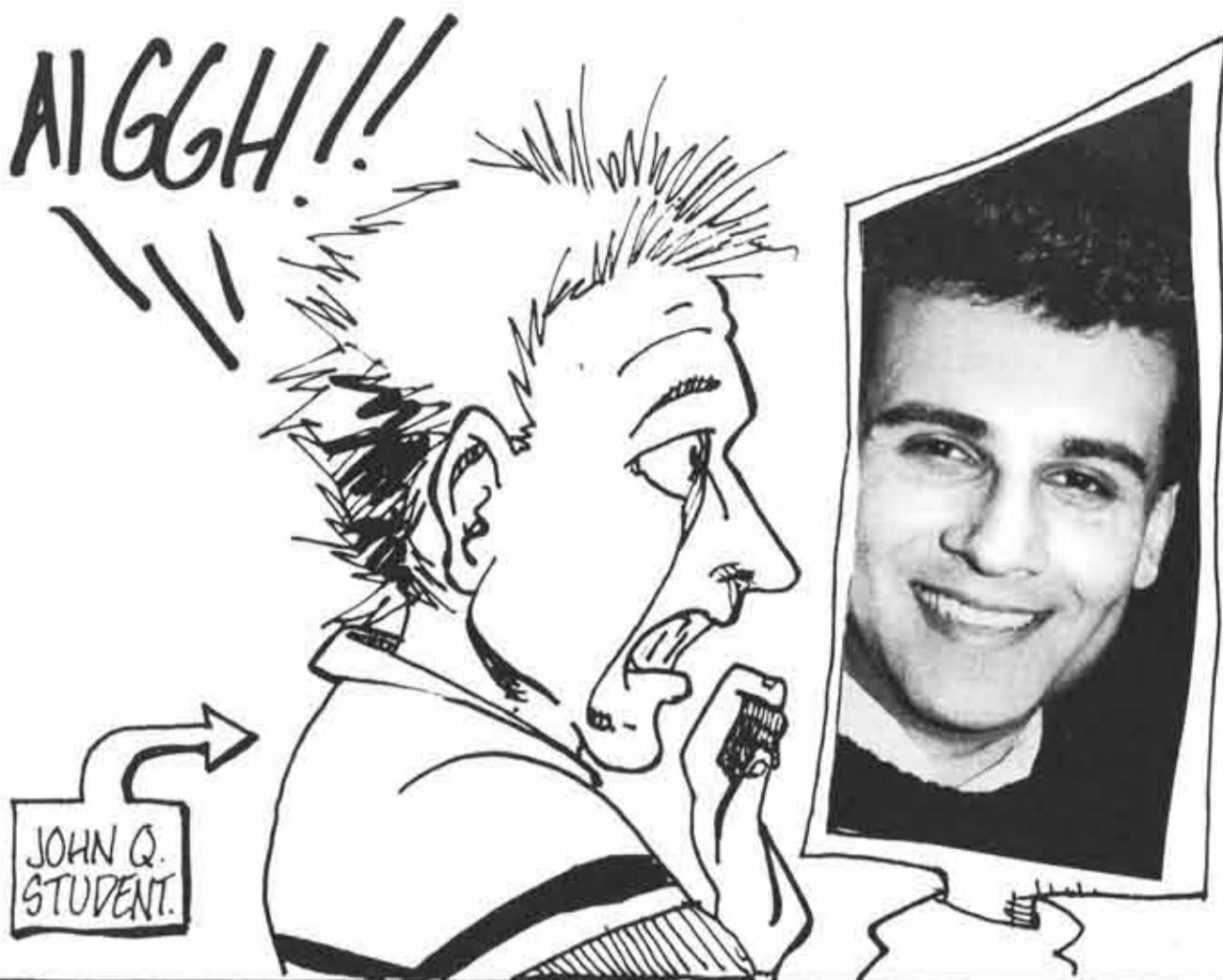
Eight month subscriptions The Bored are ridiculously high in price, and not worth anyone's time or money. Co-op students can subscribe, but it would be cheaper to come pick one up from wherever you work, or have a friend send you one.

The offices of The Bored are not in touch with reality, but are in the toe jam of the campus of the Sir Wilfred Lauré College (to those on American Vias or MasterCard) University, on the Second or Third Floor, depends what door you come in, of the John Wierd Controls the Name Building. The Bored is printed on fine paper by some guy not named Rictor, at the Sphintor Web Presses his Legs Together in the Not-As-Homophobic-City-As-Some-Small-Towns Metropolis of Brantford, Ontario.

The Bored is published when we fuckin' feel like it, or when we get enough suckers to advertise in this rag, which ever comes first.

The Bored is not involved in any way what-so-ever with any group, but we spend lots of money to belong to some.

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Christmas (huh) what's it good for?

What the hell has happened to Christmas?

When we were young, Christmas meant presents. It was gifts under the tree, and a lot of them. It was a really big fucking dinner, with lots of really sweet desserts. It was the expenditure of hideous amounts of money.

What the hell does this Jesus guy have to do with it?

It's a sad reflection on our society when on Christmas Sunday, hordes of pathetic people flock to a church and attend an outdated ceremony involving candles and hymns and all that rot.

It is also a sad reflection on corporate enterprises to allow Christmas to return to the true meaning. Where are the marketing skills to give Christmas back to the merchants?

Look, people, this is not what the festive time of year is all about. Where's the profit in it? Where's the joy of receiving? Where's the plastic tree?

Remember the good old days when you were out doing your Christmas shopping? Picture the mall: lots and lots of people, bumping into each other and swearing at each other and being really greedy and selfish. Buying gifts only because you know if you don't you won't get anything from those people next year. The shopkeepers rejoicing in the scads of cash that flows through their underpaid employees hands and into their registers. The big pile of overpriced fowl in the supermarket with a mob of dirty fingers poking and prodding to find the best one, even if it is already in someone else's cart. Waking up on Christmas morning at 5:00 a.m. and getting everyone else in the family up too. The decorations being put up at the same time the Hallowe'en ones are taken down. The hours and hours of toy commercials starting in August. The Grinch, people! The Grinch! Damn, Christmas used to be a messing around good time.

Now take a look. People shop in advance. The commercials are really tame. Everyone's happy and nice to everyone else. Scrooge is a nice guy, giving, giving, giving for the sheer fun of it. People actually telephone their relatives in far away lands, instead of waiting for them to call first and thereby avoiding the long distance charge. Manger scenes?! Kindness, grace, bright smiling faces, group hugs, and home-made gifts. Yuck.

Look, let's put the life back into Christmas.

To hell with your good wishes.

Screw that being nice shit.

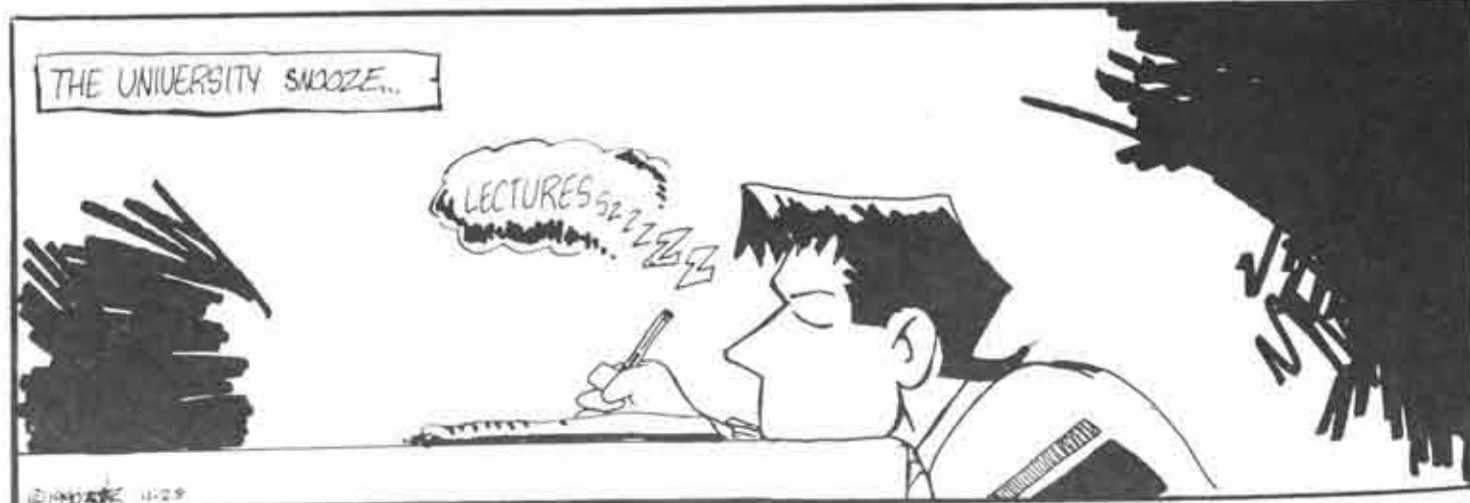
Give us a big expensive present.

Ah fuck it. Just give us your money.

Editorials were chosen by drawing straws. J.R. always won, so we played sailor. Christine always won, so we picked names. You still don't know who won, but the whole Bored Editorial Bored OK's them, so they really belong to the bored, and no one in particular takes credit, like the Bored of Bars and Pubs, and especially WLUSU.

The University Snooze

by Murray Toothpick



Letters

Aunt Eulice to visit Mom Uncle Liam was a drunk

Dear Editor,

When I got off the phone with you last night, I was concerned. I know you are having troubles, son, but bear through. That girlfriend of yours, I thought was all wrong from the start. I really think you should not go out with her. She's a bad influence. But that is not my place, and I will support you what ever you decide.

Your sister is doing well. Her exams are almost about to start.

A blah one

Dear Editor,

Blahblah blah blah blahblah blah blah blah. Blahblah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah.

Sen. Blah blah

Bull shit

Dear Editor,

Someone has to stand up for the Prime Minister. Everyone seems to be on his back about cowtoeing to George Bush's every whim. I really don't think he is. Read my lips -- "he's not".

Name withheld upon request.

Aunt Eulice is coming to visit next week. It will be nice to see her. I saw her last January at Uncle Liam's funeral. You know the one who drank himself to death? Must be off, son. Have a good

day. And put up with the bad people at the paper. It will build character.

Love,
Sen. Mrs. Jerke.

Peaks suck

Dear Editor,

I am writing to comment on the column 'Peaks Beat'. I have figured out what it is all about. "Bob" is a director of the show *Twin Peaks*, and he showed Laura Palmer tapes of the show. She died of boredom. So you see, there is no need to continue with

the show, or Peaks Beat, for that matter.

Sen. Leo Johnson
Twin Peaks

Sen Brian elsewhere

Dear Editor,

I wish to respond to the accusation that I have appointed a great many Senators to the highly useless and completely unwarranted, oh, and completely undemocratic Senate.

The acusations relating to this are unfounded and not merited in any way whatsoever.

Please print a retraction, and cancel my subscription to *The Bored*.

Brian Mulroneu
Prime Minister, Jet Setter,
Taxer of All Things Fair and in
Canada, and not a Senator (as
of yet)

Wnt missing

Dear ditor,

I was on my way to school th othr day, and I lost somthing vry important. It was a ltr. I nd that ltr to complt my studis as I writ a grt many ssays and tsts. Furthrmore, th loss of th ltr is quit mbarrassing whn I spak to linor, my girfrind. If anyon finds it, plas snt it to m at 14904 Bchwood Strt, Kitchnr. Thanks for your tim.

Sn. ric ddntn

between the legs

an editorial by bony jerke

Recently there has been a lot of talk about drinking and driving. Those that advocate stronger laws for drunk driving, and work hard for it, should reconsider their time commitments. What I mean is this: pro-choice and pro-life supporters are natural adversaries, and each tries to get what each side wants by convincing decision makers. I have no problem with that. As much as I hate to say, or especially write anything political, that is the democratic process.

Now consider the advocates of tougher drunk driving laws. Why work so hard. Is it because of the massive PRO DRUNK DRIVING LOBBY? Surely not. Those efforts have to be reconsidered, and perhaps more energy has to be put into advocating for safer-sex laws.

Laurier can be a great start for this. First, it can eliminate all the small town racist, sexist, and homophobic students. Those ones from Beamsville can be the first to go. Actually, anyone from a town smaller than, say, 76000, like, oh, I don't know -- Brantford, can get the axe from enrollment. Even the sprawling metropolis of Timmins, Porcus Junction, and Elliot Lake harbour those un-safe sex advocates.

And while I'm talking about those small-town, narrow minded, un-safe sex practitioners with racist, sexist and homophobic ideas, I can't forget those who practice pop can worship.

An anecdote. On my way to investigate small towns and their attitudes, along highway 68 plus one, I saw a R-S-H small town type kicking the piss out of a can. But let me start from the beginning.

A boy, about ten, was being chased by another boy. Gathered around a telephone pole were about ten other children, all about the same age. The boy

being chased then all of a sudden, kicked a can and ran away. The moment the can was kicked, all the children gathered around the pole ran away, and the original boy who was doing the chasing, obviously upset at the can, seemed to give up. He set the can up again, went to the pole, and began to cry. I did not see him cry, but he hid his eyes from sight. I drove away.

The R-S-H boy that did the chasing lost. The boy he was chasing was probably clear headed, did not believe in the religious can bunk, and showed his disrespect. At the kick, all the other can worshipers chased him in return, but some were so distraught that they ran in different directions, and some into a forest. Now that is no better than any other small town I've seen. Not only should the boy not have shown disrespect for the idol he did not believe in, but the others should not have been so intolerant as to attempt to beat up on the boy. He was probably hated because he was of a different ethnic origin -- maybe English.

But I digress. The point is, there are some racist, sexist, homophobic tin can idol worshipers who likely do not practice safe sex in 'dem der small towns, and Laurier should take a stand. The question remains, *do we need a small town population to bring down larger town Laurier students trying to expand their horizons, their minds, and notches on the bed post?* I say NOT.

Imagine, that, cans? What Tim? It's a game? Oh, never mind.

The opinions contained herein are not supposed to reflect badly on my mother, but should reflect badly on pop-can worshipers and narrow minded people, even those from South Porcupine and Lavac, not to mention Sudbury.

The Question to the Geeks

What Does Santa Do The Other 364 Days Of The Year?
By people with nothing better to do during the day than to ask strangers stupid questions

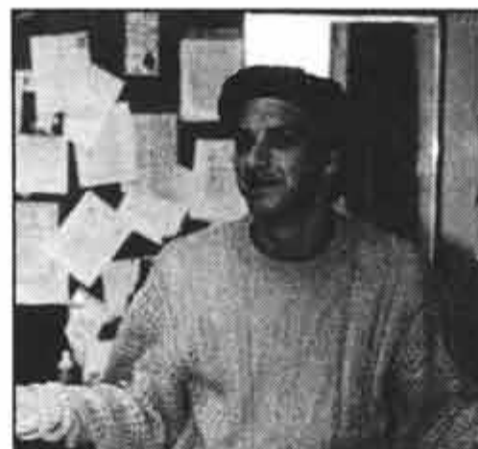


Reindeer
Really rude person



'Suntans' under the really dumb "Aurora Borealis"

Bored Editors



Out in an isolated cabin, with a woman, eight reindeer, dwarfs, and lots of toys, what do you think?

Sarcastic Bastard
3rd yr Caustic

I don't know. I guess he runs and jumps and plays and gambols on the Arctic tundra, frolicking with the wild life, and reads by the "Aurora Borealis".
Some person who has nothing better to do during the day than to ask really dumb questions



Get away from me with that camera. No one knows I'm here.

Jimmy Hoffa?
Business
class of '65

Bull shit

More lame letters without headlines

Dear Editor,

Quick, what comes after "for better, for worse, for richer ..."?

Sen. Ivana Trump.
Trump Tower

Dear Editor,

Holy Fuck, will you let us out of here. We're burning up!

Your hands
Combusting In Your Pockets

Dear Editor,

I would like to make mention of the terrible apathy I see around campus. Ah, forget it. Who cares?

Name withheld

Dear Editor,

I was mentioned in *The Bored*, and I took exception. It said I was in my first year, which was right. But it also said I had a tendency to procrastinate. THAT, MR EDITOR, is what I took exception to. I seldom procrastinate! Please print a retraction if you get around to it.

Sen. Normy Zimmermann
79127956

Dear Editor,

Fiction. What does it mean to you? To me, it means a style of writing that is enjoyable to read as it allows me to escape to a world that only exists in the mind of the author.

Fiction is not only an escape, it's a relief from the heavy requirements of the world. Try writing some, and have others escape into your world.

Fiction has transformed the way we think.

One of the greatest pieces of work, one that not only affected the readers, but the authors as

well, was the *Warren Report*. I love fiction.

The American Public
Blissfully Unaware

STRAIGHT ACROSS

by Doubling Thomas

I don't believe in God so I guess I should make that a small g so then I don't believe in god and I don't believe in the devil. I only believe in me, Me, ME. Me, Myself and I. I am an atheist. That can be capitlaized--Atheist. No god and no nuthin'. An Atheist and proud of it.

I always gotta laugh at those people goin' to church every Sunday and havin' to get up early after a hard night of boozin' oops I forgot, them types don't go boozin'. Too bad, they're missing a great time and a wicked headache and maybe even some yacking. Maybe they got a good idea after all.

Any ways, I don't believe in god cuz of the time when I was a kid and my dog disappeared. I got real sad and prayed to god to bring my doggie back but my doggie, whose name was Princess, never came back and it was god's fault and I figured that if there was a god he would never let that terrible thing happen to me. But it did happen to me and so I figured there was no god. Big jerk.

I also don't believe in any of the stuff I read in them Richard Bach books about blue feathers and leaving your body and all that crap. That's even harder to believe in than god. You can't leave yer body cuz that's all you got holding you together. You can't walk through walls and stuff. That's all B.S. I think that Bach fellow took a few too many drugs and maybe let the lack of air at a high altitude get to him. Weirdo.

And these psychics we had in the Concourse a few weeks ago. What a load of bunk. If they was relly psychic why don't they pick the winning lot-

tery numbers in the 6/49 or bet the wife and kids on the winner of the World Series. No, instead all they do is go around to old Lutheran Universities where no-one really follows their faith and take advantage of young, stupid students. At least the 'psychics' are smart.

And what about this LCF group? Ah, they're probably just an excuse to get all pumped up and then go out drinking. I bet half the guys who go there just go to try to pick up chicks. I know when I went a few times with a crazy Christian friend of mine that's all I tried to do. Ah, but those chicks won't go anyway.

Nope. There aint no god and there aint no holy ghost or divine buddha shmuddha or mohammed or inner flame or any other crap like that. There is just you and me baby. All alone in all the universes in all the galaxies in all the solar systems. The planet got created by a fluke. It's all an accident, man and them there 'god followers' no matter what country they are from better realize that and quit wasting their time praying. They are missing out on valuable smokin' and drinkin' and 'sinnin' time.

Better start drinkin' cuz that's as good a reason for our existence as bein' put here by some god or other. The only time you're gonna find me on my knees on a Sunday morning is when I'm driving the porcelain bus and tasting the rainbow breakfast. It may not be pleasant but that's the way it is in this ole lonely world.

Pass me a Bud, will ya?

This opinion does not reflect God's opinion.

Some frauds

Dear Editor,

I can't believe that my hero, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., is a fraud. What a let down.

Sen. Milli Vinilli
Skid Row

Dear Editor,

I can't believe my heroes, Milli Vinilli, are frauds. What a let

down.

Sen. Pete Townsend
Skid Marks

Dear Editor,

I can't believe my hero, Pete Townsend, was a fraud. What a let down. I want my money back!

Sen. Victor Kiam
Skin face



CRASSIFIED



AcUriT Teyepiss: Wil Chek
Grandma. CA1 747-4444



LOHT: MY FALLTH
TEETH. PLEATHE RETURN
THEM. I NEED THEM TO
THPEAK. THANKTH.

Dog, kind of stiff, large ears,
Dopey voice, answers to Goliath.
Call Davey: 888-2112
for sale

LOST OR STOLEN!!! Whoever
the asshole was that took my vir-
ginity last Friday at the Turret, I
want it back! I had it when I went
into the coatcheck room, then I
turned around and it was gone.
Please return it before I go in-
sane; this has really torn me
apart. Call 888-1111

FOUND: One box of pee pee
socks, in my living-room!



For Sale - Copies of the 1990 Bus
111 final exam. They're not
cheep but they are easy.

GOING FAST - Bay City Rol-
lers scarves, and belt buckles.
Beat the GST! For the best prices
on the best fashions in town, call
Martin at the Bored. "I was so
happy with them, I bought the
whole fuckin' truckload!"



Wanted: Person to help measure
erections for psych experiment.
Call Dickey.

CHICKS - Call Sweet Meat Pete

Wanted: LIFE - 1 - CHEEP. Call
Sweet Meat Pete.

I'm a fourth year Bio. student
looking for a volunteer to help me
work on my honours thesis on
brain size. For the experiments, I
will need to dissect your brain and
compare your intelligence with
that of a worm. All results are
confidential. Call Luppo at 884-
5200 between 2:00 and 4:00 am.

HELP WANTED! Wimpy
Phys.Ed. major needs jock-type
person to help with weight lifting
assignment. Please contact
Swanee at 000-BOOO.

HELP WANTED: I'm a quad-
rapalegic with an immense
booger. Nosepickers needed.
Shiftwork. Great experience for
those willing to go out on a limb.

New roommate to replace Sweet
Meat Pete. Personality a require-
ment + must be able to talk about
things other than girls. In other
words, have a brain + be not
horny. It would be helpful if you
also had a life. I'm tired of losers.
Call Gus.

WANTED: TV repairman to get
Carol Anne out of TV set.

Drama students require several
students to help transport their
egos between residences and the
T.A. Heavy lifting involved.

WANTED: A fling for crock's
crotch. Call Dick.

Wanted: Plastics explosive tester.
must be willing to travel.



Hey Roomie!,
Let's get drunk this weekend!
Hahahahahah!!!! Hohohoho!!!
Hawhawhawhaw!!!
-your roommates

Elderly leper seeks warm and
compassionate companion for
evening walks (or hops), holding
hands (or wrists) in the moon-
light. Serious Inquiries only
please. Call 886-1010

CW: I didn't know hair could
grow on cement! Lovingly Yours
Dr. Thrust



DEATH: All are welcome. Time
and location varies. Check your
pulse.

LAURIER FASHION SHOW
& SALE. One day only! Huge
selection of leg warmers,
Roadrunner jeans, big ugly com-
bs, and "Touch of Class" T-shirt
iron-ons. Also many track pants
and neon shirts to choose from,
for those who prefer to stay in
uniform. 6:00am to 11:00pm in
the A.C. All major credit cards
accepted.

Grand opening of the Pasty
Women With Gammy Legs And
Hairy Armpits Center. Monday at
noon. No cameras, recorders, or
people with belly buttons al-
lowed.

OBSCENE

Cute puppets, gutsy puppets Miss Piggy, Lambchop come forward and talk

by Guy Smiley

Hang on to your hats Muppet fans. In last week's issue of *Foam Creatures Today*, Miss Piggy, former headliner on the Muppet Show admitted that during her ten year career as an actress and singer, she did not do her own singing, or talking, but that it had been the voice of puppeteer Frank Oz, from the Wizard of Oz fame.

"I wanted to do my own singing, but they (the directors) wouldn't let me. They said that they only wanted me for my good looks. I even degraded myself by posing topless in *Playboy*. But, what would you do if you had

some guy's hand rammed up your butt and pulling on strings attached to your arms? I felt like a politician," said a distraught Miss Piggy.

The music world is wondering what will be the decision on Miss Piggy's Bruno Award for best Baroque trumpet piece in a slop house. The judges are trying to decide whether she deserves the award for the work, since it was, alas, not her own trumpet playing that thrilled audiences in "Your Garbage, My Dinner". The judges will be giving their decision next Monday.

"Right now, I don't really care what happens to the Bruno. All I want to do is clear my name.

I've decided to put out a new album 'On My Own'. I will be doing my own singing and trumpet work, and I've called in the entire cast of the Muppet Show for a heartfelt rendition of 'With a Little Help From My

Friends'" Piggy stated in a telephone interview yesterday. In my own opinion, her own voice is much more melodious than that of the Oz voice.

Many of us are questioning the integrity of the rest of the

Muppets as to whether they have been using their own voices or others to heighten their careers. Once deemed the best thing to come along since the Rolling Stones or the Who or the Beatles the Muppets have a long list of success. After a long running series, two feature films and various specials, we have to wonder who was actually running the show.

After Miss Piggy came forward for the good of the Muppets there have been a rash of incidents that lead this reporter to believe that there might be more to this than meets the eye. Well known sheep, Lambchop stated yesterday that she knows exactly how Miss Piggy feels. Although not a Muppet herself, the dear animal was teary eyed when I spoke with her. She would go no further, but said that she was seeking legal aid.

Burt and Ernie, that mysterious duo with no last names have both left the apartment they were sharing and have found separate living accommodations until this whole scandal blows over, said the manager of the two.

I was also able to get in touch with Cookie Monster who, after much prodding, confessed to having never eaten any of the cookies he so greedily devoured on stage. "How could have eaten them? I have no hole in my throat, look ahh," was all he had to say on the matter.

This issue will not rest, the 'Obscene' will continue to bring you coverage of the "Muppet Scandal" in the days to come.



Miss Piggy is back on her feet again, despite the directors

Pointless interview

Recently Pierre Beausejour, the internationally renowned mime did a string of shows at the Kitchener-Waterloo Concert Hall. I caught up with him last week in the president's suite at the Waikiki Motor Hotel out near Highway 401.

BROCK: So Pierre, what ever made you decide to follow the career of a mime?

PIERRE:
BROCK: I see. So you were walking down the street, when all of a sudden you came up against an invisible wall. You placed your hands all over it but could find no way out. Why did you decide this was a sign of your calling?

PIERRE:
BROCK: Oh, er, you turned around and found an invisible ladder and you began to climb it. I see how that could symbolize your way out of poverty and deprivation into the high life, including such lovely accommodations as the Waikiki Motor Hotel. So what is it like at the top?

PIERRE:
BROCK: You sometimes feel trapped inside an invisible box? Well, I guess with all this fame and fortune, you are constantly in the spotlight. Tell me, Pierre, what do you like to do in your spare time?

PIERRE:
BROCK: Oh, well, apart from pulling on an imaginary rope tied to an imaginary elephant, is there anything else you enjoy doing?

PIERRE:
BROCK: I'm sorry. We really can't discuss things like that here. But it seems very interesting. This question may seem odd, but what was the strangest dream you have ever had?

PIERRE:
BROCK: I too get the feeling of running and not going anywhere in some of my dreams. Tell me, what do you plan on doing next in your illustrious career?

PIERRE:
BROCK: You say you want to walk down an imaginary wind tunnel while the fan is on? Simply amazing. So what's the funniest joke you ever heard?

PIERRE:
BROCK: Ha, ha, ha! That's hilarious, but it might be a little to risque for this publication. What would you like to get from Santa Claus this Christmas Pierre?

PIERRE:
BROCK: That's great well listen, it's been nice, uh, functioning with you. Good luck in your career.

Up & coming, Cum & uping Rum & supping, Sum & ruppig

"Give me your dirty love,
just like that tacky little pamphlet
in your daddy's bottom drawer.
Give me your dirty love,
I can't believe you've
never seen his book before.
I don't want your cheap aroma,
Or your little Bo Peep diploma,
I'll just put you in a coma
With some dirty love,
Some dirty love.
Frank Zappa

Coming up tonight, the sun will be setting in the west again, tune in around 4:57 to catch all of the action.

Aerosmith will be putting on a performance at the **Turret** this Saturday, not!!

Tomorrow morning will begin with the sun rising in the east, but being the sleepyheads we are, we'll all probably miss it though. Highlights will be

shown at noon.

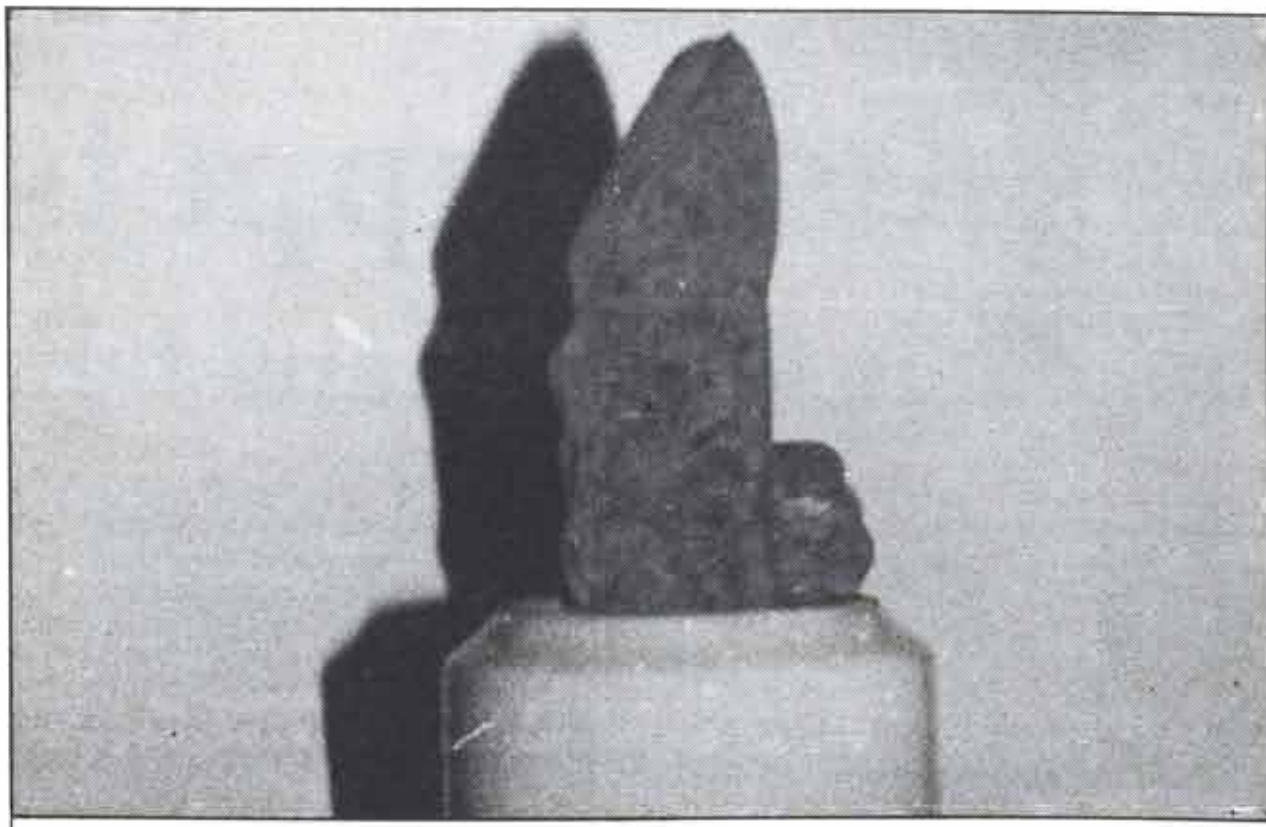
The **New Kids On The Block** will be starring in their own movie this Christmas. All of the original voices of the group have been dubbed over by **Milli Vanilli**.

The **Waterloo Civic Centre** will be running an all-night tribute to the late great **ALF (Alien Life Form)**. The final episode that was never aired because it was said to be "too graphic" is included in the package. This episode includes **Lucky the cat's** final moments on earth before **ALF** comes home after a big-sale piss-up with the neighbours and gets a hankering for a snack. Ha, **Willy Tanner**.

Dave McFee stars as the late night manager at the **7-11** during the midnight shift. Come out and cheer good ol' Dave as he pours slushes and nukes hot dogs for all and sundry in this late night comedy.

Monster trucks will invade **Skydome** this weekend and they're truckin' in ten tons of mud for ten tons of fun. **Big Foot** squares off against **USA ONE** in the title match.

WLU Art show: birds and turds



Phallic symbol, turd, chocolate bunny. Call it what you want.

by Bud

THE PRESENT showing of Morrie Jellaqua's sculptures in the Aird building is both an interesting and diverse collection.

There are several Darwinistic, pre-Lithuanian Baroque pieces that speak of the vast spiritual and

technological change in post-glacial Newfoundland. Touching upon themes of polygamy, autonomy and Deutoronomy, the sculptures convey the feeling that the artist sacrificed his own essence in creating spirit within them.

My personal favourite is

shaped much like a garbage can. The plastic-like bag overflows the edge of the pail, fingering it with a delicate subtlety. Peering inside, one can see precise reproductions of rotting fruit, dead squirrels and twisted pop cans. Dare I say, one could almost swear

that pungent wafts of decay were escaping it. The reality of the piece is enhanced by its positioning. It is actually outside the gallery, by a wall, just where a garbage can, if it were one, would be. So deceptive that some fools actually defiled it with their refuse.

Another interesting piece was a wheel-like structure with sausage-like objects stuck on its spokes. Called "Sausages On Spokes", it conveyed both hatred and love, good and evil, a desire for mustard and sauerkraut. In a way it thoroughly disgusted me, reminding me of childhood days when, riding with my sister on a bicycle, my nimble-foot became entangled in the spokes and twisted right around sending my fragile body to the dusty ground with a horrifying, shrilling, bloody, face-smearing crash. Perhaps my memories should be called "Brilliant Young Critics Bloodied Foot On a Spoke."

But, I digress.

A final notable piece is called "Android Sex Farm." At first glance one is confused as to whether it is simply a rock or a bird-like structure for it roughly resembles a mutated disemboweled pelican (if so, this theme has been thoroughly exhausted by other artists). For sure the piece is heavy and cannot fly. Perhaps Jellaqua is making a desperate, screaming statement about man's glorious hopes to unburden his physical structure and lift from this morbid, imprisoning earth. The stone weight suggests the impossible burden of a racist, sexist, warring, spandex-filled, garbage spewing world tied mercilessly around one's testicles so tight that even the slightest leap upward causes intense pain and perhaps even a hernia. I enjoyed this piece for its boldness.

All in all, a fine show.

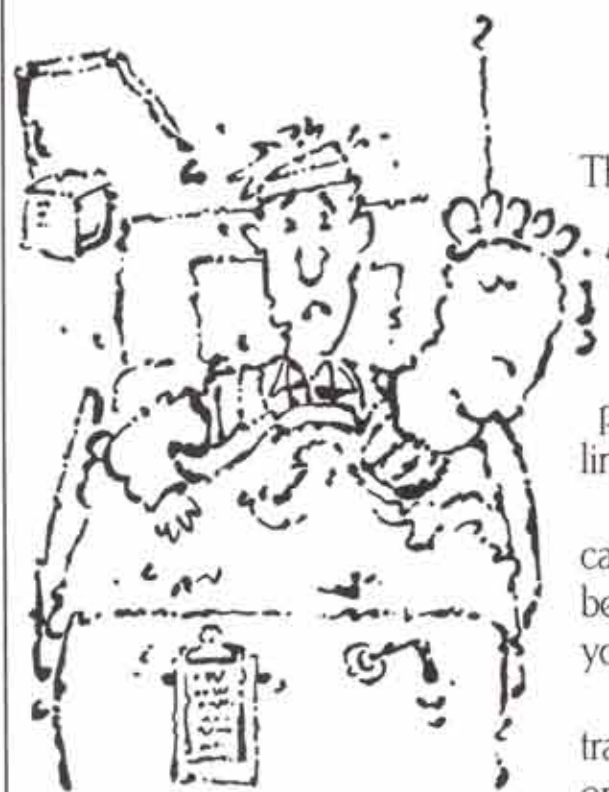


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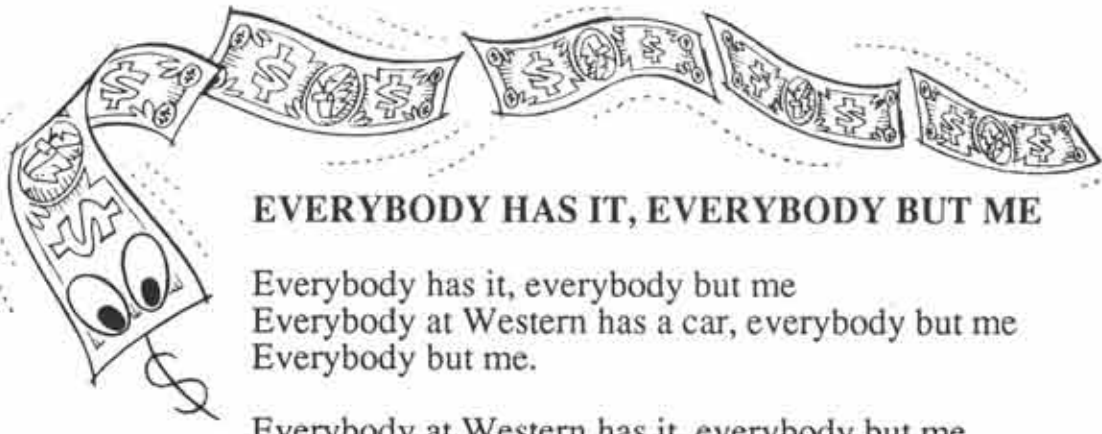
Next time, before you go, remember the Blue Cross travel health plan. And pack some peace of mind.

When travelling outside Canada, a lot of people don't know how to deal with a medical emergency.

They don't know who to call, how to pay for it, whether they'll be reimbursed.

The worst way to find out what you don't know is by accident.

ONTARIO
BLUE CROSS



EVERYBODY HAS IT, EVERYBODY BUT ME

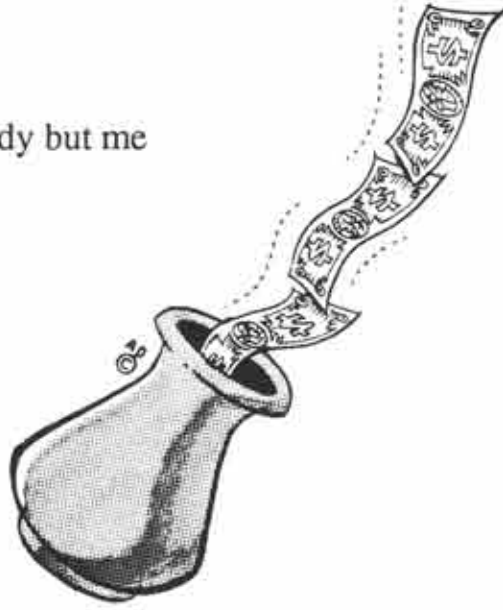
Everybody has it, everybody but me
Everybody at Western has a car, everybody but me
Everybody but me.

Everybody at Western has it, everybody but me
Everybody at Western has money to spend, everybody but me
Everybody but me

Everybody at Western has it, everybody but me
Everybody at Western has an acquaintance with Mary, everybody but me
Everybody but me

Everybody at Western has it, everybody but me
Everybody at Western had sex with Mary, everybody but me
Everybody but me

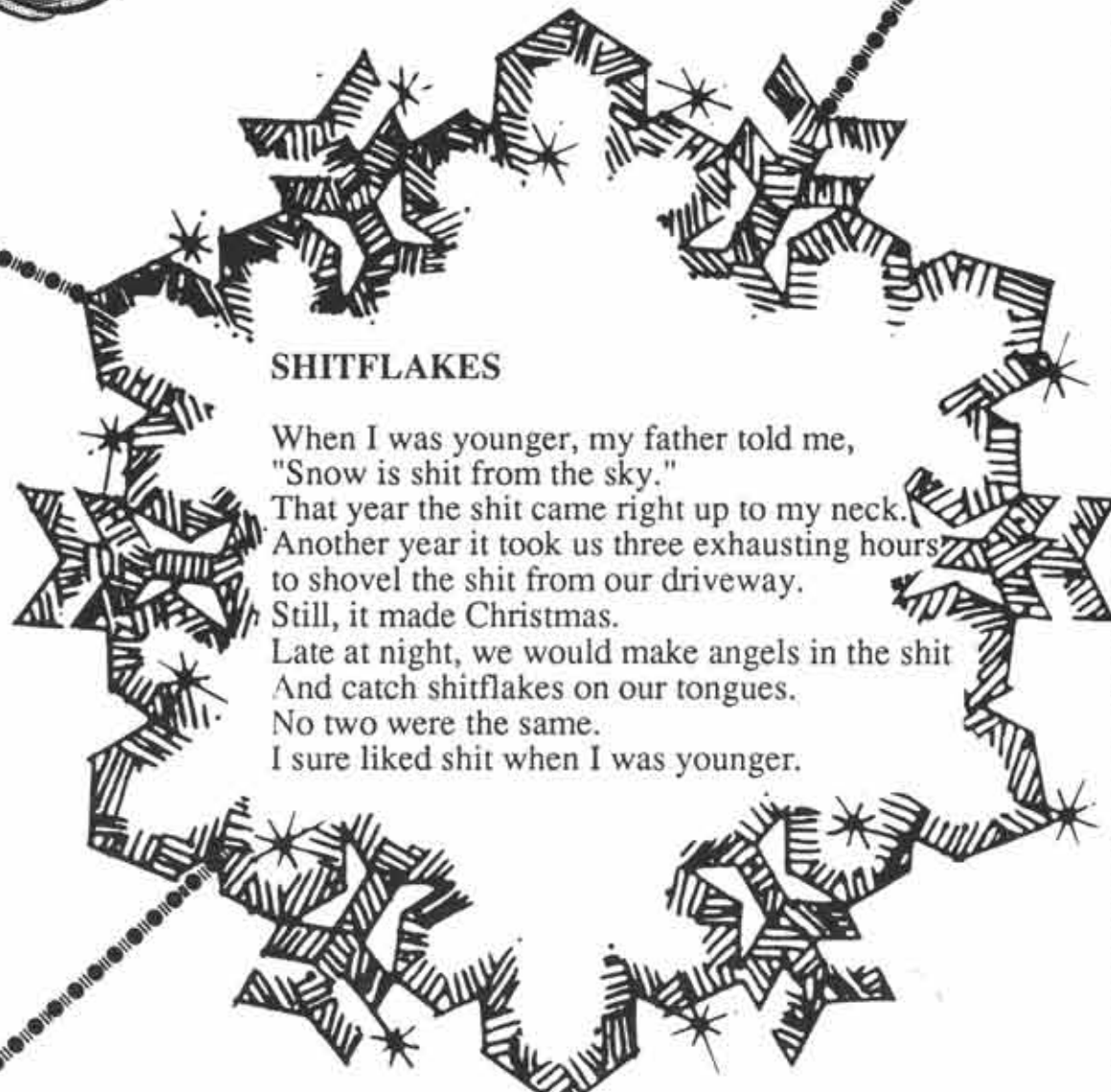
But who would think that this young sweet Mary
...as infected?
Everybody at Western has it, everybody but me
Everybody but me.



CAFFEINE DREAM

It is night, the black light pours in through the window
filling all of the space in the room.
The night noises are clear to the ear.
The rain washes up on the window and the apples that still
cling to the branches drop.
Cars go by, not as many now.
Jets fly overhead, still as many now.
Life flies by, not as hopeful anymore.
And I lay awake...
How do I know all of this you ask?
'Cause I drank too much fuckin' Coke and coffee
today and I can't sleep.

LIFE
Let us go then you and I
As the Larks go passing by
Reaching out you slap my hand
My scream carries over the land
I pull it back and wipe it clean
You, my friend are really mean.
But all you do is snort and shout
I wished that you could read my mind
And eat bananas that would bind
So you could see my subtle wit
And still be full of all that shit
That you gave to me the night we met
When the rain poured, cold and wet
You turned to me as if to say
Would you like some fries with your order today?
But I digress, as I often do
Not thinking of me, just of you.
This story I fear is now at an end
And you are no longer my friend.



SHITFLAKES

When I was younger, my father told me,
"Snow is shit from the sky."
That year the shit came right up to my neck.
Another year it took us three exhausting hours
to shovel the shit from our driveway.
Still, it made Christmas.
Late at night, we would make angels in the shit
And catch shitflakes on our tongues.
No two were the same.
I sure liked shit when I was younger.



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Additional Items \$0.30



No Cover

Tuesday
Nights



183 Weber St. N.
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Sly doesn't fight, he sucks

by Pat McGroin

ROCKY VI opened this past week and had minimal success at the box office. The sixth movie in the Rocky series (yea, the one Stallone said he would never write) is a six hour epic and is being showed at the Sphincterflex six theatre movie house on Sixty-sixth street. (Hmmm)

I was more impressed with the popcorn I ate off the floor than the actual movie. The first piece I picked up had a long hair on it, but I cleaned it off and it was still good. The other pieces I picked out of a gooey paste that was on the floor, so it was like a double treat. Oh, yea, the movie. Well for one thing, it was way too long, and for another thing, someone has to tell

him that he can't act.

The basic plot line runs something like this. Rocky Balboa is killed in his celebrity match at the Sunnybrook Hills Retirement Home where he has been living since he started believing that he was actually the Cookie Monster. His body is rushed to a hospital, but it is too late. The next shot is of this woman giving birth to a child at the Philadelphia Memorial Hospital. Whoa, Rocky has been reincarnated.

Well, this kid grows up in the span of an hour and a half in the movie, and throughout his childhood he keeps having images of Mister T, a big Russian dude, and some young blond haired punk. He even begins to mold his mashed potatoes into the shapes of



Omigosh, what is Rocky fighting this time? Aliens? Himself? Read on.

these people, but he just doesn't know what it all means.

Through a strange twist of fate this kid, who is named Brocky, decides to become a boxer. An old man becomes his trainer and tells him he is no good and never will be a

champion.

In true 'Rocky' form, Brocky who grows up in Philadelphia never notices the huge bronze statue that is a memorial to the original Rocky, and the kid never realizes that his soul has been invaded, from day one, by the soul of some punch-

drunk boxer.

Throughout the last three hours the kid becomes a man, bearing a striking resemblance to Sylvester Stallone and becomes the heavyweight champion of the world.

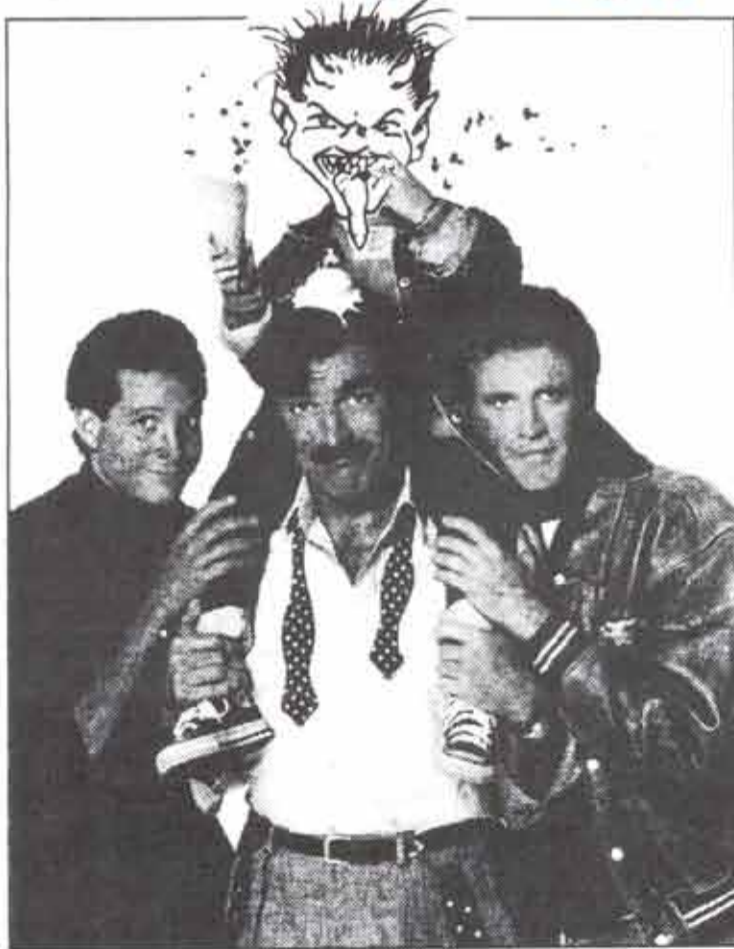
Don't even bother renting this on video-tape. It sucks.

Tom
Schelleck

Steve
Guttenburger

Ted
Dancin

Three Men and an Antichrist



Touching Pictures

"More fun than Linda Blair vomiting!"

Michele Landsberg, the Toronto Stunned

"Most Bodacious, dude!"

Bill & Ted, Excellent Adventures

**NOW PLAYING AT
MOST THEATRES**

No Passing Out

M FAMILY

joke ad

Now Playing at Sphincter-Flex Theatres

JACOB'S BLADDER



"A very gutsy movie"

Henry Mazschkraxiofav-
oliativ, Toronto Stah

"I liked the props"

Steve Peever, The Tribune

Mickey Mouse Meets "Chucky"

Two favorite
children's toys
meet up, with
hilarious results!



Gone With The Vote

Starring: Margaret Thatcher
Brian Mulroney
and David Peterson as 'Red' Scarlett

Exquisite (mis)representations,
guaranteed to move you...
right to the toilet.

And held over...

Debbie Does North
York And Parts Of
Scarborough
3am Showings only.

joke ad

It's time to ramble on

"Johnny was a school boy when he heard his first Beatles song, 'Love me Do', I think it was, and from there it didn't take him long. He used to play guitar everynight, and now he's in a rock and roll outfit and everything is alright." These were the words that Rory Tate kept on repeating while he was in the shower. What was he thinking about? He had done everything right, but it had all fallen apart.

He was left with the broken fragments. They represented everything in his life that had ever failed. His hopes, his dreams, his aspirations; especially the busty brunette in philosophy

class he'd been trying to score for two months.

Rory, however, refused to give up. He'd try again, he'd succeed where others had failed. He remembered when they had laughed at him at the academy. The fools, he would soon show them. He had been the victim of a cruel twist of fate, that was all. Maybe they had transpired against him. Maybe it was the greenhouse effect. Maybe he shouldn't eat so soon before going to bed.

The next day he woke up fresh and happy. He felt more alive than he ever had. He took care of the mundane tasks of the

day and then those things over in his life forever, he piled his things into his 1953 Studebaker Silver Eagle Limited and went of to Restigouche. He felt that at this point, not only did he need a change of life, but a change of language as well. Attempting to blend into this small Quebecois village, Rory rented a room above the local patisserie, found a job working the firey bread oven, and took up cross stitch in a last ditch attempt to come to terms with the female side of his personality that had been struggling to escape for years. Suddenly everything was coming together, he was learning to love him/her self.

His new philosophical outlook on life was chiefly reflected in his appearance. Tate took great pride in sacheing down the busy streets wearing some combination of workboots, heels, skirts, long underwear, and pearls. It was Liza Minelli this, Burt Reynolds that.

Seeing as how it was Burt Reynolds that Rory flicked on the TV set, he decided to watch "Smokey and the Bandit" in 3-D no less. He was rather bored of the whole affair, now. It all seemed so pointless and so digressive: life, the movie, the fact that he was out of Scotch.

"Why don't I do something about all this?" Rory asked himself. "Why, why, why, why, why, why and why?" He noticed that the more he repeated the word the

less meaning it had. He decided that he would do something about his drudgery and lackluster existence. He knew now that this was a new beginning. He sat in his E-Z-Boy corduroy, plush swivel rocker for a long time. This was the beginning.

It hurt and this pain felt too good

Rory found a miniature cheese grater in the inside left pocket of his oversized smoking jacket and proceeded to trim his cuticles with it. The pain was excruciatingly delicious. It was, at the moment, one of the few things in life that were real, and of its existence he could be certain, like the memory of Penelope, a shy and myopic girl Rory knew in the ninth grade- the first girl he had ever kissed. Indeed the memory of that day was as vivid now as ever. Underneath the sycamore tree in the schoolyard his lips had met hers, briefly, before she ran away.

Briefly, briefly. His briefs...God, his underwear were pinching at this very moment. It hurt and this pain too felt good. The cloth was bunched up and sticky because he had worn them for six days.

That's it, he had had enough. He lifted his bones from the chair and drrraaaged himself to the kitchen. He couldn't stand the heat, so he left. The entire room had been engulfed in flames. Oh well, he would worry about it tomorrow but now he was just too tired. Too tired from all the events of the day and from the big day he had tomorrow. He was meeting with his publisher.

His manuscript was a piece of shit but it was brilliant. He liked to refer to it as "That whining, snoring didactic epic romance novel". It would sell and it would be critically acclaimed but....but....

He couldn't stand the heat

He had written it when thinking about her. His mother. The only one who really loved him and the only one he really loved. He missed her. Even now tears welled up in his eyes as he thought about her. Why did people, especially good people who gave their lives so others could live more comfortably, have to die at the hands of a two year-old insomniac baby child?

It had been a sad life.

DIRTY STORY

FOUR BONEHEADS IN A BATHROOM

by Harold Pinter's Privates

Four guys are in a bathroom getting ready for their business final.

GUY 1: I have to piss!
GUY 2: So do I!
GUY 3: I have to piss, too!
GUY 4: Let me piss!
(They all crowd around the toilet bowl)
GUY 2: (to GUY 4) Move over!
GUY 1: Sword fights!
GUY 3: (to GUY 2, pointing at GUY 1) Look at his!
GUY 4: Don't cross the streams!
GUY 2: I'm having a shower!
GUY 3: What's that? You're getting a shower?
GUY 1: He's having a shower! He's having a shower!
GUY 4: I'm taking a dump.
GUY 3: Who's taking a dump?
GUY 1: He's having a shower!
GUY 4: Who's having a shower?
GUY 3: I'm brushing my teeth!
GUY 1: What's that? You're taking a dump?
GUY 4: No, he's taking a shower!
GUY 1: I'm going to shave! I'm going to shave!
GUY 2: Where's the soap?
GUY 1: He needs the soap!
GUY 3: You've got to have soap for a shower.
GUY 1: Yeah.
GUY 4: Where's the toilet paper?
GUY 3: What's that? You want the toilet paper?
GUY 1: I've got the soap! (to GUY 4) Here's the soap!
GUY 3: (to GUY 2) Here's the toilet paper!
GUY 1: I'm shaving my face!
GUY 3: Who's got the toothpaste?
GUY 1: Where's the toothpaste!
GUY 3: Which toothbrush is mine?
GUY 1: The green one's mine!
GUY 4: Mine's red!
GUY 2: Which one's mine? Which one's mine?
GUY 1: You're taking a dump!
GUY 2: Oh.
GUY 3: Mine's yellow! Mine's yellow
GUY 1: Where's my razor?
GUY 3: Where's my toothbrush?
GUY 4: Here's your razor! Here's your toothbrush!
GUY 1: Here's the toothpaste!
GUY 3: It's a pump! It's a pump!

GUY 1: Yeah, you've got to pump that paste.
GUY 2: Pump the paste!
GUY 3: You've got to pump the paste to brush your teeth!
GUY 4: This toilet paper feels slippery!
GUY 2: This soap's falling apart!
GUY 3: Look! He's wiping his ass with soap!
GUY 1: With soap? He's wiping his ass with soap!
GUY 2: Gimme that soap!
GUY 4: Here's the soap! Here's the soap!
GUY 2: I've got the soap!
GUY 3: I've got the toothpaste!
GUY 1: This isn't a razor!
GUY 4: I'm farting bubbles!
GUY 2: You're farting bubbles?
GUY 1: He's farting bubbles! He's farting bubbles!
GUY 3: My gums are bleeding! My gums are bleeding!
GUY 2: What's that? Your gums are bleeding?
GUY 1: You're dripping in my ear!
GUY 4: What's that? He's dripping in your ear?
GUY 2: Yeah, he dripped in his ear!
GUY 3: You're shaving with my toothbrush!
GUY 1: Pump that paste!
GUY 4: You gave me soggy toilet paper!
GUY 3: It smells! It smells!
GUY 1: What's that? It smells?
GUY 2: Yeah, it smells.
GUY 1: I can't hear! I've got toothpaste in my ear!
GUY 4: What smells? What smells?
GUY 3: It's coming from the toilet!
GUY 2: You're dump smells!
GUY 3: Smells bad.
GUY 1: Yeah. Smells bad.
GUY 3: Why does the toilet smell so bad?
GUY 2: There's a potato in it!
GUY 1: Cook the potato! I'll get the spaghetti!
GUY 2: We need plates!
GUY 1: I'll get the plates!
GUY 4: No, it's my dump!
GUY 2: What's that? It's your dump?
GUY 3: It's his dump! It's his dump!
GUY 1: I'll get the plates!
GUY 2: Flush the toilet!
GUY 3: Turn on the fan!
They turn on the fan and leave for the exam. The toilet is left unflushed.

"There goes my '73 Dodge



hubcap." No. It's just a disc - not unlike those found at Dr. Disc; earth base for thousands of new and used records, cassettes and CDs.
seeing things? It's time then to visit the Doctor, located at 146 King St. W. in the heart of downtown Kitchener (see photo). We're open from 10am to 10pm Monday thru Saturday and now from 2pm to 9pm on Sunday. (our phone # is 743-8315)



Crock Green-hack, Edeeter

SPURTS

Jocks just not for cocks

by Crock Green-hack

Hi, Crock Green-hack here with my humble opinion which is the right opinion. Just a comment or two here about jocks, genitalia protection. In the babe's, I mean women's, soccer game last week there was an unfortunate accident. The picture here shows the grave event in all its graphic, gory, painful, ouchful, spine-tingling, pube mashing, sex stopping, orgasm inhibiting glory.

Ouch does say it all doesn't it?

So the point of this here column is to discuss female private part protection. The need for it is obvious--as this picture demonstrates and I think it is downright sexist for only men to have private part (p.p.) protection.

In this age of women's liberation I think it is time that women had something to contain them in their uh-um-down there area. I mean their p.p. parts are just as

important as men's p.p. parts and it makes me feel real bad to see them cute little things (the p.p. parts as well as women) get all bruised up, swollen and tender. They deserve the same protection a man gets and if they can get it in a deoderant then they should be able to get it in a genital protector.

For years now Men have had a protective device; I'm sure you're all familiar with it. It's called a jock, cup, pecker protector, snake saver, turtle's shell and a male ballerina's tight stuffer.

The jock has served man and indeed mankind well over the years and has saved him from high voices, hunched backs, tears, verbal (not physical please) prodding from the boys and, most importantly, an explanation to the wife or girlfriend or, most often, both as to why the purple helmeted warrior of love is not fit for active duty in her, I mean the front, lines. Yes the jock has been a saviour to the sports participant but, up to now, only the male sports participant.

Women need this kind of protection and now, thanks to some fooling around on the work table with my wife, thanks to me, they can get some. It's not like them IUD's or M.O.U.S.E.'s or whatever the hell they're called. It's more like a (gosh I'm embarrassed to say this word almost as embarrassed as when the commercials for these things come on the TV) tampon. Yup a tampon. Pretty simple eh? There's one difference with this tampon though

and that is that it is made out of steel. A big half-inch thick pad of absorbant steel.

"How does it work?" I hear the sex pillows, I mean ladies, saying. Well, it works just like a regular tampon pad and has lots of absorbancey...shock absorbancey that is. And boy is it dependable. My wife tried it out during one of her ladies auxiliary-full contact-no head gear hockey games and she said it lasted a full three periods. Now that's dependable. And in case the thing gets cold, it comes with a battery operated heating device to help keep 'em hot and rarin' to go.

Yes siree fellas (oh yeah and gals too) the p.p protector will keep the p.p.'s protected and ready for you when the little plaything gets home and they might even appreciate the fact that they won't get hurt down there during physical activities that take place in places other than the sack. Come to think of it, they could probably use it as protection for sackrobatics too. Ssshhhhh! Don't tell 'em. What they don't know won't protect 'em and it keeps us satisfied if you know what I mean (nudge, nudge, wink, wink, say no more say no more...).



Though they are using their hands here, guys use jocks. Their legs aren't as nice as girls' legs though are they? Too hairy and muscular. Thick ankles.

Pic: Bambi



I think "OUCH" says it all.

Pic: Steffi Latrec

Swim rebel, spews forth

by Chuck Upley

Ralph Spewstein has a simple philosophy when it comes to swimming. Anything to win.

This attitude helped him become Laurier's first four gold

medal winner when he stole the show in last week-end's swim meet at Western. So how does this fourth-year music student manage to come up a winner

when he's only been swimming competitively for five days? A whole lotta dedication and a little projectile. "Ya puke and they're out of the pool," says Spewstein,

"Then it's easy sailing."

Coach Biff Barf claims his newest champion is doing nothing wrong. "The OUAA rules have no clear rules against vomit, urine or human refuse in the pool. And Ralph can do it on command."

Spewstein's strategy works best in longer distance events like the 400 metre syncro where his vomit can make the slow travel into other lanes and discourage the competition. In a shorter event, the Superfly 100, he actually urinated in the pool thereby sending a quick-spreading blue cloud through the water. But how can Spewstein swim in it when others cannot? Simple. "It's like a fart. Your own always smell better than other peoples."

Spewstein hopes to make another clean sweep in Queen's but

worries because they don't have pool chemicals which turn urine blue. But he did discuss another strategy to offset this drawback, "I might drop a log but it's pretty risky. I wanna save that move for the nationals."

Queen's swim officials are currently trying to have the OUAA rules changed to prevent Spewstein from competing. Says Dick Head, meet chairman, "It cost Western four thousand clams to clean up after that asshole. We don't want the same."

But Coach Barf is confident, "It takes months to change those rules. There is no doubt in my mind that Ralphie will be puking, pissing and maybe even shitting in their pool this weekend. We'll be back with gold."

Good luck Ralph Spewstein, swim rebel.



Open wide and say "ralph"

Pic: Chuck Upley

Leafs will win Cup

by Dr. 'Jock' Strange

This is it. This is finally the season of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Really! The leafs are going to win the 1990-91 Stanley Cup this coming spring. At least this is what Madame Zarathumisia predicts will happen.

Last night, Madame Zarathumisia examined the Leaf's starchart, computed their numerological future, read their Tarot cards, analyzed their tea leaves and made her own unique interpretation of the ratio of teeth per player per person, per average income. All this was done in order to give her an impression of their "psyche imprint," which she needed to use in order to contact the late Harold Ballard, at a seance.

The seance was requested by T.C. Puck, Harold Ballard's dog. Pooch Puck was hoping to be able to make contact with his master in order to convince him to change his will, pothumously, and leave the entire fortune, including controlling interest of Maple Leaf Gardens, in his own paws.

Madame Zarathumisia graciously explained to those ignorant in the ways of the occult, why the Leafs are destined to win the Cup this year. "It's in the stars," explained the mystic gypsy. To begin with, the spring of 1991 will see a "unique constellation configuration." The planets of Pluto, Uranus and Neptune along with Sirius and some lesser known but equally mystically powerful stars, will come together "in such a fashion as to form an eleven pointed maple leaf."

She continued to explain that numerologically it also appears to be the Leafs' season because

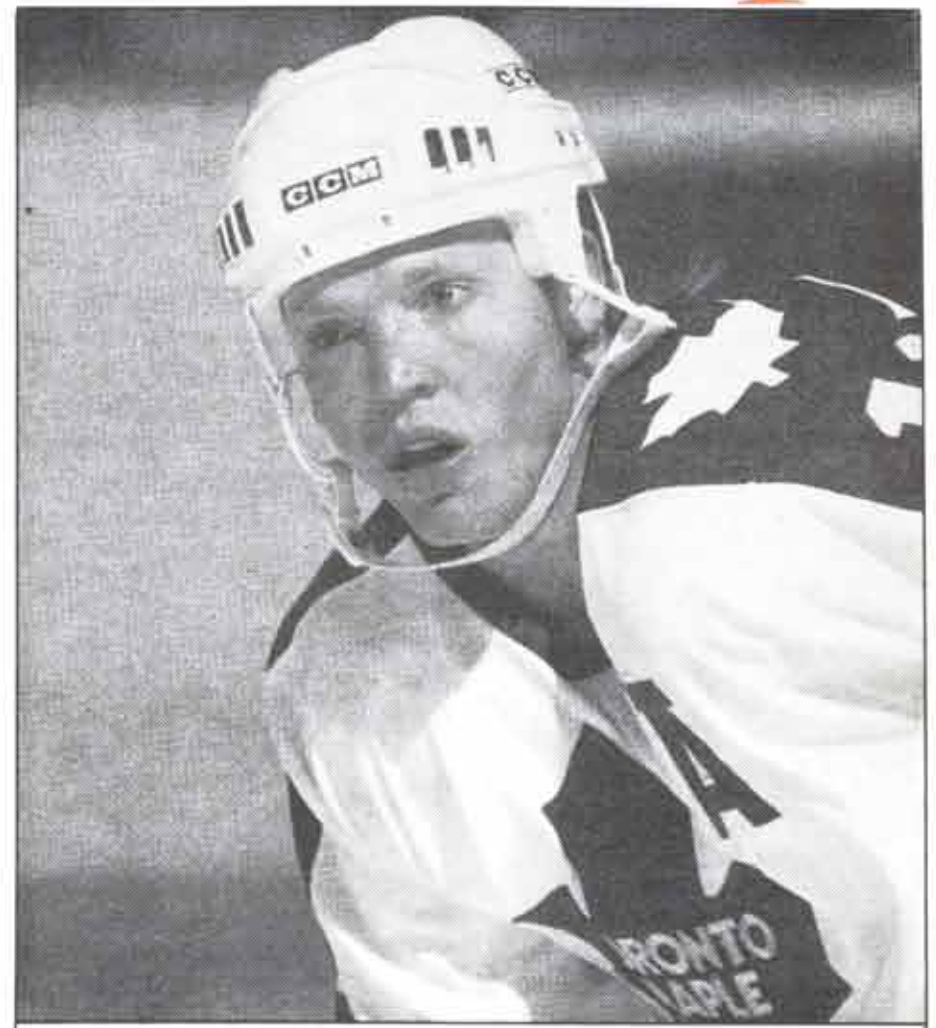
when you chart the Leafs' individual sweater numbers, along with either their goals, assists and points, or goals against average and figure in the number of games remaining in the season, you come up with the number seven. "Seven," she informs, "is a very powerful number. It is a lucky number; a number of strength and determination. It is also the number of dwarves who saved Snow White when she was choking and dying."

When she read their tarot cards, she determined that their keycards were the Sword and the Fool. The Sword symbolizes "the strong, solid support of their fans who constantly sell out Maple Leaf Gardens," and the Fool, also somehow, represents the fans.

The tea leaves (or lack of them, for she could not get any of the players or management to drink tea) indicate that the Leafs are "a stron bunch of players, tough enough to endure the strain of a long plyoff season and are not, in any way, pansywaisted, tea-totalling weenies". The teeth per person statistic also "confirms the strength of the players, their propensity for violence and the lack of any real common sense that would prove to them the folly of their attempt to capture the cup."

As to the Leafs' dismal performance this year, Madame Zarathumisia says "give them time, the planetary allignment won't begin to happen until mid-December."

The seance itself failed in its goal of reaching Harold Ballard. Apparently Shirley Maclain, who was doing an interview on Oprah, has all the astro-spiritual lines jammed.



This man will drink from the cup very soon...

Pic: Gary's mom

The great Gretzky remembered

by Steve Meat and Charlottie Carlottie

Too many men on the ice? TOO MANY MEN ON THE ICE!! It's the sixth and final game of the first round of the 1990 Stanley Cup Playoffs between the Calgary Flames and the Los Angeles

Kings, and there are too many Calgary players on the ice. Who called the penalty? The referee? A linesman? No, it was the Great One himself, Wayne Gretzky!

Through such perceptive and unparalleled efforts, Gretzky took his team to the second round of the playoffs,

defeating Calgary after surviving a disputed goal attempt by the Flames in sudden-death overtime. Following a quick discussion with the goal judge and an obligatory consultation with both his linesmen, the referee immediately skated over to the L.A. bench, conferred with the Great One, and was in complete agreement. As a result of Gretzky's astute powers of observation, the Kings went on to win the game and close the series.

The stunning trade that sent Wayne to sunny California not only left Edmonton without a star centre, but had a ripple effect that sent shock waves across the globe. Here at home, confidence in the Canadian identity was slipping fast. The populace was fingering the transaction as the first casualty in the Free Trade fiasco, and Quebec was poised to separate immediately. The value of the Canadian dollar plummeted, sending money markets into a frenzy world-wide. Pilgrimages on Grey Coach charters were made daily to Brantford, birthplace of the Great One, the helpless pawn in the political wheeling and dealings of one Peter Pocklington, of no fixed national identity.

As a national hero, Wayne is in good company. Only cancer-stricken icons Terry Fox and Rick Hansen drew as much admiration as when the Great One ginger-

ly stepped onto the ice with his excruciating back affliction. His chiropractor, some sources say, has since lost his licence to practice. As a celebrity, he is no less than an ambassador of hockey. Kind-hearted as Kissenger. Polite as the Pope. Modest as Mother Teresa.

That final game against Calgary, through the miracle we call Hockey Night in Canada, brought some great hockey memories into the homes of enthusiasts nationwide. However, the cameras failed to capture some of Wayne's most significant contributions to the sport. Before the first whistle was blown, the Gretzky Watch team was already working overtime, following him in a traffic helicopter from his hotel to the arena, stopping frequently to spot him conversing at length with the elderly.

As game time drew near, with fans and players alike holding their breaths in anticipation of his arrival, the Great One was sighted coordinating traffic for latecomers at the congested entrance. After alighting, and ironing his own jersey, the Great One stepped onto the ice to a deafening roar of applause. Stopping briefly to shake the pea loose in the referee's muted whistle, Gretzky then humbly performed a series of dazzling figure 8's, ending with a triple axel and a

courtesy to Janet, who sat meekly in the stands.

With the all-important game in progress, Gretzky's work was just beginning. Following a lax two-minute shift in which he dominated every aspect of play, the Great One took respite on the bench, but not for long. Los Angeles was losing 1-0, (the score was posted by none other than Wayne -- the scorekeeper was out fetching a coffee) and the crowd was bored because Gretzky wasn't on the ice to even the score. With Janet on the stairs to pass the King his skateguards, Wayne was off and running up the stands, taking over the organ and playing rousing ditties he had composed over the weekend to incite the crowd.

Between periods, with the remainder of the Kings watching Wayne's "Hockey My Way" video in the dressing room, Gretzky tore to the concession stands, easing the bottleneck of hungry patrons by forming organized queues and manning the butter pump of the popcorn machine. He had just enough time to fill his teammates' waterbottles before speeding back to the ice to resume his mundane task as centre of a hockey team.

Will Canada ever be able to find another mortal who can do this much for hockey?



Unemployed hockey players. Probably one of societies unrecognized problems, the rates of unemployed, homeless hockey players found roaming the streets has reached critically high levels. But there's something you can do about it. Send your donations, food, old hockey sticks, etc. to: **The Ron Hextall Institute**, P.O. Box 99, Fergus, ONT. N4H 8L8. After all, they're still people.

WRESTLING BEAT -

by:

"King Kong"
Martin Walker



The wrestling world was shocked today to learn of the unexpected death of **The Canadian Earthquake**. Apparently, the 440 lb. walking monolith suddenly exploded while wrestling nemesis **Hulk Hogan**. WWF investigators revealed that the big man mistakenly swallowed a 14 litre bottle of Cow Brand baking soda during dinner approximately 10 minutes before the match. "He thought it was salt," reported Jose Louis Rivera, a WWF official. "It was really disgusting. He just sort of stood there with this pained look on his face...then he exploded. It was scary! He looked sort of like the Pillsbury Dough Boy right before he exploded."

Speaking of exploding events, the WWF's Main Event was announced this past week. In the main event, WWF champion **The Ultimate Warrior** defends his World Heavyweight Championship title against **Donald Trump**. Reportedly, the yuppie millionaire has been working out and feels that it is

time to take on the champion. It is unknown whether soon-to-be-ex-wife **Ivana Trump** will be in his corner or whether **Marla Maples** will be attending. Ivana and Marla are also featured in a wrestlin match that pits Ivana Trump and Jake the Snake's pet boa **Damien** against Marla Maples and her partner, **Koko B. Ware's** pet bird, **Franky**.

It appears that **The Road Warriors** are heading for public office. Apparently **Hawk** and **Animal** have been nominated as the co-leaders of Britain's Conservative Party. Their policies for the country: 1)To kick Margaret Thatcher's ass, 2)To kick George Bush's ass and 3)To kick everybody else's ass. They are currently leading the polls by 7 percentage points.

As a whole, there's not much new in the wrestling world. So until next week remember, say your prayers, eat your vitamins and don't suplex your partner on wet floors.

My Sunday digression

by Crock Green-hack

This past Sunday evening I decided I would take you, the reader faithful, on a tour of my room. I talk about it so much, and I spend most of my life (if you could call it a life) there. I thought it would be interesting for you, and self-centred for me, to describe to you what it is like.

The first thing you see as you enter my humble (but the best) room in the house is a blue sombrero given to me by my good Mexican friend Juan-Maritan Walterirez a great soccer player from the last Mexiacn world cup soccer team. He was killed tragically in a hospital surgical mix-up. Any way, I digress.

Just under the blue sombrero are my wrestling action figures. I have the Honkey-Tonk Man, Jim Duggan, the Ultimate Warrior, Andre the Giant and, of course Hulk Hogan. Often I pit them in battles against each other and when I'm feeling really hyper and I have lots of stamina, I have a big weekend long battle royale. Hulk always wins cuz he's my favourite. Of course it's just pretend.

On the shelf below my wrestling figures is my massive tape collection made up mostly of tapes I have stolen from Obscene Editor Guy Feather-in-hand. Don't tell him though, but he's kinda dense anyway. I told him I would review this Faith No More tape three or four weeks ago and he forgot all about it. Oh well, he gets too much free stuff sent to him anyway. But I digress.

Looking up and onto my walls you will see several jock posters. There are pictures of macho, sweaty, towel clad football players and one of my hero Allan Bester who was recently sent to the minors (I had to cry myself to sleep after that one). I guess I have lots of posters of larger than life men on my wall to fill the void in my life of having no father...he left my mom and I and my 18 brothers and sisters when I was little and since then I've turned to sports to try to find a father figure. This

year I think I'll adopt José Canseco cuz he makes a lot of cash.

My adopted rich guy hero dad would read me a story that went something like "Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nice little boy named baby tuckoo..." But I digress.

In the corner is my inflate-a-mate oops we'll just skip over that one. Her name is Penny by the way and she is a classy girl.

Over there under the window is my bed that is built like a race car. Once Mario Andretti was my dad-er-uh-hero. Under the Pittsburgh Steelers blanket is a Pittsburgh Steelers rubber accident sheet that my Mommie gave me cuz sometimes I get ascaered and excited at night. When you wet the bed first it is warm and then it gets cold. My mother gave me the rubber sheet. It had a queer smell. But thinking about my hero/dad of the month makes me feel better.

Another thing that helps keep me feeling secure is my now famous Snoopy nite lite. I love it and I love Snoopy. Maybe he should be my hero sometime. Yeah, I like that idea.

If you look in the closet--careful look out for that falling tennis racket-- you will see my entire wardrobe is made up of nothing but sweat shirts, track pants and baseball caps. And over there are my Pittsburgh Steelers under-rooms. Hey, it's cool to wear them--the pros do. Least, that's what it says on the package. I like the polyester feel; slippery and cool. Good for sidng around on the carpets when I pretend to be a world-class champion swimmer/hero/dad.

Anyway, this has turned into one big digression, as it usually does. So I think I'll take my leave and think some more about heros and the life I wish I had.

Sigh.

CROCK SNORTS

VOLLEYBALL (MENS)--The men's team lost, as usual, this time to, of all schools, Trent. (the horror, the horror). However, after taking a large amount of "vitamins" before an exhibition game against the top ranked Manitoba Bisons, the vollyhawks beat the living snot out of those 'tobans 15-2, 15-1, 15-0. Maybe this new "vitamin" kick will translate into some more wins.

TENNIS (WOMENS)--The ladies dominated the visiting European team in exhibition play this past weekend. The 'old country gals' who included Steffi Graf, Monica Seles and Katarina Witt (!) didn't stand a chance against our gals who whupped 'em good. All love. No hate. Lots of what the girls call their 'mother's little helper' to give them that competitive edge.

COMING EVENTS:

FOOTBALL (MEN...of course it has to be the men cuz football is too sexist to allow women into the sport much less the locker rooms)-- There will be a crying towel washing party over at Brucie and Francis' snuggle palace. They ask the 'fellas' to bring over the scented Bounty cuz it "smells oh so lovely--like a bouquet of pansies."

GYMNASTICS (WOMEN)--The Gym team will be having a practice this Thursday night in the A.C.. Normally this wouldn't go into Jock Snorts but I know that there are many male fans out there who like to watch the girls practice and get all hot and sweaty and steamy and have their Gym suits cling the way they do....aaaaaaalll in the middle of a brilliant routine (yeah, that's it).

CURLING--The curling team will be playing...ah, who cares. Nobody really likes curling anyway.

MONSTER TRUCKS--Yup the truck team is the most successful team on campus this year. Last week they brought back a blue ribbon from the competition at Exhibition Stadium or the Dome or Copps or wherever they have dem tings.

EQUESTRIAN--C'mon, this isn't really a sport. The jockey isn't the athlete...the horse is. It should get the glory. How about a real man's sport...like football (see above). Just ask Brucie and Francis, they'll get something straight between them and you.

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Bubble hockey bubble burst

by Jyri Cyrha

The sports world was shocked yesterday when it was revealed that current Laurier bubble hockey champions the Vancouver Canucks tested positive for steroid use.

In a statement released from League President John G.

Ziegler's office the Canucks were all found to have been using the steroid tet ...testeip...tootabooter, uh they had been using steroids.

The president of the 1990-91 champion Vancouver Canucks, J. E. Price is Right could not be reached for comment. However, many of his players were reached

and did comment.

Said defenceman Lunk Headed: "Uh, yeah I useded dem. They made me skate real fast and my arms is real big. They are great." Swift winger Jauques le Jockés: "Dey make me skates reals goods. My legs now are like a real frogs. It make me want to go out and drink a lot of

Laurentide. Now I don't need a Snicker bar to get energy for de game." Goalie Flop a Lot said about the performance enhancing drug: "Holy shit, oops can I say that?, they're the best. They give me psychic powers or something cuz I know where the guy with the puck is going to shoot it before he shoots it. I haven't allowed a goal in 18 games." Centremen Ed Nocheck, always a man of few words, merely said: "One shot lasts for the whole day."

League President John (Gus) Ziegler says "I suspected something all along. No one could have a horseshoe up his ass for that long or could be that lucky that much. I knew that by paying those chemists off we could get something on him (oops--strike that bit--it's strictly off the record. Frankly, I fully expect him to give up his title as champion and when he does I'll give it back to the old champs, the New York Islanders who I like much better any ways. The fact that I used to play for the Islanders and am part owner has nothing to do with it. Mere coincidence."

The Canucks first fell under suspicion when they won their third Stanley Cup within six tournaments. With no other team winning that much it seemed that something fishy was going on.

Former League President John (Buzz) Ziegler said "Ah, he deserves it. I'm jealous of the fact he won so much anyway."

This reporter is not surprised that the steroids problem has reached the once thought isolated and innocent world of bubble hockey. It had to happen sooner or later and with the competition being so fierce these days and a 'win at all costs' attitude prevailing the steroid problem has tarnished this once respected sport sooner rather than later. I think they use steroids mainly to increase the wrist action and get more velocity on those point shots. I saw a goalie's head come clean off last week. This has got to stop otherwise all the players will look like weight lifters and will start using steel bars for sticks. It will take all the sportsmanship and prestige out of the game.

I'm going to take a tough and maybe even radical stand against this. My reputation is at stake but I don't care; I love this game of bubble hockey too much to let it go down the tubes. I think that this game should be drug free. There, I said it and though I may lose all credibility as a sports writer I can at least sleep nights and look my kids in the face now that I have taken a stand that will hopefully help save the game I live my life for.



Look at those wrist muscles. It's all drug induced my friends. Pic: Pus-ee Gus-ee

Mutilation in '92

by Robert de Sade

The International Olympic Committee began hearings today in Geneva on whether or not to approve "Self-Mutilation as an Attention getter" as a demonstration sport for the Barcelona '92 summer games. The Committee is expected to hear petitions from The National Enquirer, The News, The National Midnight Star, and numerous other groups before deciding on the fate of this sport.

"The people of the world are tired of bland sports such as curling, and the discus", were the opening comments of Antonio "Spike" Guarduchi, leader of the U.S. delegation. Spike who hails from the Bronx, presented his case before the IOC. "What the people want is a little sensationalism. They want to see a little blood, a little gore. People are just funny that way". Spike's Gold medal performance (see above photo) at the U.S. Nationals was cited as a case in point. The audience was just "thunderstruck" stated Angus Young, who was the Australian judge at that event.

The news publications in support of the proposal indicated to the committee the profitability of this idea. They presented statistics that showed the projected increase in viewership if this sport is in-

roduced. Self mutilation they argue has moved out of the fringes and become a mainstream activity. "Everybody wants to do it, and will pay top dollar for the chance", said Columbian Raul Valdez.

In a surprise move the Vatican sent a delegation to Geneva, in support of the idea to introduce this sport. The Vatican delegation demonstrated audience reaction to self-flatulation, to the awe struck committee. The Iraqis as well have sent a delegation to Geneva. Their presentation on the creative uses for household appliances will be heard next week.

The opposing position will begin presentations in December. American Magicians Penn and Teller argue that this sort of sport takes away the shock value inherent in their act. "People are getting desensitized", sobbed Penn. "Now all they want is the real thing! It's really putting a damper on our performances".

This position is supported by small businesspeople who are manufacturers of practice joke props. They argue that this will give the sport legitimacy and, since "people will rather do it than fake it", drive them into the already large unemployment line.



No, it's not a toothpick, it's a new event for the '92 Olympics in Barcelona: "Self-Mutilation".

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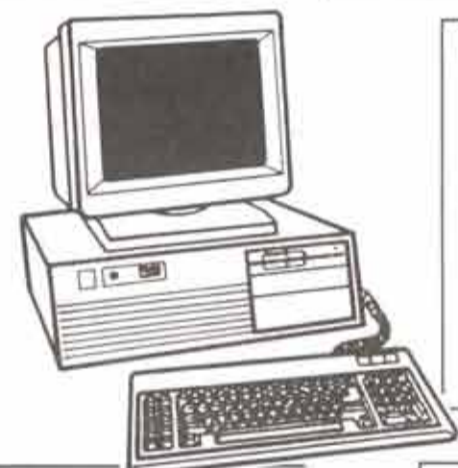
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